POOR DOCUMENT

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THE BETRAYAL

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Author of A Maker of History, A Prince of Sinners, The Master Mummer, Anna the Adventuress, Mysterious Mr. Jabin, The Yellow Crayon, The Traitors, The Man and His Kingdom, A Millionaire of Yesterday, etc.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Noblesse Oblige."

The Duke selected my most comfortable easy chair and remained silent for several minutes, looking thoughtfully out of the window. Notwithstanding the fresh color, which he seldom lost, and the trim perfection of his dress, I could see at once that there was a change in him. The lines about his mouth were deeper, his eyes had lost much of their keen brightness. I found myself wondering whether, after all, some suspicion of Lord Blenavon's doings had found its way to him.

"You are well forward with your work, I trust, Mr. Ducaine" he said at last.

"It is completed, your Grace," I answered.

"The proposed subway fortifications as well as the new battery stations?"

"Yes, your Grace."

"What about the maps?"

"I have done them also to the best of my ability, sir," I answered. "I am not a very expert draughtsman, I am afraid, but these are at least accurate. If you would care to look them over, they are in the library safe."

"And the code word?"

In accordance with our usual custom I scribbled it upon a piece of paper, and held it for a moment before his eyes. Then I carefully destroyed it.

"Tomorrow," he said, "perhaps tonight, we have some railway men coming down to thoroughly discuss the most efficient method of moving troops from Aldershot and London to different points, and to inaugurate a fresh system. You had better hold yourself in readiness to come up to the house at any moment. They are business men, and their time is valuable. They will probably want to work from the moment of their arrival until they go."

"Very good, your Grace," I answered.

He turned his head and looked at me for a moment reflectively.

"You remember our conversation at the War Office, Mr. Ducaine?"

"Yes, your Grace."

"I do not wish you to have a false impression as to my meaning at that time," he said coldly. "I do not, I have never, doubted your trustworthiness. My feeling was, and is, that you are somewhat young and of an impetuous disposition for a post of such importance. That feeling was increased, of course, by the fact that I considered your story with reference to the Prince of Malors improbable to the last degree. In justice to you," he continued more slowly, "I must now admit the possibility that your description of that incident may after all be in accordance with the facts. Certain facts have come to my knowledge which tend somewhat in that direction. I shall consider it a favor, therefore, if you will consider my remarks at that interview retracted."

"I thank your Grace very much," I answered.

"With reference to the other matter," he continued, "there my opinion remains unaltered. I do not believe that the papers in the safe were touched after you yourself deposited them there, and I consider your statement to the contrary a most unfortunate one. But the fact remains that you have done your work faithfully, and the Council is satisfied with your services. That being so, you may rely upon it that any feeling I may have in the matter I shall keep to myself."

I would have expressed my gratitude to him, but he checked me.

"There is," he said, "one other, a more personal matter, concerning which I desired a few words with you. I have had a visit from a relative of yours who is also an old friend of my own. I refer to Sir Michael Trogoldy."

I looked at him in amazement. I was in fact, so surprised that I said nothing at all.

"Sir Michael, it seems, has been making inquiries about you, and learned of your present position," the Duke continued. "He asked me certain questions which I was glad to be able to answer on your behalf. He also entrusted me with a note, which I have here in my pocket."

He produced it and laid it upon the table. I made no movement to take it.

"The details of your family history," the Duke said, "are unknown to me. But if the advice of an old man is in any way acceptable to you, I should strongly recommend you to accept any offer of friendship which Sir Michael may make. He is an old man, and he is possessed of considerable wealth. Further, I gather that you are his nearest relative."

"Sir Michael was very cruel to my mother, sir," I said slowly.

"You have nothing to gain by the harboring of ancient grievances," the Duke replied. "I have always known Sir Michael as a just if a somewhat stern man. Please, however, do not look upon me in any way as a would-be mediator. My interest in this case ceases with the delivery of that letter."

The Duke rose to his feet. I followed him to the door.

"In any case, sir," I said, "I am very much obliged to you for your advice and for bringing me this letter."

"By-the-bye," the Duke said, pausing on the threshold, "I fear that we may lose the help of Colonel Ray upon the Council. There are rumors of serious trouble in the Soudan, and if these are in any way substantiated, he will be certainly sent there. Good afternoon, Mr. Ducaine."

"Good afternoon, your Grace."

So he left me, stiff, formal, having satisfied his conscience, though I felt in my heart that his opinion of me, once formed, was not likely to be changed. Directly I was alone I opened my uncle's letter.

"127, Grosvenor Square,
"London, W.

"Dear Guy,—It has been on my mind more than once during the last few years—ever since, in fact, I heard of you at college—to write and inform myself as to your prospects in life. You are the son of my only sister, although I regret to say that you are the son also of a man who disgraced himself and his profession. You have a claim upon me which you have made no effort to press. Perhaps I do not think the worse of you for that. In any case, I wish you to accept an allowance of which my lawyers will advise you, and if you will call upon me when you are in town I shall be glad to make your acquaintance. I may say that it was a pleasure to me to learn that you have succeeded in obtaining a responsible and honorable post.

"I am, yours sincerely,
"MICHAEL TROGOLDY."

I took my pen and paper, and answered this letter at once.

"My Dear Sir Michael,—As I am your nephew, and I understand, almost your nearest relative, I see no reason why I should not accept the allowance which you are good enough to offer me. I shall also be glad to come and see you next time I am in London, if it is your wish.

"Yours sincerely,
"GUY DUCAINE."

Grooton brought in my tea, also a London morning paper which he had secured in the village.

"I thought that you might be interested in the news about the Duke, sir," he said respectfully.

"What news, Grooton?" I asked, stretching out my hand for the paper.

"You will find a leading article on the second page, sir, and another in the money news. It reads quite extraordinary, sir."

I opened the paper eagerly. I read every word of the leading article, which was entitled "Noblesse Oblige," and all the paragraphs in the money column. What I read did not surprise me in the least when once I had read the circumstances. It was just what I should have expected from the Duke. It seemed that he had lent his name to the prospectus of a company formed for the purpose of working some worthless patent designed to revolutionize the silk weaving trade. The Duke's reason for going on the Board was purely philanthropic. He had hoped to restore an ancient industry in a decaying neighborhood. The whole thing turned out to be a swindle. One angry shareholder stated plainly at the meeting that he had taken his shares on account of the Duke's name upon the prospectus, and hinted ugly things. The Duke had risen calmly in his place. He assured them that he fully recognized his responsibilities in the matter. If the person who had last spoken was in earnest when he stated that the Duke's name had induced him to take shares in this company, then he was prepared to relieve him of those shares at the price which he had paid for them. Further, if there was any other persons who were able honestly to say that the name of the Duke of Rowchester upon the prospectus had induced them to invest their money in this concern, his offer extended also to them.

There were roars of applause, wild enthusiasm. It was magnificent, but the lowest estimate of what it would cost the Duke was £100,000.

I put down the paper, and my cheeks were flushed with enthusiasm. I think that if the Duke had been there at that moment I could have kissed his hand. I passed with much less interest to the letter which Grooton had brought in with the paper. It was from a firm of solicitors in Lincoln's Inn, and it informed me, in a few precise sentences, that they had the authority of their client, Sir Michael Trogoldy, to pay me yearly the sum of £500.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Friend or Enemy?

There came no summons from Rowchester, and I dined alone. I must have dozed over my after-dinner cigarette, for at first that soft rapping seemed to come to me from a long way off. Then I sat up in my chair with a start. My cigarette had burnt out, my coffee was cold. I had been asleep, and outside some one was knocking at my front door.

I had sent Grooton to the village with letters, and I was alone in the place. I sprang from my chair just as the handle of the door was turned and a woman stepped quietly in. She was wrapped from head to foot in a long cloak, and she was thickly veiled. But I knew her at once. It was Mrs. Smith-Lessing.

My first impulse was one of anger. It seemed to me that she was taking advantage of the sympathy which Ray's brutality during our last interview had forced from me. I spoke to her coldly, almost angrily.

"Mrs. Smith-Lessing," I said, "I regret that I cannot receive you here. My position just now does not allow me to receive visitors."

She simply raised her veil and sank into the nearest chair. I was staggered when I saw her face. It was positively haggard, and her eyes were burning. She looked at me almost with horror.

"I had to come," she said. "I could not keep away a moment longer. Tell me the truth, Guy Ducaine. The truth, mind!" she repeated, fearfully.

"What do you mean?" I asked, bewildered. "I do not understand you."

"Tell me the truth about that man who came to see you on the seventh of January."

I shook my head.

"I have nothing to tell you," I said firmly. "When I found him on the marshes he was dead. I did not hear till afterwards that he had ever asked for me."

"This is the truth?" she asked eagerly.

"It is the truth!" I answered.

I could see the relief shine in her face. She was still anxious, however.

"Is it true," she asked, "that you told a girl in the village, Blanche Moyat, to keep secret the fact that this man inquired in the village for the way to your cottage?"

"That also is true," I admitted. "She did not tell me until afterwards, and I saw no purpose in publishing the fact that the man had been on his way to see me."

"You have been very foolish," she said. "You have quarrelled with the girl. She is telling this against you, and there will be trouble."

"I cannot help it," I answered. "I never spoke to the man. I saw nothing of him until I found him dead."

"Guy!" she cried, "this is an awful thing. I am not sure, but I believe that the man was your father!"

As often as the thought had come to me I had thrust it away. This time, however, there was no escape. The whole hideous scene spread itself out again before my eyes. I saw the doubled-up body, limp and nerveless. I felt again the thrill of horror with which one looks for the first time on death. The mockery of the sunlight filling the air, gleaming far and wide upon the creek-riven marshes and wet sands, the singing of the birds, the slow tramp of the wagon horses. All these things went to fill up that one terrible picture. I looked at the woman opposite to me, and in her face was some reflection of the horror which I as surely felt.

"For your sake," she murmured, "we must find out how he met with his death."

"The verdict was Found drowned," I murmured.

"People will change their opinion now," she answered. "Besides, you and I know that he was not drowned."

"You are sure of that?" I asked.

"Quite," she answered. "He had letters with him, I know, and papers for you. Besides, he carried always with him a number of trifles by which he could have been identified. When he was searched at the police station his pockets were empty. He had been robbed. Guy, he had, as I have had, one unrelenting relentless enemy. Tell me, was Colonel Ray in Brasterat the time?"

"He lectured that night in the village," I answered.

Her eyes gleamed with a strange fire.

"I knew it!" she exclaimed. "I have him at last, then. I saw him falter when I spoke of your father. Guy, I will save you, but I would give the rest of my days to bring this home to Mostyn Ray."

I shook my head.

"You will never do it," I declared. "There might be suspicion, but there will never be any proof. If there was any murder done at all, it was done without witnesses."

"We shall see about that," she muttered. "There is what you call circumstantial evidence. It has hanged people before now."

We remained silent for several moments. All this time she was watching me.

"Guy," she said softly, "you are very like what he was—at your age."

Her cloak had fallen back. She was

Lady Angela had seated herself in my easy chair and was keeping her face averted from me.

wearing a black evening gown with a string of pearls around her neck. The excitement had given her a faint color, and something like tears softened her eyes as she looked across at me. But the more I looked at her the more anxious I was to see her no more. Her words reminded me of the past. I remembered that it was she who had been my father's evil genius, she who had brought this terrible disgrace upon him, and this cloud over my own life. I rose to my feet.

"I do not wish to ask for any favors from you," I said, "but I will ask you to remember that if you are seen here I shall certainly lose my post."

"What does it matter?" she answered contemptuously. "I am not a rich woman, Guy, but I know how to earn money. Mostyn Ray would not believe it, perhaps, but I loved your father. Yours has been a miserable little life. Come with me, and I promise that I will show you how to make it great. You have no relatives or any ties. I promise you that I will be a model stepmother."

I looked at her, bewildered.

"It is not possible for me to do anything of the sort," I told her. "I do not wish to seem unkind, but nothing in this world would induce me to consider such a thing for a moment. I have chosen my life and the manner of it. Do you think that I can ever forget that you and my father between you broke my mother's heart, and made it necessary for me to be brought up without friends, ashamed of my name and of my history? One does not forget these things. I bear you no ill will, but I wish that you would go away."

She sat there quite quietly, listening to me.

"Guy," she said, when I had finished, "all that you speak of happened many years ago. There is forgiveness for everybody, isn't there? You and I are almost alone in the world. I want to be your friend. You might find me a more powerful one than you think. Try me! I will make your future mine. You shall have your own way in all things. I know the hills and the valleys of life, the underneath and the matchless places. If you accept my offer you will never regret it. I can be a faithful friend or a relentless enemy. Between you and me, Guy, there can be no middle course. I want to be your friend. Don't make me your enemy."

The woman puzzled me. She had every appearance of being in earnest. Yet the things which she proposed were absurd.

"This is folly," I answered her. "I cannot count it anything else. Do you suppose that I want to creep through life at a woman's apron-strings? I am old enough, and strong enough, I hope, to think and act for myself. My career is my own, to make or to mar. I do not wish for enmity from any one, but your friendship I cannot accept. Our ways lie apart—a long way apart."

"Do not be too sure of that," she said quietly. "I think that you and I may come together again very soon, and it is possible that you may need my help."

"All that I need now," I answered impatiently, "is your absence."

She rose at once from her chair.

"Very well," she said, "I will go. Only let me warn you that I am a persistent woman. I think that it will not be very long before you see things differently. Will you shake hands with me, Guy?"

Her small white fingers came hesitatingly out from under her cloak. I did not stop to think to what my action might commit me, whether indeed it was seemly that I should accept any measure of friendship from this woman. I took her hand and held it for a moment in mine.

"You cannot go back alone," I said, doubtfully, as I opened the door.

"I have a servant waiting close by," she answered, "and I am not at all afraid. Think over what I have said to you—and good-bye."

She drew her cloak around her and flitted away into the darkness.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A Woman's Tongue.

Grooton returned a few minutes later from the village. He begged the favor of a few words with me. He was a man of impassive features and singular quietness of demeanor. Yet it was obvious that something had happened to disturb him.

"I think it only right, sir, that you should know of the reports which are circulating in the neighborhood," he said, fixing his dark grave eyes respectfully upon me. "I called for a few minutes at the inn, and made it my business to listen."

"Do these reports concern me, Grooton?" I asked.

"They do, sir."

"Go ahead, then," I told him.

"They refer also, sir," he said, "to the man who was found dead near the cottage where you used to live in January last. He was supposed to have been washed up from the sea, but it has recently been stated that he was seen, on the evening of the day before his body was found, in the village, and it is also stated that he inquired from a certain person as to the whereabouts of your cottage. He set out with the intention of calling upon you, and he was found dead in the morning by you, sir, within a hundred yards of where you were living."

"Anything else, Grooton?"

"There is a lot of foolish talk, sir. He is said to have been a relative of yours with whom you were not on good terms, and the young lady who has just given this information to the police through her father states that she has remained silent up to now at your request."

"I am supposed, then," I said, "to be concerned in this fellow's death?"

"I have heard that opinion openly expressed, sir," Grooton assented, respectfully.

I nodded.

"Thank you, Grooton," I said. "I shall be prepared then for anything that may happen. If you hear anything further let me know."

"I shall not fail to do so, sir," he answered.

He bowed and withdrew. Then as I lit my pipe and resumed my seat it suddenly occurred to me that the man who was chiefly concerned in this matter should at least be warned. I sat down at my desk and wrote to Ray. I had scarcely finished when I heard footsteps outside, followed by an imperious knocking at my front door. I opened it at once. The Duke and Lady Angela entered. I saw at once from her disturbed expression that something had happened.

The Duke wore a long cape over his dinner clothes, and he had evidently walked fast. He looked at me sharply as I rose to my feet.

"Mr. Ducaine," he said, "I have come to ask you to explain the sudden departure of my son for abroad."

I was taken aback, and I dare say I showed it.

"I have already told Lady Angela—all that I know," I said.

"My daughter's story," the Duke answered, "is incoherent. It tells me only enough to make me sure that something is being concealed."

I glanced at Lady Angela. She was looking white and troubled.

"I have told my father," she said, "all that I know."

"Then I must discover the rest for myself," the Duke replied. "I know that Blenavon is uncertain and unstable to a degree. When I heard that he had left for the Continent, I was not particularly surprised or interested. I have only just discovered the manner of his leaving. It puts an entirely different complexion upon the affair. I understand that he left with Colonel Ray without luggage or explanations of any sort. His own servant had no warning, and was left behind. My daughter informs me that such information as she has she gained from you. I require you to supplement it."

"I am afraid that the only person who can enlighten you further, sir, is Colonel Ray," I answered. "I understood you to say, I believe, that he would be here shortly."

"I insist upon it," the Duke said sternly, "that you tell what you know at once and without further prevarication."

I was in a dilemma from which there seemed to be no escape. Lady Angela had seated herself in my easy chair and was keeping her face averted from me. The Duke stood between us.

"I know very little, sir, except what I overheard," I declared. "Colonel Ray was, I believe, responsible for Lord Blenavon's abrupt departure, and I would rather that your information came from him."

"Colonel Ray is not here, and you are," the Duke answered. "Remember that I am no trifler with words. I have said that I insist. I repeat it!"

There seemed to be no escape for me. Lady Angela remained silent, the Duke was plainly insistent. I did not dare to trifle with him.

"Very good your Grace," I said, "I will tell you what I know. It dates from last Monday, when you will remember that I was in London to attend a meeting of the Council."

"Go on!"

"I returned here by the last train, bringing with me the notes and instructions taken at that meeting. Outside Brasterthe Grange an attack was made upon me, evidently with the intention of securing these. I escaped, with the assistance of Colonel Ray, who had come down from London by the same train unknown to me."

"Well?"

"The attack was made from the grounds of Brasterthe Grange. It seems that Lord Blenavon spent the night there. The next morning Colonel Ray insisted upon my accompanying him to Brasterthe Grange. Lord Blenavon was still there, and we saw him. He was suffering from wounds such as in the darkness I had inflicted upon my assailant of the night before."

It seemed to me that even then the Duke would not, or could not, understand. His brows were knitted into a heavy frown, and he was evidently following my story with close attention. But exactly where I was going to lead, he seemed to have no idea.

"The tenant of Brasterthe Grange," I continued, "is a Mrs. Smith-Lessing, whom Colonel Ray has told me is a servant of the French secret police. I am afraid that Lord Blenavon has been a good deal under her influence."

Then the Duke blazed out, which was very much what I expected from him. Horror, amazement, and scornful disbelief were all expressed in his transfigured face and angry words.

"Blenavon! My son! The confederate of a French spy! What nonesense! Who dares to suggest such a thing? Angela—I—I beg your pardon."

He stopped short, making an effort to regain his self-control. He continued in a more collected manner, but his voice still shook with inexpressible scorn.

"Angela," he said, turning to her, "is it within your knowledge that Blenavon had any acquaintance with this person?"

I think that her face might well have answered him: very white it was, and very sorrowful.

"Blenavon met Mrs. Smith-Lessing, I believe, at Bordighera," she said. "I have seen them together several times."

"Here?" the Duke asked sharply.

"Yes, I have seen them riding on the sands, and Blenavon dined there on the night—Mr. Ducaine has been speaking of."

"Blenavon is a fool!" the Duke said. "This is to my mind convincing proof that he was ignorant of the woman's antecedents. At the worst he probably regarded her as an ordinary adventuress. As for the rest, I look upon it as the most extraordinary mare's nest which the mind of man could possibly conceive. Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Ducaine, that Colonel Ray went so far as to charge Blenavon to his face with being in league with this person?"

"He certainly did, sir."

"And Blenavon? Oh, Ray is mad, stark mad!"

"Your son denied it, sir," I answered.

"Denied it! Of course he did. What folowed?"

"Colonel Ray was very forcible and very imperative, sir," I answered. "He insisted upon Lord Blenavon leaving England at once."

"Well?"

"Lord Blenavon consented to do so, sir," I said quietly.

I saw the veins in the Duke's forehead stand out like whipcord. He began a sentence and left it unfinished. He was in that condition when words are impotent.

"Can you tell me, Mr. Ducaine," he asked, "what possible argument Colonel Ray could have made use of to induce my son to consent to this extraordinary proceeding?"

"I know no more about the matter, your Grace," I answered. "Perhaps Lord Blenavon felt that his intimacy with Mrs. Smith-Lessing had compromised him—that appearances were against him. ——"

"Pshaw!" the Duke interrupted. "Blenavon's intrigues are foolish enough, but they are beside the mark. I want to know what further argument or inducement Colonel Ray used. I understand neither why Ray desired to get rid of my son, nor why my son obeyed his ridiculous request."

"Colonel Ray will doubtless have some further explanation to offer you, sir," I said.

"He had better," the Duke answered grimly. "I shall wire him to come here at once. With your permission, Mr. Ducaine, I will sit down for a moment. This affair has shaken me."

Indeed, as the excitement passed away, I could see that he was looking ill and worn. Lady Angela made him take the easy chair, and he accepted a liqueur glass full of brandy which I poured out. He remained for several minutes sipping it and looking thoughtfully into the fire. He seemed to me to have aged by a dozen years. The brisk alertness of his manner had all departed. He was an old man, limp and querulous.

"This unfortunate affair, Mr. Ducaine," he said, looking up at last, "remains of course between ourselves and Ray—and the woman."

"It is unnecessary for you to ask me that, sir," I answered quietly. "Colonel Ray will doubtless have some explanation. He is a man of vigorous temper, and I fancy that Lord Blenavon was not quite himself."

The Duke rose to his feet.

"If you are ready, Angela," he said, "we will not detain Mr. Ducaine further."

"You will allow me to walk with you to the house, sir," I begged.

He shook his head.

"I am quite recovered, I thank you," he said, "My daughter will give me her arm."

I let them out myself and held the lamp over my head to light them on their way. With slow uncertain steps, and leaning heavily upon Lady Angela's arm, I watched him disappear in the blackness of the plantation.

(To be continued.)

FELL THROUGH A HATCHWAY IN STORE

Accident to Mrs. Wade May Result in Suit for Damages.

An accident that may involve a suit for damages occurred in the fruit and confectionery store of John G. Sperdakes, Charlotte street, on Friday last when Mrs. Frederick Wade, of 140 St. James street, fell through a hatch and was quite badly bruised.

Mrs. Wade went into the store to make a purchase about 3 o'clock in the afternoon and, not noticing the hatch, stepped into it and fell a distance of about six feet. On being lifted out she was assisted to the home of her mother, Mrs. Mary Doucett, 162 Prince William street. Dr. J. H. Scammell and Dr. John S. Bentley were summoned and found that while no bones were broken, Mrs. Wade was considerably bruised, especially on the left side.

She has been confined to her bed since. In consequence it is said that a suit for damages against the store proprietor may result.

ANOTHER MISHAP

Steamer Majestic Traveling in Hard Luck—Rudder Disabled Saturday.

The steamer Majestic met with a few mishaps up river during the last part of last week. On Friday, on the Oromocto shoals, the boat's propeller was damaged, and Saturday when coming down stream to go below the falls for repairs, the rudder broke, when about opposite the half way trees. She was for the time rendered useless.

Word was sent ashore, and the city was communicated with by telephone, and at this end, preparations were made to send up a tug. In the meantime, the steamer was warped into the wharf, but before long a tug from down stream came along and took the steamer in tow. The tug W. H. Murray, which had been sent from the city met both craft, and for the rest of the trip took the Majestic in tow, the arrival being made at Indiantown at about 11 o'clock.

Among those on the disabled steamer were Mr. Clark, pilot of the Calvin Austin, and Mr. and Mrs. N. T. Petersen of Providence, (R. I.) All were booked to sail on the Austin which left here Saturday evening about 6.30 o'clock, and consequently they missed the steamer.

The steamer Aberdeen will leave Indiantown for Fredericton at 8.30 this morning in place of the Majestic. On Tuesday and Wednesday the Victoria will leave at 7.30 a. m. for the capital, and will make the round trip, returning to the city about 10.30 p. m.

A FORTUNE AWAITS THEM

Search for Descendants of the Gormans or Neils, Formerly of St. John.

A large sum of money is said to be waiting for the descendants of certain Gormans or Neils who at one time resided in St. John. A prominent Nova Scotia lawyer has written to A. Warrell, 6 Germain street, asking for information regarding these families.

It appears that a Mrs. John Gorman, who was formerly Miss Katherine Neil, resided in St. John at the time of her marriage, and about thirty years ago left for the States accompanied by her daughter. If descendants of either of these families can be found they are said to be entitled to a fortune. If any light can be thrown on the subject Mr. Warrell will be glad to receive the information.

SAD FATALITY AT NEWCASTLE, QUEENS CO.

A fourteen-year-old boy named Mercer was instantly killed at Newcastle, Queens county, on Wednesday. The young fellow was at the wharf watching the May Queen being unloaded. He jumped on to a heavily laden sloven, which was going to Upper Newcastle. The sloven had only gone a short distance from the wharf when the boy slipped and fell in front of the wheel, which passed over his chest.

He was unconscious when picked up and died while being carried to a nearby house. Young Mercer's father is an employe of the New Brunswick Coal & Railway Company.

FOREST FIRES STILL BURNING

The woods on White's Mountain, near Sussex, are said to be ablaze, and forest fires have broken out at different points in Kings county. Fires are also reported in Westmorland county and much damage has been done along the line of the Moncton & Buctouche railway.

The fire which started near Westfield Thursday has been subdued. The only damage done is the burning of a lot of grass.

Rain is greatly needed not only to stop the fire but to revive the grass and crops, which are parched. Residents up river say that the country there is also in serious need of rain.

The regulations and forms of application for an examination of candidates for the civil service of India may be seen by intending candidates at the office of the provincial secretary, Fredericton.

BATTLE FOR LIFE UNDER BRIDGES

Young Man and Woman in Boat Rescued in Rapids

MILLMAN PUTS OUT FROM SHORE

Current Had Caught Their Boat and They Were Threatened With Destruction — Rescuer's Tribute to Bravery of Girl.

To sit helplessly in a frail row boat, pass into the grip of the reversing falls and survive was the experience of A. A. Gundry and Miss Price, of this city, about 3.30 o'clock Saturday afternoon.

Caught by the current, and beyond control of those on board, it seemed that at any instant the boat must capsize. Circling and lurching, it moved along beneath the bridges, then across the foam-streaked stretch swirling down between Cushing's mills and the island.

A dangerous rapid lay ahead. The boat was filling, but before this the occupants had been drenched.

To those who watched from the hills and bridge it appeared that one of the worst tragedies in the history of the falls was impending.

The boat was just rounding the mill, point, when another boat, pulled by a single rower, shot out from around the deal-piled wharf.

It sped directly into the danger zone, and buffeted its way to the foundering boat.

Into it, half leaping, half falling, scrambled Miss Price and Mr. Gundry, and a rescue, gallant and spectacular, had been accomplished.

The man, who without a second's hesitation risked his own life to save others is Lawrence Garey, for thirty-six years a millman about Pleasant Point and Fairville. He has long been in the employ of the Messrs. Cushing.

"It wasn't the time to sit down and think it over," said he to a reporter yesterday, "for had I been fifteen minutes later, we'd have all gone down together."

Mr. Garey, by promptness and heroism, has averted more than one drowning fatality. He discussed his latest exploit after the manner of a man whom one would want to have within hailing distance, in case of an emergency, and in need of assistance.

"Perhaps you think I'm deserving of a little credit," he continued, "but I'd like to say what I think about that young woman: I've been mixed up in a good many rescue affairs, but I never met anyone, under risky circumstances, more brave, more nervy, and with more presence of mind. The most of the credit ought to go to her."

The boat, it is understood is the property of the Neptune Rowing Club, and was engaged for a few hours by Mr. Gundry. It is said that a warning was given with respect to venturing too far up stream, but at all events, once the craft was swept along by the current, it was impossible to divert the course.

Stern first, and the toy of boiling pools and treacherous currents she dipped and tossed her way under the bridges and on toward what seemed to be an even more deadly stretch.

Ahead tide and river battled. The leaping froth-flecked water was a menace to a boat many times larger than that to which Mr. Gundry and Miss Price clung.

Fortunately Oars Were Locked.

The boat is narrow, slim and shallow, delicately yet strongly constructed. The oars were "locked," that is attached to the row-locks in such a way that they could be released from the grasp and not slide over and float away.

It is, in the opinion of Mr. Garey and others, due to the fact that the oars were locked that the boat did not capsize, for with blades resting on the water, the chance of being overturned was to some extent diminished.

From the Cushing mill the boat was seen and the alarm instantly given. Mr. Garey was on one of the wharves tallying lumber. He remained on the wharf just long enough to know that a small boat with man and woman on board was near the falls.

Then he swung down into one of the mill boats and with powerful strokes pulled away toward the threshing and the roar of the rapids. A few score yards and he turned to see just where the other boat might be. It was still pitching forward, the two occupants clinging to the seats and the water plainly showing inside.

Mr. Garey gave a shout, and signalled them to try to work in toward the mill. Then, through spray and spume, and with the thunder of the falls above all other sounds, he bent to the critical part of his undertaking.

Rescued

Perhaps it was a combination of both good luck and good management. To row in whirling waters, to guide a boat through a succession of threatening pools, and to skirt rapids was in itself a noteworthy feat. He performed all this and more.

He ranged alongside the sinking boat, helped to safety those who were in such deadly peril, took the other boat in tow and made the wharf without mishap.

"Do you know when I got out to that boat," observed Mr. Garey to a reporter, "one of my tholepins broke. I was in a bad way. But the young woman, as soon as she was safe on board, placed her foot where the broken tholepin had been, and in that fashion I rowed in."

Mr. Gundry, who is a watchmaker, and Miss Price, who is an under milliner in the employ of Messrs. Manchester Robertson Allison, Ltd., speak in very high terms of the kindness accorded them by Mr. Garey and his wife. In their home they were given every needful accommodation, and shown the utmost consideration.

Canned Pork and Beans Killed Him.

Ingersoll, Ont., Aug. 12—(Special)—H. H. Ellis, eldest son of A. H. Ellis, furniture manufacturer, died suddenly yesterday from ptomaine poisoning, caused by eating canned pork and beans.

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