POOR DOCUMENT

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THE RED YEAR

A Story of the Indian Mutiny

BY LOUIS TRACY

Author of "The Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," "The Captain of the Kansas," "The King of Diamonds," etc., etc.

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CHAPTER XVI.

In the Vortex.

Malcolm was not one to throw his life away without an effort to save it. Once, during a visit to Delhi, Captain Douglas, the ill-fated commandant of the Palace Guards, had taken him to his quarters for tiffin. As it happened, the two entered by the Delhi Gate and walked through the gardens and corridors to Douglas' rooms, which were situated over the Lahore Gate. Thus he possessed a vague knowledge of the topography of the citadel, and his visit that morning had refreshed his memory to a slight extent. On that slender reel he based some hope of escape. In any event he prayed that his ruse might better Chumru's chances, and he promised himself a soldier's death if brought to bay inside the palace.

Crossing the drawbridge at a fast gallop, he say a number of guards looking at him wonderingly. It occurred to him that the exciting events of the early hours might have led to orders being given on the question of admitting sepoys in large numbers. If that were so, he might gain time by a bit of sheer audacity. At any rate, there was no harm in trying. As he clattered through the gate he shouted excitedly:—

"Close and bar the door! None must be admitted without the King's special order!"

The spectacle of a well-mounted sepoy officer, blood-stained and travel-worn, who arrived in such desperate haste and was evidently pursued by a body of horse, so startled the attendants that they banged and bolted the great door without further ado.

Already the story was going the rounds that the precious life of Bahadur Shah had actually been threatened by the overbearing sepoys—what more likely than that this hard-riding officer was coming to apprise his majesty of a genuine plot, while the flying squadron in the rear was striving to cut him down before the fateful message was delivered?

Not to create too great a stir, Malcolm pulled up both horses at the entrance to the arcade.

He called a chaprassi and bade him hold Chumru's steed. Then, learning from the uproar at the gate that the guards were obeying his instructions literally, he went on at an easier pace.

The palace was humming with excitement. Its numerous buildings housed a multitude of court nobles and other hangers-on to the court, and each of these has his special coterie of attendants who helped to advance their own fortunes by clinging to their master's skirts. The jealousies and intrigues that surround a throne were never more in evidence than at Delhi during the last hours of the Great Mogul. Already men were preparing for the final catastrophe. While the ignorant mob was firm in its belief that the rule of the sahib had passed forever, those few clearer-headed persons who possessed any claim to the title of statesmen were convinced that the Mutiny had failed.

Nearly four months were sped since that fatal Sunday when the rebellion broke out at Meerut. And what had been achieved? Delhi, the pivot of Mohammedan hopes, was crowded with a licentious soldiery, who fought only when some perfervid moullah aroused their worst passions by his eloquence, and who were terrible only to peaceful citizens. All public credit was destroyed. The rule of the King, nominal within the walls of his own palace, was laughed at in the city and ignored beyond its walls. The provincial satraps and feudatorw princes who should be striving to help their sovereign were wholly devoted to the more congenial task of carving out kingdoms for themselves.

Nana Sahib, rehabilitated in Oudh, was opposing Havelock's advance; Khan Bahadur Khan, an ex-pensioner of the Company, had set up a barbarous despotism at Bareilly; the Moulvie of Fyzabad, intent on the destruction of the Residency, meant to establish himself there as "King of Hindustan" if only that stubborn entrenchment could be carried; Mahudi Husain, Gaffur Beg, Kunwer Singh, the Ranee of Jhansi, and a most of other prominent rebels scattered throughout Oudh, Bengal, the Northwest Provinces and Central Inlia, cared less for Delhi than for their own private affairs, and were consequently permitting the British to gather forces by which they could be destroyed piecemeal.

From Nepaul, the great border state, lying behind the pestilential jungle of the Terai, came an army of nine thousand Ghoorkahs to help the British. At Hyderabad, the most powerful Mohammedan principality in India, the Nizam and his famous minister, Sir Salar Jung, crushed a Jehad with cannon and grape-shot. In a word, the orgy had ended, and the day of reckoning was near.

Malcolm, therefore, was confronted with two separate and hostile sets of conditions. On the one hand, he was threading his way through a maze of conflicting interests, and this was a circumstance most favorable to his chances of escape; on the other, every man regarded his neighbor with distrust and a stranger with positive suspicion, while Malcolm's distinguished appearance could not fail to draw many inquiring eyes.

He crossed the large garden beyond the arcade and was making for an arch that gave access to the long covered passage leading to the Delhi Gate, when he saw Akhab Khan standing there.

The rebel leader was deep in converse with a richly-attired personage whom Frank discovered afterwards to be the Vizier. Near Akhab Khan an escort of sowars stood by their horses, and Malcolm felt that the instant the former lance-corporal set eyes on either Nejdi or himself recognition would follow as surely as a vulture knows its prey.

He could neither dawdle nor hesitate. Wheeling Nejdi towards the nearest arch on the left, he found himself in an open space between the walls of the fortress and the outer lines of buildings. Underneath the broad terrace, from which troops could defend the battlements, stood a row of storerooms and go-downs. At a little distance he could distinguish a line of stables, and the mere sight sent the blood dancing through his veins.

If only he could evade capture until nightfall he would no longer feel that each moment might find him making a last fight against impossible odds. Dismounting, he led Nejdi to an unoccupied stall. As there was nothing to be gained by half measures he removed saddle and bridle, hung them on a peg, put a halter on the Arab, adjusted the heel-ropes, and hunted the adjoining stalls for forage.

He came upon some gram in a sack and a quantity of hay. All provender was alike to Nejdi so long as it was tooth some. He was soon busily engaged, and Malcolm resolved to avoid observation by grooming him when any one passed whose gaze might be too inquisitive.

He took care that sword and revolvers were handy. It was hard to tell what hue and cry might be raised by the troopers against whom the guards had closed the Lahore Gate. Perhaps they were searching for two men and the finding of one horse in charge of a chaprassi might suggest that the rider of the other and his companion had dodged through the Delhi Gate. Again his pursuers might have galloped straight to the other exit and thus made certain that he was still in the palace. If that were so and they ferreted him out, as well die here as elsewhere. Meanwhile, he chewed philosophically at a few grains of the gram, and awaited the outcome of events that were now beyond his control.

A wild swirl of wind and rain seemed to favor him. There was not much traffic past his retreat, and that little ceased when a deluge lashed the dry earth and clouds of vapor rose as though the water were beating on an oven. Now and again a syce hurried past, with head and shoulders enveloped in a sack. Once a party of sepoys trudged through the mud, towards the water bastion of the palace, and the men whom they had relieved came back the same way a few minutes later.

Nejdi had seldom been groomed so vigorously as during the passing of these detachments, but no one gave the slightest heed to the cavalry officer who was engaged on such an unusual task. If they noticed him at all it was to wonder that he could be such a fool as to work when there were hundreds of loafers in the city who could be kicked to the job.

The rain storm changed into a steady drizzle and the increasing gloom promised complete darkness within half an hour. Malcolm was beginning to plan his movements when he became aware of a man wrapped in a heavy cloak who approached him from the direction of the arcade and peered into every nook and cranny.

"Now," thought Frank, "comes my first real difficulty. That man is searching for some one. Whether or not he seeks me he is sure to speak, and if my presence has been reported he will recognize both Nejdi and me instantly. If so, I must strangle him with as little ceremony as possible.

The newcomer came on. In the half light it was easy to see that he was not a soldier but a court official. Indeed, before the searcher's glance rested on the gray Arab, munching contentedly in his stall, or the tall sowar who stood in obscurity near his head, Frank felt almost sure that he was face to face with the trusted confidant who had carried out Roshinara Begum's behests in the garden at Bithoor.

That fact saved the native's life. The Englishman would have killed him without compunction were it not for the belief that the man was actually looking for him and for none other, and with friendly intent, too, else he would have brought a bodyguard.

Sure enough, the stranger's first words were of good import. He could not see clearly into the dark stable and it was necessary to measure one's utterances in Delhi just then.

"If you are one who rode into Delhi this morning I would have speech with you," he muttered softly.

"Say on," said Malcolm, gripping his sword.

"Nay, one does not give the Princess Roshinara's instructions without knowing that they reach the ears they are meant for."

The Englishman came out from the obscurity. He approached so quickly that the native started back, being far from prepared for Frank's very convincing resemblance to a rissaldar of cavalry.

"I look for one—" he began, but Frank had no mind to lose time.

"For Malcolm-sahib?" he demanded.

"It might be some such name," was the hesitating answer.

"I am he. I saw thee last at Bithoor, when I escaped with Mayne-sahib and the missy-baba."*

"By Mohammed! I would not have known you sahib, though now I remember your face. Come with me, and quickly. Each moment here means danger."

"Ay, for thee. I am not one to be tricked so easily."

"Huzoor, have I not sought you without arms or escort? I and another have searched the palace these two hours. Leave your horse. I will have him tended. Come, sahib, I pray you. The Begum awaits you, but there are so many who know of your presence that I shall not be able to save you if you fall into their hands."

These were fair-seeming words with the ring of truth about them. At any rate Malcolm's whereabouts were no longer a secret, and it would not be war but murde to offer violence to one who came with good intent on his lips if not in his heart.

"Lead on," said Frank, sternly, "and remember that I shall not hesitate to strike at the first sign of treachery."

"I shall not betray you, sahib, but you must converse with me as we walk and not draw too many eyes by holding a naked sword."

This was so manifestly reasonable that Malcolm felt rather ashamed of his doubts. Yet, he thought it best not to appear to relax his precautions.

"I would not pass through the palace with a sword in my hand," he said with a quiet laugh, "but I have a pistol in my belt, and that will suffice for six men."

His guide set off at a rapid pace. When they were near the great arch leading into the garden they halted in front of a small door in a dimly-lighted building, and the native rapped twice with his knuckles on three separate panels. Some bolts were drawn and the two were admitted, the door being instanly drawn and the two were admitted, the door being instantly barred behind them by an attendant. The darkness in the passage was impenetrable. Frank held himself tensely, but his companion's voice reached him from a little distance in front, while he heard other bolts being drawn.

"You will see your way more clearly now," was the reassuring message, and when the second door was opened the rays of a lamp lit the stone walls and floor. They went on, through lofty corridors, across sequestered gardens and by way of many a stately chamber until another narrow passage terminated in a barred door, guarded by an armed native. The man's shrill voice betokened his calling, and Frank knew that he was standing at the entrance to the zenana.

"There is one other within," said the guard, leering at them.

"Who is it, slave?" asked Frank's guide scornfully, for he was annoyed by the eunuch's familiar tone.

"Nay, I obey orders," was the tart response. "Enter, then, and may Allah prosper you."

* The familiar native title for a European young lady.

There was a hint of danger in the otherwise excellent wish, but the man unlocked the door, and they passed within.

Frank's wondering eyes rested on a scene of fairy-like beauty, so exquisite in its colorings and so unexpected withal, that not even his desperate predicament could repress for an instant the feeling of astonishment that overwhelmed him. He was standing in a white marble chamber, pillared and roofed in the Byzantine style, while every shaft and arch was chiseled into graceful lines and adorned with traceries or carved festoons of fruit and flowers. The walls were brightened with mosaics wrought in precious stones. Texts from the Koran in the flowing Persi-Arabic script, ran above the arches. In the floor, composed of colored tiles, was set a pachisi* board, as the wide entrance hall to a European house might have a chess-board incorporated with the design of the tiled floor.

Not a garish tint or inharmonious line interfered with the chaste elegance of the white marble, and the whole apartment, which seemed to be the ante-room of the ladies' quarters, was lighted with Moorish lamps.

Malcolm took in some of these details in one amazed glance, but his thoughts were recalled sternly to the affairs of the moment by hearing the ring of spurred heels on the sharp-sounding pavement from behind a curtained arch. There was no time to retreat nor cross towards an alcove that promised some slight screen from the soft and penetrating light that filled the room. He saw that his guide was perturbed, but he asked no question. With the quick military tread came the frou-frou of silk and the footfall of slippered feet. Then the curtain was drawn aside and Akhab Khan entered, followed by the Princess Roshinara.

Malcolm had the advantage of a few seconds' warning. Even as Akhab Khan placed his hand on the curtain the Englishman sprang forward, and the astounded sowar, now a brigadier in the rebel forces, found himself looking into the muzzle of a revolver.

"Do not move till I bid you, Akhab Khan," said Malcolm, in his self-contained way. "I am summoned hither, so I come, but it may be necessary to secure a hostage for my safe conduct outside the walls again."

"You! Malcolm-sahib!" was Akhab Khan's involuntary outburst.

"Yes, even I. Have you not heard, then, that I rode into the palace today?"

"There was a report that some Feringhis—some sahibs—were in the city as spies—"

"Malcolm-sahib is here because I sent for him," broke in Roshinara.

"You—sent for him!"

Akhab Khan's swarthy features paled, and his eyes sparkled wrathfully. Heedless of Malcolm's implied threat, or perhaps ignoring it, he wheeled round on the Princess, and his right hand crossed his sword-hilt.

"If you so much as turn your head again or lift a hand without my order, I blow your brains out," said Malcolm in the same unemotional tone.

"Nay, let him attack a woman if it pleaseth him," cried Roshinara, who had not drawn back one inch from the place where she was standing when Malcolm confronted Akhab Khan and herself. "That is what our troops, officers and men alike, are best fitted for. They love to swagger in the bazaar, but their valor flies when they see the Ridge."

Again quite indifferent to the fact that Malcolm's finger was on the trigger, the rebel leader threw out his hands towards the Begum in a gesture of agonized protest.

"Do you not trust me, my heart?" he murmured. "If you knew of this Nazarene's presence why was I not told?"

"Because I wished to save you in spite of yourself. Because I would mourn you if you fell in battle as befits a warrior and the man whom I love, but I would not have you die on the scaffold, as most of the others will die ere another month be sped. What hope have we of success? If forty thousand sepoys cannot overcome the three thousand English on the Ridge, how shall they prevail against the force that is now preparing to storm Delhi? I sent for Malcolm-sahib that I might obtain terms for my father and for thee, Akhab Khan. This man is now in our power. Let us bargain with him. If he goes free today, let him promise that we shall be spared when the gallows is busy in front of our palace."

Each word of this impassioned speech was a revelation to Malcolm. Here was the fiery beauty of the Mogul court pleading for the lives of her father and lover, pleading to him, a solitary Briton in the midst of thousands of mutineers, a prisoner in their stronghold, a spy whose life was forfeit by the laws of war. Hardly less bewildering than this turn of fortune's wheel was the whirligig that promoted a poor trooper of the Company to the position of accepted suitor for the hand of a royal maiden. Never could there be a more complete unveiling of the Eastern mind, with all its fatalism, its strange weakness, its uncontrollable passions.

Akhab Khan stretched out his arms again.

"Forgive me, my soul, if I did doubt thee," he almost sobbed.

The girl was the first to recover her self-control.

(To be continued.)

* A game of the draughts order, much played by native ladies.

SAVED FROM CONSUMPTION

Another Startling Case that Proves the Unquestionable Merit of "Catarrhozone."

Miss Louise Murpay, a well-known society belle, residing at 28 Monument street, Medford, writes: "Kindly forward me three outfits of Catarrhozone which I have found most valuable for Catarrhal affections of the head and throat. Catarrhozone cured one of weak lungs and really saved me from consumption. I am recommending CATARRHOZONE above all other treatments knowing what great curative powers it possesses. I know others also who have benefited by Catarrhozone.

In your case, Catarrhozone would be useful. Why not get it today. Complete outfit is sufficient for two months' treatment, and costs but $1; trial size, 25c., at all dealers in medicine.

Yesterday was the anniversary of the great Miramichi fire which causer such loss of life and destruction of property on October 7, 1825. During the course of the fire sixty lives were lost and 2,000 people rendered homeless and the property damage was estimated at $3,000,000.

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FROM ALL OVER THE MARITIME PROVINCES

HOPEWELL HILL

Hopewell Hill, Oct. 4.—Joseph L. Allingham, of Gagetown, spent a few days last week with friends here.

Dr. Carmwath, of Riverside, is attending John Leaman, who has been laid up for some time with rheumatism.

Miss Emily Cox, of Truro, is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Russell.

Alden Smith and sister, Miss Martie Smith, are spending a few days in Moncton.

J. L. Bishop, of Rexton, with his wife and child is visiting his parents, Capt. and Mrs. John Bishop, Lower Cape.

Mrs. Fillimore, of Albert, widow of Hiram Fillimore, died at her home there last week after a lingering illness. She was about seventy-five years of age and leaves a family, besides a large circle of relatives and friends. The deceased before her marriage was Miss Ransom, of Hopewell Cape.

Mrs. S. S. Calhoun, of Lower Cape, is recovering from her recent serious illness.

John N. Rogers, of this village, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Rogers, was married on Saturday evening to Eva, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Govang, of Chemical road. The ceremony took place at the Baptist parsonage, Albert, and was performed by Rev. Mr. Snelling, pastor of the Hopewell church. The newly married couple have the best wishes of their friends here.

A temperance sermon, under the auspices of Golden Rule Division, S. of T., was given in the Methodist church here this evening by the pastor, Rev. W. J. Kirby, who is most worthy chaplain of the National Division. The members of the Division and also those of Mount Pleasant lodge, I. O. G. T., who were present, appeared in regalia.

SACKVILLE.

Sackville, N.B., October 3.—Never before in their history have the Mount Allison institutions opened under such favorable circumstances. The Ladies' College is filled to overflowing. Every available nook and corner is being occupied and the need for increased accommodation is forced upon us this year as never before. About eighty new students have joined our ranks this fall and these with the old students who have returned make 175 in residence. Again, St. John has the honor of giving to us the largest number of students that come from any one place. Eighteen students come to us this year from St. John, and of these six have entered Mount Allison for the first time. These are the Misses Rita and Wenonah Brennan, Hazel Deinstadt, Gladys Ferguson, Ethel Hawker, Hill.

Several changes have been made in the faculty of the Ladies' College. Miss Beatrice Fraser, Truro, has been appointed to the position of teacher of piano, held last year by Miss McElderry. Miss Mary L. Smith, B.A., Halifax, succeeds Miss Hemming in vocal culture. Miss Sara Stewart, Ottawa, has been appointed to the position on the staff of the Owens Museum of Fine Arts, made vacant by the resignation of Miss Harris, while Miss Hazel Hughes, Charlottetown, succeeds Miss Gertrude Evans on the literary staff.

The annual reception given by the Young Women's and Young Men's Christian Associations to welcome all new students was held last evening at the Ladies' College. Welcome addresses were given by Miss Porter and Mr. E. E. Graham, the presidents of these societies. During the evening the following programme was carried out:

Piano Solo, Scherzo ..... Mendelssohn
Miss Jessie Allen.

Addresses of Welcome.
Miss Mary Porter.
Mr. E. E. Graham.

Vocal Solo, Mignonne ..... d'Hardelot.
Miss Edna Baker.

Violin Solo, There let me rest....Greene
Mr. Roy Smith, B.A.

ST. MARTINS

St. Martins, Oct. 5.—The death of Mrs. James Dunlap took place at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Philip McLeod, on Friday, after a lingering illness of consumption. Mrs. Dunlap was twenty-nine years of age, and is survived by her husband and infant son, parents, four sisters and three brothers, all of whom reside here. Much sympathy is being extended to the family.

The funeral was held on Sunday at the Methodist church in Fairview. Rev. W Laird conducted the service. Interment took place at Fairview.

The funeral of the late James Tracy of Hanford Brook took place on Sunday afternoon.

Interment was at Mosher Hill cemetery. Services being conducted by Rev. Mr. Smith.

The body of the late George Brittain, Sr., was brought here from St. John on Friday. Interment was in St. Martins cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph White and family, of St. John, are the guests of Mrs. White's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Mosher.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Parks, of Rothesay, are spending a short time with relatives here.

Mrs. John Brown, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. James Mawhinney, at Beaver Harbor, has returned home.

Thomas Brown, who has been visiting relatives here, returned on Saturday to his home in Lawrence, Mass.

Miss Irene Schoales returned on Saturday from Norton.

There is on exhibition at E. S. Hatfield's drug store several large ripe strawberries picked on Friday from John Howard's strawberry garden.

Sch. Friendship, Capt. A. Wilbur, from Waterside, arrived here on Saturday and will undergo repairs on De Long's blocks.

Stmr. Harbinger, Capt. C. Rockwell, was here for slight repairs last week.

HARVEY STATION.

Harvey Station, Oct. 5.—E. H. McAlpine, K. C., of St. John, addressed a meeting in the Liberal interest in Taylor Hall on Friday evening. The attendance was good despite the wet weather. In one of the best delivered speeches ever heard here Mr. McAlpine dealt with the record of the government and showed in a convincing manner why they should be returned to power. He was listened to with much attention.

In the absence of the pastor, Rev. M. J. Macpherson, the pulpits here were yesterday occupied by Mr. R. B. Clark, of St. Stephen, a student at the U. N. B., who preached very acceptably to large audiences. He is a young man of considerable ability.

The shipment of potatoes is still going on. About 4,000 barrels have been loaded by local dealers, mostly for the Canadian market. The price paid to the farmer is 90 cents per barrel.

Dr. and Mrs. Dowgan are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a son at their home.

Mrs. W. E. Smith's new store has been completed and she has moved into it, it is the largest and one of the best equipped and convenient stores in this section.

REXTON

Gagetown, Oct. 3.—Michael Kelly, in the interests of the I. O. G. T., entertained fairly good sized audiences in the Temperance Hall on Monday and Tuesday evenings with forcible and logical addresses on temperance.

A basket social was held in Mill road school house on Friday evening, the proceeds to be devoted to school purposes. Miss R. Dillon, of Sunbury county, is the teacher for that school.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. De Veber, of St. John, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Law.

Major Barker, of England, was in the village Thursday and Friday.

Messrs. W. Starr and Percy Fairweather, of Rothesay, are here for a few days shooting. They are the guests of T. S. Peters. The Misses May and Chrissie Robinson have also been guests at Glenova for a few days.

Mrs. Percy Masters, of St. John, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Penna at the Methodist parsonage.

Fred Porter and his family have removed to Westfield.

Mrs. John Gaunce and Miss Hazel Porter have returned after a visit to Chipman.

Miss G. Emery, professional nurse, has returned to her duties in Hartford afer a few weeks at Mrs. T. P. Burpee's.

Miss Ida Simpson, of Boston, has gone back to her work of nursing at "Stillman," Cambridge (Mass.).

G. De Veber returned from St. John on Saturday, after having taken his yacht Thistle down to winter quarters.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Vail will leave here on Monday for their home in Boston.

NEWCASTLE

Newcastle, Oct. 5.—Miss Lottie Clark Alexander, daughter of G. W. Alexander, of Blissfield, in this county, was married on September 9, to Lelon B. Cowles, of Tacoma, Wash., the wedding taking place at the home of the bride's uncle, W. A. Clark, Tacoma.

A wounded deer, left the woods yesterday afternoon and ran through the town. Finally becoming exhausted it died in B. F. Maltby's garden.

KINGSTON

Kingston, N. B., Oct. 6.—Miss Jennie Maxwell is visiting at Maple Lodge, the guest of Miss M. L. Marvin.

A music class is being organized here by Miss Hattie Smith, a graduate of Mount Allison. Miss Smith is staying at Aulderbach.

The total enrollment at Macdonald school is 143. Pupils of the school did excellently in the various competitions at the St. John and Sussex exhibitions. In all $20 in prizes were taken.

Today John Hill is selling by auction his personal property. Mr. Hill is one of the oldest residents of Kingston. He is removing to Lakeside for the winter.

REXTON

Rexton, N. B., Oct. 6.—On Sunday afternoon, John Glencross, one of our oldest and best knewn citizens died. He resided with his daughter, Mrs. Abram Dickinson and had been in his usual health until a few minutes previous to his death. He is survived by four daughters and one son Andrew Glencross, of this town. The daughters are Mrs. Abram Dickinson and Mrs. Robert Little, of Rexton, and Mrs. Stephen Cameron and Mrs. Albert Dennis, of Winnipeg. The funeral will be held this afternoon and the body interred in St. Andrews cemetery, beside his wife.

The schooner Maggie Roach, owned and sailed by Capt. William and Donald weston, of this town, recently made a record trip. She left Rexton on Thursday night with a cargo of lumber for Summerside and returned on Saturday night, making the trip in about fifty hours.

The oyster fishing season opened Oct. 1, and it is estimated that on that day about $1,000 worth of clams and oysters were fished at Buctouche Bay.

Miss Alice Law has returned after a visit to friends in Moncton.

Miss Annie Stothart, who spent the summer at her home in Jardineville, has returned to Boston.

Hector McLean, of New York, is visiting his home in Jardineville.

Seymore Mitchell has returned home from Moncton.

Miss Lizzie Miller and Miss Lizzie Pollick, who have been visiting their homes at Molus River, returned to Boston a few days ago.

George Palmer returned home Friday from Restigouche county, where he has been employed during the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Billideau, of Cocagne, visited relatives here on Sunday.

Alex. Firth, who has filled the pulpit in St. Mark's Presbyterian church at Bass River,, all summer, has returned to college to resume his studies.

C. S. Hickman returned to his home in Dorchester, on Saturday.

Melbourn Sears, of Sackville, who has been in town some time in the employment of C. S. Hickman, returned to his home on Saturday.

W. J. Bowser, attorney-general of British Columbia, spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Wm. Bowser, here, and left yesterday for Hamilton (Ont.).

A. J. Curran returned on Saturday morning, from Moncton.

Gordon Bowser, of the Royal Bank of Canada in Moncton, spent Sunday in town the guest of his mother, Mrs. E. Bowser.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Irving and Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Irving, of Buctouche, were in town on Saturday.

Archibald Campbell and family, of Bass River, have removed to Harcourt and will occupy the Andrew McIntosh house, which they have purchased.

Duncan Campbell, of Boston, who has been visiting his mother, Mrs. Matthew Campbell, at Bass River, left Friday for his home.

Mrs. Alva Barbour has returned to her home in Petit Rocher after paying a visit to her sister, Mrs. E. H. Walton, at Bass River.

Mrs. McDonald and children, of Boston, who have been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. John Campbell, at Bass River, are now on a visit to friends in Nova Scotia, before returning home.

Mrs. Spencer and children, of Ipswich (Mass.), who have been visiting friends at Bass River, have returned home.

Mrs. N. Vradenburg has returned to Boston, after a visit to her brother, John Timson, of Bass River.

Miss Sadie Hennessey, of Moncton, has returned home after a visit to Miss Bessie Whalen, of Molus River.

Miss Ellie Graham, of Molus Rover, has gone to Bangor.

Leonard Barnes, of Molus River, who recently went west, has returned home.

David Young has returned to Bangor, after a visit to friends in this county.

Miss Hattie Htuchinson, of Molus River, has returned after a visit to realtives in P. E. Island and Moncton.

Arthur Horton, who went west on the harvest excursion, has returned to his home at Molus River.

Mrs. Bert Baldwin and daughter, of Molus River, are visiting relatives in P. E. Island.

Mrs. Little, Sr., of Clairville, is on a visit to Mrs. George Cail, of Pine Ridge. Although Mrs. Little is in her 90th year, she is still hale and hearty.

William Glencross has returned home after a two years' soujurn in Vermont.

Miss Greta Tripinit, of Stellarton (N. S.), is visiting her grandfather, James Scott, at "The Ridge."

Miss Augusta Ford and brother, Isaac, who have been visiting friends in this county have returned to Waltham (Mass.)

Miss Constance Beers, of Richibucto, is the guest of Miss Helen Carson.

Mr. and Mrs. George Jardine, of Kouchibouguac, were in town Saturday.

NORTON

Norton, N. B., Oct. 6.—On Sunday afternoon Rev. Frank Baird, of Sussex, was here to conduct the communion service. After his sermon he administered the rite of baptism to three candidates and then received them into full membership. Members of all the Protestant churches partook of the communion. Elders Spear, of Sussex, and Jamieson, of Clover Hill, assisted the pastor.

Mrs. McKenna returned home on Saturday after spending a few weeks here with her daughter, Mrs. John P. Hemsworth.

Heber Richardson and Miss Ethel Sherwood were married last Wednesday by Rev. C. P. Hanington, at the rectory, Central Norton.

Miss Higgins, of St. John, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. James W. Gallagher.

Vernon Allaby spent last Tuesday at his home in Central Norton.

Mr. and Mrs. John Jamieson, of Clover Hill, spent Sunday here, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. Harmer.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Millen, of Waltham (Mass.), are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. B. Huggard, this week.

Mrs. David McFarlane, of Minto, returned home last Thursday after visiting her mother, Mrs. Brand, for several days.

Last Thursday the commissioners of the Alms house met here. There were present Messrs. Moore, Branscombe, Gaunce, Coggin, McIntyre and Perkins.

Rev. Mr. Williams, of St. John, occupied the Baptist pulpit here on Sunday evening last.

FREDERICTON

Fredericton, Oct. 6.—At a meeting of the local government this afternoon a delegation from the city council, composed of Mayor Chestnut, Ald. Winslow and Weddall and city engineer Grimmer, were heard in regard to having granolithic sidewalk laid on two sides of the Normal school property. It was pointed out that the property was exempt from taxation and it was no more than right that the government should provide suitable sidewalks. The premier promised careful attention.

The meeting adjourned until tomorrow to allow Premier Hazen and the solicitor-general to go into the country and address political meetings in the Tory interests.

In the equity court this afternoon Chief Justice Barker granted an order for reference in the case of Morrison et al vs. the Bishop of Fredericton et al in regard to the estate of the late Mrs. Fraser and Miss Frances Fisher.

Judgment was delivered in the case of Pick vs. Edwards. The court allowed five exceptions and granted the defendant thirty days to put in an answer.

Fitzsimmons et al vs. Alexander et al—Mr. McMonagle moved to confirm the referee's report; ordered accordingly. Mr. McMonagle also moved that the balance in court be paid to the town of Milltown on account of taxes. The court took this into consideration.

Nixon vs. Currey et al—Mr. Barry, K.C., moved that the bill be taken pro confesso against certain defendants. The case stands for the present.

J. Walter Allison et al trustee, vs. Marie Richard et al—Mr. Phinney, K.C., moved to take the bill pro confesso against the defendants for want of an appearance. Leave was granted to take the bill pro confesso at the hearing against all except the infant defendants.

A. O. Leonard vs. Dunbar and Sons—Mr. Young moved for injunction to restrain the defendants from injuring certain patents; case withdrawn.

The case of Mrs. Mary Bonnes vs. Henry Maxwell, an action on a promissory note, was settled in the county court; R. B. Hanson for the plaintiff, J. H. Barry, K.C., for the defendant. Judge Wilson is presiding.

Petitions were presented for naturalization papers for Leonard W. Johnson, formerly of Fort Failfield, but for twenty-five years a resident of Fredericton, and also for Bernard McAdam Rogerson, of McAdam Junction, formerly of Lewiston.

William Hagerman, of Keswick, shot one of the largest moose of the season on Lepreaux waters yesterday morning. The antlers were very massive and have a spread of fifty-six inches and twenty-nine prongs.

Police Sergeant Phillips was around for a time this morning in plain clothes and when asked for an explanation said that he had thrown up his job. The police commission fixed his hours of duty at from twelve o'clock until midnight and he refused to agree to the arrangement. Finally a compromise was effected by which he will be allowed to go off duty at ten o'clock and he went back to work.

The McAdam assault case in which George Steen was the complainant and a C. P. R. striker named Sherman the defendant was settled in the police court. The defendant paid the costs of the suit and promised to keep the peace. The assault was committed on Saturday last at McAdam and came near precipitating a riot.

It is understood that Willard Kitchen has purchased $51,000 of St. John River Log Driving Company series A six per cent. bonds. The price is slightly in advance of par.

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