POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2033

THE SQUIRE'S MADNESS.

Linton was in his study, remote from the interference of domestic sounds. He was writing verses. He was not a poet in the strict sense of the word, because he had eight hundred a year and a manor house in Sussex.

But he was devoted, at any rate, and no happiness was for him equal to the happiness of an imprisonment in this lonely study.

His place had been a semi-fortified house in the good days when every gentleman was either abroad with a bared sword hunting his neighbors, or behind oak and iron doors and three-foot walls while his neighbors hunted him.

But in the life of Linton it may be said that the only part of the house which remained true to the idea of fortification was the study, which was free only to Linton's wife and certain terriers.

The necessary appearance from time to time of a servant always grated upon Linton as much as if, from time to time somebody had, in the most well bred way flung a brick through the little panes of his window.

This window looked forth upon a wide valley of hop fields and sheep pastures, dipping and rising this way and that way, but always a valley, until it reached a high, faraway ridge, upon which stood a windmill, usually making rapid gestures, as if it were an excited sentry warning the old gray house of coming danger.

A little to the right, on a knoll, red chimneys and parts of red tiled roofs appeared among trees, and the venerable square tower of the village church arose above them.

For ten years Linton had left vacant Oldrestham Hall, and when at last it became known that he and his wife were to return from an incomprehensible wandering, the village, which for four centuries had turned a feudal eye toward the hall, was wrung with a prospect of change, a proper change.

The great family pew in Oldrestham church would be occupied each Sunday morning by a fat, happy-faced, utterly squire-looking man, who would be dutifully at his post when the parish was stirred by a subscription list.

Then, for the first time in many years, the hunters would ride in the early morning merrily out through the park, and there would be also shooting parties, and, in the summer, groups of charming ladies would be seen walking the terrace, laughing on the lawns and in the rose gardens. The village expected to have the perfectly legal and fascinating privilege of discussing the performances of its own gentry.

The first intimation of calamity was in the news that Linton had rented all the shooting.

This prepared the people for the blow, and it fell when they sighted the master of Oldrestham Hall.

The older villagers knew then that there had been nothing in the youthful Linton to promise a fat, happy-faced, dignified, hunting, shooting over-lord, but still they could not but resent the appearance of the new squire.

There was no conceivable reason for his looking like a gaunt ascetic who would surprise nobody if he borrowed a sixpence from the first yokel he met in the lane.

Linton was in truth three inches more than six feet in height, but he had bowed himself to five feet eleven inches. His hair shocked out in front like hay, and under it were two spectacled eyes which never seemed to regard anything with particular attention.

His face was pale and full of hollows and the mouth apparently had no expression save a chronic pout of the underlip.

His hands were large and rawboned, but uncannily white.

His whole bent body was as thin as that of a man from a long sick bed, and all was finished by two feet which for size could not be matched in the county.

He was awkward, but apparently it was not so much a physical characteristic as it was a mental inability to consider where he was going or what he was doing. For instance, when passing through a gate, it was not uncommon for him to knock his side viciously against one of the posts.

This was because he dreamed almost always, and if there had been forty gates in a row he would not have noted them more than he did the one.

As far as the villagers and farmers were concerned, he never came out of this manner, save in wide-apart cases when he had forced upon him either some great exhibition of stupidity or some faint indication of double dealing, and then this smouldering man flared out, encrimsoning his immediate surroundings with a brief fire of ancestral anger.

But the lapse back to indifference was more surprising. It was far quicker than the flare in the beginning. His feeling was suddenly as ashes at the moment when one was certain it would lick the sky.

Some of the villagers asserted that he was mad. They argued it long, in the manner of their kind, repeating, repeating and repeating; and when an opinion confusingly rational appeared they merely shook their heads in pig-like obstinacy.

Anyhow, it was historically clear that no such squire had before been in the line of Linton of Oldrestham Hall, and the present incumbent was a shock.

The servants at the hall—notably those who lived in the countryside—came in for a lot of questioning, and none were found too backward in explaining many things which they themselves did not understand.

The household was most irregular. They all confessed that it was really so uncustomary that they did not know but what they would have to give notice. The master was probably the most extraordinary man in the whole world.

The butler said that Linton would drink beer with his meals day in and day out, like any carrier resting at a pot house. It didn't matter even if the meal were dinner. Then suddenly he would change his tastes to the most valuable wines, and in ten days would make the wine cellar look as if it had been wrecked at sea.

What was to be done with a gentleman of that kind? The butler said, for his part, he wanted a master with habits, and he protested that Linton did not have a habit to his name. At least, none that could properly be called a habit.

Barring the cook, the entire establishment agreed categorically with the butler. The cook didn't agree because she was a very good cook, indeed, which she thought entitled her to be extremely aloof from the other servants' hall opinions.

As for the "squire's lady," they described her as being not much different from the master. At least she gave support to his most unusual manner of life, and evidently believed that whatever he chose to do was quite correct.

. . . . . .

Linton had written:

The garlands of her hair are snakes,
Black and bitter are her hating eyes;
A cry the windy death-hall makes,
Oh, love, deliver us.
The flung cup rolls to her sandal's tip,
His arm——

Whereupon his thought fumed over the next two lines, coursing like greyhounds, after a fugitive vision of a writhing lover, with the foam of poison on his lips, dying at the feet of the woman.

Linton arose, lit a cigarette, placed it on the window ledge, took another cigarette, looked blindly for the matches, thrust a spiral of paper into the flame of the log fire, lit the second cigarette, placed it toppling on a book, and began a search among his books for one that would draw well.

He gazed at his pictures, at the books on the shelves, out at the green spread of countryside, all without taking mental note. At the window ledge he came upon the first cigarette, and in a matter of fact way he returned it to his lips, having forgotten that he had forgotten it.

There was a sound of steps on the stone floor of the quaint little passage that led down to his study, and turning from the window he saw that his wife had entered the room and was looking at him strangely.

"Jack," she said in a low voice, "what is the matter?"

His eyes were burning out from under his shock of hair with a fierceness that belied his feeling of simple surprise.

"Nothing is the matter," he answered. "Why do you ask?"

She seemed immensely concerned, but she was visibly endeavoring to hide her concern as well as to abate it.

"I thought you acted queerly."

He answered: "Why, no, I'm not acting quaerly. On the contrary," he added smilingly, "I'm in one of my most rational moods."

Her look of alarm did not subside. She continued to regard him with the same stare. She was silent for a time, and did not move.

His own thoughts had quite returned to a contemplation of a poisoned lover and he did not note the manner of his wife. Suddenly she came to him, and laying a hand on his arm, said, "Jack, you are ill."

"Why, no, dear," he said with a first impatience, "I'm not ill at all. I never felt better in all my life."

And his mind beleagured by this pointless talk, strove to break through to its old contemplation of the poisoned lover. "Hear what I have written." Then he read:

The garlands of her hair are snakes,
Black and bitter are her hating eyes;
A cry the windy death-hall makes,
O, love, deliver us.
The flung cup rolls to her sandal's tip,
His arm ——

Linton said: "I can't seem to get the lines to describe the man who is dying of the poison on the floor before her. Really, I'm having a time with it. What a bore! Sometimes I can write like mad and other times I don't seem to have an intelligent idea in my head."

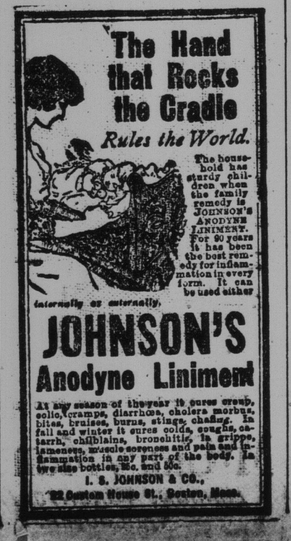
He felt his wife's hand tighten on his arm and he looked into her face. It was so alight with horror that it brought him sharply out of his dreams.

"Jack," she repeated tremulously, "you are ill."

He opened his eyes in wonder. "Ill! Ill? No; not in the least."

"Yes, you are ill. I can see it in your eyes. You—act so strangely."

[Conclusion in our next.]



Something for MOTHERS.

EVERY CHILD born into the world with an inherited or early developed tendency to distressing, disfiguring humours of the skin, scalp, and blood, becomes an object of the most tender solicitude, not only because of its suffering but because of the dreadful fear that the disfiguration is to be lifelong and mar its future happiness and prosperity. Hence it becomes the duty of mothers of such afflicted children to acquaint themselves with the best, the purest, and most effective treatment available.

Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP to cleanse the skin and scalp of crusts and scales, gentle applications of CUTICURA Ointment to allay itching, irritation, and inflammation, and soothe and heal, followed in the severe cases by mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, afford instant and grateful relief, speedy cure, and leave nothing to be desired by anxious parents.

Sold by all Colonial Chemists. POTTER DRUG & CHEM. CORP., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

SHIP AGROUND, WITH OIL CARGO, AFIRE.

Sailed from New York, and Was Early in Trouble--Towed Back.

New York, July 18.—The full rigged ship Commodore T. H. Allen, outward bound with 8,000 cases of oil for Yokohama, was discovered to be aground and afire just outside of Sandy Hook this afternoon. Word was telegraphed to this city and a number of tugs and fireboats went to her assistance. She was later pulled off, towed inside the hook and anchored near the shore. The tugs poured tons of water into her but the fire kept eating its way through the hold. The crew of the Allen was taken off during the evening and brought to this city. They saved all their effects.

At 11.30 o'clock tonight the Allen was still burning. The vessel's galley and other deck houses had been destroyed but the spars and rigging had not caught fire. The vessel was almost submerged.

The New York agents of the Allen are J. W. Elwell & Co., owned by the T. H. Southard & Son, and Captain Merriman. She is a wooden vessel and was built at Richmond, Me., in 1884. She registers 2,216 tons net; is 245.3 feet in length; 41.7 feet in breadth and 28.3 feet in depth. The cargo of oil is worth $76,000 and was put aboard the ship at Devoes Yards, Long Island City.

Died Under Suspicious Circumstances.

South Berwick, Me., July 18—The coroner's jury, summoned by Coroner Ham, to hear evidence in the case of Michael Cragin, who was found dead at the house of J. Edwin Bennett, under suspicious circumstances last Tuesday night, met here today and examined nine witnesses, then adjourned till tomorrow morning. The witnesses who appeared before the jury today included Drs. Gerrish and Emerson, who attended Cragin and performed the autopsy upon his body, and who testified that his death was due to violence; John Cunningham, a nephew of Mrs. Bennett, who lived at the Bennett house and cared for Cragin before his death; Joseph Wood, Mrs. A. L. Goodwin, Harry Jenkins, Charles Benway, James Tansey and Frank Lowell.

Chas. Benway makes the statement that last Sunday morning he was going to the Benntett farm at 10.30 a. m. with James Tansey, when he saw John Bennett, who had recently returned from service in the Philippines, and crossed over to speak to him. He heard John scolding Isaac Bennett for licking Cragin and he asked John what the trouble was. John replied that when he came into the barn to hitch up the horse he found Isaac licking h—— out of Joker Cragin, and he said that it was a good thing he came in or Isaac would probably have killed the old man. James Tansey corroborated Benway's testimony in every particular.

Harvey Station News.

Harvey Station, York county, July 18—The heat of the past few days has been excessive; on Wednesday the temperature rose to 98 in the shade, the highest this season. Severe thunder storms accompanied by strong winds passed over on Monday and Tuesday evenings, but little or no damage was done.

The farmers are now busy haying, and on some farms the work is well advanced. The crop is good, and earlier than usual.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Grive are mourning the loss of their baby boy, who died on Monday evening after a short illness.

Charles Nelson, of St. John, who has been here for the past month, has returned home much improved in health. Mr. Nelson made many friends.

Geo. Gibson, of the post office at Newton, Mass., accompanied by his wife and family, arrived on Tuesday evening and are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Robinson. They will remain here a few days and will afterwards visit Mrs. Gibson's parents at Caverhill.

Rev. Franklin W. Barker, of Brooks, Maine, who has been spending his vacation here, returned home today. He was accompanied by Mrs. Barker and their two children.

Grief Drove Him Insane.

Providence, July 18.—Overwhelmed with grief at the death of his father, Howard Smith, aged 26, became a hopeless lunatic, and yesterday he was sent to the state asylum.

Some weeks ago his father died and the young man's mind became unbalanced. All efforts to cheer him were of no avail, and he was continually asking for his dead parent.

A few days ago the young man went to Centerdale, where his father is buried. He selected a grave he believed to be his father's and began to dig. He had reached the box when discovered, and pleaded that he wanted again to see his father.

Since that time little could be done that would please him. His one wish was again to see the face of the beloved dead, and his relatives, fearing violence, asked Chief of Police Kimball to take him in charge.

Dr. Shaw and another physician pronounced him insane, and Judge Palmer committed him to the asylum, where he was taken this afternoon.

The following notice was posted at the door of a cheap bootshop in a Midland town:

"Don't go somewhere else to be robbed. Walk in here."—[Tit-Bits.

FROM BAY CHALEUR'S TOWN.

Bishop Barry's Visit to Dalhousie --- Man Sentenced for Maiming Cattle.

Dalhousie, N. B., July 17—His Lordship Bishop Barry was here on Sunday, accompanied by several priests. He administered the sacrament of confirmation to 131 children. In his remarks to the congregation on Sunday he spoke of the great kindness that had been extended to him when he was pastor of Dalhousie, not only from his own congregation, but from Protestants as well.

The County Court was in session yesterday, Judge McKinnon presiding. The barristers present were: Hon. J. C. Barberie, John McAlister, ex-M. P.; W. A. Mott, M. P. P.; H. L. McLatchy, James S. Harquail and John Montgomery. The only case was the crown against Joseph Parrants, of Balmoral, for maiming cattle. He was sentenced to two months in jail.

Miss Susie Montgomery, of New Richmond, P. Q., is visiting Mrs. Wm. Montgomery.

Miss Eva Cullen, of Quebec, is visiting Mrs. Thomas Murphy.

Mrs. Oregon and daughter have returned home from Nova Scotia.

Mr. and Mrs. Q. B. Benthner, of Quebec, are spending a few weeks at Murphy's hotel.

ILLEGAL SALMON CATCHING.

Sportsmen at Union Pool Are Complaining of Laxity of American Officials.

St. Stephen, July 17—The Union salmon pool this season has been the scene of rare sport for a number of American and Canadian prominent men, as well as some ladies, among the latter, Fly Rod, (Miss Crosby), the well-known sporting writer, but owing to the lack of protection for salmon on the American side of the river the number caught will fall short of past seasons. Drifting has been going on above Calais nearly every night, contrary, of course, to law, the lax enforcement of which is the subject of much unfavorable comment in Calais, among sporting men, who think the commissioner should have good officers to protect the salmon from poachers; and they point justly to the fact that the Canadian wardens, Messrs. Glass and Mannix, are so vigilent and efficient that no illegal fishing is permitted on the Canadian side.

It is expected that St. Stephen will, in the near future, have a new weekly paper. The leaders of the Liberal party think that in the past the party has been handicapped, especially during election campaigns, and they have determined to start a paper in the interests of their party at this end of the county.

AT CAPE ENRAGE.

Schooner Captain's Bicycle, $27 and Member of Crew Missing--Wrecking Crew at Work.

Cape Enrage, Albert Co., July 18—A heavy thunder storm passed over this locality last evening. No damage was done here. The storm lasted from 8 p. m., to 3 a. m.

Mrs. W. R. Copp, who has been for some time living at Portland, Me., has returned, with her four children, to Waterside, where she will in future reside. Her husband will join her here when the season's work closes.

The wreckers are at work on the abandoned schooner Susan and Annie which caught on the ledges near Cape Enrage on July 10.

Misses Carrie and Jennie Anderson, of Waterside, are visiting relatives at Harborville, N. S., and expect to be absent for about two weeks.

The schooner Ernest Fisher, Capt. Fred Gough, is at the breakwater at Waterside, loaded with coal for the Cape Enrage Light Station. Capt. Gough's bicycle is missing and $27 of the captain's money. So is John Comey, of P. E. Island, one of the crew. There is quite a little speculation as to where any of the missing articles will be found.

WHAT MAKES YOU COUGH?

Did you ever wonder just what it is that makes you cough? In a general way it is understood to be an involuntary effort of nature to eject something from the breath-pipe. As a matter of fact, merely a slight throat inflammation caused by a cold will cause a cough to start, and the more you cough, the more you want to cough. If you allay the inflammation in the throat your cough will stop.

Don't lull the sensitiveness of the throat with medicine containing a narcotic, but give it soothing and healing treatment. This is difficult, because the inflamed parts are in the way of the passage of food and drink. The true cough remedy is something that will protect the throat from the ill effect of catarrhal discharges and also from the irritation of swallowing food. Such a remedy is Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam, which for many years has been conquering the most obstinate coughs. It is a soothing compound prepared from barks and gums. Its beneficent effect is quickly felt and the work of healing promptly begun. If you once take Adamson's Balsam for cough, you will never be satisfied without some of it at hand for any new cough. A trial size of the Balsam can be secured at any druggist for 10 cents. The regular size is 25 cents. In asking for the Balsam, be sure you get the genuine, which has "F. W. Kinsman & Co." blown in the bottle.

St. Andrews Man Badly Burned.

On Thursday morning last, Mr. Thos Armstrong accompanied Mr. Harold Stickney to the basement of his store to endeavor to locate a leak in his acetylene gas plant. The gas generator had been separated and the parts were lying on the floor. Mr. Armstrong approached one of the receptacles with a lighted lamp and was about to examine it when an explosion of considerable force occurred.

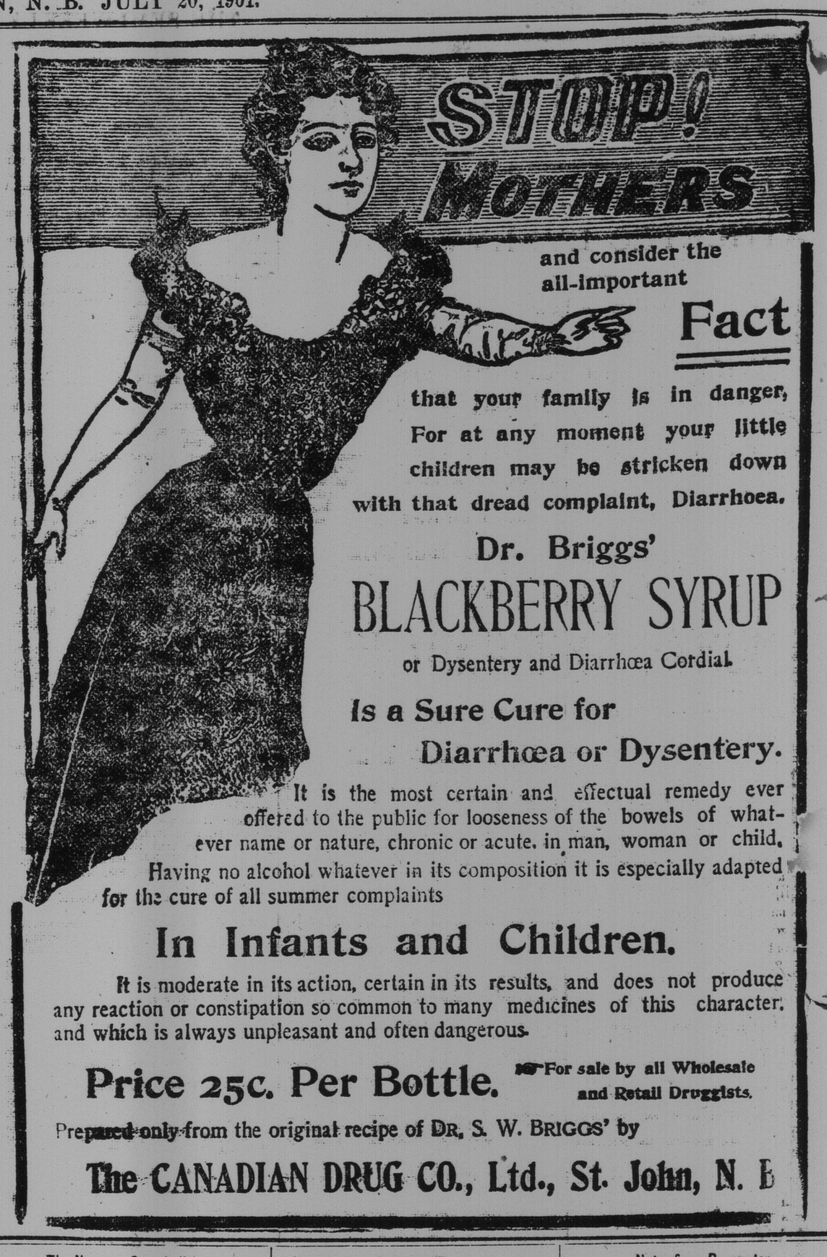
Mr. Armstrong was knocked down and the basement was filled with the fumes of the explosion. It was quite evident that he was badly injured.

On being taken to the light, it was found that both arms and hands were badly burned and his face scorched. His beard and eyelashes were singed, and only the presence of his glasses prevented his sight from being destroyed. He had also experienced a severe nervous shock.

Dr. Wade dressed his injuries and he was removed to his home. He is now recovering rapidly and in a few days will be able to be out again.—St. Andrews Beacon.

Britain's Finance Bill.

London, July 18—In the House of Commons yesterday, the finance bill passed its third reading by a vote of 291 to 121.



The News at Campbellton.

Campbellton, N. B., July 18.—Mat Stewart, a Dalhousie boy, now of California, arrived here today after an absence of 30 years, and will spend a month with his brothers in Dalhousie.

John Love, also a Restigouche boy, is here on a visit from California, having been absent 35 years. Both Mr. Stewart and Mr. Love expressed their surprise at the progress of the town.

C. W. Murray, formerly of this place, but now of Vancouver, is expected here next week on a visit to brothers, William and James Murray.

Messrs. Russell and Pottinger, of the I. C. R., reached here Saturday, accompanied by Manager-in-chief Schnieler, on their tour of inspection. W. Murray and Robert Currie, a commissioner from the town council, met them, regarding the train service between here and Moncton. Mr. Murray, speaking at a meeting of the council Monday evening, spoke very highly of Mr. Russell's manner of dealing with public matters and his willingness to meet any reasonable demands.

Steamer Pine Branch arrived here July 13th, from West Hartlepool, for Kilgour Shives. Steamer Whitefield arrived from Cardiff July 13th, for Mr. Richards.

Miss Essie Merserau, daughter of School Inspector Merserau, is the guest of Miss Lucy Alexander.

Frank Blair, returned from a trip to Sydney today.

The Philippines.

Manila, July 18—The United States civil commission announced today that the three months' trial of a provincial form of government in the islands of Cebu and Bohol and the province of Batangas, Luzon, control of which districts, owing to their incomplete pacification, was recently returned to the military authorities, has proven these communities to be backward and undeserving of civil administration.

The provincial and civil officials of these designated districts will continue their functions, but are now under the authority of General Chaffee instead of that of Civil Governor Taft as heretofore. General Chaffee has the power arbitrarily to remove from office any or all provincial or civil officials, and to abrogate any sections of the laws promulgated in these three provinces.

The residents of the island of Cebu have protested but without success against the return of that island to military control. Several towns on Cebu are still besieged by the insurgents.

Norton Notes.

Norton, July 18.—Father Byrne's picnic, held here on Tuesday, was very successful, over $200 being realized.

S. L. T. McKnight, of the railway department, Ottawa, is spending his vacation with friends here.

Hedley Huggard, of Boston, is spending his vacation with friends here.

Geo. H. Beck, who has been in Sydney for the last two years, arrived here today.

Canadian Woman a Town Treasurer.

Thorold, Ont., July 18.—(Special)—The town council has appointed Miss Mina Dougan town treasurer in place of her brother who recently resigned the position. Miss Dougan's appointment is probably the first case in Canada of a lady municipal treasurer.

In most Northern States the rush is from country to town. In the Southern States the country population has increased 65 per cent.; cities 35 per cent., in ten years.

RUSSIA AND THE UNITED STATES.

Tariff Dispute Has Passed the Acute Stage, 'Tis Thought.

London, July 18—The Odessa correspondent of the Standard says that the opinion is very general in official circles in St. Petersburg, that the acute stage of the tariff dispute with the United States is now safely weathered, and that commercial relations between the two countries will shortly resume their normal condition. Although M. Dewitt, minister of finance, has been throughout convinced of the absolute jurisdiction of his attitude, he is sufficiently wise and tactful to discern the expediency of not pushing its contentions beyond a certain limit. He has now come to a frank understanding by such means as not to leave a slightest asperoreness in Washington. This is obvious in the tone of the Russian reply to Secretary Hay's note.

Farm Laborers for the West.

The Canadian Pacific railway announces that 20,000 farm laborers will be required to harvest the enormous wheat crop of Manitoba and Assinaboia this season; and in order that as many as possible in the maritime provinces may take advantage of this great demand for labor, it has been decided to run a low rate farm laborers' excursion on August 10th, to all points in Manitoba and Assinaboia, west, southwest and northwest of Winnipeg, as far as, and including, Moose Jaw, Estovan and Yorkton. Particulars will be announced later in Canadian Pacific advertisement in this paper.

J. P. Morgan in Salmon Deal.

Portland, Or. July 17—It is arranged that R. Onffroy and the men associated with him in the Pacific coast salmon combine will leave New York for Portland July 30, and will immediately close up the deal with the Puget Sound and Alaska plants, which have voted to go into the trust.

It is learned upon excellent authority that the main men in the combine are Charles R. Flint, Richard Deafield, J. P. Morgan and Seligman Bros., of New York.

Onffroy's plan is now understood to be to divide the fishing regions into districts, each to have a manager or managing directors.

Somerville Notes.

Wm. McConomy's barn at Chapel Grove was struck and considerably damaged by lightning Monday night.

Herbert McKinnon's house was struck, the lightning going down the chimney and destroying everything in its track.

The farmers have all commenced haying, and report an excellent crop. Berries still continue to come in, but in smaller quantities.

Patrick McLean has painted his house white, and it adds greatly to the appearance of the building from the river.

They Don't Care for Apples.

Some women can't understand how Eve couldhav sinned for anything less than a diamond.—[Chicago Record-Herald.

Bibkins (who is giving a party)—What do you get an evening for waiting at entertainments?

Waiter—Five shillings, sir; but if there is to be singing I must ask six, sir.—London Tit-Bits.

Notes from Bayswater.

Bayswater hotel, Mrs. McCrea proprietress, has been thoroughly renovated and a new veranda added and every detail concerning the comfort of her guests has received careful attention.

The chances for boating here are unsurpassed in the province, and for her guests Mrs. McCrea furnishes boats free of charge. Among the visitors at the hotel at present are: Mr. Louis Green, photographer; Mrs. Fred. Hawkhurst and family; Mr. Taylor, Mr. Temple and Miss Helen Rodgerson, operator in the Western Union telegraph office. Sunday was a record breaker at the hotel, the number of guests surpassing all former occasions.

Oak Grove house also reports an exceptionally large list of guests, especially Sunday, and during the present week. Among the visitors there at present are Miss Harrington and niece, of Boston.

Mr. Fred. Sandall, city chamberlain, is still a guest at the Grove. One evening last week Mr. Sandall started from Oak Grove to give his family a drive. They drove up the west side, with the intention of returning on the east side of the Milkish Creek, about five miles. At the bridge across the Scottish Brook, an obstruction had been placed, showing that it was unsafe. The bridge is situated at the foot of a steep hill, and had the horse not been a gentle one, and ably managed, a bad accident would have resulted. It was with great difficulty the horse was turned.

Miss Alice Morris, of Fredericton, and Mr. Arthur Morris, of New York, have been called home owing to the serious illness of their father, Mr. Michael Morris.

Miss Sarah Morris, of Boston, is visiting friends here.

On Monday evening the Maggie Miller arrived at her landing here and the passengers put ashore and the boat tied to the wharf when the electrical storm broke out in all its fury. A few of the teams sought shelter in the nearby barns, but a great number of them were forced to take the full effects of the storm.

Two of the latest Dunbar shingle machines went over on the Maggie Miller yesterday for John Barlow's mill. Chas. McLaughlin will place the machines in position, and will be foreman of the mill as soon as operations are commenced. It is the intention at present to saw for Hilyard Bros., and it is expected the mill will start in a few days.

Mr. A. S. Worden, of Boston, is spending his holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Worden.

Millidgeville Items.

The storm here Monday night was terrific. The combat between the wind and waves was a spectacle sublime, yet there was no harm done excepting the yacht Ethel M., with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McAvity and Harry McAvity aboard, was driven on the sand bar. No damage was done the yacht.

E. J. Hilyard, of Port Mulgrave, N. S., is spending his holidays here, the guest of Miss Tobin.

The only yachts anchored here at present are: Kathleen, Pert, Ethel M., Venice and Ethel.

The work on the new club house is being pushed rapidly along. The roof is now almost shingled and the stairs are up. The new pontoon bridge from the club house to the wharf is completed and the wharf is planked over and finished.

Russians After Chinese Mines.

London, July 18—A despatch to the Globe from Shanghai says the Russians, through the Belgians, are endeavoring to buy the Kai Ping collieries in Northern Chi Li province, the strategic value of which is incalculable.