DEAD.

Shortly After clock.

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ty-one Years.

War Tar rs Ago. Dec. 28.— \$

Justin Smith M the senate for more and he was eighty-he 14th of April last. the Morrill tarff act basis of all the tariff. In 1864 he became inttee on ways and mmittee of the house of especial importation of the scheme of the congressional department of the congressional department of the congressional department of the continually near his lan for the crection of the United States and been pressing a rs, and had on three ided upon the senate is purpose. His last the was on the 19th a speech of half an eacy of the supreme at the same time, at the same time, at the same time. Hawaiian islands to derstood to be averse stood to be ave

or, he spoke grace-was always listened eat age and high be universally es-embers of the senate.

ISTMAS.

, Dec. 27.—A special dexandria Bay says: children of Charles on the ice off the land, in the St. Lawd they all fell in and a child, who was on med the others, ran ad her mother. Mrs. e scene, and in her he children, broke to too wes drowned s on the shore atwildiam Watson and y dove to the bottom. Kiname up with one of ck. While endeavorice, the boy slipped to the bottom. Kinas of a plank which at hand. The family dagerman, his wife terman was in Canoccurred, and arrived also children was in Canoccurred, and arrived also children was in Canoccurred, and arrived also children was in Canoccurred, and arrived the children was in Canoccurred, and arrived the children was in control of the children was in canoccurred, the went was control of the children was in canoccurred, the went was control of the children was in canoccurred, the children was in canoccurred.

ONG SLEEP. Mrs. Rupp and Her New York.

to his home in the ue B, loaded down.

After supper he his wife worked ne and talked over py, Christmas for the contents of the "said Rupp with ed his eyes. His urb him, so she hine till midnight. he woman ran for Her husband had ald not awaken him. the man, and said

BON, M. D. HTED TO

and Throat. ET, ST. JOHN.

Daily. od Fri., 7.30 to 9.30. BROWNE'S DYNE NDON NEWS, of , says:
a single medicine I
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aliments forms its

's Chlorodyne CIPIO FOR RY, CHOLERA. ne Chlorodyne. vell-known rem-LDS, ASTHMA

BROWNE 1s. 1%d., 2s. 9d NPORT

London, W. C. R. M. READ, PECIALIST.

Boston, Mass. REE

We give this fine watch, chain and harm, for selling two loz. LEVER COLLAR durtons, at ten cts. ach. Send your ad-ress and we forward be Buttons, postpaid, d our Premium

Adelaide St. E.

"PAPA AND ROSIE AND ME." We didn't have much of a Christmas,
My pape and Rosie and me;
For manma's gone out to the prison
To trim up the poor pris'ners' tree;
And Ethel, my big, grown-up sister,
Was down at the 'sylum all day,'
To help at the great turkey dinner
And teach games for the orphans to play.
She belongs to a club of young ladies,
Whith a "beautiful objick," they say;
"Tis to go among poor, lonesome children
And make all their sad hearts more gay.

And anatie—you don't know my auntie?
She's my own pape's half-sister Kate—She was 'bliged to be round at the chapet 'Till 'twas—O sometimes deadfully late; For she pities the poor, worn-out curate—His burdens, she says, are so great;
So she 'ranges the flowers and the music, And he goes home round by our gate. I should think this way must be the longest But, then, I suppose, he knows best. Aunt Kate says he intones most splendid, And his name is Vane Algernon West.

My papa had bought a big turkey,
And had it sent home Christmas eve;
Eut there wasn't a soul here to cook it—
You see Bridget had threatened to leave
If she couldn't go off with her cousin
(He doesn't look like her one bit)).
She says she belongs to a "union."
And the union won't let her "submit."
So we ate bread and milk for our dinner,
And some raisins and candy; and then
Rose and me went down stars to the partry
To look at the turkey again.

Papa said he would take us out rading,
Then he thought that he didn't quibe dare
For Rosie'd got cold and kept coughing;
There was dampness and chills in the air.
Oh, the day was so long and so lonesome
And our papa was lonesome as we;
And the parlor was dreary—no sunshine—
And all the sweet roses—the tea
And the red ones—and ferns and carnation
That have hade our bay window so bright
Mamma'd picked for the men at the prison
To make their bad hearts pure an white.

And we all sat up close to the window,
Rose and me on our papa's two knees;
And we counted the dear little birdies
That were hopping about in the trees.
Rosie wanted to be a brown sparrow,
But I thought I would rather by far
Be a robin that flies away wirters
Where the sunshine and gas blossoms are,
And papa wished he was a jail bird,
'Cause he thought that they fared the
best;
But we all were real glad we weren't turkeys,

keys, For then we'd be killed with the rest.

That night I put into my prayers—
"Dear God, we've been lonesome today;
For mamma, aunt, Ethel and Bridget,
Every one of them all went away.
Won't you please make a club or society
'Fore M's time for next Christmas to be,
To take care philanterpists' fam'lies,
Like paps and Rosie and me?"
And I think that my papa's grown plous,
For he listened as still as a mouse
Till I got to amen, then he said it
So it sounded all over, the house.

—Julia Walcott in the Congregationalist.

Life. Death and a Rose.

"We regret that our reader's report does not justify us in undertaking the publication of this MS. It is, in fact, hardly up to our standard." | Morgan quoted aloud from memory as he tore into minute fragments the letter which had accompanied the return of his bulky MS. Presently he turned to a shorter story returned that evening from one of the magazines, and read again the careless criticism pencilled across the neatly printed notice which informed him that "The editor regreting MS." He read it aloud with bitter emphasis:—"Good, but not quite up to cur standard." He tore the form across, murmuring to himself, "One thing, they seem to be agreed in It." He buried his face in his hands and 25 note What shall I do with it?

floor. With a savage satisfaction he noticed the cracked framework, the broken paper carriage, the tangled lev-

"That settles it," he said. "If they "That settles it," he said. "If they won't take my work typed, they won't take it written. Probably wouldn't read it. Just as well as it's not up to the standard." He gave the ruins of the typewriter a contemptuous kick, and turned impatiently to answer a knock at the door.

"Is there anything the matter, Mr. Morgan, sir?" asked the person outside, twying the handle of the locked

side, trying the handle of the locked

"No, no. It's all right. Very sorry, I upset something, but it doesn't mat-

"Very well, sir," said the voice outside, with smooth and habitual deference. "You see, sir, No. 9 is below you, and he's rather a peculiar gent."
"Tell him I'm very sorry. I'm not likely to annoy him again." "Thank you, sir."

twenty or thirty, and laid them in a heap beside his novel.

"If they wouldn't have them before, they shan't have them after. I know they would like them well enough. Publish them revised and edited by some critical big-wig, who would talk about Chatterton and say, my story, though deficient in technique or something else, yet showed distinct promise. And he would quote Latin and Greek tags, and regret my rach act, ise. And he would quote Latin and Greek tags, and regret my rash act, which yet imparted a pathetic interest to the book. By Jove, I've a good mind to write it and leave it for them. No, I won't. If they won't when I'm alive, they shan't when I'm dead. Dead. It has a queer sound."

He moved restlessly, his fingers came in contact with the handle of the pistol, and a quick gudden shiver ran

movements had been made slowly, almost solemnly. If was as though they had acquired a new importance in his

ves.
"If they are not worth anything, I'm not. So I have a right to get out of

Just then his eye fell on the type-writen title of his novel:—"Life, Death —And a Rose." "It is good, I tell you. It is good. I know it's good," he shouted aloud in sudden rebellion. "It is better than anything in here." He picked up a

copy of a popular magazine and began to read aloud the opening story with scornful emphasis; picking in it every fault that could be found, criticising it with bitter venom, yet with a brilliancy and acuteness he could never have found in a normal state. Halfway through he flung it aside and turned to his own MSS. "Life, Death —And a Rose,'" he read aloud. Then continued:—"This somewhat flashy and would-be catchy title," and hard-Abruptly he stopped.

"It's very bad, very bad. No wonder they returned it. It's palpable rot," and with a sudden motion he tore the pages right across. "I thought that stuff was good," he continued, and with feverish haste he busily tore at the rest of the papers til they were all destroyed. He made a heap of the fragments, piling them together on the table.

them there for the blockheads of po-lice to look at? Burn them? The chimney is so clocked though, they would think I was setting the place on fire. I might put them in that waste cupboard of Wilson's, though. So they may be used to start fires with, and thus be more useful than their author ever was."

For a long time he sat staring at the heap of torn papers. "I'm an absolute failure," he said presently. "And this isn't a nice world for failures.' On the top of the heap there caught his eye a scrap of paper rather larger than most, with typed across it in capital letters the title of his novel:—"Life, Death—And a Rose." His pipe had gone cut some time before. Carefully striking a match, he set fire to this scrap of paper, and with it lighted his pipe "It was Life," he said. "It is Death,

But where does the Rose come in?' He collected the scraps of paper together in his arms, and going downstairs, flung them into a corner of a cupboari used, he knew, principally by Wilson as a receptacle for odds and ends. His pipe had gone out again, and he stood in the cupboard for a moment as he lighted it. He was thinking deeply, and mechanically he held the burning match till the ap-proaching flame bit his finger, when he dropped it and went away, carefully closing the door behind him.

Upstairs he sat, toying with the revolver, moodily thinking, in his mind going over and over again trifling vents in his past life.

Downstairs the little flame grew in the darkness, grew in the deserted closet; spreading slowly along the wooden floor.

spoke his thoughts, giving them audible utterance, as though in unconscious protest against the approaching silence. "By the way, there's that the hot tears peeped through his fingers and then dropped slowly on the open Ms., dimming the fair neatness of the type-written page.

With a sudden impulse of uncontrollable anger he pushed violently at the typewriter which stoot on the table by him, so that it fell heavily to the floor. With a savage satisfaction he Highest Good." He took the bank note from his pocket, lit it, and held it to his pipe, watching it burn till at last he had to drop the embers on the floor, but he stamped them out with

extreme care,
Down below there was a growing commotion, a duft clarrour.

He picked up the little weapon and pressed the muzzle hard against his forehead. Bown below the clamour was increasing, growing in volume, pierced with sharp cries.

"I wonder," he said dreamily. "I wonder if there is anything. Can there he anything in the old tales? If

wonder if there is anything. Can there be anything in the old tales? If my mother had lived should I have been brought up a Christian instead of learning all poor faither's Atheism? Suppose the vicar was right, and father wrong! Well, I shall soon know, I suppose." His grip tightened on the weapon, but still it did not explode. His finger began to crook, and then on his self-absorbed senses broke the tusy clamour from beneath.

"What the dickens is the matter?"

"Thank you, sir."

"Yes, sir."

"I shall probably have to make a little noise later on, but not much. It won't hurt you?"

"No, sir. Very well, sir. It won't be much, sir."

"No, no. That'll do."

"Thank you, sir."

"No, no. That'll do."

"Thank you, sir."

"With an impatient sigh Morgan turned to his table again, and took from one of the drawers a small revolver. Carefully he loaded it, making certain that it was in good working order. Then from another drawer he took out a number of MS, some twenty or thirty, and laid them in a heap beside his novel.

"If they wouldn't have them before, they shan't have them well enough. Publish them revised and edited by some critical big-wig, who would talk about Chatterton and say, my story, though deficient in technique or some the story of the word of the program of the sone of the sone were like the sone of the sone were like to the sone were like and with irritation.

"By now the noise beneath had grown in volume, till it was evident, even to him, that something strange must be hard they beneath had grown in volume, till it was evident, even to him, that something strange must be hard in the rome had a queer pungent taste, and it seemed oppressively warm. He felt an absurd static they warm the folking down the fing offer. Then from another drawer he took out a number of MS, some twenty or thirty, and laid them in a heap beside his novel.

"If they wouldn't have them before, they shan't have them well enough. Publish them revised and edited by some critical big-wig, who would talk about Chatterton and say, my story, though deficient in technique or some the stood still, watch."

"The stat what the dickens is the matter?"

The stat with irritation.

"What the dickens is the matter?"

By now the noise beneath had grown in the room had a queer pungent taste, and it seemed of pungenting. The air in the room had a queer pungent taste, and it seemed of four, but the fact is that there had grown in the same regiment.

The Buttye brothers are believed to lave them the most nume

and very lonely.

For a moment he stood still, watching the curling smoke. "It seems," he said, " as though this thing had been decided for me, but I didn't reckon on being burned alive." Somehow the

volver lay, shining through the smoke, and there flashed through his mind the thought "What on earth was I going to do it for? Is a man to give up first time he falls?" He felt angry scorn for himself even as he ran down the corridor, looking for an avenue of escape. At this, the first touch of real life, of actual happening, the natural love of life had come back to him. The unhealthy, self-absorption, bred by an existence of solitary writing, self-inspired, had dispersed at the first touch of living fact, and he was again a man,

young and healthy.

All this flashed through his mind as he strove furiously to break open a locked door. He even remembered how his stories had changed from his first, the simple tale of a football match ending in a free fight, to his last, the carefully studied analysis of a decadent countess. Now the door gave, and he and the smoke hurried continued:—"This somewhat flashy and would-be catchy title," and hard-ly by his own will he treated his own story to as bitter an examination.

In together. He rushed to the window and flung it open, but it offered no prospect of escape. Down below the people were crowding; he could see the policemen keeping them back, and the engine, brilliant with brass, shining in the uncertain light, and bustly pumping effectual water on the fiery mass. From every window be-neath him the flames licked out, seemneath him the flames licked out, seeming to feed on the very water that should have quenched them. He wiped the cold sweat from his forehead, and screamed down for rescue, for help, at least for notice, that he might no longer feel so terribly alone; but the roaring flames absorbed his voice, and no one haded him. one heeded him.

"God help me," he prayed, for now his atheism fell from him, and he be-lieved. Indeed, how could he think that man was all in the face of those mighty flames, which laughed at puny

At the end of the corridor he came to a narrow door, and on it lettering which danced, unreadable, before his smoke-shot eyes.

With sudden renewed hope he burst t open, and stepped out on to a little iron platform in the open air. From it a rarrow stairway led to safety, winding down the side of the hotel. He drew in great breaths of fresh air, expulling the poisonous smoke from his lungs, and quite heedless now of how the flames behind rored at him, fanned by the draught from the open door. He looked down the stairway, and at the flames which licked all round it, and with a terrible sinking of the heart recognized that no man could make is way down and live.

"If only there was a pole to slide down," he groaned. Just then a distant sound of shouting reached his ear, and he saw that he had been observed by the onlookers. He leaned over the railing and waved his handkerchief to them, and the instant roar of cheering came to him with warmirg encouragement. The friendly com-munion with his fellow men was most grateful to him after the long period of isolation. It renewed his courage, braced his nerves. He took hold of the iron supports and leapt on to the narrow railing, balancing himself in midair. The roof was close above him. With a sudden spring he reached it

"By the way," he said aloud. It was noticeable that now he almost always spoke his thought almost always.

Then his formula is a studen spring he reached it and climbed upwards, half leaping, half scrambling. Then his foothold gave, and for a dreadful moment he clawed desperately on the roof. He felt himself slipping, and gave up his hope of life, the hitterness of death came upon his soul, and he remembered with a shock of surprise how short a time it was since he had placed a pistol to his forehead. And then his right hand, clutching wildly at the smooth slates, caught at the edge of one a little loose. His nail split and the blood came, but he hung desperately on. Then his foot touched a gutter pipe, he pushed against it with all his might, and with horrible fear he felt it bend outwards, but still it

(To be Continued.)

Ohlidren Cry for CASTORIA.

HAD TEN SONS IN THE ARMY. LONDON. Dec. 26.—The gift by Queen Victoria of \$50 and her portrait, which her majesty sent to a Mrs. Kerveth of St. Breward, Cornwall, in appreciation of the services of Mrs. Kerveth's seven sons in the army, has had the effect of bringing to light sev-

eral other cases of large families who have upheld the flag of old England. Whether these cases have been discovered with a view to show that there "were others" does not seem to be clear, but the fact is that there have been not a few families in which a

Shears no bigger than a pin is one of the exhibits of the skill of a Shefileid workman. A dozen of these shears weigh less than half a grain, or about the weight of a postage stamp. They are as perfectly made as shears of ordinary size.

est to the book. By Jove, I've a good mind to write it and leave it for them. No, I won't. If they won't when I'm dead. It has a queer sound."

He moved restlessly, his fingers came in contact with the handle of the pistol, and a quick, sudden shiver ran through him.

"Bah!" he said impatiently. "It's half-past nine now. I'll way down, but even as he did so he heard a tremendous crash, loud above the voice of the fire, and a great tonwait till twelve. It's the eastest way, and there is no one I need think of. No one who will care."

He looked at the heap of papers on the table and began to tear them up slowly and deliberately. Lately all his will be an an and the said in the table and began to tear them up slowly and deliberately. Lately all his being burner! Alive." Somehow the dull smoke, shot with the darting flames, became very unpleasant to him He felt that his mouth was dry, and Incident state in them, the list including the United Stetes, England, France, Germany, And Incident to him he saw that it trembled violently.

"Well," he said in self-defence, "it's way down, but even as he did so he heard a tremendous crash, loud above the voice of the fire, and a great tongue of fame leapt up and drove him back, gasping with fear and smoke.

He looked at the heap of papers on the table and began to tear them up slowly and deliberately. Lately all his

INSTITUTE MEETINGS.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF

The New Brunswick Department of Agriculture

The Farmers' and Dairymen's Association of N. B

Meetings will be held at dates and places indicated below: STAFF NO. I.

Jan. 10.—Campbellton, Restigouche Co., Evening session " 11.—Millerton, Northumberland Co Evening session " 12.-Napan, Northumberland Co.,

Evening session. " 13.-Bass River, Kent Co., Evening session " 14.-Harcourt, Kent Co.. Evening session

" 16.-West Branch, Kent Co., " 17.-Upper Sackville, West, Co., Evening session

18.—Baie Verte, Westmorland Co.

Evening session

19.—Melrose, Westmortand Co.,

Evening session 20.—Bayfield, Westmorland Co., Evening session 23.—Coverdale, Albert Co., " 24.—Salem, Albert Co.,

Evening session 25.-Riverside, Albert Co., Evening sea 26,-Salisbury, Westmorland Co.,

27.—Corn Hill, Kings Co., Evening session ' 28,-Petitcodiac, Westmorland Co., 30.—Carsonville, Kings Co.,

Evening session

Evening session.

31.-Collina, Kings Co., Evening session Feb. 1.—English Settlement, Queens Co Evening sess

2.-Waterford, Kings Co., Evening sea 3.-Jeffries' Corner, Kings Co., 4.-Bloomfield, Kings Co.,

Evening session. 6.-Welsford, Queens Co., Evening session. "7.—Fredericton Junction, Sun. Co Evening session

8.-Harvey, York Co., Evening session. 9.-Moore's Mills, Charlotte Co., Evening sess " 10 .- Canterbury Station, York Co.,

Evening session STAFF NO II.

Jan. 31.—Andover, Victoria Co., Evening ses Feb. 1.-Kincardine, Victoria Co., Afternoon and evening session.

". 2.—Arthurette, Victoria Co.,
Evening session.

4.—Florenceville West, Car. Co., 6.—Glassville, Carleton Co.,

Evening session.
7.—Jacksonville, Carleton Co., Evening session. 8.—Richmond Corner, Car. Co., Evening session.

9.—Millville, York Co., Evening session. 10.—Keswick Ridge, York Co., Fyening session.

11.—Douglas, York Co.,

• Evening session.

" 13.—Upper Gagetown, Queens Co.,
Evening session.

" 14.—Sheffield (Temperance Hall),
" Sunbury Co., Evening session.
" 15.—Lincoln, Sunbury Co.,
" Typening session.

The list of speakers has not yet been completed. It will be advertised later. C. H. LABILLOIS. Com. of Agriculture.

W. W. HUBBARD,

Cor.-Secretary F & D. Assn.

FAILING TO CURE NOT MURDER. Much interest was excited some time ago in the announcement that Miss Kate Lyon of the household of Harold Frederic, the late English correspondent of the New York Times, along with Mrs. Athalis Mills, the Christian Scientist who attended him in his last filness, were to be tried for man-slaushter.

Times, along with Mrs. Athalis Mills, the Christian Scientist who attended him in his last illness, were to be tried for manislaughter.

Both these women have been arraigned in London in due form, both have been discharged from the accusation ramed in the indiciment, and both promptly released. It is possible, but not probable, that there will be a new trial before another judge.

The charge against Miss Lyon was withdrawn by the prescution after instruction from the court that, as she had acted up to her hest judgment in behalf of Mr. Frederics and with the sole motive of doing him good, coupled with his sown desire to be so treated in charge of mansaughter could be sustained. On after more fround Mrs. Mills was also discourged.

Anything less than the loss of so valuable a nember of the community as Mr. Frederic would probably not have excited the opponents of Christian Science to go so far as to charge murder upon these Scientists because they fulled to cure their patient.

Not so very far from Boston a person has died within a year, after baving been practiced upon by 18 regular physicians. After each of the 18 had unterly failled to discover the actual disease, a 18th regular declared that it would be necessary to resort to surgery in order to discover the real trouble. If this passon had died at any time while waiting for the 19 regulars to find out what was the matter with her it would have been regarded as in the natural order of things. Had the patient become impatient of linorance of her case and called in a Christian Scientist, there are persons who would have imprisoned the latter for murder in the second degree had death intervened after the Christian Scientist had been called in. These observations are quite independent of any question of the merits or demerits of Christian Scientist had been called in. These observations are quite independent of any question of the merits or demerits of Christian Scientist had been called in clinia, where no doctor can collect a fee unless he cures his patient.—B



HIS PHILOSOPHY.

Oh, de mule is in de traces an' he's doin' what he kin,
An' de white man keep's a-workin' all de day.

De way dey seems to was'e dese precious moments is a stn,

An' you'll nebber kotch me doin' dat-away.

Dev looks down on yoh uncle an' dey says he's missed a heap,

But he's healthy an' he's happy an' he's

strong,
'Cause dar ain' no time so busy but he manages to keep
A. Mule while foh lazyin' along.
Oh, de greenbacks dey kin rustle while de silver dollars shine;
But I's sateriy to sing my little song.
I doesn't ax foh skessly nuffin' in dis life o' mine 'Cep' de privîlege o' lazyin' along.

So it's go cit, Mistuh Whiteman, an' it's go it, Mistuh Mule;
A-ishorin' on, de most dat you know how.
You's hot a-malain' turrows when you might be keepin' cool,
De lines is in yoh field an' on yoh brow.
No matter if you's 'bout de finest guesser dat's alive,
Whem you guess a black man's age you guess it wrong.
He is jes' as young at: stxty as he is at twenty-five, twenty-five,
'Cause he takes de time foh lazyin' along.
Dar's de spephsy in de mansion am' dar's
co'n pone in de ash,
An' I's saterfy to sing my little song.
I is lookin' foh imployment, but I doesn't get too brash,
'Cause I's comf-able jes' lazyin' along.
—Washington Star

JAMAICA.

A Special American Commission Arrives to Study British Methods.

KINGSTON, J. A., Dec. 28.-The United States hospital ship Bay State arrived here today from Santiago, having on board Lieut. R. M. O'Reilly, to be chief surgeon at Havana during the American occupation, and Lieut. Weston, the two officers constituting a special commission under orders is-sued by Surgeon General Sternberg, to study the methods now in use in the Island of Jamaica for protecting oldiers of the British army stationed there from fatal infectious and from the delecterious effects of

climatic influences. Dr. O'Reilly and Lieut. Weston lan ded, after a short quarantine, and visited the United States consul, through whom an appointment has been made for an interview between them and the captain general and governor-in-chief of Jamaica, Sir Augustus William Lawson Hem-

They declined to be interviewed, but Evening session. seemed somewhat annoyed at receiv-" 3.—New Denmark, Victoria Co., presence as a commission. At the ing no official recognition of their answer to inquiries made there an hour after the commissioners arrived, that the colonial authoritties had received no intimation that the commission was coming and had regarded the first report of its arrival as a hoax. On being informed, however, that the commission was in Kingston to study British colonial military methods, the authorities immediately replied that Dr. O'Reilly and Lieut. Weston would be granted all the facilities they might desire.

CHRONIC ECZEMA CURED. One of the most chronic cases of Eczema ever cured is the case of Miss Gracie Ella Atton of Hartland, N. B. On a sworn statement Mr. Aiton says: I hereby certify that my daughter Gracie Ella was cured of Eczema of long standing by using four boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment. William Thistle direction of Hartland also certified tle, druggist, of Hartland, also certifies that he sold four boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment, which cured Gracie

IT WENT VIA NEW YORK.

(Mail and Empire.) (Mail and Empire.)

The first Canadian mail from Torcnto carrying letters at the penny
postage rate was despatched to New
York Monday night, for transmission
to Britain, Jamaica, and other points
in the British Empire. The post office
authorities do not appear to have compiled an exact statement, but it is estimated that over 3,000 letters bore the
resy two-rest stamp. The majority of new fwo-cent stame. The majority of these missives were for the British Isles, but quite a number were ad-

Isles, but quite a number were ad-oressed to Jamaica.

The outgoing mail consisted of seven-teen bags of newspapers and three bags of letters. The English mail will be sent forward from New York in the Teutonic. Some surprise has been ex-pressed at the fact that a Canadian steamer sailing from either Halifax or St. John was not selected for the first transmission of letters at the reduced postage rate eastward across the Atrostage rate eastward across the Atlantic, in preference to a New York liner. It is claimed that had this been done it would have been more in accordance with the Imperial idea. The cordance with the Imperial idea. The postal officials, however, say that it is imperative to have the letters, many of which are of a commercial character, delivered as promptly as possible, and in such a case sentiment must give place to the demands of business.

DIDN'T GET, THE SHAVE.

These observations are quite independent of the merits or demerits of Christian Science. But if one class of would be healers are to be sent to prison for faffing to cure, the question naturally suggests itself as to whether the regulars should not also suffer the same penalty for fading to cure. This rule, in fact, the in practice in China, where no doctor can collect a fee unless he cures his patient.—Boston, Mass., Globe.

Newman H. Athoe, organist and the british army, and was neatness personic fled. Rather than see his men go around with long hair and unshaven faces, he turned barber himself and soon became quite expert.

Remeral Middleton, who was in command of the interest himself and soon became quite expert.

General Middleton, who was in command of the interest himself and soon became quite expert.

General Middleton, who was in command of the interest himself and soon became quite expert.

General Middleton, who was in command of the little army, noticed the smart appearance of the company, and was told that it was due to Grant. The general's face was bristly and his hair longer than the control of the opportunity to get Grant to operate of the opportunity to get Grant to operate of the handy man in camp. He sent for the little army hand and the Sea (SEAL) and Probate Court litis proportion of a handsome cane, the was fairly and his hair longer than the regulation permits, and he took advantage of the opportunity to get Grant to operate of the handy man in camp. He sent for protection in the magnificent musical services of St. Luke's cathedral,—Truro News.

Donald, and, when the latter came, usked him to shave him and trim his hair in time for church. Donald looked at him with an expression of Scotch sourness and replied emphatically:

"'Deed, I'll no'."

"And why not?" demanded the Viscount apprily.

anguly.
"It's no' the thing," said Donald, "for a Sectchmen to wark on the Sawbath. Ha mitther wad never let me dae't, and I'll no begin roo."

The Viscount apologized and went to service with his bristles.

FORMERLY LIVED IN ST. JOHN.

(Bangor News.) Joseph E. Merritt, for many years connected with the Bangor fire de-partment, died at his nome in Centre street, Thursday forenoon, at the age of 72 years. Mr. Merritt has been in ill health for some time, and during the last few weeks he failed quite rapidly. The deceased was one of the best known of the older residents of Bangor. He was employed for many years as a machinist at the Hinckley & Every foundry. Previous to that after returning he was engineer for some years in Blunt's mill in Hamp-den. He was a member of the Bangor fire department for fifteen years. Mr. Merritt was a man of great ability. He had invented many ingenious ap-Liarces in the way of machinery. His demise will be deeply regretted by scores of friends in this city and elsewhere. The deceased leaves a wife, who is in ill health, and two daugh-

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THERE WILL BE SOLD AT PUBLIC AUCTION on SATURDAY, the Fourth day of March next, at fifteen minutes past twelve of clock in the afternoon, at Chubb's Corner (se called), in the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, all the cetate, right, title and interest of WILLIAM THOMESON in and to all that certain tract of land, situte in the Praish of Simonds (formerly a part of the Parish of Portland), in the City and County of Saint John, in said Province, bounded and described as follows:

"Commencing at a marked tree on the

JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., Chicago.

Book Q, No. 4, of said Records, pages 25 to 280.

The same having been levied on and seised by me, the undersigned Sheriff, under and by virtue of Two Executions issued out of The Saint John County Court, one at the suit of Arthur C. Fairweather against the said William Thompson, and the other at the suit of Margaret E. Seeds against the said William Thompson.

Dated at the City of Saint John, N. E. this 26th day of November, A. D. 1898.

H. LAWRANCE STURDEE,
Sheriff of the City and County of St. John.

PROBATE COURT.
City and County of Saint John.
To the Sheriff of the City and County of Saint John, or any Constable of the Saint City and County Greeting:
WHEREAS Harrison A. McKeown, administrator de bonus non cum testamento and the Festiga of Walter C. Hamilton. City and County—Greeting:

WHEREAS Harrison A McKeown, administrator de bones non cum testamento annexo of the Estate of Walter C. Hamilton, deceased, hath prayed that a License may be granted to him to sell the real estate of the said Walter C. Hamilton, deceased, to pay the debts of the said deceased.

YOU ARE THEREBYORE required to cits: Walter Clarence Hamilton of Freeport, is the State of Maine, one of the United States of America; Sarah J. McIntyre of the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, and Province of New Brunswick, wife of Dandel J. McIntyre of the said City, barber; Dandel J. McIntyre of the said County of Queens, in the County of Queens ame Province of New Brunswick, Farmer; Charlotte McIntyre of Otnabog, in the said County of Queens, wife of John McIntyre; John McIntyre of Otnabog, in the said County of Queens, wife of Arthur Pickle; Arthur Pickle of Otnabog, in the said County of Queens; Francis Paul of the Said County of Queens in the County of County of Queens of the Said County of Queens of the Keown, Administrator de bonis non cumtestamento annexo as adorecaid, as prayed
for and as by law directed.
Given under my hand and the Seal of the
(SEAL) said Protecte Court this Fifth day
of December, A. D 1883.
(Sgd) ARTHUR I TRUEMAN,
Judge of Probate.
(Sgd) JOHN MOMILLAN,