A BID FOR FREEDOM.

By Guy Boothby.

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As I rode along the sandy track, jealously guarded on either side, my thoughts went back to other days. I wondered if it was possible that I could be the same boy who, one sunny morning, sat at the end of a long form in the Lower Fourth, construing Caesar, and in the intervals carving his name upon his desk, and watching the bees at work upon the lilacs in the sunshine outside the window. Good Heavens! It seemed out of the question. Here I was, clad in a Djellab, to all outward appearance a native of the country. On either side of me, in front and behind, rode men who, without a moments hesitation, and I believe with the most sincere pleasure, would have cut me into mincemeat. Their scowls told me much. I glanced from one to the other of them, and then returned to my own thoughts. I had passed through a great many adventures. Cast on the world at an age when most boys are still under their parents' care, I had been compelled to wend for myself in a variety of extraordinary circumstances. I have seen the ups and downs of life in a manner that falls to the lot of few men. I have risked my life a hundred times, and always through force of circumstances. You read in books, I have done so myself, that there are men who say they are not afraid of dying. Don't you believe them! There is not a man in this world who can say that truthfully. It isn't the risk we fear, nor the actual danger, but the absolute uncertainty of what comes after. And that, mark you, is where Shakespeare is so true:

Who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death—
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Then fly to others that we know not of?

Hitherto, it had always been my lot, when I tumbled into difficulties, to wriggle myself out of them again. I am a believer in Fate, and, if you have the patience to continue with me, I think you will admit that I have a very fair justification for my belief. What more can I say?

We rode on hour after hour, without interest and without excitement. At noon we rested under the same tope of palms beneath which I had stretched myself on the preceding day. Then we pushed on again in the same monotonous procession. Never once did my escort address me in anything save insulting terms. It was easy enough to see how much they hated and despised me, and how gladly, had it been left to them, they would have relieved themselves of me in an artistic but altogether summary manner.

Dusk had fallen before we reached the capital, and I can remember that the young moon soon rose above the city gates as we approached it. How different was my position now from what it had been when I had set out on the previous morning! Then I believed myself safe; now I had every reason to know the hopelessness of my position. The English consul could not help me, and, though I had helped the Spaniards, their man would be the last to interfere. I had played my cards and lost the game; all that remained was to pay my losses. A shudder ran over me as I thought of the form that payment would in all probability take.

As we rode through the streets I recognized more than one acquaintance, but, being prudent people and valuing their own skins, they allowed no sign to escape them to show that they knew me. I felt it at the time, I remember that after all I suppose I ought not to blame them. The chances are I should have done very much the same had I been placed in a similar position. Madrapore is not the sort of country in which to show sympathy with enemies of the Faith. Should one do so, the odds are very much in favor of the sympathizer finding himself thrown into prison, minus an eye or a limb, within a very short time of his having committed the offence.

We crossed the Sok, passed the English Consulate, at which you may be sure I looked with longing eyes, and then made our way down the steep hill through the Arab quarters, and then up again towards the Kasbah. The last time I had entered the Governor's residence it was as an honored guest. I was certainly going to be his guest now, but under less favorable conditions. The hoofs of the horses rattled on the stones of the gateway, and presently we found ourselves in the grim courtyard, one side of which was formed by the prison, the other by the residence of certain of his Excellency's dependents. The Governor's abode was on the farther side of the huge block of buildings, a perfect rabbit warren of apartments.

Reaching the farther end, I was ordered to dismount, which I accordingly did. Lights glimmered in many of the windows, otherwise the square was in almost total darkness.

"N'zrani dog, this way," said the chief of my captors. "By the body of the Prophet, it had indeed been better for thee, and would have saved his Excellency much trouble, had I given thee to the kites upon the road. However, thou wilt go the same way ere long!"

"I will remember thee in Paradise then," I answered, with an assurance I was far from feeling. "Lead on!"

He did so, and we passed into a large bare room. Its sole occupant was an enormously stout man, whom I immediately recognized as the Governor's chief satellite and minion. Of all the men in Madrapore, with the exception of the Governor himself, he was the most hated.

To expect mercy from him would be as useless as to look for gold in a piece of flint. There was cruelty written in every line of his face, and it was easy to see that bribery and extortion were as the breath of his nostrils. He lay back on his cushions, and looked me up and down.

"So we have caught you at last," he said, after a pause of some minutes. "You thought to escape us, but you have not!"

He chuckled maliciously, and then, with a wave of his hand to the guard, cried—"Take him to his chamber."

The order having been given, I was seized by the guard and dragged from the room. It was impossible to resist. Had I done so I should not have been able to effect any good; but the desire to try was strong.

To such people in Old England as are acquainted with prison life the Kasbah in the city of Madrapore could come as a revelation. Picture for yourself a long, dark stone-walled room; its dimensions perhaps fifty feet by twenty; the door a wooden one, clamped with iron and discolored by the dirt of centuries. Into this Black Hole I was thrust and the light from my guard's lantern through the grating showed me what sort of accommodation had fallen to my unhappy lot. The room, apartment, hotel, or whatever you may please to call it, was crowded to its utmost capacity. There were Jews, Arabs, Riffians, and more pitiable than all, a wretched Italian, who, I discovered later, had had the audacity to refuse to pay the Governor of the city thirty per cent. of his income. Some were chained, others were not. All, however, were as miserable mortal men could be. Poor wretches, they had good reason to be! In my time I have seen a good deal of Madrapore life, but the experience I am describing now revealed to me its real possibilities.

The door clanged behind me and the bolts were shot to. So far as I could tell the game was up. I had played my hand for all it was worth and, instead of taking the trick, I found myself in the Kasbah. And this brings to my mind a rather curious thought. I wonder if you have ever noticed that when a man has got to the end of his tether and knows that everything is lost, that he cannot save himself, that is to say, he feels an irresistible desire to turn round and laugh at everything? It was certainly so in my case. No sooner had the door been shut behind me than I burst into a peal of laughter. What did it matter? I had had my dance and now I was called upon to pay the piper. I had gone into the business of my own free will, and I should have been worse than a cur had I grumbled at beinf found out. Those who play for desperate stakes should surely be prepared to make desperate payment. Many folk may not agree with me, but that is the way I look at it. There are too many men nowadays who are quite willing to run a risk, but who snivel and whine when luck goes against them. I am not, of course, what I might have been, or all that I might be, but I pride myself that I am a fairly good loser. I only ask you to judge for yourself.

(To be continued.)

NAVAL DISASTER.

Five Officers and Twenty-Six Men Killed

By an Explosion of Powder on the U. S. Battleship Missouri.

PENSACOLA, Fla., April 13.—By the explosion of two thousand pounds of powder in the after 12-inch turret and the handling room of the battleship Missouri Captain William S. Cowles, commanding, 29 men were instantly killed and five injured, of which two will die.

The Missouri was on the target range with the Texas and Brooklyn at practice about noon, when a charge of powder in the 12-inch left hand gun ignited from gases exploded, and dropping below ignited four charges of powder in the handling room and all exploded. Only one man of the entire turret and handling crew survives.

But for the prompt and efficient work of Captain Cowles in flooding the handling room and magazine with water one of the magazines would have exploded and the ship would have been destroyed. Captain Cowles, completely overcome by the disaster, referred all newspaper men to Lieut. Hammer, the ordnance officer. The latter gave out a statement of the explosion and its probable cause. According to him, about noon, after the first pointer of the 12-inch piece had fired his string and the second pointer had fired the third shot of his string, the charge ignited. The fourth shot was being loaded and from all indications the first half of the charge had been rammed home, and the second section was being rammed home, when gases from the shot previously fired, or portions of the cloth cover, ignited the powder. The breech was open and a dull thud gave notice of something unusual. No loud report was made, but flames were seen to leap from every portion of the turret. A few seconds later, another explosion, somewhat more fierce occurred. This was in the handling room below, where 1,600 pounds of powder or four charges ready to be hoisted above, had ignited. Fire quarters were sounded and every man of the ship responded and the magazine and the handling rooms were flooded with water. In less than five seconds after the first explosion, two streams of water were being played into the rooms and when volunteers were called for, every man of the ship responded, eager to go into the turrets and rescue the crew. Captain Cowles gave his commands and but for his presence of mind and that of the officers of the ship, the Missouri would have gone down. The second explosion occurred near one of the magazine and so hot was the fire that the brass work of the magazines was melted. Smoke and the fumes of the burned powder made it almost impossible to enter either the turret or handling room, but officers and men with handkerchiefs over their faces, made efforts to rescue the men inside. Leading the rescuing party was Captain Cowles. The officers endeavored to keep him from going below, as men fell unconscious as they entered and had to be pulled out by their comrades, but unheeding their advice, the commanding officer rushed below, followed by Lieut. Hammer, the ordnance officer, and Lieut. Cleland Davis. Captain Cowles caught up a dying bluejacket in his arms and staggered to the deck with him. The bluejacket with two others from the handling room had crawled partly from their place of duty when they had been overcome. Before the fumes of the burning powder had left the turret, officers and men were lifting out the dying and dead men. Three minutes after the explosion all were on deck, and the surgeons from the Missouri, Texas and Brooklyn were attending to those not dead. The twenty-five men of the turret were found lying in a heap. They had started for the exit when the first explosion occurred, and had just reached there when the more terrible explosion in the handling room occurred, which burned and strangled them to death. Lieut. Davidson, the officer in charge of the turret, evidently had given some command to the men, as he was on top of the heap of men, having fallen there after he had allowed them to pass him to get out of the turret. The bodies were hardly recognizable, the terrible and quick fire having burned clothing from the bodies of the men and the flesh hung from them in shreds. The faces were mutilated by the smoke and flames. Only one man was breathing when the turret crew was rescued, and he died a moment after he reached the deck.

LIVING NO LONGER CHEAP IN ASIA.

During a recent tour in Asia of nearly sixteen months, from February, 1901, to June, 1902, in which I visited Japan, Korea, China, the Philippines, Cochin China, Siam and Laos, the Straits Settlements, Burmah, India, Syria, and Palestine, I found everywhere a deep interest in the changing economic conditions. The common people in Asia care little for politics, but the price of food and raiment touches every man, woman and child at a sensitive point.

Almost everywhere the old days of cheap living are passing away. Steamers, railways, telegraphs, newspapers, labor-saving machinery and the introduction of western ideas are slowly but surely revolutionizing the Orient. Shantung wheat, which formerly had no market beyond a radius of a few dozen miles from the wheat field, can now be shipped by railway and steamship to any part of the world, and in consequence every Chinese buyer has to pay more for it. In like manner new facilities for export have doubled, trebled, and in some places quadrupled the price of rice in China, Siam and Japan.—Century.

KNEW THE ANIMAL.

Brown—I say, Jones, do you happen to know of anyone who has a horse for sale?

Jones—I have reasons for believing that Green has.

Brown—Why do you think so?

Jones—Because I sold him one yesterday.

FOUR CHILDREN BURNED.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., April 9. — Four children of Mr. and Mrs. William Burke were burned to death at Sebastopol, a suburb of Pittston, at 1 o'clock this morning. The victims are Helen, aged 14; James, aged 12; Mary, aged 8, and Michael, aged 6.

The family retired at the usual hour last night and about 1 o'clock this morning Mrs. Burke was awakened by the crackling of flames. She awakened her husband and it was discovered that a wall of fire separated them from the two rear rooms occupied by the children. The frantic parents made a desperate attempt to reach the children, but failed and they were forced to jump from the second story window to escape death.

The Pittston fire department responded, but the building could not be saved. At 1.30 the charred bodies of the two younger children were recovered and search was being made in the smoking ruins for the bodies of the other two victims.

AT AND GOING TO AUSTRALIA.

The big ship Lancing, which loaded lumber here for Melbourne, reached her destination on the 10th inst.

The bark Astracana, deal laden from this port for Melbourne, was spoken on March 22nd in lat. 03 south and lon. 33 west.

The Catarrhozone Dry Air Treatment

THE ONLY RATIONAL, SURE CURE FOR CATARRH AND DISEASES OF THE NOSE, THROAT AND LUNGS

The only natural cure for catarrh is the dry air treatment, which effects startling cures without resorting to drugs, dangerous snuffs and cocaine mixtures.

Catarrhozone kills the catarrh germs, soothes and heals the sore mucous membrane, clears the air passages of the nose and throat, cures chronic catarrh that has resisted all other treatments.

The reason Catarrhozone cures is because it really gets at the cause of the disease. No matter how remote or long standing your catarrh may be, you can place perfect faith in Catarrhozone. It is Nature's Cure, composed of the most healing balsamic antiseptics known to medical science. Read the following:

Mr. L. Murphy, well known in West Medford, Mass., writes: "Catarrhozone cured my catarrh, after a score of doctors failed. I used to hawk and spit, my nose was continually stuffed up, and often I was sick at my stomach. Catarrhozone has removed every trace of catarrh from my system."

Miss Emma Peters, Highland Grove, N. S., writes: "I am more than pleased with the results from Catarrhozone. It cured me of the worst kind of nose and throat catarrh. Other friends using Catarrhozone are greatly pleased with it and agree that it is the only sure remedy for catarrh they ever used."

Mr. Lawrence Kennedy of West New Annam, N. S., says: "For three years I suffered from catarrh and throat trouble. I tried many remedies, but they were of no avail. I got no relief till I tried Catarrhozone. Too much cannot be said of so valuable a medicine. I shall always recommend Catarrhozone to anyone troubled with catarrh; it is a positive cure."

Mr. W. W. Beach of Chapman, Ont., who suffered for years from systematic catarrh, says: "Catarrhozone is the best remedy I have ever used for catarrh, and I have used a lot of them. Catarrhozone was exactly suited to my case."

No intelligent person can doubt the merit of Catarrhozone, which receives more praise from Medical Journals, doctors and the public than any other remedy; it is certain to cure every type of catarrh, lung and throat trouble. Two months' treatment, $1.00; sample size 25c. At druggists or by mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S., and Kingston, Ont. Refuse a substitute for Catarrhozone.

P. E. I. LEGISLATURE.

Changes Taking Place and Peters' Majority Being Reduced.

A Number of Charlottetown Boys Securing Good Positions Elsewhere.

CHARLOTTETOWN, April 9—Many changes are taking place in the personnel of our local legislature. Two seats have been lost by the liberals, making the strength of the respective parties 18 to 12. The election in Cardigan resulted in a victory for Kelly, the conservative candidate, as predicted last week. And now H. James Palmer has resigned from the liberal ranks, as already noted in the Sun. Hon. R. C. McLeod of Summerside is too ill to attend this session and so irregular in attendance that Dr. Douglas from Hunter River has been appointed deputy speaker. This would render the comparative voting strength 15 to 12, but now it has come to light that Douglas Currie, conservative, who captured the late Premier Farquharson's seat in the West River district, must also resign. It appears he sold some piling to the government and received money therefor, an offence which the liberals will push so as to balance the Palmer resignation. George E. Hughes has been taken into the government to succeed John F. Whear. It is worthy of note that since the retirement of Whear and Palmer there are only three lawyers remaining in the house, the attorney general on the ministerial side and Messrs. Matheson and Morson on the opposition benches. Nova Scotia has twelve lawyers, New Brunswick nine, and British Columbia seven in service as provincial legislators.

A large meeting was held in Charlottetown a few days ago to arrange a settlement of existing differences between the Dominion Packing Co. and the farmers. It is expected the meeting will result in the appointment by the Central Farmers' Institute of a sworn inspector to weigh and classify all hogs. His salary will be $1,200 per year and expenses to be paid by the farmers, excepting about $300 contributed by the government.

At a convention held in the Belfast district last week Henry Wood of Pownal and Samuel Nicholson of Eldon were chosen representatives by the conservatives for that district. Mr. Wood has already been defeated several times.

J. E. Bell, who has resigned the position of organist in St. James' Church, was presented recently with a beautiful inlaid chipendale chair and a kindly worded address.

Wesley Davy, son of Edward Davy, inspector of weights and measures, has been appointed master mechanic of the Republic Iron and Steel Works of Newcastle, Penn.

Coun. P. S. Brown lost a valuable horse, Prof. Mac, on Friday. His son was driving him on the ice when a head on collision took place between him and another team. Brown's horse's side was badly penetrated by one of the shafts of the other sleigh.

Parties leaving this province recently include: E. L. Cook and Chris. McLean, to take a military course at Fredericton; Everett Johnstone of Brookfield, for Vancouver; Rev. E. Bell and wife of Souris, for England; Chas. E. Pratt of Charlottetown, for a trip to the coast; James Reid of Hope River, for Norfolk, Va., to visit his brother, Rev. D. B. Reid of Kelly's Cross, who is seriously ill; Margaret Maher of Georgetown and Annie Larmon of Summerville, to teach in Regina; Ella and Maud Morrow of Souris, on a few months' visit to Boston.

David Reid of Murray Harbor North lost a valuable horse, a sleigh and a load of wheat in the ice near Wightman's wharf a few days ago.

Rev. G. P. Raymond with his wife and family has gone to Berwick, N. S., to assume the pastorate of the Baptist church. Mr. Raymond was formerly pastor of the Baptist church here, but resigned to take the position of field secretary of the Sunday School Association, where he did excellent work. He is succeeded in this position by Rev. A. D. Archibald of Halifax, who will enter upon his duties on May 1st.

Fred Kennedy of John T. McKenzie's tailoring establishment has entered the employ of J .R. McKenzie of Campbellton, N. B. Mr. Kennedy is a master workman.

Miss Duchemin has resigned her position as organist of Grace church.

Lawrence McLeod of Orwell was thrown from a sleigh last week and broke one of his legs two inches above the ankle.

Recent marriages in this province include: William A. Collett and Ada Newman, both of Elmsdale; Henry L. Crozier and Janie Simpson, both of Malpeque; Daniel Stewart of New Perth and Katie McQueen of Nigg; Timothy C. Young of Bell River and Katie S. Stewart of Iris, Lot 63; Joseph W. White and Clara May Bears, all of Beach Point.

John L. Thomson, station agent, P. E. I. Railway, has received word of the death of his mother at Annan, Dumfriesshire, Scotland, aged 85 years. Mr. Thomson is the only member of the family in Canada. He came to Prince Edward Island in 1870, and last saw his mother when he visited his old home in Scotland in 1886.

James Bradley of McDonald & McKinnon has taken a position in Charles Dalton's drug store at Tignish.

John O'Brien of Charlottetown has been fined $100 and Michael Foley of Souris $50 and $100 for selling liquor. Summonses have been served on Patrick Mullins for first offence, A. W. Reddin for second offence and George Offer for third offence.

Much regret is expressed here on the misfortune to Capt. MacWilliam's str., the Elliott, on her seal fishing excursion. But it is understood that the steamer was insured for $20,000.

The annual Scottish gathering is to be held in Summerside on July 20th next, old home week.

Recent deaths in P. E. Island include Mrs. Geo. E. Jenkins of Pownal, aged 32; Ronald Currie of Charlottetown, aged 73; Mrs. Edward Woolner of Hunter River, aged 65; Alexander McDonald of Lyndale, aged 93; Alexander McDougall of Bell River, aged 73; Coun. Angus McDonald of Charlottetown, aged 50; Mrs. Malcolm McCallum, formerly of Lot 48, aged 82; Margaret Martin of Orwell Cove, aged 46; Mrs. George Cook of St. Peters, aged 55; John Glover of Kensington, aged 89; Alexander McRae of Grand View, aged 59; Mrs. Patrick McKenna of Scotchfort, aged 46; Adele M. Ellis of Port Hill, aged 31; Mrs. Hugh McKinnon of Selkirk, aged 68; Mrs. John C. French of Hampton, aged 86; Mrs. Simon Daye of Bingay, aged 73; Ernest Rentono of Georgetown, aged 20; Mrs. William Smith of Charlottetown, aged 76; Mrs. (Capt.) Andrew Doyle of Charlottetown, aged 83; Miss Emeline J. Gidley of Charlottetown, aged 51; Bertram Matthews of North Wiltshire, aged 32; Marion, youngest daughter of Archibald and Mrs. McLean of Charlottetown, aged 10; Michael Connolly of Middleton. Deaths of P. E. Islanders residing elsewhere include Mrs. John Cunningham of Dorchester, Mass., aged 75; Alexander Hector Gillis of Prescott, Arizona, formerly of Belfast, aged 33; Mrs. Frederick Vincent of Boston, formerly of Charlottetown, aged 22.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

To the Editor of the Sun:

Sir—In the Sun of the 11th inst. was a quotation from the Carleton Sentinel re the danger of the moving of the woollen mill from Woodstock, but no reason was given. The case stands thus: In 1892 there was considerable talk of starting a woollen mill in Woodstock, and the town council, in order to encourage some company to establish a mill in the town, passed a resolution to exempt any company from taxation for ten years who would establish such a mill. A company was formed under that resolution, and ran till 1899; it then went out of business.

The present company was started late in the year 1899, and has paid no taxes yet, although the ten years' exemption has expired some time ago.

The collector of taxes called on the management some time ago for the taxes on property acquired since the first company was organized, and was told that the company did not intend to pay taxes, as they were exempt, and rather than pay their fair share of the town taxes they say they will move away to some other place that will give them more exemption from taxes.

The place that gets this movable company should take a bond that the company will run the time of exemption. While Woodstock would not wish to lose any of its industries, it would seem to an outsider rather a steep price to pay to keep the woollen mill, viz., perpetual exemption from taxes, as that is practically what the management want. ONE WHO KNOWS.

ITALIAN RAN AMUCK.

LIVERPOOL, N. S., April 11.—Saturday the chief of police of this town, while ordering an intoxicated Italian to move on, was stabbed in the neck by the foreigner. The Italian escaped to a nearby house, owned by another Italian. The officer, though suffering from his wound, pluckily followed and cornered his man. A severe fight followed. The Italian tried hard to stab his opponent, but the latter was fortunate enough to pull his revolver in time and sent a bullet through the infuriated foreigner's neck. The Italian was then lodged in jail, and is in a serious condition.

The house in which the Italian took refuge was raided after the fight. A. Mulhall, one of the raiders, and a prominent merchant, received a slight wound.

The plucky chief of police of Liverpool is Mr. McAuliffe.

JERRY McAULIFFE.

HALIFAX, April 12.—Stipendiary Fielding today committed Jere. McAuliffe of the McAuliffe Comedy Co., for trial, on the charge brought by John Wood. The case will come up before Judge Wallace under the speedy trials act probably on Friday.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, of Sept. 26, 1895, says:
"If I were asked which single medicine I should prefer to take abroad with me, as likely to be most generally useful, to the exclusion of all others, I should say CHLORODYNE. I never travel without it, and its general applicability to the relief of a large number of single ailments forms its best recommendation."

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE
IS THE GREAT SPECIFIC FOR
Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera.

CAUTION.—Genuine Chlorodyne. Every bottle of this well known remedy for COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, DIARRHOEA, etc., bears on the Government Stamp the name of the inventor—
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Dr. McGahey's Kidney and Cough Powders, 50c. His Condition Blood Tablets, 25c. and 50c. Sold by E. C. Brown and by McDiarmid Drug Co. 825

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THROUGHOUT CANADA AND UNITED STATES.
SALARY OR COMMISSION—$840 a year and Expenses, payable weekly, to good reliable men representing us in their district, introducing our goods, distributing large and small advertising matter. No experience, only honesty required. Write at once for instructions. SALUS MEDICINAL CO., London, Ont.

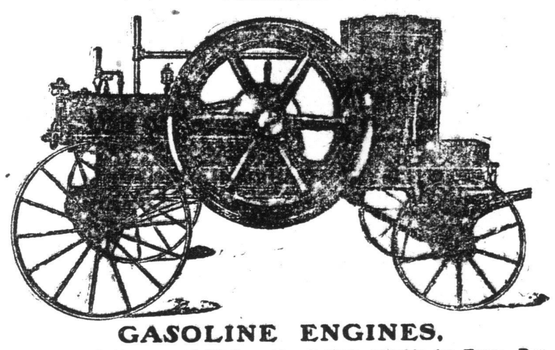
MAY RUN INDEPENDENT.

HALIFAX, April 12.—It is currently reported in Sydney that Dr. Kendall, the senior M. P. for Cape Breton, is to contest the South Riding at the next federal elections as an independent candidate. The party nomination went to Alex. Johnston, much in opposition to Dr. Kendall's supporters. The report cannot be confirmed as the doctor is absent in Ottawa.

THREE KILLED BY STREET CAR.

SANTA BARBARA, Cal., April 10.—One of the Edison Company's street cars ran off the track in this city today and was turned over. Three people were killed instantly and two so badly injured that they died soon after the accident. Twenty were more or less injured, sustaining bruises and broken bones. All are believed to have been residents of Santa Barbara.

CHERBOURG, April 13—Ard, str Deutschland, from New York via Plymouth for Hamburg, and proceeded.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T. W. BOYD & SON, 1663 Notre Dame Street, MONTREAL, P.Q.

Your Relatives Abroad.

Nothing gives more pleasure and interest to friends who are absent than to read of what is going on at the old home.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY SUN having correspondents all over the Province contains news of interest in every issue to some New Brunswicker living abroad or in our own western country.

SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS sent to The Sun Printing Co., St. John, will ensure 104 copies—two every week—of the SEMI-WEEKLY SUN sent to any address in Canada or United States.

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