POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2033

YACHTS HOME AFTER CRUISE

Pleasant Ending of R. K. Y. C. Happy Days on the River.

SERVICE HELD AT CARTER'S POINT

Pretty Sight There—Large Gathering of Craft and Yachtsmen—The Sermon Preached by Rev. Dr. Fraser—Incidents of the Closing Days and the Run Home.

The annual cruise of the R. K. Y. Club ended Sunday, with the usual religious service at Carter's Point, at the close of which Commodore Thomson formally announced that the yachts were free to go their ways.

Apart from the fatal accident at Evandale, the cruise was a most enjoyable one. Throughout last week the weather was favorable, and, although the trip to the Belleisle was abandoned, there was not the slightest room for complaint. The weather was fine, the only rain of the week falling on Friday and Saturday nights, when the fleet was at anchor, and causing no inconvenience whatever.

A Great Day's Sport.

On Saturday morning the fleet sailed from Hampstead for Carter's Point, the trip to the Belleisle being abandoned, although Commodore Thomson went in with the Scionda to give his guests a glimpse of that lovely basin. The yachts had a head wind of varying intensity, and it was a beat to windward all the way to Carter's. There were many pretty races between yachts of nearly equal speed, but S. L. Kerr's Lasca, as on the previous day, worked her way through the fleet. Leaving Hampstead fully an hour later than the first boat to go, being delayed by repairs to her gaff, she was the second to arrive at Carter's Point. The Winogene, with an hour's start, got in first, but not more than a quarter of an hour ahead of the Lasca, which had passed eleven others and was fast overhauling the Winogene when the latter came to anchor. And the Lasca was reefed for the first four or five miles.

It was a beautiful sight to see the yachts beating down the river, and the crews declared Saturday to be one of the most exhilerating days of the cruise.

At Carter's Point.

At Carter's Point the fleet was joined on Saturday evening by the Hermes II, the steam yachts Hudson, Dream and Zuleika, and many of the sailing yachts from Millidgeville that had not gone on the cruise. Col. H. H. McLean and some others came up by steamer to join one or another of the yachts. During the evening there was choir practice on the flagship for the Sunday service, and on other boats there was music and merriment, members of the crews visiting each other and talking over the pleasures of the cruise.

Rain fell during the early morning of Sunday, and the outlook was so threatening till 10.30 that it was decided to hold the service in the little church instead of in the open. A procession of 24 boats, with nearly 100 men on board, started from the Scionda, towed by her gasolene launch, and proceeded to the shore. It was a remarkable picture. The procession of boats, the gaily trimmed yachts, the crowd on the lovely shore, and some late coming craft hurrying to the point, made up a scene of great animation and beauty.

By this time the weather had cleared and was very warm, but the service was held as arranged, in the church. A large number were unable to get into the building, and congregated near the door and the open windows.

Handsomely printed copies of the form of service were distributed. A strong choir of male voices led the singing, with Dr. J. E. March at the organ. The service was very impressive.

The preacher of the day was Rev. Dr. Fraser, of Montreal, acting chaplain of the fleet.

The Sermon.

The secret of rest was the subject of Rev. Dr. Fraser's very appropriate sermon. His text was in Psalm lv.—6: "Oh that I had wings like a dove! Then would I fly away and be at rest;" and Matthew xi.—29: "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of Me, and ye shall find rest."

"There are," the preacher said, "two ways of seeking rest—the psalmist's way and Christ's way—the way of idleness and the way of discipline. Many an overwrought life in our modern civilization cries out: 'Oh that I had wings like a dove! Then would I fly away and be at rest.' But the response of Christ is: 'Come unto Me and I will give you rest. You don't need to fly away from your present sphere. Take My yoke upon you, learn My method of life, and you will have the restful spirit in the midst of daily toil.'

"There may be many men and women in our modern world who regard the rest of enforced idleness as the bitterest curse of existence, to whom the invitation of Jesus sounds like words of mockery, who wish above all else some honest work to do. Still the gospel of rest is merely not an untimely one for our preposterously busy age. The most of us complain that we have too much work to do, and the life of many is made up to a large extent of mechanical routine, monotonous repetition, uncongenial toil. The danger is that we degenerate into drudges, hopeless toilers at the tasks of life.

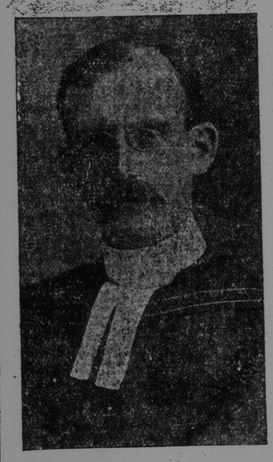
"The work, too, is so continuous that we long for some 'let-up' to the ceaseless strain. From early morn to late at night, from Sunday to Saturday, we are busy, and yet our work, like that of the housewife, is never done. We do it today, and tomorrow the same old tasks lie to our hands. This continuous uniformity of life is apt to rob it of all inspiration. The monotony of our daily toil makes it irksome. With the psalmist we long for the wings of the dove that we might fly away from the trivial round and the common task.

Cares and Worries of Life.

"And then there are the carping cares and the killing worries of our modern life. The ambition to get ahead, the claims of those dependent on us for their daily food, the keenness of competition, the very force of habit, it may be, keep us pegging away day after day, week after week, year after year, in the same old workshop of life. There is no relief from the steady pull, until one of the most serious questions that confront us is, how the strain of living may be lessened and the burden of daily struggle lightened.

"The psalmist's idea that he must fly away to be at rest finds its expression among ourselves in the method of holidays. This is the method we have been following during the past week, and it undoubtedly has its value. It is in accordance with the law of rhythm that runs through all life, that work and rest, a period of toil and a season of vacation should alternate. 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy,' and all play and no work soon becomes flat, stare, unprofitable. Work and rest, motion and pause, activity and receptivity—this is the law of rhythm in human life. Holidays, therefore, have their rightful place. Children will make greater progress in their studies in ten months than in twelve. We can all do more and better work in six days than in seven.

"But the psalmist's suggestion of a holiday is only a partial solution of the problem. Some there are who cannot find time for this sort of rest, and how few of those who go away for a rest are able to take a real holiday—a vacation that will refresh and invigorate? It is impossible to go away for an outing and to leave behind a sad regret, a reproving conscience, a burden of sorrow. And, moreover, we have almost lost the art of holidaying altogether. We don't take



Rev. D. J. Fraser, B. D.

time to learn how to rest, our social and business interests so absorb us that we carry them with us on our vacations, and we are ill at ease if beyond the reach of newspaper and telegram. Or we strain after amusement, we pursue enjoyment remorselessly, determined to wring out of it the last drop of excitement or profit. Our holidays, therefore, instead of being a recreation are an exhaustion. We peg away at our vacations and we come back tired out to seek for rest at our daily work. The method of the psalmist is a good one so far as it goes. If we could only fly away and take a real rest, if we would go to quiet retreats and catch nature's spirit of repose, if we would let the restful hills and the lazy rivers and the untoiling flowers be our teachers of carelessness—our 'Professors of Ease'—a holiday of exemption from all toil would refresh and inspire us for our daily work. But many, unfortunately, cannot get away from their post of toil and some who go away allow worry or excitement so to fill their holidays that they come back exhausted rather than enriched.

"Jesus must have felt the irony of saying to a laboring and heavy laden world: 'Take an occasional holiday.' This is not His prescription for the deeper restlessness of mankind. Vacations are no sufficient cure for the sins and sorrows, the worries and tragedies of our modern life. We looked forward with keen enjoyment to this cruise, and we are now returning under the shadow of bereavement. Holidays are not exempt from disaster and death.

"The method of Jesus is very different: 'Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me and ye shall find rest. Don't try to fly away to be at rest. Stay where you are, and in the midst of your daily toil, be restful. Learn My method of repose in action.' He does not offer to the laboring and heavy laden a life of freedom from work, but a new service. 'Take My yoke upon you,' a burden is to be carried. 'Learn of Me,' a task is to be mastered. Jesus does not mock any soul with an impossible offer of freedom from work, but He promises the spirit of rest in the midst of toil. He does not offer to remove the burden of duty, but to place on us His yoke which will make the burden easy to be borne. His message to an anxious world of toilers is: 'Learn My way of living. Come unto Me and I will give you rest. Not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled. That is the secret of My peace. Mine is the rest that comes not through freedom from service but through freedom from care. If you will believe in God and carry high ideals into your work, if you will learn from Me the true philosophy of life, you will share My poise of soul and My rest from anxious thoughts.'

Like Little Children.

"On one occasion, we read in the gospels, Jesus set a little child in the midst of the congregation and said: 'Become like little children.' Learn, that is to say, the child-art of unconscious objective living. Back, as Ruskin puts it, out of long faces into long dresses. Carry the ease and spontaneity and naturalness of the little child into all the work of life; and worry will fly away and toil will be transformed into play. In those holidays—thoughts of our Lord which He spoke to His disciples on the brow of the hill, and which we have just read as an appropriate lesson for this service, we catch even more thoroughly the spirit of His teaching: 'Be not anxious about what ye shall eat or what ye shall drink or what ye shall put on. Behold the birds that fly above us. They are not anxious and yet they are fed. Or learn the lesson of these lilies of the field. They are not toilers and yet they are clothed in better than royal apparel. Be ye not anxious and full of care; but learn to trust your Heavenly Father Who knows all your needs, and He who cares for the sparrows and the flowers will not be unmindful of you, His children.'

"With good grace did these splendid words come from the lips of Jesus. He lived near the heart of nature and had learned her secret—how to live a life of toil unsevered from tranquility.' This is the lesson which nature teaches to all her lovers. His is the life of repose in action, of restfulness in the midst of work. She is never idle, but she performs her tasks with apparent ease. She is always working but she ever seems to be at play. She is always putting forth tremendous energy, but her expenditure of force is scarcely noticeable. Her work is done, not by strenuous effort, but by the natural and easy overflow of infinite life. Look at the great placid ocean. It is not exempt from activity. Far beneath its surface are the strong currents, the ebb and flow of the tides that shape the continents, and yet the sea in the midst of activity is at rest—full of strong repose. Look at the eagle as it soars aloft. It does not seem to be at work as it floats upon the air. There is no irksome toil, but the free putting forth of great energy and the resting on its outstretched wings. This is the secret of Jesus' philosophy of life. Rest is to be had not by exemption from work but by carrying the restful spirit into our daily toil. He raises His disciples from the drudgery of slaves to the freedom of master artists.

"This is the lesson which we learn not only from nature but from all great lives to which we instinctively turn for God's message to the world. They are lives of wonderful activity and energy, but full of serene repose. The heroes have ever been herculean workers, but seldom agitated. In the most trying emergencies, they have had the calmness which is born of self-controlling energy and the tranquility which comes from the consciousness of duty well done. Artists were they all. Absaptine in high enterprises raised them above themselves, and in their free and easy achievement of lofty purposes they felt no pain of drudgery. "And of all these artists of life, Jesus was the Master What poise and self-control were His! He was an incessant worker, but no toiler at His tasks of duty. No man ever bore such strain, but He bore it with apparent ease. He must often have been torn by conflicting emotions of hope and fear, joy and sorrow; but His life is marked by perfect tranquility. He took His holidays for prayer and meditation and physical rest; but the holiday spirit was carried into all His life. Even in the busiest days of His ministry, amid the sorrows He healed and the joys He shared, when the children attended His triumphal entry with cries of 'Hosanna to the Son of David,' the crowd yelled in rage and hate 'Crucify Him, Crucify Him,' He was ever the same, calm, tranquil, full of divine repose. And the deep of His nature answers to the deep of our nature: 'Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you. Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.'

"Today, comrades, we bring to a close a most enjoyable holiday—a week's vacation devoted to what is undoubtedly one of the cleanest and healthiest of manly sports. During these happy days on the river, we have been like little children—free from care, full of buoyant happiness, keen to enjoy the immediate present. Some of us have had plenty of work to do, but it was all done in a playful spirit. The yachtsmen's life is one of the best illustrations of the principle I have been enforcing, of carrying the spirit of play into the necessary work of life.

"It is fitting that we should meet now in His house to thank God for the good things He has given us to enjoy during the cruise—fair weather, prosperous winds, the beauty of earth and river and sky, the serene stars, the glory of sunset and sunrise. I have sought to carry into this service the holiday spirit that has prevailed among us during our outing; but let it not end there. The message of Christ is that we carry the same light-hearted spirit back to our hum-drum tasks in the busy world. It will lend poetry to the most commonplace duties and transform the monotony of toil into a perennial joy.

"'Forenoon, and afternoon and night; Forenoon, and afternoon and night! Forenoon and—what? The empty song repeats itself. No more? Yea, that is life. Make this forenoon sublime, this afternoon a psalm, this night a prayer, and time is conquered, and thy crown is won.'"

The Commodore Speaks.

At the close of the service Commodore Thomson referred to the pleasures of the cruise now closed. He spoke feelingly also of the fatal accident at Evandale, which, he said, he felt very keenly. It was the first since he became commodore. He was pleased, however, to note the sympathy of the yachtsmen and the respect paid by them to the memory of the late Patrick Egan, who was a member of the club. Commodore Thomson also referred to the visiting yachts from Digby and Yarmouth, expressed the pleasure of the R. K. Y. C. men at having them on the cruise, and the hope that they and others would come next year. He paid a tribute to Rev. Dr. Fraser and referred to the club's chaplain, Rev. Dr. Lindsay Parker, who is now abroad, but had written that he would be with them in spirit. No doubt he would join in next year's cruise. The collection at last year's annual service had been given to the Evangeline Home in St. John, a benevolent institution representing all creeds, and the matron had told him that it came at a time when the home was crowded and no funds in hand. She had regarded it as an answer to her earnest prayer for needed help. This year's collection, after paying necessary expenses, would doubtless go to the same institution—a most deserving one. (The collection amounted to $44.)

Home Again.

After the service the yachtsmen had dinner and then began one after another to hoist sail for the run to Millidgeville. There were by this time between thirty and forty craft at anchor along the beautiful curving beach at Carter's Point. Small sail boats and row boats had also come in numbers to bring people to the service, and the scene of embarkation and departure was one of the greatest animation.

There was a good breeze, and the leading yachts made good time, but some of the later ones lost the wind in Grand Bay and were later in getting in to Millidgeville. Capt. Kerr, in the Lasca, passed the Dahinda and the Smoke, and had a pretty race with the Hermas II, the latter coming to anchor but a minute or two in advance of her. These two led the fleet home.

As the yachts sailed into Millidgeville, the sun was shining brightly, but the sound of the fog whistle could be heard beyond the hills toward the city. There was quite a large number of people at the club house to see the fleet come to anchor. The day had been a memorable one, and ended a memorable cruise. Dr. A. H. Merrill's new yacht Vagabond went up to the service, and gave a good account of herself on the run home. The Digby yacht Alton came through the falls, intending to sail for home today. Messrs. Dunham and Dakin told The Telegraph they had enjoyed the time of their lives, and were very reluctant to part from such pleasurable company. The Hermes II anchored at Millidgeville.

The small yacht Columbia was ashore at Oak Point on Saturday night, but the Pasha went up yesterday morning and took her in tow to Carter's Point. She was not damaged.

For Digby Charities.

The summer residents in Digby (N. S.) are preparing an amateur theatrical entertainment to be given in the Opera House of the picturesque little town on Thursday next, in aid of the local charities. Two farces, A Happy Pair and A Regular Fix, together with selections from Ezra Kendall's works and a number of songs, will make up the programme. Much interest is being taken in the affair, and the advance sale of seats, which are all reserved, is said to be unprecedented.

TO EXPROPRIATE BARKER PROPERTY

This Method of Dealing With Sewage Question at Loch Lomond Recommended.

The claims committee of the common council were to have met Monday afternoon to decide what action should be taken with regard to the sewage outflow from the Barker House into Loch Lomond. It was found, however, that by a previous resolution the matter had been left in the hands of the mayor, as chairman of the water and sewerage board, and the recorder, and the meeting was abandoned. It is understood that a recommendation will be made to the council today to expropriate the strip of land bordering on the lake. There is said to be some uncertainty as to title, and as the late Sterling H. Barker had only a leasehold interest, an order to expropriate is believed to be the easiest way out of the difficulty. When the strip of land becomes the property of the city the pollution of the stream must cease, as the sewer will have no right of way.

It is believed to be the general feeling of the committee that Mrs. Barker should be put to as little inconvenience as possible. It is, however, regarded as absolutely necessary that the sewage should not be permitted to reach the source of the city's water supply. It is an open secret that it was at one time contemplated to apply for an injunction against the genial hostess of the Loch Lomond House on the tacit understanding among the members of the council that the city should bear the whole expense. The proposition was not without its humorous side, and has now been abandoned, as previously metnioned, for the surer method of expropriation.

BARK UNDAL FROM HERE REPORTED ABANDONED

New York, July 20.—The crew of the Norwegian bark Undal were rescued at 6 this morning by the steamship New York, 725 miles east of Sandy Hook light, according to a wireless telegraph message from Halifax (N. S.)

Capt. Roberts of the New York reported that after taking the crew from the bark the wreck was burned. No further details regarding the disaster which befell the Undal were given in the wireless report. The New York is due to dock here tomorrow.

The Undal is of 848 tons, under command of Capt. Gabrielson, her home port being at Mandal, Norway, and her owner T. M. Thomasen. She sailed from St. John (N. B.) for Newport (Eng.), on July 5. The Undal was formerly the City of Canton. She was built at Greenock (Scot.), in 1857.

New York, July 22.—When the American liner New York docked here today, she brought details of the thrilling rescue of the crew of the Norwegian bark Undal, St. John (N. B.), for Newport with a cargo of deals, on July 19. Eleven men were taken from the ship by a boat's crew of the New York. Captain Gabrielsen, of the Undal, reported that he sailed from St. John on July 5. Shortly after leaving port the Undal began to leak and in spite of ceaseless pumping by the crew, the vessel, after some days, became waterlogged. Finally the New York bore down and seeing the distress signals sent her boat alongside, which took off all hands.

Rothesay Happenings.

Rothesay, July 23—A public meeting is called for Tuesday evening in the Orange Hall at Gondola Point in the interests of the Independent Order of Foresters. Addresses will be delivered by D. J. Lingley, P. H. C.; E. G. Todd, P. H. V. C. R.; High Secretary Emmerson and others. The chances are bright for a good court of Foresters in Rothesay parish.

There are quite a number of automobiles owned by suburbanites here and the sound of the machines is quite frequent any evening. Some of them are driven carefully with due regard to the fear of horses and people. Others, however, are not. Any kind of speed is not fast enough apparently for them and on some sections of the road such as Salmon Creek Railway crossing and the bridge near Chester Vincent, a bad accident is not improbable. A good suggestion was made the other day by a local magistrate. The government makes laws to protect game and sees that the people are posted by means of printed posters, etc., as to their provisions. Why not print the automobile regulations and send them to the superintendent of highways to be posted up so that the lives of the people may be made safer.

Mrs. R. G. Earle, of Hampton, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Catherine, returned home this afternoon.

Mrs. Roberts, of the North End, is visiting her son, T. B. Roberts, at Hillhurst. She is accompanied by her grandson.

Mr. and Mrs. David Bradley spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Saunders.

Superintendent A. M. Saunders has advertised the abutment and plank approach at the public landing at Rothesay for sale next Friday. It is expected that the provincial engineer will be in the parish in a few days to inspect some bridges that are much in need of repair. The work upon them will likely be of a permanent nature. The approach to the steamboat wharf at Roberts will be inspected at the same time.

A new place of interest for summer visitors is the Ellinor Home Farm at Nauwigewauk, where the little ones sent out from England by Mrs. Chase are so pleasantly placed. The buildings have been greatly improved and many conveniences added to the residence.

A Kingston resident says that one topic of great interest in the old shiretown is what will be done with the Macdonald school when the three years of Sir William Macdonald's regime expire. There are seven districts in the consolidated school and this gentleman thought the most money they could raise at present would be $2,000 a year. This would hardly be one-third of the present expenses of the school. Even this amount, he said, would be objected to by many who did not want to pay any more than the small amount they were contributing now.

The residents in the "Park" are showing a very desirable public spirit in organizing themselves into a sort of good roads association. They want to spend the taxes paid in the park upon the park roads. The amount is small and permission was readily given. Then the political spirits present "worked" the government for enough to make the midnight arrival walk with greater security from ruts and roots.

While politics are supposed to be on the shelf some whispers of the future are being heard. The opposition in Rothesay is stronger in counsel than in vote, and it may be the gentlemen named as future party champions will be brought forward more prominently in time. The men who opposed the government last election will not be urged to the front again, and this time captains of industry will be to the fore. Two of the gentlemen named are Edward Flewelling, of Perry's Point, and Mr. Macaulay, of Millstream.

LOCAL NEWS.

The St. John firemen and Salvage Corps men who are going to Charlottetown, have been granted free transportation by the minister of railways.

Eight couples were joined in holly wedlock in the city last week. During the same time six boys and three girls were born.

W. C. R. Anderson, a recent graduate of the U. N. B., has been engaged by the Fairville school board as successor to J. Simpson Lord in the principalship of the superior school.

At a court reception held at Buckingham Palace July 13, by the King and Queen, Miss Elise McLean, daughter of Col. and Mrs. H. H. McLean, of this city, was presented by the Countess of Crewe.

The bears in Rockwood Park furnished excitement for the Sunday afternoon visitors. The animals got into a fight which, though of short duration, was a lively scrap.

E. E. Macmichael, wholesale grocer of 40 Dock street, has suspended payment. A meeting of the creditors has been called in the offices of Messrs. Barnhill, Ewing & Sanford on Wednesday next.

Frank E. Jones, of this city, last week finished wiring John McCain's house at Derby Junction, Northumberland county. The power will be brought three miles, from Newcastle.

The taking of evidence in the Capt. Pratt investigation was finished here last week. Sessions will now be held at St. Andrews. Commissioner Copp hopes to finish at the end of this week.

Nine deaths took place in the city last week, from the following causes: pneumonia and senile decay, two each; peritonitis, heart disease, broncho pneumonia, typhoid pneumonia and accident, one each.

Dr. and Mrs. G. U. Hay arrived Saturday after a fortnight's stay in Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. While away the doctor attended a session of the Summer School of Science. The government steamer Canada was at the disposal of the school two whole days.

Another practical illustration of the need of a patrol wagon in the city was offered Saturday evening when Mary Ann Reid was arrested by Policeman McCollom in Union street. The woman had to be taken to the central on the bottom of a sloven.

The first native cucumbers of the season were brought to the city to H. G. Harrison, the North End grocer, Monday. They were grown by A. and C. A. Harrison, of Maugerville, Sunbury county, and about seventy-five cents a dozen is asked for them.

E. A. Robertson, of Charlottetown; Hon. Wm. Richards, of P. E. Island; Bertram Harrison, of St. John, and Rev. Thomas and Mrs. E. L. Hunter Boyd, of Waweig (N. B.), were registered at the Canadian government offices, London, the week ended July 10.

The band of the 62nd Fusiliers' Regiment played in Rockwood Park Saturday afternoon, by arrangement of the N. B. Tourist Association, and greatly pleased the large number of people assembled to listen. There was no regular band stand, but the bandsmen sat in chairs placed on the grass.

Dr. F. Montizambert, chief health inspector for the dominion, arrived at the Royal with his daughter Saturday night. He is here on his annual tour of inspection of the quarantine stations. So far he has visited Chatham and Tracadie, where he says he found everything in satisfactory condition. After inspecting the station here Dr. Montizambert will go to Halifax.

Word of the death of Mrs. Susan Hutchison at South Amboy (N. J.), on Friday last, has been received here. Mrs. Hutchison was the widow of Hugh Hutchison, formerly of St. John. She was eighty-nine years of age and had resided there for sixty years. Two daughters—Mrs. John R. Greer, of this city, and Mrs. Edwin S. Everitt, of South Amboy—survive.

There is said to be one resident of this city who is out of pocket just $10 by being obliging. It is told of him that about 10 o'clock Thursday night, in the North End, he was accosted by a man, evidently a stranger, who asked if he could change a $10 bill. As the St. Johner was in a position to do so, he accommodated the stranger. Later he discovered that the "tenner" was a counterfeit.

In conversation with a Telegraph reporter Sunday with reference to the Jewish territorial scheme for South Africa where it is the intention to find a place of peace for all the oppressed Jews, Rabbi Rabbinowitz said that until after the convention to be held in London in August there would be no steps taken by the Jews here towards the movement. Copies of the London proceedings will be had by local Hebrews.

The "Observant Citizen" in the Boston Post had the following in last Wednesday's issue relative to a St. John young lady: "Miss Claire O'Connor, a pretty and popular nurse of the Massachusetts General Hospital, has astonished her friends of late by her remarkable feats on the golf links. Whenever she has any time off she journeys to Auburndale, where her long and well directed strokes are watched with interest by many spectators. She is also an excellent canoeist."

Jimmy Walker, the City Road lad who had been missing from his home several days, returned Saturday. He had been in Woodstock where he had gone with a horseman for the races. As Jimmy has an uncle and aunt there he thought to avail himself of a free trip to see them, his way being paid in consideration of his making himself useful to the horseman. Needless to say his return home greatly relieved the anxiety felt by the lad's relatives, who received him joyously.

The Tufts Case.

Hanington, Teed & Hanington, attorneys for the petitioning creditor in the matter of L. B. Tufts have received word from Mr. Justice Landry that his honor, after carefully examining the affidavits used by the petitioning creditor to obtain the warrant, has come to the conclusion that the facts disclosed in the affidavits were sufficient to establish the conditions required by the absconding debtors' act entitling the petitioning creditor to a warrant. His honor further judged after reading the evidence adduced on the application for a supersedeas that no case has been made out entitling the debtor, L. B. Tufts, to a supersedeas. Mr. Justice Landry therefore dismisses, with costs, the application for a supersedeas.

E. T. C. Knowles and L. A. Currey represented L. B. Tufts.

OBITUARY.

Miss Etta Reid.

Miss Etta Reid, aged twenty-two years, the beloved daughter of Peter Reid, Saltsprings, Kings county (N. B.), passed away July 19, and was interred on July 20.

Rev. Edgar Crossland, of the Presbyterian church, conducted the service in the Baptist church, Saltsprings. The deceased was a member of the Presbyterian church, and was greatly respected.

A large number of beautiful floral tributes, given by the following friends, attest the reverence and esteem in which the deceased was held:—

Mrs. J. A. Reid, a pillow of pansies and geraniums; Mrs. W. L. Kilpatrick, a pillow of roses and honeysuckle; Mrs. Ella Kilpatrick, a wreath; Mrs. John W. Aiton, a wreath of roses and queen of the meadow; Miss Clara Mercer, a cross of geraniums; Mrs. John H. Smith, a bouquet of petunias; Miss Mabel Kilpatrick, a bouquet of ferns and roses; Mrs. John Jemieson, a bouquet; Mrs. Fred. Mercer, a bouquet; Miss Annie Tays, a bouquet; Misses Alberta and Lilian Tays, a wreath; Mrs. A. Wood, a crescent.

Miss Brown, Pokiok.

The death of Miss Brown, daughter of Samuel Brown, occurred Friday at her home in Pokiok. She had been ill for eight weeks, death having resulted from hemorrhage. Besides her father she leaves one brother, George, and a sister, Mrs. Allison Armstrong, of Pokiok.

Robert Hoffman Bayard.

Robert H. Bayard, of Welsford, passed away at his home Friday morning, leaving a wife and three children—two daughters and one son; also one sister. He was a son of the late Charles and Anna Hoffman Bayard, and nephew of Dr. William Bayard, of St. John.

Hugh K. T. Bartsch.

The sudden death of Hugh K. T. Bartsch, which occurred a little before 10 o'clock Friday morning, came as a severe shock to the people of St. John, among whom he had a very large number of warm friends.

He was confidential clerk for D. C. Clinch for the past 24 years, and his loss will be keenly felt in business circles.

Although Mr. Bartsch had been in ill health for six or seven years, he was rarely absent from his post, and was a familiar figure both in the office and about Prince William street.

On Sunday last he was obliged to summon his family physician, Dr. G. A. B. Addy, and, acting on his advice, remained at home since then. His condition became suddenly worse yesterday and a hasty message was sent to the doctor, who upon arrival saw that Mr. Bartsch was beyond the reach of medical aid, and it was but a question of a few minutes when he had passed to his reward.

Mr. Clinch, who feels his death keenly, said yesterday that the deceased had been in his employ for 24 years, having started as office boy at the early age of 15 or 16 years. From that position he worked his way up to a junior clerkship and then by untiring devotion to the interests of his employer became confidential clerk, which position he occupied at the time of his death.

Mr. Clinch added also that he would have some difficulty in filling his position.

Mr. Bartsch is survived by his wife and two boys aged respectively eight and eleven years.

Besides his wife and two children Mr. Bartsch leaves a mother, four sisters, Mrs. George Taylor, of Vancouver, Miss B. Bartsch, of Oakland, Cal.; Mrs. Allan Nixon, of St. John and Mrs. W. Priest of Brookline, Mass; also one brother Robert, of this city.

Charles Nevins.

Charles Nevins, one of the oldest and best known citizens of St. John, passed away Friday morning at 8 o'clock at his home, 169 Douglas Avenue, at the age of 76 years.

Mr. Nevins, who was a native of St. John, started business as a spar maker, and later engaged in shipbuilding, at which he did a large business, when the industry was at its height. In his latter years, however, he lived in retirement.

Mr. Nevins, though of a retiring disposition, had a large circle of friends and acquaintances, among whom he will be greatly missed.

For the past three or four years he had been in declining health, and about ten days ago was obliged to take to his bed. No serious results were anticipated, until Thursday, when he suddenly became weaker and, as stated passed away at 8 o'clock yesterday morning.

Besides his widow he is survived by one son, Charles T. of the Canadian Drug Co., and two daughters, Mrs. J. W. Workman, of Moncton, and Miss E. F. Nevins, who resides at home.

Mrs. Robert R. Allan.

The death of Mrs. Robert R. Allan took place suddenly Saturday morning at the home of her stepson, Clarence B. Allan. Mrs. Allan was taken ill Friday evening, it was first thought from biliousness, but later Dr. Skinner was called. He did not at first think her condition serious, but a second call showed him the end was near. A few hours later Mrs. Allan passed away. She was a native of Halifax, a daughter of the late S. R. Caldwell, at one time mayor of the city.

Her first husband was Mr. Shaw, a dry goods merchant in that city, and their only daughter, Mrs. F. W. Daniel, now resides in Chicago. About 1875 the deceased lady married the late Robert R. Allan and came to live in St. John, where she made many friends, who were shocked to hear of her death. Mrs. Allan is survived by four brothers, Dr. W. Caldwell and Alfred, in Providence; Thomas, in Halifax, and John, in Vancouver; and by four sisters, Mrs. George Smithers, who resides with her son, Rev. Allan W. Smithers, at Hopewell; Mrs. G. Brown, Vancouver; Mrs. W. L. Cameron, Halifax, and Mrs. Anderson, wife of Dr. F. W. Anderson, Halifax.

James Main.

James Main, eldest son of Robert Main, of Galloway (N. B.) died recently at his home in Reno, Nevada. His mother, sister and brother are all in the west. Mr. Main had been in Reno for more than twenty years. He was about forty-two years old and single.

Mrs. Benjamin Stevens.

Mrs. Agnes Barr Stevens, widow of Benjamin Stevens, died Sunday at her home at Grand Bay, in her eighty-first year. She had been in poor health for more than a year. Three sons survive—all residents of Grand Bay. The funeral will be held today after arrival of the 1.10 o'clock train from St. John at Grand Bay.

John Gillis.

Sydney, N. S., July 23.—John Gillis, registrar of deeds for this county, died at his home, of heart disease, early this morning, at the age of sixty-seven. He came to Sydney in 1869, and was appointed registrar of deeds in 1875 in succession to the late James H. Ward. He leaves a wife, three sons, three daughters, three brothers and three sisters.

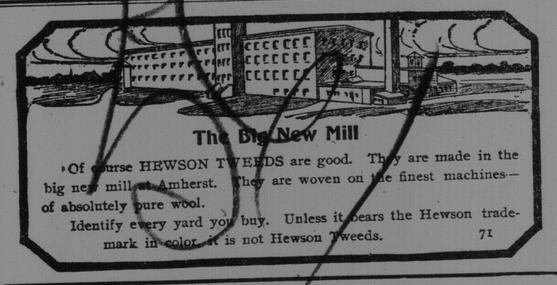
FOUND HUSBAND DEAD IN BARN

Mrs. Charles W. Flewelling, of 7 White street, was called upon Sunday to pass through the painful experience of finding her husband dead. He had been complaining at the tea table of pains in the back of his head and stayed at home while his wife went to attend the services in St. Mary's church, where they were both members, and communicants. During his wife went to attend the service in St barn in Delhi street to attend his horse. When Mrs. Flewelling came back from service she found their house in White street locked up. Guessing where her husband had gone, she went to the barn and there she found him lying face down on the floor of the barn. He had evidently been stricken while carrying water to the horse.

Distressed beyond words at the sight, Mrs. Flewelling hurried away and sought Rev. W. O. Raymond, rector of St. Mary's. The clergyman accompanied her to the place and Police Sergt. Campbell was telephoned for.

Examination of the body showed that Mr. Flewelling had been dead about half an hour. At first it was thought possible the horse had kicked him, but as no marks were found on the body to warrant such a supposition, the more probable conclusion is that death was the result of apoplexy.

Mr. Flewelling was 65 years of age and was very highly respected by all who knew him. For many years he was truck man for V. S. White & Co. He was connected with both the Flewelling and Wetmore families of Kings county. His first wife was Mary Ella Cronk, who died quite a number of years ago. He then married Miss Amanda May Fisher, daughter of James Fisher, of this city. Only one adopted daughter, Mrs. Silas Freeze, of 13 Brunswick street, this city, survives. Mrs. Sarah Jane Northrup, widow of Samuel Northrup, of 3 Delhi street, is a sister-in-law.



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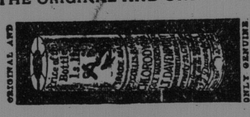

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