POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2034

A VACATION EPISODE

By Edward Gerritson

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The girl first saw the man coming toward her out of the east in his canoe like a herald of the rising sun. Imagination transformed him to a yellow-haired Viking and his up-to-date canoe to a battle galley with a serpent's head prow.

The man saw the girl standing, straight as a birch sapling, on a huge, brown rock, gazing out at him over the water. Fancy painted her a siren set to lure him to destruction on the rocks at her feet. Without a moment's hesitation he decided it would be pleasant to be lured. He arched his hand above his mouth.

"Ye-ho!" he called to her.

She mimicked his action.

"Ye-ho!" she answered back.

The next stroke of the paddle almost lifted the canoe from the water, and the girl meditated ignominious flight; yet, knowing who he was, she decided to remain.

"He certainly is all that rumor paints him in the way of strength," she soliloquized, as she watched, fascinated, the play of the muscles of his mighty arms.

When he was near enough for her to see she colored at the unstinted admiration in his eyes.

"You're glorious!" he cried, impulsively, as he deftly shot the canoe up to the rock.

"You're extremely bold," she retorted, nervously.

He smiled irrepressibly.

"I've come for you—get in," he said, peremptorily. "It needs only you, leaning against that forward thwart, to make the morning perfect."

"My goodness," she gasped, "you are a Viking!"

"You're making fun of my hair," he said, simulating offense. "You shouldn't call me such a hard name simply because my hair is tow-colored."

In a moment she was seated among the pillows.

He watched her trail her fingers in the brown water awhile and then:

"I'm Edric Stanford," he said abruptly. "And you?"

"Jeannette Harriman, of Pittsburg," she answered, eyeing him furtively.

He stopped paddling for a moment and looked at her in amazement.

"Not Malcolm Harriman's daughter!" he blurted.

"Yes," she said simply.

"You know who I am?" he questioned.

She nodded affirmatively.

"And yet—and yet—" he floundered.

"Well," she queried, finding he did not seem inclined to continue, "and yet—what?"

"Oh, nothing," he answered lamely, and fell to paddling furiously.

After all, he thought, what did it matter? Only a vacation episode—it could be nothing more. He would carry it out in the spirit in which he had begun.

A morning of enchantment was theirs. They visited a spot where the sharp-nosed pickerel leaped with twinkling frequency. They slipped through an Eden of immense golden-cupped water-lilies, wide open to the glory of the dawn. They glided stealthily along in the shadow of the shore-fringe until presently they saw a stag with his soft-eyed wives, come down to the shore to drink. He brought her nearer to nature than she ever before had been.

"I shall come here the first thing tomorrow morning," he said, as he helped her up the rock where he had found her. "Shall I find you here?"

"Perhaps," she answered; but there was a half-promise in her manner when she waved him goodby from the hilltop.

He was earlier than she next morning, but he had not long to wait. In a few moments she came smiling toward him down the hill.

"If you like," he said, as he helped her to her seat, "we'll visit that eagle's nest on Bald mountain. I have been up to her aerie and seen her baby eagles."

Jeannette's eyes sparkled.

They started while the mists were still gray. Jeannette wore a short red coat in anticipation of the coolness of the air at the high altitude of the mountain. Shortly before noon, after a wearying climb, they gained a spot where it seemed advisable to eat their luncheon.

"We must wait here until Mrs. Eagle goes preying for the family dinner," Stanford informed his companion. "Then, by hurrying, we'll have time to climb and take a peep at the little eaglets and get away before the old bird returns."

In a few moments they saw the mother bird soar upward with great spread of wings and circle out over the valley.

"Now is our time," said Stanford, springing up and leading the way; "but we must hurry."

A hard scramble over a series of ragged bowlders brought them to the crag where the eagle had built her nest. Four young eagles stretched out their featherless necks, their yellow beaks wide open for the expected dinner of blood-warm flesh.

Suddenly gave a cry of dismay.

"Quick! Quick!" he shouted. "The old bird is coming back!" and grasping Jeannette by the arm he rushed her away from the nest.

But the eagle was coming with the rapidity of a rocket and was upon them before they had gotten very far. Attracted, probably, by her red coat, Jeannette. Stanford succeeded in only partially saving her from the onslaught. One of the huge wings struck her a glancing blow and knocked her down.

The eagle was carried far beyond them by the impetus of the rush, but dropping the rabbit it had brought for its young, it circled quickly and turned to renew the attack.

Stanford looked about for a weapon. He grasped a young scrub oak, struggling for growth in the barren soil, and tore it up by the roots. Swinging it in the air he brought it down on the eagle's head as the great bird poised over the prostrate girl to attack her with its talons.

The soil that had clung to the roots of the sapling mitigated the force of the blow, and the eagle lay but partially stunned, beating its winds on the ground, its beady eyes glaring venom and hate at its assailant.

With more time now to choose a weapon, Stanford picked up a heavy rock and stepped forward to dispatch the bird. But Jeannette, who had risen to her feet, stayed his arm with her hand.

"Don't," she said, choking back her emotion, "the young birds haven't had their dinner yet."

Stanford hurled the rock from him, and picking up Jeannette in his arms, made a hasty retreat from the dangerous locality. As he felt the girl's heart beating against his own, he decided that the "vacation episode" was carrying him beyond his depth.

When he reached the spot where luncheon had been eaten he stopped and looked down at her. Her face was crimson, but she was smiling at him.

"How strong you are," she whispered, "to tear that tree up by the roots. And you carry me as easily as if I was a child."

The temptation was too strong for Stanford. He simply couldn't help it; he bent his head and kissed her.

"You belong to me!" he exclaimed fervently.

She hid her face on his shoulder, her hot cheek pressing against his neck, and although her assent was softly spoken, he heard it.

"But—but——" he stammered, "are you taking everything into consideration?"

"Yes," she answered seriously, "I am, and nothing counts but this."

"But you've known me such a short time."

"I've known yon all my life—in my heart," she said quietly.

The next day Stanford received a telegram calling him back to the city, but he found time for a short call upon Jeannette at the farm where she was stopping with her aunt.

But the month that intervened before her return to town gave him much time for deliberation, and he decided that the affair must revert to what he had at first termed it—"a vacation episode."

Heavy-hearted, he made his way to her home when he learned she had arrived. Jeannette came to him soon, and he felt his resolve weakening at the sight of her. She halted a pace or two from him when she saw the strained expression on his face.

"It—is it all a mistake!" he said gloomily, in answer to her look of inquiry. "I should not have been so weak."

"As you like," she said coldly, elevating her chin a trifle; "but are you considering me, at all?"

"I'm considering you wholly," he retorted. "Do you think I could let you sacrifice yourself so? Think! Think what I am! Down where the great cranes swing their molten loads and the clank of the rolling-mill is never still; down in the dirt and dust and sweltering heat of the furnaces—there I find my level. Your life lies among such luxuries as these. You are Malcolm Harriman's daughter. I"—bitterly—"am but the superintendent of his works!"

"You should remember first," said the girl softly, "that you are Edric Stanford. I understand enough about papa's business to know that he owes much of his success to your ingenuity. And I thought you brave."

She came a step nearer, and her approach sent a tremor through him. She leaned towards him tantalizingly.

"Ye-ho!" she called softly.

A smile struggled at the corners of his mouth.

"You're a Viking," she taunted. "A Viking and a bold, bold wooer. That day on the mountain when you carried me in your arms, you—you——"

He swept her toward him passionately, and the scene on the mountain was re-acted in a more conventional setting.

WILL BE MARRIED TODAY

MARYSVILLE, July 3.—A very prety home wedding is to take place tomorrow afternoon, when Miss Edith Marguerite Gibson, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Gibson, is to be married to Chilim Longley Harvey of Shelburne, N. S.

The bride will be gowned in white silk and carry a bouquet of white roses.

The bride will be given in marriage by her father. Rev. Mr. Thomas will perform the ceremony.

Miss Mary Tapley of St. John is to be bridesmaid, while the bridegroom will be supported by a friend from New York. Only the relatives and intimate friends of the contracting parties have been invited.

Those from out of town will include the bride's sister, Mrs. Shaw, and her husband and family of Bristol, Rhode Island; Mrs. Harold Gilbert and the Misses Gilbert of Schenectady, N. Y.; Mr. and the Misses Harvey, Shelburne, N. S.; Mr. and Mrs. Ewing, Miss Mary Tapley, Dr. and Mrs. Pierce Crocket of St. John. The wedding tour will include Boston, New York, Rhode Island and the upper provinces. Among the wedding presents, which are both numerous and beautiful, are six checks.

SCHEDULE OF WAGES.

COBALT, July 3.—A committee representing the miners' union presented a schedule of wages practically the same as that paid by many other mines to Manager Drummond of the Nipissing mines. He promised an answer on Saturday evening. Quite a number of men are working today. The miners are optimistic regarding an adjustment of the difficulties.

BOSTON, July 3.—Sailed, str. Pandosia, Wyman, for St. John and W. C. E.

Every Woman

is interested and should know about the wonderful MARVEL Whirling Spray The new Vaginal Syringe. Best—Most convenient. It cleanses instantly.

Ask your druggist for it. If he cannot supply the MARVEL, accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.

WINDSOR SUPPLY CO., Windsor, Ont. General Agents for Canada.

HUNDREDS HAVE NARROW ESCAPE

Cool Act of Toronto Policeman Saved Many.

Runaway Truck Dashed Towards Yonge Street at Terrific Rate of Speed —Several Slightly Injured.

TORONTO, July 3.—Going at a rate of speed estimated at from 45 to 90 miles an hour, a loaded truck weighing many tons and loosed from all control, dashed across the C. P. R. tracks at the north end of Yonge street this morning, scattering its load of bricks in all directions, twisting a heavy rail like a twig, and finally landing a total wreck a short distance away. No life was lost, but some two hundred people, bound cityward had a narrow escape of their lives. The truck was on the tracks of the Metropolitan Railway at the top of the hill which extends for about half a mile from the steam railway crossing to Deer Park. It became loosed while making a way for a passing passenger car. The hill is steep, and the truck gained impetus with the half mile of its journey. It was about 8.25 in the morning and Police Constable Harold Wade was in Yonge street, north of the railway tracks. Glancing up the hill he saw the truck coming. It had hardly started, but had already attained velocity. As it was only a little over a quarter of a mile away, he had but a moment in which to act. In that moment he saw a good many things. The vicinity was literally black with people, for passengers were crossing over from the Metropolitan to the city railway. The Yonge street car was standing just across the railway tracks and there were hundreds of people on the street there. Nearer to the policeman were perhaps another hundred, as well as rigs, hay wagons and other obstructions. It seemed impossible that all should escape.

"I was afraid," said Wade afterwards, "that if I ran at the crowd in the ordinary way they would think I was trying to arrest somebody and would merely stand where they were. So I snatched off my helmet and ran at them, waving it and shouting. They moved out of the road like a battalion. It was the cleanest and most orderly thing I ever saw."

There is one incident which Wade does not tell about. An old woman, whose name he does not know, was standing in a dangerous spot, and seemed dazed by the sudden rush of people. Wade saw her, picked her up and in a second she was in safety. Although a young man Wade is a strong one, and this morning showed that he possessed a cool head. It was not going too fast to take the switch opposite the station building, being thus sent westward on the curve. Had the switch been set otherwise the car would have gone directly down Yonge street, would have crossed the steam railway tracks on the road, where they would have offered little opposition and would then have wrought havoc with a Yonge street car. Fifty people might have been killed had the switch been otherwise.

The people across the tracks boarding the city cars had not as good a chance to see what was happening, and many of them would undoubtedly have been caught. The evolutions of the truck may best be described as "bumping the bumps." It turned a somersault and landed almost across the tracks a miserable wreck. Bricks flew everywhere, some were smashed and some were literally ground up. The C. P. R. tracks looked as though they had been the scene of a bloody conflict in which gladiators with brick red blood had striven for mastery. The truck itself was smashed to pieces so far as the wooden portion was concerned. The wheels had chewed bits out of the rest of it when the juggernaut landed all in a heap. It was a long time before the wreck could be cleared away. Naturally the people who escaped death owing to the police constable's clearheadedness expressed their gratitude in no uncertain terms. Two were slightly injured by flying bricks.

HAMPTON BUMPED THE ABERDEEN

The steamer Hampton while coming into her wharf last evening stove the side of the Aberdeen in and broke her guard off. The Hampton's wheel was slightly broken.

The accident was due to the wire leading to the Hampton's bell being broken and as the gong did not sound, the engineer did not slacken speed quickly enough. The Hampton ran into the wharf with a crash and the stern swung around and struck the Aberdeen which was already at her wharf. She was not damaged below deck and will be ready by morning for her regular trip.

WILSON'S FLY PADS

Kill them all. No dead flies lying about when used as directed.

— SOLD BY —

DRUGGISTS, GROCERS AND GENERAL STORES

10c. per packet, or 3 packets for 25c. will last a whole season.

FIENDISH CRIME STARTLES QUIET QUEBEC VILLAGE

Daughter of Prominent Farmer Lying at Death's Door as a Result of Murderous Assault Committed by Farm Hand--Infuriated Mob in Search of the Criminal--Lynching at First Feared.

MELBOURNE, Que., July 3.—A crime, the fiendishness of which has probably never been equalled in this neighborhood, was committed today near the residence of John Lynn, one of the best known farmers and dairymen in the county, who lives within a mile of the outskirts of the village of Melbourne, as a result of which his beautiful daughter, Lillian, sixteen years old, lies at death's door. About eight o'clock a. m. Lillian went to the berry field, about a quarter of a mile away. Alfred Greenhill, an Englishman, who has done work about the place for about two years, was at the same time sent to do work on the public road. While superintending the shipment of milk to Montreal Mr. and Mrs. Lynn heard the younger child call "Did you hear Lillian scream?" The cry came again, and Lynn, hurrying in its direction, came upon the senseless, bleeding form of his daughter in a spot showing unmistakable signs of a fierce struggle, while the figure of Alfred Greenhill was seen making off for the woods. Drs. Tomkins, Lannin and Hayes soon arrived from Richmond to face a spectacle to make any man's blood boil. Aside from minor injuries, four or five enormous gashes appeared on the back of the girl's head, having been inflicted with a stone. The report that she had died was spread about at noon, although as a matter of fact a fair degree of hope is entertained for her recovery. At the time of writing she remains unconscious. The news spread like wildfire through Richmond and the countryside, the state of feeling among men and women alike being beyond description.

The practical results were the formation of numerous searching parties here and elsewhere. Had Greenhill been sighted during the first flood of wrath, doubtless a murder would have been committed by the crowd. Before twelve o'clock fifty men must have been scouring the country and two hours later, as the story in any of its varied forms found its way into the outlying hamlets and farm houses, the number of pursurers must have been four times that number.

The Concealed Arms law was suspended from accounts of the parties returning this evening. The would-be murderer fearing to cross the St. Francois, fled to the southwest, no doubt intending to make the C. P. R. near Eastman well in front of his pursuers. He was seen many times actually stopping to talk with some and explain his bloody appearance. Wherever the wires went, however, he was headed off and during the afternoon was seen by several persons on the scent. Farmers, business and professional men joined the hunt. At one point, Greenhill appeared in the open space and seeing two men drop their hoes and run towards him, vaulted a high fence and disappeared. The search will be continued through the night. In fact there will be no cessation until Greenhill is behind the bars if public opinion is any criterion. The motive of the crime must remain a matter of conjecture, Miss Lynn being unconscious and nothing about her person indicating anything but a murderous attack and a valiant defense. The young lady is very popular here, having appeared as an elocutionist at an entertainment a fortnight ago.

SCOTT ACT MAN MADE POLICEMAN

Resigned His Position in Moncton and Joined Force — Important Transfer Deal.

MONCTON, N. B., July 3.— One of the most important real estate transfers for some time in Moncton took place today, when a large business block with 48 feet frontage on Main street and 120 feet depth, owned by I. W. Pinney and occupied by the C. P. R. offices and two other business establishments, besides a number of offices, was sold to J. T. Hawke, editor and proprietor of the Transcript. This was one of the alternative sites selected by the Bank of Montreal in its recent real estate purchase and one of the best located in the city. The purchase is intended as a business investment, as the Transcript has its own block on Main treet. The purchase price is not stated, but the Bank of Montreal offered $8,000 for the property a few weeks ago.

Scott Act matters, for a long time dead, were revived at a meeting of the City Council tonight, when Scott Act Inspector Munn tendered his resignation from that position and was appointed policeman. O. B. Lawson Scott Act inspector of Glace Bay, was spoken of or the position, but the aldermen wished to take time to find out his ability and thereby Moncton is now without a Scott Act inspector. The resignation of Munn came as a surprise, but the chairman of the police committee said his work had not been satisfactory, and Alderman Gross claimed that since his appointment more rum had been sold in Moncton than for some time previous.

The Opera House, which the city council some time ago decided to close, was tonight leased to F. W. Winter and A. R. Terrie for $500 for a year, the highest price ever paid.

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION

FREDERICTON, N. B., July 3.—The following persons give notice in this week's Royal Gazette of application for incorporation as "The Colonial Land Company of Canada, Limited": John Kilburn, Hugh Calder, Jas. S. Neill, John A. Reid, John S. Scott, Moses Mitchell, Robert M. Campbell; Albert E. Everett, all of Fredericton; Arthur I. Trueman and Jas. Lowell, St. John; George E. Crates, New York.

The amount of the capital stock is placed at $1,944,000, divided into 400,000 shares.

The objects for which incorporation is sought are to buy and sell, hold, operate and manage lands and to improve the same by cultivation and the erection of buildings thereon or otherwise, and to erect, buy, lease and manage hotels.

Rev. Robt. A. Armstrong, St. John, is registered to solemnize marriages.

SAVANNAH, July 3.—In port, to sail July 4, str. Eretria, Mulcahy, for Hamburg via Norfolk.

LARGE CROWD AT STONE CHURCH PICNIC

Interesting Programme of Sports Carried Out—Jack Bates Won Silver Cup for Most Points.

The Stone church picnic held yesterday at Westfield Beach, proved an entire success, notwithstanding the threatening weather. A large number were present.

A number of exciting contests were held, the prizes for which were presented by W. M. Jarvis. The silver cup for the highest number of points was captured by Jack Bates with 16 points to his credit. He was closely followed, however, by Paul Kuhring with 15 points.

The results were as follows:

Senior 100 yards dash, Paul Kuhring, first; and C. S. Anderson, second. Junior 100 dys dash, Jack Bates first and Digby Sadlier second.

Broad jump, Senior, C. S. Emerson, first and Paul Kuhring second; Junior, Jack Bates, first and Digby Sadlier second.

High jump, Senior, Paul Kuhring, first and O. A. Burnham, second; Junior, Jack Bates, first and G. Kuhring, second.

In the pole vault which was one of the best features, Paul Kuhring came first, Jack Bates second and C. S. Emerson third. In the sack race Jack Bates was first and Jack Carritte, second. In the three legged race J. B. Gillmour and A. G. Burnham won.

Putting the shot, Senior, C. S. Emerson first and A. G. Burnham second; Junior, G. Morrisey and Basil Winter second

In the 200 yds dash: Senior, Paul Kuhring first and J. B. Gillmour second; Junior, Digby Sadlier and Jack Bates second.

In the flower contest for girls, Miss K. Murray first and Miss H. Shaw second. 100 yards dash, Miss E. Climo first and Miss Lydia Bolton second; Potato race, Miss E. Roberts first and Miss H. Shaw second.

In the potato race for small children G. Stewart was first and B. Sharp second; 50 yards race, Willie Clayton first; 25 yards dash W. K. Knowdell, first.

In the archery competition Miss Connie McGowan was first and Miss Lydia Bolton second. In the rifle competition, Dr. Gorham was first and Frank Fairweather second.

SIR CHARLES BETTER

MONTREAL, July 3.—Sir Charles Tupper is much better. Indeed, he is now quite himself again. An operation was found to be unnecessary. Lady Tupper is steadily improving. Sir Charles visited London today, and has had acommodation reserved on the steamer Empress of Britain, which sails for Canada, August 9.

HAS SOLD OUT.

HAMILTON, Ont., July 3.—The Ontario Nickel Copper Company has sold its properties to the Florida Syndicate for over one million dollars.

ANNUAL MEETING IS POSTPONED

More About the Affairs of Dominion Steel Co.

President Plummer Denies That He Will Resign--Hopes That Trouble Will Blow Over Between Plummer and Ross.

MONTREAL, July 3.—The announcement that James Ross and his associates had obtained control of the majority of stock in the Dominion Steel Company and that this would be followed by the retirement of President Plummer created considerable excitement here today. Plummer promptly denied that he had any intention of resigning. He also stated positively that Ross and his crowd had not obtained control of the company. He did not tell the interviewers that the postponement of the annual meeting of the company had been decided upon at a meeting of the directors held yesterday and that permission had been secured from Premier Murray of Nova Scotia, by order of council to this end. An advertisement to this effect will be published in the morning papers tomorrow. The notice states that the annual meeting has been indefinitely postponed and that due notice will be given shareholders as to when it will be held.

President Plummer was asked tonight for the reason for this change and stated that it was due to the fact that it was considered inadvisable to hold the meeting with the litigation between the steel and coal companies in its present position. They desired to await developments. This is interpreted as meaning that Plummer and his side realize that the control of Ross and his associates is correct and that the postponement is made in order to give them a chance, if possible, to mend their fences and go before the shareholders with assured control. Whether this is possible or not remains to be seen. Many of the larger shareholders feel that Plummer has done wonders for the Steel Company during the time he has been at the head of affairs, but they also feel that the trouble between the two companies has as its basis personal animosity between Ross and Plummer, and that if this could be smoothed over all would be well. If it cannot there will only remain the retirement of Plummer. They would like to keep Plummer and end the fight, but if this is not possible Plummer will have to go.

FORMAL OPENING OF ROCKWOOD SATURDAY

The great programme of water sports arranged for Saturday, the sixth of July at Rockwood Park, is creating a great deal of interest and the hillsides around Lily Lake will probably contain the largest crowd in their history on that occasion. In addition to the various aquatic events, consisting of single and double scull races, canoe races, tilting, etc., there will be a band concert to enliven the proceedings and all the varied amusement features will be in full swing.

It is expected the shoot-the-chutes will be completed for this occasion and hundreds will be on hand to take a thriller into the lake. The shoote-the-chutes has been pronounced by people who have visited many of the large summer resorts in the United States, to be one of the biggest and best they have seen.

Everything necessary to refresh the visitor can be secured at the big pavilion, from a soda water or ice cream to a dainty lunch. That the park has "caught on" with the people is evidenced by the large crowds that go out every fine afternoon and evening.

THE DYSPEPTIC'S PRISON FARE.

The man or woman who is forced to subsist upon practically bread and water—or something equally as uninviting—can feast upon all the good things in season by using Herner's Dyspepsia Cure, which assists the stomach in that it acts directly upon the food. 35c. and $1.00 at all druggists.

IDENTITY OF DEAD MAN ESTABLISHED

There is now no doubt that the man killed in a collision while conducting a number of Chinamen from Vancouver to Montreal is Thomas Edmund O'Connor, formerly of this city. The unfortunate young man was on his way to visit relatives here and would have arrived yesterday but for the accident which caused his death.

The deceased was the oldest son of Edmund A. O'Connor, who left this city about six years ago with his family and went to Quebec. Two years later they moved to Vancouver, where they have since resided.

Thomas O'Connor of Fairville is his grandfather, and William O'Connor of the North End is an uncle. Three uncles on his mother's side reside in Fairville. Besides his parents, he leaves four brothers, William, Charles, Joseph and Bernard, and five sisters—Mary, Catherine, Belle, Regina and Eveline.

D&A Corsets

They are the smartest models known to the Corset Manufacturer's art, science and sense having achieved a wonderful triumph.

Prices range from $1.00 to $5.00.

Will Improve Your Figure.

1-07

NEW CONSERVATIVE DAILY FOR ST. JOHN

Will be Called Morning Standard—Committee Appointed to Purchase Plant —Co. Applies for Incorporation.

In the office of Col. J. R. Armstrong last night a number of those subscribing as shareholders in the new daily morning newspaper which the Conservatives expect to start in this city, met and decided to go ahead immediately with the purchase of a press, linotype machines and the rest of the equipment necessary for a first class newspaper. The committee intend to have the new paper, which the meeting practically decided should be called The Morning Standard, issued as soon as possible. A number of buildings were considered as suitable for the plant, and one building at least, it was stated, could be procured at any time.

It is rumored that S. D. Scott will return to the city from Ottawa to assume editorial direction of the new daily. J. H. Crocket of Fredericton was among those present last night.

A despatch from Fredericton says that W. H. Thorne, W. S. Fisher, J. R. Armstrong, Miles E. Agar, St. John; Josiah Wood, Sackville; John McKane, Newcastle; Richard O'Leary, Richibucto; Peter S. Archibald, Moncton, seek incorporation as the New Brunswick Publishing Company, capital $80,000 divided into 16,000 shares of five dollars each, of which 8,000 shares are actually subscribed. The object of the company is to start, acquire, print, publish, conduct and circulate or otherwise deal with any newspaper or newspapers or other publications and generally to carry on the business of newspaper proprietors and general publishers; to carry on, if and when it shall seem desirable, the trade or business of general printers, lithographers, engravers and advertising agents, advertisement contractors and designers of advertisements in all their branches.

REAL WORK OF THE SUMMER SCHOOL OF SCIENCE BEGINS

RIVERSIDE, N. B., July 3.—The Summer School of Science got down to regular work today and the classes are all in full swing. So far the attendance has not been large, but more are expected as the work progresses. Today a dozen or more students were stranded at Salisbury, having missed connection with the Albert train. The enrollment at present includes the following: J. D. Seaman, Charlottetown; F. Bertha Hoar, Albert; Mabel M. Elliott, Albert; Drucilla Tingley, Riverside; Jessie McDougall, Shediac; Rhoda McDougall, Shediac; Frances Theakstan, Halifax; Ruth McCurdy, Truro; J. McKinnie, Truro; L. A. Dewolfe, M. S. C., Truro; Mrs. Dewolfe, Truro; H. A. Preble, Hampton; Jean Keith, Sussex; Ella Seely, Hampt Village; Ada J. Atkinson, Albert; Orland R. Atkinson, Albert; John McKinnon, St. John; Margaret Archibald; Hopewell Hill; Mary Archibald, Hopewell Hill; W. W. Andrews, LL.D., Sackville; Herbert Andrews, Sackville; G. J. Trueman, M. A., Riverside; Mrs. G. J. Trueman, Riverside; M. Dairs, Truro; Rev. Thos. Hicks, Albert; F. G. Matthews, Truro; Miss E. Robinson, St. John; Ethel A. Tanton, Summerside; Celia L. Burrows, Summerside; M. R. Tuttle, Penobsquis; Hon. A. R. McClelan, Riverside; Jennie Smith, Middle Coverdale; Mabel Dixon, Sackville; Jean Peacock, Murray's Corner; Mary McClelan, Riverside; Mrs. J. M. Lawrence, St. John; F. Peacock, Riverside; Marion L. Reid, Riverside. Chancellor Jones of the University of New Brunswick is here and will deliver an address to the school tomorrow night. The visitors are delighted with the fine accommodations of the Consolidated School building. J. D. Seaman, the efficient secretary, who is familiar with the most of the school buildings in the Maritime Provinces, says he knows of none superior in interior arrangements and general excellence.

A meeting which promises to be of much interest will be held on Monday night, when Dr. Andrews will give an address in regard to the claiming of marsh lands.

Today's Change at the Nickel.

The next change at the Nickel will introduce still another new subject, namely international athletes, in which pictures some of the best runners in the leading nations will compete in a highly spirited Cross-Country Run. This new programme commences at 12 o'clock today and will continue until Saturday night, and will include also a humorous picture, entitled Mrs. Smith's Boarding School and The Haunted Hotel, the latter possessing mirth-provocation galore, and lots of mysticism. In keeping with the policy of the Nickel each of these films will be new to the moving picture class of entertainment, and on a footing with the best houses in larger cities.

Mr. Austin, whose voice has quite recovered its natural volume and sweetness, will sing a new picture-song, "Sunday Morning When the Church Bells Chime," a piece now being presented to metropolitan audiences with immense success.