

THE THIRD GENERATION.

Colonel Ike Morris walked restlessly back and forth the length of the plank sidewalk. The group of men in front of Wolverson's drug store watched him in silence.

He stopped abruptly. A slender woman in black, a baby in her arms, slipped out of the door and moved across the sandy square toward the court house.

The colonel didn't finish his remark, to the disappointment of his friends, but turned quickly and moved down the street to Englishman's ranch supply store.

There had been little to hear. Morris made a plea of self-defence, but as no one had witnessed the tragedy, there was no corroboration. A gun had been found by the side of the dead man, but his widow testified that it was his habit to carry his gun with him when working in the woods.

The next case was called and the jury filed out. It was out at that afternoon, that night, and to the middle of the next afternoon. Then a "hung jury" was announced.

At last the case was closed. The judge began to read his instructions to the jury. A silence fell on the room.

How do, M. Z. Blevin. The man who spoke had been attending the trial and recognized her. "You're not 'goin' ter try ter go home tonight? Well, now, you'll not do anything ay the kind. You must be most fagged out nuzin' the baby an'—an' the heat so aggravatin' last few days." He did not wish to refer to the trial.

"It's only a mile or so outen yer way, an' my wife'll be glad ter see you. Didn't know what ye lived till—lately. Let me rest you uv the baby," he said, leaning over and taking it from her arms.

The unexpected kindness came like a shock. With a great sob she bowed her head in her hands. The man turned away his face and "hooped" at the baby.

Early the next morning she told her new friends good-bye and started home. The pony was juggling along across a stretch of reddening sod, when he stopped suddenly, pricked up his ears and snorted.

Blevin looked ahead. Across the road lay the body of a man; his head was hid in the grass. She stopped. Perhaps he had fallen from his horse and was seriously hurt. She would see. Spreading the lap-robe on the grass for the baby, she walked nearer and peered over into his face. She stepped back, her heart beating violently. It was her husband's slayer.

Biggs—Women seem to be born with the bargain instinct. Diggs—Yes, that's right. I've known a woman to reduce her age from forty to twenty-nine—Chicago News.

"Those pigs of yours," said the country doctor, "are in fine condition, you see." "Yes," answered Jarvis, "sure they be. Oh, sur, if we was all of us only as fit to die as them, we'd do"—Kansas City Star.

Yest—I can always tell what the weather is g'ing to be by my wife. Crimmonback—Indeed! Is she as fickle as that?—Yonkers Statesman.

was a groan. She now saw that his clothes were stained with blood. She moved his head gently. He was unconscious, and it was plain, even to her inexperienced eye, that he was dangerously hurt. Every feeling of revenge left her, and there took its place a fear that he might die before she could get help.

But, thank God, it was over now. The colonel lay on some quilts in the cool, breathing easier. She sprang in the cart and started to his ranch, seven miles' distance. At last she reached it, delivered her message, and sank exhausted to the ground.

That evening the ranch "boss" drove her home. They found the colonel sleeping soundly, propped up in her husband's bed. The doctor told her that he had regained consciousness, but that there was no hope. He knew everything, and had sent for his lawyer.

The next morning Mrs. Blevin sat watching at the bedside. "You must be an angel, Mrs. Blevin, to have been so kind to me," he said, finally. "I'm glad I helped you," she said.

"I've been a very wicked man," she said. "The doctor might not want you to talk," she interrupted.

"But I want you to know," he insisted. "My life might have been different—but for a woman. The only one I ever loved—the one who promised to be my wife—married a 'homeguard' when I was away in the war. Then I became reckless. Your husband's name was Blevin. That was the name of the man who married I questioned your husband—he was the son of the woman I loved. Her husband died and left her in poverty. I was glad. That ought to have conciliated me—but the sight of your husband angered me—and I was drinking. If I had met you, and the baby, it might not have happened. I—I am very sorry. And I have done what I could. All the property goes to the baby—and you. I—I have forgiven her—for the sake of the grandchild."

He reached out his hand for the infant. He held it a moment, gazing into the limpid blue eyes. It clutched his beard and cooed. He kissed its velvety cheeks and let it sink to his breast. Then a strange calm light came into his eyes.

Some lady barbers have volunteered to go to Africa in response to Mr. Chamberlain's call for female emigrants. The barbers may pardon the loss of their nationality, but this attack on their whiskers will prolong the bitterness of defeat.—Toronto Globe.

Tommy had been boasting about his new brooder. "How old is he, Tom?" asked the policeman. "Two weeks," said Tom. "He's very small, isn't he?" "Yes," said Tom, "he's pretty small—that is, all except his voice."—New York World.

Father—I am afraid you will never make your living with your pen. Son—Then, father, what do you think you could—er—advance me the price of a typewriter?—Philadelphia Record.

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A cold storage plant of 150,000 tons capacity will shortly be built by the Erie at Rochelle Park, N. Y.

Parsons Pills. ONE PILL IS A DOSE. They are new, rich blood purifier and cure skin eruptions and skin diseases. Prepared in our own laboratories. 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE. L. S. JOHNSON & COMPANY, Boston, Mass.

FREDERICTON NEWS.

To Appoint a New Secretary-Treasurer April 23—Court and Other News.

Fredericton, April 10.—(Special)—The case of Percy P. Gunn vs. Fred. A. Jones was tried before Judge Wilson in chambers today. Judgment was reserved. P. W. McLellan for plaintiff, A. G. Blair jr., for defendant.

Charles Berham has returned from St. John, bringing with him a receipt of news of the drowning of his son-in-law, Captain Miersburg, of the schooner "Wendell Burpee." His daughter had been married to the deceased captain less than three months. Mrs. Miersburg will return here to reside with her parents.

B. E. Wiley, of this city, studying medicine at McGill, has captured the Week-end silver medal, which carries with it the senior gymnastic championship of the college. A special meeting of the York county council, to appoint a secretary-treasurer, has been called for Tuesday, April 23.

Alex. W. Baird, barrister, and Robert Maxwell took part in the Opera House Mission Band concert at the Opera House, this evening. In the supreme court this morning, in Thomas Dean vs. Edward Fudge—E. B. Chapman moved for costs of day for not proceeding to trial; motion withdrawn, no costs.

Catherine Cairns vs. Robert Horseman—leave given to enter on special paper of this term. The King vs. Wells, ex parte Tingley—Rule enlarged till next term, on motion of A. J. Gregory.

Nodden vs. Scott—Curry, K. C., and P. B. Carvell move for new trial; Skinner, K. C., and W. P. Jones contra; not called, rule refused. The King vs. Wm. Wilson, judge of York county court, ex parte Irving—Thinner, K. C., shows cause against an order nisi to quash an order discharging one Guthro from custody; Allen, K. C., contra; court considers.

The King vs. assessors of city of St. John, ex parte Percival Lewin et al., trustees of James D. Lewin—Skinner, K. C., shows cause against rule nisi to quash assessment; Alward and Earle, K. C.'s, argued contra this afternoon. Court considers.

Too Ancient an Offense. Philadelphia, April 11.—Because he slapped her face in April, 1882, Mrs. Matilda Johnson applied to Recorder Nowrey in Camden for a warrant for her husband's arrest. The slapping occurred a few weeks after their marriage. She overlooked the assault then, but warned her better half that if he ever again caused her any trouble she would prosecute him for that slap.

In all the years that followed nothing but happiness marked their lives until this week. Then they quarrelled again, and Mrs. Johnson took action. "Too ancient," said the recorder. "Go home and make up."

A Fearful Sacrifice. Some lady barbers have volunteered to go to Africa in response to Mr. Chamberlain's call for female emigrants. The barbers may pardon the loss of their nationality, but this attack on their whiskers will prolong the bitterness of defeat.—Toronto Globe.

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CAN PHOTOGRAPH SCENES FAR AWAY.

Swiss Inventor Shows Great Possibilities of His Camera.

London, April 11.—M. Vautier, a photographer of Granson, Switzerland, has just perfected an instrument by which he is enabled to take distinct photographs of objects at a great distance. For years he has been at work on the instrument, and the successful results which he is now able to attain with it show that his labor has not been in vain.

He made experiments at Yverdon recently, and took many photographs of landscapes that were several leagues distant. He even succeeded in photographing a group of huts which were 210 kilometers distant from Yverdon. It is a beautifully clear picture which he showed distinctly all the salient features.

Representatives of the Swiss government witnessed the experiments at Yverdon, and they have written a glowing report about them. The military possibilities of the invention are obviously great.

Hon. Thos. R. Jones.

One of St. John's most respected and prominent citizens, Hon. Thomas R. Jones, died last night at 9.30 o'clock at his residence, Elliott Row, and his death will be mourned with deep regret by his many friends. Mr. Jones had been ill only eight days and not until a few days ago it was feared that his illness would result fatally. Mr. Jones leaves a wife, two daughters and five sons. The daughters are Mrs. W. C. Thompson, of Montreal, whose husband is the second engineer of the Dominion Bridge Company, and Mrs. A. G. Cowie, of this city, while the sons are Mr. F. A. Jones, Mr. C. D. Jones, of this city, Mr. T. R. Jones, jr., of Port Gamble, N. S.; Mr. E. A. Jones, of Ottawa, and Mr. J. Gillis Jones, who resides in South Africa, where he conducts a business. The Hon. Thomas Rossell Jones, banker and broker, was born in St. John, Sept. 12th, 1825. He was of loyalist descent, the son of John Jones and Eliza Rossell, residents of St. John, the latter being a granddaughter of Thomas Mallin, the first Irishman who settled in the maritime provinces. Mr. Jones received his education in St. John, finishing at the commercial school, conducted by Westfield and Lingley. He was 14 years of age when he entered on mercantile pursuits with Isaac Woodward, once mayor of St. John, and later, for three years and a half, had the management of the commercial bank, which he returned to St. John and commenced business for himself, carrying on a very extensive wholesale and retail trade. During his period of service at the civil board he introduced a great number of reform measures. In 1888 he was called to the legislative council of the province, and was one of the chief promoters of the St. John Cantilever and Railway Extension Co. He had also been police magistrate. He was a member of the Masonic order of St. George's Society. He was, in religion, a member of the Church of England. Mr. Jones married Mary Jane, daughter of the late Charles Howroy, of Johnston, Quebec county, N. B., on February 28th, 1851, and celebrated his golden wedding last February of this year. He was a worthy citizen, deceased's son, Mr. P. A. Jones, has been in Boston on business during the past few days and is expected home today.

Hudson—I suppose you enjoy good health? Mavon—Oh, yes; principally because it annoys my friends who "know."

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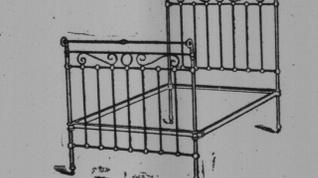
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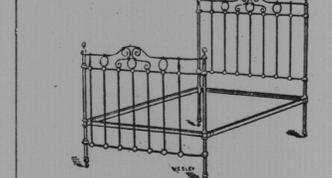
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WHITE ENAMEL IRON BEDS--Brass Trimmings.

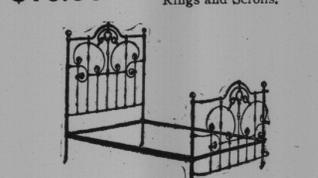
A SPLENDID LINE OF THESE GOODS NOW SHOWING.



\$16.50 Has new Roll Top Rails, Brass Rings and Scrolls.



\$14.50 Has Bow Foot and Brass Arched Top Rails.



\$13.50 Has Bow Foot, Half Brass, Handsome Pattern.



\$28.00 All Brass Bed, Has Bow Foot.

Manchester Robertson & Allison

CAPTURED A TRAMP.

Proves To Have Been An Interesting Subject.

Louis Bertrand, 40 years of age, was brought into the city last night on the Portland express by Detective Ring and placed behind the bars of the Central station previous to his departure for Hampton, the shiretown of Kings county, to answer the charge of breaking and entering a number of summer residences at Westfield and Lingley.

Bertrand, it is charged, who is a Frenchman, has been having a royal good time during the past week or so breaking and living in comfort in the summer residences at the above mentioned summer resorts. He is about 40 years of age, 5 feet 6 inches tall, dark complexion, wearing a black moustache and plainly dressed. He followed the sea but for the last six years, according to his own story, has been a tramp and had done fairly well.

Yesterday morning Mr. W. J. Starr, who resides on Hazen street and who is a member of the firm of R. P. & W. F. Starr, received a telephone message from Lingley that a light had been seen in his summer residence during the night, also one in Captain Steen's house, and the neighbors could not make out the cause. Mr. Starr notified Mr. A. W. Adams, the latter owning a residence near by. Mr. Starr thought that it was probably his house had also been entered, so both these gentlemen left on the first train for Lingley. On arrival there Mr. Adams found his house broken into and the cause in Mr. Starr's house were turned upside down, the kitchen was in a dilapidated condition and gave evidence of having been entered by burglars. A visit was also made to Captain Steen's residence near by and this place also gave evidence of having been entered. Mr. Starr and Mr. Adams made a tour of both residences and in Captain Steen's barn they were fortunate in finding Louis Bertrand taking matters easily in the hay loft and appearing to take all the contents credited a tramp.

Messrs. Starr and Adams immediately placed Bertrand in custody and he did not make any resistance. They applied to Justices of the Peace Ballentine and Buchanan for assistance and finally telegraphed to Mr. W. W. Allen, who communicated with Attorney General Puley who, in turn, communicated with Detective Ring and sent him to Westfield to make the arrest.

Bertrand had a good time for a tramp during the past few days. He had found his home in a few seconds, he broke into a check him and, it is charged, he did not appear to want to talk much when captured in the barn by the two St. John merchants, but when Detective Ring got hold of him he owned up to everything and said it was no telling a lie. He said that on Thursday last he broke into the residence of Mr. T. H. Bullock at Westfield and, besides a large quantity of other goods, stole a pair of valuable opera glasses. At the same time he paid a visit to Dr. Inches' house near by and ransacked this place to some extent. He then travelled on as far as Lingley, where he took for his place of work the summer residence of Mr. W. J. Starr and Captain Steen. On his arrival there he had a bag nearly filled with numerous articles taken from the Westfield houses and he soon filled his bag with articles from these houses.

He arrived at the Starr residence on Monday night and made himself at home. He stayed there on Monday and Tuesday nights and Wednesday morning to Capt. Steen's residence. During this time he used the kitchen, and in a few seconds, he broke into a check him and, it is charged, he did not appear to want to talk much when captured in the barn by the two St. John merchants, but when Detective Ring got hold of him he owned up to everything and said it was no telling a lie. He said that on Thursday last he broke into the residence of Mr. T. H. Bullock at Westfield and, besides a large quantity of other goods, stole a pair of valuable opera glasses. At the same time he paid a visit to Dr. Inches' house near by and ransacked this place to some extent. He then travelled on as far as Lingley, where he took for his place of work the summer residence of Mr. W. J. Starr and Captain Steen. On his arrival there he had a bag nearly filled with numerous articles taken from the Westfield houses and he soon filled his bag with articles from these houses.

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\$200.00 IN CASH PRIZES. - OUR GLORIOUS COUNTRY.

Have you watched its growth? In 1881 we had a population of 1,332,504. In 1891, when the last census was taken, we had 4,862,377 of a population, an increase of 3,529,873. The problem now is: What will be the population of the Dominion of Canada when the official census are taken in April, 1901?

How the Prize Money will be divided: To the nearest correct guess received, \$50.00. To the second, 25.00. To the third, 15.00. To the fourth, 10.00. To the next five, ten dollars each, 50.00. To the next ten, five dollars each, 50.00. Total number of prizes, 19, amounting to \$200.00.

OUR OFFER: Anyone who sends me 25 cents in silver or Postal Note for an EXCLUSIVE WRITING PACKAGE, which will contain 50 sheets of Writing Paper and 10 Envelopes, will be entitled to one guess, and you can guess as often as you send 25c for the Box of Paper, you get the guess FREE.

YOUR GUESSES: When you send in your 25c, you make your guess. Be sure and send your name, your address, and guess as plainly as possible. As soon as your letter is received your guess is registered, and we will fill out and send you a Certificate corresponding with guess made by you. We file the duplicate. If you are a winner you will be notified as soon as possible after the Commissioner of Census at Ottawa has publicly announced the Official Figures. Until then no one will know the correct figures. We will run this contest fairly and squarely, and deal honestly with all men. This contest will close May 1st, 1901, and the prize winners will be announced in this paper.

Send in your order today. Your secretary is not complete without a Box of Writing Paper. Sent postpaid to any address in Canada or the U. S. A., on receipt of price. Address all orders to JAS. T. UTLEY, DOON, ONT., CANADA.

Notice to Live Business Men.

The Northern Life Assurance Company of Canada is desirous of securing reliable men as district agents throughout the counties of New Brunswick, as well as special agents in the cities and parishes of the province. Liberal inducements offered. Communicate at once with F. S. BONNELL, Provincial Manager, Chubb's Building, St. John.

AWFUL DEATH.

Young Man at Calais Drank Carbolic Acid. St. Stephen, N. B., April 9.—(Special)—A young man named William Doyle, of Calais, went into a saloon in that city this afternoon and asked the man in charge for a glass of water, which was given him. He immediately went into a room off the saloon, and in a few seconds, came back, threw up his hands and fell screaming to the floor.

Assistance was called. The city marshal notified a physician, who, on examination, found that he had swallowed an ounce of pure carbolic acid. Everything was done for the patient, but he died in a few seconds.

It appears that deceased had been drinking heavily of late and report says he attempted to commit suicide in the same manner at his home earlier in the day. Doyle, when sober, was industrious and popular with his associates. He was unmarried and lived with his parents at Union Mills.

We Freely Acknowledge

that much of our present standing and reputation is owing to the character and ability of the students of our school, which has been our good fortune to have had the training. This year's class is no exception, but is fully up to the standard of former years.

Business and professional men in want of bookkeepers and stenographers are invited to call upon us or write us. No recommendation will be made unless we are sure of giving satisfaction. Better time for entering than just now.

Read for Catalogue. J. KERR & SON, Oddfellows Hall, 100 Water Street, St. John, N. B.

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