MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

THE ARNCLIFFE PUZZLE,

BY GORDON HOLMES

Author of "A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE."

(Continued.)

It was not a retreat, but merely a strategic retirement. He could see clearly that he would be worsted in a hand-to-hand fight with the gigantic poacher, and he was looking around for some weapon with which to equalize matters a little. He lighted presently on a gnarled stick, a fair cudgel, and returned to the fray with set teeth. Leigh sent the disabled revolver spinning through the air to him, and greeted his new attack with a burst of bucolic laughter.

"Don't do it, maister," he cried. "You're a rare plucked 'un, but there's nobody on all the border that can stand against me, old as I am."

"Isn't there?" said Bradshaw, dangerously calm. "I don't belong here. The only border I know is the Mexican border and down there we see things through to a finish."

He was still advancing, and Leigh, realizing that in the matter of activity he was at a serious disadvantage, stood firm, watching for an opening. He began to understand that this lean, wiry, young man was a formidable antagonist.

Still Bradshaw came on, so slowly that the suspense became wearing—ten feet, nine feet, only six feet.

"Look here, sir," began the poacher.

Bradshaw sprang forward, his stick uplifted to strike. It was just the sort of foolishness Leigh looked for, and, while one arm went up like a flash to ward the blow, the other was swung forward to clutch the American in a grip that would hold him helpless as a child.

But the blow did not fall as Leigh expected. The heavy stick swished through the air, but the parrying arm was untouched, and an instant afterward Leigh was rolling on the ground in uncontrollable agony from the swift stroke that had fallen on his knee-cap.

As Bradshaw explained afterward, there was no "fair fight" nonsense about him. He knew that in a moment Leigh would be up again, envenomed by his sufferings, and for that reason more formidable than ever. So he coolly stepped over the prostrate man and dealt him a vicious blow on the head, not extremely particular whether it might prove fatal or not.

"I guess, partner, you've miscalculated on borders, this trip," he muttered, looking at his fallen foe, from whose head there ran an ugly trickle of blood. "And now for Lester."

He strode into the house and instinctively made his way to the upper rooms, coming at length to a locked door.

"Lester!" he shouted: "Lester!"

There was no answer.

"Good Lord!" They've wiped him out! I must go and see if that old border champion has the key."

He went down again, and, to his surprise, found Leigh sitting up and rubbing his head, a little dazed, but apparently not much the worse for his injuries. Bradshaw was frankly afraid even now of this man with the sinister face and enormous chest development, but he went up to him with all the arrogance of a conqueror.

"Now, then," he said, sharply, "Where is Dr. Lester? No, no, sit quiet, my friend, or this time I'll kill you for keeps!"

Leigh was thoroughly cowed. He had not forgotten that merciless blow, dealt him when he lay helpless on the ground. This slightly built man, with the thin mouth and unflinching eyes, was a revelation to him.

"Don't be hard on a poor chap," he whined. "The doctor is up-stairs, as well as you are. I'd just taken him a bit of grub when you came."

"You're a liar!" was Bradshaw's uncompromising retort. "I've shouted myself hoarse without obtaining any reply."

Leigh almost chuckled.

"By gum!" he cried, "I told Maister Warren the doctor was a real gentleman! He gave his word he would'nt utter a sound if we didn't gag him, and I trusted him."

"Here," said Bradshaw, "go up ahead of me and let him out. No nonsense, mind, or I'll brain you."

Thus politely adjured, Leigh led the way to Lester's prison-room, and in a minute rescued and rescuer were clasping hands.

"Why in thunder didn't you answer when I called just now?" asked Bradshaw.

"I could not," answerd Lester, simply. "I had given my word."

"Say," exclaimed his rescuer with some disgust, "you are too good to be true. However, it's all right now, and the sooner I restore you to your sorrowing friends the better. Do you know that Miss Holt is worrying about you just a million times more than you deserve?"

"Miss Holt?"

"Yes, of course, Miss Holt. But come along—you can ride behind me on my horse—and tell me about things on the way. As for you, my friend," to Leigh, "I guess the British policeman will get hold of you whenever you are wanted."

"I give up, sir," said Leigh, calmly. "I saw Mr. Warren knock the old gent on the head, and he's been bribing me ever since to keep quiet. But I've got the books he did it for, and I'm ready to hand them over whenever they're wanted."

"I have settled all that," interposed Bradshaw. "I suspected you directly Dr. Lester disappeared, and by this time Detective Hobson has been through your place with a search-warrant. Anyway, you can vamoose now; but if you take my advice you will stay and face the music."

Lester and Bradshaw mounted the horse and left Leigh to consider the situation. Their mount was a fine upstanding animal, and entirely capable of carrying double weight for at least a fair portion of the journey. Luckily, however, they fell in with a farmer driving into the village when they reached the road, and so Lester was given a lift.

Bradshaw was naturally eager for details of the kidnapping of Lester, but, strangely enough, the subject seemed utterly uninteresting to the young doctor, who kept delicately engineering the conversation round to Edith. What he heard filled his heart with happiness. Edith was true, after all! And then came the despairing thought—would she forgive him?

Phyllis was right. Lester was going to be abject, indeed.

CHAPTER XXI.

Mrs. Warren Is Surprised.

Detective-Inspector Hobson fidgeted up and down the broad drive leading to Arncliffe Hall. True to his instincts, he lurked more or less among the bordering bushes. To do him justice, he acted so that he could see without being seen. That humiliating experience with Leigh had not been lost upon him.

But when he caught sight of Lester and Bradshaw approaching the Hall there was no necessity for concealment; so he ran out and waved them a triumphant greeting. "I've got him!" he cried. "I've got him!"

"Got whom?" asked Bradshaw, as they came up. "Have you tracked the fell mare of night to her nest at last?"

"Oh, you may chaff, sir," cried Hobson, cheerily. "Anyway, I have laid by the heels the man who knocked Mr. Aingler on the head, and I think I have got hold of the man who murdered Lord Arncliffe. He is one and the same person—Mr. Harry Warren; and if Harry does not stretch a rope pretty soon you may call me an idiot!"

"But," said Bradshaw, mildly, "I have called you an idiot all the time. No doubt you are right about Warren; at the same time, if you are so sure of your man, I want to know why in thunder you cast suspicion on Miss Holt?"

Hobson smiled in what he thought to be a superior manner. "My dear sir," he said, with a touch of condescension, "you don't understand the methods of the force. I simply pretended to suspect Miss Holt in order to throw Warren off his guard."

"Then you always believed him to be the real culprit?"

"I never had a doubt from the first. The trouble was that I hadn't a scrap of evidence to act upon."

"Hobson," said the American, earnestly, "you are wasted in an effete country like this. Come with me to New York. I'm a big man there—bigger than you'd guess—and I'll guarantee you'll be bossing police headquarters inside of six months."

"But," murmured the other deprecatingly, "wouldn't the appointment of a foreigner like me cause a lot of jealousy?"

"Foreigner! My dear Hobson, an artistic perverter of the truth like you cannot selfishly be claimed by any one country. He belongs to humanity."

The detective's inordinate vanity so often led him into the traps prepared for him by Bradshaw that he had ceased to acknowledge compliments of the sort with anything more than a sickly smile.

"Never mind, Sherlock," continued the New Yorker, patting him on the shoulder. "I once met an easier mark than you—in Sacramento about ten years ago. Tell us how you got on."

"Splendidly, sir," answered Hobson, glad of an opportunity to show himself in a favorable light. "I obtained a search-warrant and went to Leigh's cottage—accompanied, I don't mind telling you, by P. C. Fox, who is as strong as a bull, for that poacher would be a deuced nasty customer to tackle."

"Easy!" cried Bradshaw, complacently. "Dead easy!"

He intended presently to allow the full details of his battle with Leigh to be dragged from him.

"However, there was no need to produce the warrant," went on Hobson. "There was no one in the place excepting an old woman who might have been a hundred. And she was as dead as a door-nail!"

"What I expected," interposed Lester. "I might have saved it off for a time, but when I told Leigh my opinion he thought I was working for my own ends, and would not believe me."

"Well, gentlemen, we made a quick search. There was not much furniture in the place, yet nothing turned up at first. There was an old iron-bound box, and in it, if you'll believe me, we found a stocking with nearly a hundred pounds, some of the money dating back to George III."

"Of course," said Bradshaw, with a little cough, "P. C. Fox, as your subordinate, cannot expect to share—"

"Oh, do let him tell his story, there's a good chap," interrupted Lester, earnestly. "This is a serious matter and considering what it means to Miss Holt—"

Bradshaw shrugged his shoulders. "If I can't infuse innocent joy into the proceedings, I'll dry up," he said. "Proceed Vidocq."

"So," continued the detective, "we moved the poor old woman eventually, and searched the bed. And there we found what we were looking for—Lord Arncliffe's private account-book, and his pass-book as well. Although the items in the private book had all been checked, they did not tally with the pass-book in dozens of cases. I should judge, speaking roughly, that there is a defalcation of at least three thousand pounds."

"But how does that incriminate Warren?" asked Bradshaw, aware that the detective was unaware of Lester's exciting adventure, and wondering how Hobson had reached his conclusions.

"Wait a minute, sir. I telephoned the bank at Alnwick, and learnt that Warren had a small account there. And from the day he opened it, he has never once sent in his pass-book to be made up."

Lester, thinking abstractedly of Edith, had scarcely assimilated half the conversation, but he dropped in a question. "What do you gather from that?"

"Well, sir," replied Hobson, with the dignity of the man who has "arrived," as the French say, "I can't bring myself to call people 'fools,' and 'idiots,' and 'beasts,' like some others I could mention. But, if I wanted to be rude, I should say any one was very dense who could not realize how Warren had robbed Lord Arncliffe and kept things going with a false pass-book."

"You've hit it, Hobson," agreed the American heartily, "and I take back all I've said—I didn't mean five per cent. of it, anyway. Just listen to this," and he ran rapidly over the details of Lester's kidnapping and subsequent rescue. "Now, where is Warren? Have you got him in the calaboose?"

"So far as I know, sir, he is down in the village visiting the various public-houses. When I said I had laid him by the heels, I did not mean that I had actually arrested him. But it will come before the day is out, and nothing will be lost by a little delay. Meanwhile, Fox is shadowing him, and if he attempts to escape, he will be arrested at once. What I want to do is to net his mother, too, as an accessory after the fact."

"But this is simply outrageous!" exclaimed Lester, indignantly. "Do you think any judge in the land will sentence a mother for endeavoring to shield her son?"

Hobson ceded the point for a moment. He had a theory which he had mentioned to none. It would not be his fault if the Arncliffe puzzle did not attract widespread attention in its ultimate solution.

Bradshaw, by the grace of Miss Phyllis Harland, having little, now, save a friendly interest in Edith, had made Lester happy, were it not for the haunting fear that he had offended his divinity beyond forgiveness. Lester had never learned the golden rule that no one should fall in love for the first time. And so, when he found himself almost in the presence of his lady he sheltered himself behind an armor of icy reserve, after the manner of his caste.

(To be continued.)

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" Tan Boots and Oxfords,	2.68,	" 3.50,	4.00
Women's Chocolate Boots and Oxfords,	1.58,	" 2.25,	2.50
Women's Chocolate Oxfords,	1.18,	" 1.75	
Women's Chocolate Oxfords,	1.08,	" 1.50	
Girls' Chocolate Laced Boots,	1.18,	" 1.65	
Girls' Chocolate Low Shoes,	.98,	" 1.25	
Children's Low Shoes,	.88,	" 1.20	
Boys' Chocolate Boots,	$1.28 and 1.48,	" 1.75,	2.00

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" 58c.	" 85c	
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25 CENTS AT SHOE STORES.

Travellers Guide

TRAINS DEPART FROM ST. JOHN.

6.00 a. m.—Express for Pt. du Chene, Halifax, Sydney, etc.
6.25 a. m.—Express for Boston, Fredericton, Quebec, etc.
7.45 a. m.—Mixed for Moncton, etc.
9.25 a. m.—Suburban for Welsford, etc.
11.00 a. m.—Express for Pt. du Chene, Halifax, Quebec, Montreal. (Connections with Ocean Limited).
11.45 a. m.—Express for Pt. du Chene, Pictou and Halifax.
1.10 p. m.—Suburban for Welsford, etc.
1.15 p. m.—Suburban for Hampton, etc. (Connections Hampton and St. Martins, except Monday).
5.05 p. m.—Suburban for Welsford, etc.
5.15 p. m.—Express for Sussex, etc. (Connects Hampton & St. Martins on Monday only).
6.40 p. m.—Express for Montreal and coast, Fredericton and St. Andrews.
5.55 p. m.—Express for Boston, etc.
6.10 p. m.—Express for Fredericton, etc.
6.15 p. m.—Suburban for Hampton, etc.
7.00 p. m.—Express for Quebec and Montreal, Pt. du Chene.
10.30 p. m.—Suburban for Welsford, etc.
11.25 p. m.—Express for Pictou, Halifax and Sydney.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

6.25 a. m.—Express from Sydney and Halifax, etc.
7.45 a. m.—Suburban from Hampton, etc.
7.50 a. m.—Suburban from Welsford, etc.
8.55 a. m.—Express from Fredericton, etc.
9.00 a. m.—Express from Sussex, etc. (Connects Hampton & St. Martins on Mondays).
10.40 a. m.—Express from Boston, etc.
11.20 a. m.—Express from Montreal, Fredericton, etc.
12.10 p. m.—Suburban from Welsford, etc.
12.50 p. m.—Express from Montreal, Quebec, Pt. du Chene, etc. (Connect Hampton and St. Martins, daily except Monday).
3.20 p. m.—Suburban from Welsford, etc.
3.30 p. m.—Suburban from Hampton, etc.
4.30 p. m.—Mixed from Moncton, etc.
5.00 p. m.—Express from Pt. du Chene and Moncton.
5.15 p. m.—Express from Halifax, Pictou, Campbellton. (Connects Ocean Limited from Montreal.)
9.30 p. m.—Express from Moncton, etc.
10.00 p. m.—Suburban from Welsford, etc.
11.00 p. m.—Express from Boston, etc.
1.40 a. m.—(Sunday only) Express Sydney and Halifax, etc.

Trains on the New Brunswick Southern Railway leave west side daily for St. Stephen at 3.10 a. m., arriving at west side on return at 7.10 p. m.

RIVER STEAMERS.

DEPARTURES.

8.00 a. m.—May Queen leaves Indiantown for Chipman, Gagetown and Grand Lake points Wednesdays and Saturdays.
8.30 a. m.—Victoria or Majestic, for Fredericton and intermediate landings, daily, Sunday excepted.
9.00 a. m.—Hampton, for Hampton, Clifton, Kingston and Kennebecasis landings, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays.
10.00 a. m.—Crystal Stream, for Cole's Island, the Narrows and landings on the Washademoak, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.
12 noon—Champlain, for the Belleisle.
3.00 p. m.—Hampton, for Hampton, Mondays and Saturdays.

ARRIVALS.

5.00 p. m.—Elaine, for Queenstown and intermediate landings, Saturday 5.00 p. m. for Gagetown.
5.30 p. m.—Majestic for Hampstead and intermediate landings, on Saturdays.
8.00 a. m.—Majestic, from Hampstead every Monday.
9.00 a. m.—Hampton, from Hampton.
10.00 a. m.—Elaine, from Wickham daily.
1.30 p. m.—Crystal Stream, from the Washademoak, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
12.30 p. m.—Champlain, from Belleisle, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.
3.30 p. m.—Victoria or Majestic, from Fredericton daily.
4.00 p. m.—May Queen, from Chipman and Grand Lake points, Mondays and Thursdays.

FERRY STEAMERS.

Ferry steamers cross the harbor from the foot of Princess street, east side, to Rodney wharf, west side, every 20 minutes, commencing at 6 a. m., the last boat leaving the east side at 11.20 p. m. On Sundays the first trip is from the west side at 8 a. m. and the last trip from the east side at 11.10 p. m.. On Saturday evenings only, boat leaves west side at 11.45 and St. John at 12.

The E. Ross, from Indiantown to Milford makes three trips an hour, daily (Sunday excepted), from 6.15 a. m., till 10 p. m. and Saturdays till 10.40 p. m. On Sunday from 8 a. m. till 9 p. m..

The Maggie Miller between Millidgeville, Summerville, Kennebecasis Island and Bayswater:—

Leaves Bayswater at 6.00, 7.30 and 10.30 a. m., and 2.45 and 5.15 p. m.

Leaves Summerville at 6.20, 7.45, and 10.45 a. m. and 3.00 and 5.30 p. m.

Leaves Millidgeville at 6.45 and 9.30 a. m. and 2.00, 4.00 and 6.0 p. m.

Boat will leave Millidgeville every Monday morning at 5.00 o'clock.

SATURDAY.

Leaves Bayswater at 5.30, 7.00 and 10.30 a. m., and 3.45, 5.45, and 7.45 p. m.

Leaves Summerville at 5.50, 7.20, and 10.45 a. m., and 4.00, 6.00 and 8.00 p. m.

Leaves Millidgeville at 6.15 and 9.30 a. m. and 3.00, 5.00 and 7.00 p. m.

SUNDAY.

Leaves Millidgeville at 9.00 and 10.30 a. m. and 2.30 and 6.15 p. m.

Leaves Bayswater at 9.45 and 11.15 a. m. and 5.00 and 7.00 p. m.

Leaves Summerville at 10.00 and 11.30 a. m. and 5.20 and 7.20 p. m.

Commencing July 1, steamers leave St. John at 8 a. m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for Lubec, Eastport, Portland and Boston. For Boston direct on Tuesdays and Saturdays at 4.30 p. m.

Returning from Boston via. Portland, Eastport and Lubec, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 9 a. m. From Boston direct Mondays and Thursdays at 12 noon.

Steamer Prince Rupert for Digby leaves her wharf daily at 7.45 a. m., connections for Halifax and Yarmouth; returning arrives about 4.30 p. m.

Steamer Senlac sails Thursday evenings at 8 o'clock from Reid's Point wharf, for Yarmouth, Barrington, Shelburne, Rockport, Liverpool, Lunenburg and Halifax. She arrives in St. John Wednesday evenings at 6 o'clock.

Steamer Westport III. leaves Knox's wharf every Friday at 12 noon for Westport, Weymouth, Yarmouth, etc. She arrives in St. John Thursdays.

Steamer Aurora, for Grand Manan, Campobello, Eastport, etc., leaves Tuesdays at 10 a. m. and arrives Mondays at 3.30 p. m. at Merritt's wharf.

Steamer Granville, for Lower Granville, Annapolis, etc., leaves Tuesdays at 12 noon and arrives Mondays at I. C. R. pier.

Steamer Brunswick, for Spencer's Island, Canning, Wolfville, etc., leaves Tuesday evenings and arrives Mondays at Thorne's Wharf.

Steamer Beaver, for Harvey, Albert, Hillsboro, etc., leaves Thursdays and arrives Wednesdays at Thorne's wharf.

THE N. B. SOUTHERN

(Montreal Gazette).

Now that Russell Sage is dead residents of New Brunswick are wondering what will be the fate of the Shore Line railway, which connects St. Stephen with St. John, over a line which is said to be the most devious in the world. Hitherto this small road has been operated in a decidedly eccentric manner, with wonderfully irregular service, both for passengers and mails, especially in winter. Patrons of the road are now hoping that it will pass into the possession of the C. P. R. or Intercolonial, both of which roads, it is understood, would like to secure it, as it furnishes a short route between the border and St. John and, with anything like good passenger accommodation, would secure a good deal of traffic.

BANK OF MONTREAL GETS PEOPLE'S BANK

Montreal, Aug. 9—Speaking of the reported purchase of the People's Bank of Fredericton by the Bank of Montreal, Manager Meredith, of the Bank of Montreal, declines to make any announcement except that negotiations have not yet been sufficiently advanced for an announcement from the bank. Despite the absence of an official confirmation, it is known here that control of the People's Bank has been secured and that the shareholders will get $300 a share for their stock.

Fredericton, Aug. 9—The People's Bank of Fredericton has been sold to the Bank of Montreal. The transfer will be made at an early date, though nobody will talk for publication.

So far as can be learned, the sale was negotiated largely through W. B. Tennant, of St. John, and it is believed the directors have made a very satisfactory arrangement—one that will net the shareholders about $350 for each share. Shareholders of the People's Bank will have the option of taking stock in Bank of Montreal or of taking cash, the People's Bank shares of a par value of $180 being valued at $350. Bank of Montreal shares at their latest sales have realized about $256 on the $100, and it is presumed that they will be fixed somewhere around that value.

(Montreal Witness.)

The latest chartered bank to come within the whirlpool of amalgamation and absorption gossip, is the People's Bank of New Brunswick, with headquarters at Fredericton (N.B.). The institution is one of the smallest of the chartered banks, having a capital of only $180,000 authorized and paid up. The bank has, however, been doing a very profitable business, earning about 13 per cent. on the capital stock during 1905, and 15.96 in the previous year. Dividends at the rate of 8 per cent. have been paid for the last twelve years, and at the close of the last fiscal year there was a balance of $8,443.26 carried forward to credit of profit and loss account. At the same time $5,000 was transferred to rest account, and $3,500 to the sinking fund. The rest account is $180,000, equal to the amount of capital outstanding. In the June government record the total deposits of the bank were shown at $511,895. Current loans were represented by $763,443. Total liabilities were recorded at $693,833, against assets of $1,081,081. The par value per share is $150. The last transfer of stock took place at $300. The earnings of the bank would easily justify a ten per cent. dividend.

Forest Fires

Moncton, Aug. 9—The prolonged dry spell has resulted in many forest fires springing up in various sections in the vicinity of Moncton, doing much damage to wood and timber lands, as well as threatening farm buildings.

A numbers of fires are reported raging along the Moncton & Buctouche railway. Yesterday a force of men were called out to fight flames near the M. & B. railway at Irishtown, and save the buildings on the farm of Brunswick Steeves. Rain is not only greatly needed to suppress the forest fires, but also to save the crops. There has been no rain of any account in this section in the last four or five weeks, and the country is suffering terribly from drought.

The Knights-Templar

Montreal, Aug. 9 — (Special) — The Knights Templar concluded their deliberations today at 1 p. m. after the election of officers. The following is a complete list of those who were to guide the affairs of the society for another year: Supreme Grand Master, J. B. Tresidder, Montreal, re-elected; Deputy Grand Master, A. Campbell, London (Ont.), re-elected; Grand Chancellor, W. H. Whyte, Montreal re-elected; Grand Chaplain, W. Richardson, Kingston (Ont.), re-elected; Grand Treasurer, C. F. Mansell, Toronto; Grand Constable P. T. Gordon, Montreal; Grand Registrar, W. McKellar, Stratford.

The Provincial Grand Priors were—Quebec Dist., E. A. Evans, Quebec; London Dist., Geo. Massey, Chatham; Hamilton Dist., A. E. Savage, Niagara Falls; Toronto Dist., R. E. Forythe, Whitby; Kingston Dist., K. Dewey, Brookville; New Brunswick Dist., W. Wallace St. John (N. B.); Prince Edward Leland Dist., Dr. Darroch, Kensington; Algoma Dist., D. J. H. Browne, Saulte Ste. Marie.

Mr. Emmerson is Firm

Halifax, N. S., Aug. 9—The minister of railways and General Traffic Manager Tiffin had an interview this afternoon with representatives of the board of trade on railway matters of this terminal. The subject that has aroused most attention was that regarding rates on shipments to Cape Breton ports in touch with the I. C. R.

The board of trade asked the minister to restore those rates which had been cancelled.

Hon. Mr. Emmerson declined to do this, saying that there was no discrimination against Halifax in this matter, but that in cancelling them they were simply acting in the interests of the I. C. R. and in a spirit of fair play. St. John was subject to the same rules.

Besides this the board of trade asked for a reduction in storage rates on flour in Halifax. They also asked for a new flour shed, which the minister said he hoped soon to build on land to be obtained from the imperial government.

Carpenters' Strike

Toronto, Aug. 9—(Special)—To enforce a demand for recognition of their union, 1,200 union carpenters went on strike today. About 300 non-union men also quit work and joined the strikers' ranks.

At a mass meeting of strikers a letter from Mayor Coatsworth was read, offering his service in the difficulty. Resolutions thanking the mayor for his offer, and stating the united carpenters would gladly accept it when the proper time came were adopted.

At a meeting of the St. Stephen town council held last evening tenders for the erection of the power house for the new water system were opened. Only two were received. B. Mooney & Sons, of St. John, bid $15,300 and J. H. Nesbitt, of St. Stephen, $9,785. Action was deferred until after the arrival of F. A. Barbour, the consulting engineer, who is expected here Saturday. It is regarded as probable that Mr. Nesbitt's tender will be accepted.

A serious forest fire was reported back of Woodman's Point, and Westfield Thursday. The fire, it was said, started on land owned by Mr. Ross, and as the woods are very dry, the flames spread. Luckily, however, there was but little wind.

WAS DROWNED IN THE ST. CROIX

St. Stephen, Aug. 9—(Special)—While out sailing about 8 o'clock this evening off De Monts Island, six miles down the St. Croix river, Don Hanson, only son of Geo. M. Hanson, ex-mayor of Calais, was drowned by the capsizing of the boat. The two other occupants, William A. Murchie and C. C. Whitlock, were saved.

Hanson's body was recovered about twenty minutes after the accident, but all efforts at resuscitation have proved unavailing.

The entire community has been saddened by the fatality, which occurred off De Monts where a number of prominent Calais families have summer cottages. Mr. Murchie, who is a senior member of the firm of James Murchie & Sons Company, Ltd., lumber dealers, Mr. Whitlock, a prominent Calais grocer, and Mr. Hanson were in a boat when it suddenly capsized. Mr. Whitlock it seems was the only one of the party who could swim, and through his efforts Mr. Murchie was taken ashore though both were in an exhausted condition.

Mr. Hanson, who was 24 years of age, was drowned in the Shallows, his body being recovered about twenty minutes later.

Physicians were hastily summoned from Calais and at 11.30 p. m. Drs. Black, Miner and Mason were still endeavoring to restore life but it was feared there was no likelihood of success.

Sunday Schools

The annual convention for Sunday school workers for Queens county, met at Welsford Wednesday evening, in the Methodist church. There was a good attendance and addresses on the work were delivered by Rev. J. B. Ganong, field-secretary, and J. N. Harvey, of St. John.

The president, I. E. Vanwart, gave a review of the work during the year. The report of the county secretary, E. Vallis, showed an increase over the previous year in the amounts raised for the association, the average attendance and number joining the churches from the schools.

Interesting reports were also received from Miss Maude Charlton, parish secretary; Miss Mabel Woods, primary president.

The officers for next year are: Pres. I. E. Vanwart, Hampstead; vice-president, Robert Anderson, Armstrong's Corner; secretary, E. Vallis, Inchby.

Pope and Cardinal III

London, Aug. 9—A despatch to the Exchange Telegraph Company from Rome says that soon after his return from the ceremony attending the celebration today of the third anniversary of his coronation, the Pope had a somewhat severe attack of heart weakness.

He was attended by Dr. Lapponi, who gave him relief.

Rome, Aug. 8—It is reported that the health of Cardinal Rampolla, who was papal secretary of state, has broken down and that there is little hope of his recovery.

Manager Campbell, of the St. Andrew's roller rink yesterday closed a lease for the Queen's Rink and will probably conduct an ice skating rink there the coming winter.

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