

ONE LIFE LOST, ANOTHER IS HEROICALLY SAVED IN SWIRL OF RAPIDS AT THE FALLS

Charles Lord of Carleton Drowned, Harding Humphrey is Rescued

Boat Overturned in Swift Current, Lord Clings for a Moment to His Companion But Waters Sweep Him Away—Spectator at Bridge Lashes Horse to Speed for Help at Cushing's Mill—Gallant Work Robs Seething Waters of a Second Victim.

Sucked down to death in the whirling water between the Suspension and Cantilever bridges, Charles Lord of Carleton was drowned about 6.30 o'clock Tuesday night, while Harding Humphrey, also of West End, battled for life, and with success. It was life dearly retained, however, for his experience was such as not many have gone through and lived.

The tragedy, the heroic struggle for life and the gallant work of rescuers—all while the seething waters swirled and tossed and roared—made a chapter of life such as none who watched from the Suspension bridge or river banks could have ever expected.

Lord and Humphrey upset from their boat, Lord sank and drowned, Humphrey aided by an oar battled for life and to H. J. Fleming, Theo. Cushing, Capt. Granville, and four men from the schooner *Manuel R. Cuz*, and his own life strength and spirit he owes it that he is alive today. But he did not forget his companion. Humphrey could swim, Lord could not, and when the disaster came upon them Humphrey gallantly told his friend to cling to him. He did so for a time but the waters were too strong for his hold and he was swept away to death.

The whole affair was seen by many who had come to enjoy from the rustic seats between the bridges a look at the falls in the quiet of a summer evening.

The usual crowds on the bridge were getting away to their homes after the end of their day of toil or were hurrying to Seaside Park for the evening, but all, or nearly all, were alike unable to lend a hand in aid.

Mr. Fleming's Prompt Action.

But soon after the boat went under there happily appeared upon the scene the first of the group of men whose prompt and vigorous action saved Harding Humphrey's life. This was H. J. Fleming, of Fleming's foundry. He was driving in a buggy drawn by a horse whose speed was now to stand him in good stead. As Mr. Fleming touched the bridge from the O'Neil side he saw the accident what had happened. Humphrey was struggling in the water below and being swiftly carried in an eddy current to the falls at the foot of the bridge.

Without a moment's hesitation and regardless of the well known sign that tells the price of proceedings faster than a walk, Mr. Fleming leaped from his seat, a gallop and made for Cushing's mill where he saw at a glance was the only possible point from which a rescue could be attempted.

Opposite the residence of Theodore Cushing he reined up his panting horse and called out Mr. Cushing, who was then at supper. Mr. Cushing had observed some commotion among the people on the bridge but had paid no more attention to it. When he found out what had happened he ran to get a boat from the schooner *Lotus* lying above the mill. On his way he met Capt. Granville, of the *Lotus*, who had just then started for the city.

Capt. Granville thought it useless to attempt the rescue of a man who had passed through both whirlpools, but consented to go back with Mr. Cushing and in a 16-foot dory they pushed out to the mill to look about for some sign of the missing man.

Across in the eddy above the falls they saw a something, but the two men disagreed as to what it was. Mr. Cushing felt sure it was the head of a man, but the captain, with sea eyes more experienced, was equally certain it was but a piece of driftwood. For once as it turned out, the salt sea eyes of the captain served him ill, but the men rested on their oars a few moments to further survey the surface of the water for another sign.

Another Boat Out.

Meantime another rescue party, at great risk to themselves, were out. After passing the word to Mr. Cushing, Mr. Fleming had hurried to the mill where, as he had seen from the bridge a vessel, the American schooner *Manuel R. Cuz* was lying in the lads, leading lads.

The Rescue.

The word was hurried to the men on board, who were working at the pumps and knew nothing of what had happened. They acted promptly and to them and Messrs. Fleming and Cushing and Captain Granville, Humphrey owes his life. The story of the rescue was told last night by Charles Hendy, one of the crew that braved the danger of the eddy to overtake and pick up young Humphrey. Mr. Hendy is from Bristol (Eng.), but making his present home in Henderson Settlement, Queens county (N. B.).

"We were working at the pumps," he said, "when somebody shouted to us to save the drowning man. He had already passed in midstream, 100 yards up river. The *Cuz* had her boat lashed up, but when we heard the shout the five of us took up the boat. John Fleming, and Hugh Cullinan, of Fairville, and Edward Kitchen, who belongs to South Bay, got aboard while Captain Shanklin and I cut the boat away.

"As the boat was being lowered I stepped in, the captain remaining on the vessel, as was necessary. There was only about six feet of clear water between the resel and the eddy in which to launch the boat, so we had to be very careful to prevent being drawn in, which, in the current then running, would have meant our being turned over at once.

"I took the helm and the other three, the crew, and we rowed the hardest in our power. At times I gave the men a hand. We rapidly gained on the man ahead, who kept shouting 'Hurry! Quick! I can't stand it much longer!'

"His head disappeared soon after we

started and all we had to guide us was the end of the oar on which he was lying, sticking out of the water. After awhile he appeared once more. We passed Mr. Cushing and Captain Granville, as we had three cars against two. It was hard to tell just where to go, as we were continually losing sight of him, and he was yet some distance ahead, and when we came up to the other boat they stopped and kept watch and directed us where to go. In this way they helped us very nobly.

"We came up to Mr. Humphrey after a long time, it seemed, though in reality it was not more than five minutes after the boat touched water. There he was, whirling around in a whirlpool about 200 yards off Deep Cove, north from Cushing's mill.

"I went forward and took him by the shoulder. He had formed a cross of the oar and pike he had caught and was lying on this float with his hands hanging down in front and his legs behind. He was almost rigid, and I don't think he could have let go if he had tried.

Rescue Was Quick.

"The men then stopped rowing and we lifted him into the boat from a fairly shallow depth. He was not unconscious, but totally exhausted.

"'Boys,' he said, 'I'm glad to see you. I couldn't have held on any longer. Thank God I am living.'

"Then we took him back to the *Lotus* and laid him out on the wharf. We then went to work to get the water out of him while Mr. Fleming was bringing the doctor. A great deal of credit should be given Mr. Cullinan, who worked like a Trojan not only at the oar but when we returned as well.

"Humphrey was soon taken in the paper room of the mill and in a few minutes Dr. Grey was on the scene.

"He was 6.40 by the watch when we lowered the boat, and by 6.50 the dory was back to the *Cuz*."

A Third Rescue Party.

About the time the other boats set out got into a boat on the lower side of the mill and made for upturned boat out in the stream, thinking that a drowning man might be there to be saved. The boat was picked up about two-thirds of the way from the mill to the Cantilever bridge but the unfortunate young Lord was not there. So far as he was known no trace of him was seen after he came up the first time. The boat itself could not be held because the current was so strong that it disappeared as it went over the pitch falls and came up again soon after the rescue near the place where Humphrey was picked up.

HUMPHREY'S STORY

Tells of His Terrible Experience in the Rapids.

Limp, pale and broken voiced, Harding Humphrey, survivor of the accident, related his experience to a Telegraph reporter about a couple of hours after the rescue.

For not less than twenty minutes he battled for breath against natural forces of the most deadly and relentless description. He was sucked beneath the surface of froth streaked and swirling pools, only to be flung from the depths. He was battered and whirled by the pounding billows of the "pitch," and almost choked by sheets of flying spray.

He felt the clasp of his companion as the latter sank to death and realized that it might be a matter of only a few minutes before he himself would follow. For it was difficult to perceive how a rescue was to be effected. On all sides was water in which a boat could not live. There was safety for a boat above the roaring stretch of foam known as the "pitch," but he dared scarcely hope to pass through its fury and not perish.

"I don't know how I ever did get through," he said, with a weary nod, "and when I saw the boat putting out for me it just seemed to creep. But the men never rowed faster. I was pretty nearly played out about that time, I guess."

Mr. Humphrey is not quite twenty years of age, but has the figure of a powerful and well developed man. But his strength was sapped last night.

At Cushing's mill he was lifted into Chas. Miller's carriage by Policemen Lawson and Chas. Humphrey (a brother). He was wrapped in shawls and blankets and spoke with difficulty, so great was his exhaustion.

"I know it, I know it," he presently remarked as the mill men crowded about to assure him of their deep sense of thankfulness in realizing that he was alive, "but oh, if poor Charley had been saved, too."

For a few moments he sobbed, but gradually became sufficiently composed to tell in detail what he had gone through.

His Terrible Experience.

"We put out from Carleton," he said, "to go up through the falls as far as one of the mills for a load of wood."

He then described the uneventfulness of the journey until the bridge was reached. The time was about 6.20 o'clock and the tide high. The powerful current was running swiftly up stream, and the bottom of the river in places was furrowed and boiling.

Between the bridges, on the western shore, there is a sharp rock promontory known as the Western Head. Below it, and not more than thirty yards from the shore the rapids were violent and it was here that the boat was overturned. Hardly before the occupants were aware of it the craft was being shot toward the pool.

They were helpless. The boat was jerked into the very heart of the whirling flood, and in a twinkling overturned.

"We hadn't time to jump," said Mr. Humphrey, "and from the instant we knew which way we were going we couldn't see how we would escape without being upset at least. The water mounted over the stern of the boat, and we were up to our middle in it. Then there was a sort of wrench from underneath, and we were flying out with the boat turning round and round beside us.

Told Lord to Oiling to Him.

"As the boat was filling, Charley called out, saying he couldn't swim. I told him that I could, and said he'd best get hold of me, for if we had to die, I thought it best to die together.

"I could swim, but didn't believe I could ever make shore. We were struggling when all at once we found ourselves beneath the boat. I swam from underneath, with Charley hanging on to my back. We were a few feet from the shore, and I started to swim again from underneath, but while doing so I lost Charley. When I reached the shore he was nowhere to be seen. The boat was plunging and tossing, but too far off for me to reach."

Mr. Humphrey then went on to describe his progress toward the pitch, and when, for the second time, he came to the surface he saw an oar within a few yards, and attempted to secure it. He was in the grip of the current, and as he pulled it toward him he was carried toward the pitch. He endeavored to swim far enough across the current to reach out and seize the oar, but the effort was nearly beyond his strength. The oar was like a self through the rush of water was like trying to shoulder through a wall.

"I tried to get a glimpse of the boat, but it was too far away. I was carried nearer, and he was fortunate enough to get his possession was no guarantee that he was to live. Already he was feeling numb from his immersion.

"The waves," he said, "just felt like so many mallets hitting me from all sides. Sometimes it seemed as if I had my legs in machinery, and they were being pulled out and went into the whirlpool, and turned a succession of somersaults before I was thrown into another. The waves kept hammering and pounding so that I was unable to keep my head above water. I would count it up, but only to have quarters more forced down my throat."

The Noise Fearful.

"The noise was terrible—just a long, long roar. It'd be forced again and again underneath the surface, and turn over and over before coming up again. I swallowed water. I would count it up, but only to have quarters more forced down my throat."

Mr. Humphrey referred with particular emphasis to the pressure of the water. He had difficulty in breathing, and would reach a long, full breath only when the violence of the waves hurled him nearly over the surface. He admitted that he last hope as he neared the pitch, and he was shouting, heaving, sloping of chalk-colored waters spelt death, and he knew it.

"I got a glimpse of men on the Cushing mill, and I saw the boat, and sang out 'Good-bye!'—I was that sure it was all up with me."

Mr. Humphrey had no very clear recollection of the events of the night. He said the result of consciousness was a confusion of thought. Those on the bridge saw a dark dot vanish and reappeared in the swirling whiteness of the rapids. Mr. Humphrey knew that after time he was pulled down into smothering, agonizing blackness; then shot up so that for a few fleeting seconds he could get a glimpse of the boat, and beneath the bending combers. He knows that at last he realized, though with confusion, that assistance had come. He saw men and heard voices, and was conscious of being dragged beyond the clutch of the pools.

"I'd laid hold of my oar pole that was drifting about, and I was holding it tight. The oar I had used in the 'pitch,' he said, "and kind of used it to rest on. The oar I had used in the 'pitch,' he said, "and kind of used it to rest on. The oar I had used in the 'pitch,' he said, "and kind of used it to rest on."

A Spectator on the Bridge.

Among those on the bridge who saw the accident was Fred Ellis, driver for M. A. Finn. He was crossing the bridge and noticed the boat before it passed under. He has often passed under the bridge and knows the treacherous waters and the hazards of the craft attempting to pass. He saw the boat before it passed under, and he was watching it as it went over the pitch. He saw the boat before it passed under, and he was watching it as it went over the pitch.

The Drowned Man.

Chas. Lord was twenty-three years of age and lived in Hunter street, about a block from the falls. He was the son of a blacksmith, and his father, John Lord, was a cooper. He was a student at the St. John's school, and he was a member of the St. John's club. He was a very popular young man, and he was very fond of sports. He was a very good swimmer, and he was very fond of the water. He was a very good swimmer, and he was very fond of the water.

Praise Due the Rescuers.

A great deal of credit is due each the seven men whose gallant action effected the rescue of Humphrey, but perhaps as much as any to Mr. Fleming. When he grasped the situation he saw at a glance that there was a chance and one only of rescue; he saw the vessel at the "pitch" and realized a boat must be secured there. To take the one chance in a hundred to save a life bridge regulations were thrown aside. When the life he had raced for was saved his own hand lashed his horse after medical assistance.

But a higher rank was the courage and endurance of the four men who without second thought pushed out into the current where a false stroke might mean an even greater catastrophe. No boat could live in the eddy scarce ten feet away from one point they had to pass. But they did not flinch but heroically persevered and were rewarded by the saving of a human life. To Mr. Cushing and Capt. Granville also much praise is due.

Col. Lamont Left \$3,300,000.

New York, Aug. 8.—An estate valued at \$3,300,000 is left by the late Colonel Daniel S. Lamont, secretary of war under President Cleveland, according to Mr. Lamont's will, filed for probate today.

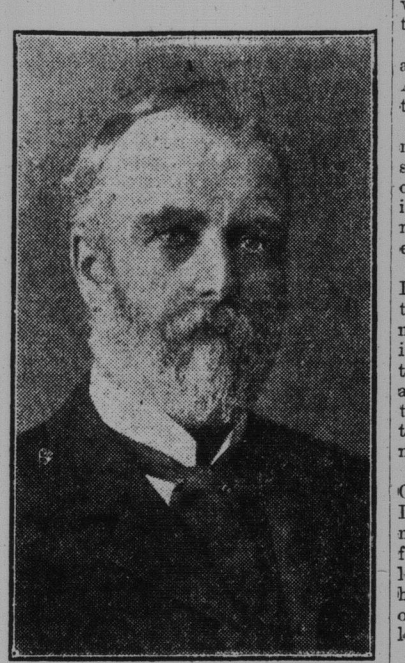
A peerage of the United Kingdom, with the rank of viscount, has been conferred on Mr. Gilly, late speaker of the house of commons.

CONDUCTOR KELLY 44 YEARS WITH THE INTERCOLONIAL

One of the Staunch Men of the People's Road

Looks Back Upon Long and Faithful Service—Railroading at Present Not What It Was in His Early Train Days.

Conductor William Kelly is one of the oldest of the railway men in the employ of the Intercolonial. Forty-four years ago April 17 he went into the service, starting in the freight house, where he remained about a year. Then the more active duties of a railway man attracted him and he became a brakeman which at that time meant work both hard and dangerous. Mr. Kelly was not afraid of that, however. In the days of his youth he gave promise of being able to compare favorably from a physical standpoint with any of his fellow workmen and any one who looks at him today in his sixty-seventh year with his splendid carriage and more than six feet tall, can well



CONDUCTOR WM. KELLY

understand that the young brakeman of the sixties was well able to undertake the onerous duties to that position. Four or five years as baggage-master were passed before he became a conductor and to use his own words "I was a baggage-master one day and a conductor the next, doing in fact what I was told to, taking the place of this man for a run or two and then going back to my steady job."

Conductor 36 Years.

In 1880 Mr. Kelly became a full-fledged conductor and for a time ran the Sussex express, which was then a fast train, and he was in fact one of the best of all the young men then for a time. When the road was opened to Halifax in the early seventies Mr. Kelly took his turn upon the night runs to that city, and there was no break in his regular duties until 1877 when he took charge of the station at Moncton and for two years held the important position of Chief Clerk.

He looks back with some pride to the fact that he was the conductor upon the first train to run from Moncton to the city, and for years afterward he was one of the conductors who took charge of the passengers from the west until they reached the point of embarkation upon the Atlantic coast.

In his thirty-six years' experience as conductor, William Kelly has been singularly fortunate in not having had any accidents worth speaking of and only once, he said, was there a man killed by his train and that poor unfortunate was upon the blind end of a baggage car and drunk when he fell upon the rails.

"The conditions of railroading, however, are much different today from what they were years ago," said Mr. Kelly. "Then it was a common thing to have a fight on the train every night and some of them were in fact very serious. When the men came from Springfield and other towns along the road would come on board full of liquor there was sure to be a fuss. Now there is nothing of the kind. The people are becoming educated to the fact that order must prevail and another—and I think the principal reason—is the detective system in vogue upon the coast which should be some recognition in the fact that a conviction anywhere and secure a conviction anywhere and secure a conviction anywhere and secure a conviction anywhere."

Christian Endeavor Outing.

The St. John Christian Endeavor Union will hold their annual outing in Rockwood Park next Saturday. Formerly it has been an excursion on the St. John river, but this year it was thought best by the executive committee to have a social gathering for members of societies affiliated with the union. Each society is requested to supply their own refreshments. Coffee will be supplied by the park tea house. Backwards will be in readiness at King square for all those who desire to go out that way. Members are requested to be at the north end of Rockwood in the afternoon. Supper will be served at the usual hour.

PERSONALS.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Glyn and Mrs. Louis Deane, of New York, are staying at the Willows, Rockwood Point, Kings county. Mr. Deane is coming later in the month. Mrs. Glyn and Mrs. Deane intend visiting their old home in Kingston.

Mrs. Alfred C. D. Wilson (nee Buckley) will receive her friends Wednesday afternoon, August 10, at her home, 1000 Kings county. Mr. Stanley Elkin is home visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Elkin.

A. B. McLean, of Boston, at the Royal. His daughter, Miss Sadie McLean, is a guest at the home of James McKinnon.

Miss Beatrice McDunkin, of Boston, is visiting her mother, Mrs. McDunkin, Camden street.

Funeral of J. R. McLean.

St. Stephen, N. B., Aug. 8.—(Special).—The funeral of J. R. McLean took place this afternoon from his residence to the Rural cemetery. The funeral was under the direction of the Canadian Order of Foresters, and Frontier Lodge, K. of P., of which society he was a popular past chancellor-commander. The Maple Leaf Band headed the long procession of societies and carriages. Deceased leaves to mourn his loss a widowed mother and one sister.

firm as it was twenty years ago. It means something to be in daily touch with the traveling world for forty odd years. The best dispositions find it hard sometimes to stand the strain and much of the comfort and popularity of the Intercolonial railway is due to the fact that it has such courteous and painstaking men as William Kelly in its service.

ST. JOHN CLUB WAS EIGHTEENTH Mistake Puts Riflemen in 54th Position in Canadian Rifle League—Some Individual Results.

In the Canadian Military Rifle League Results of Competitions for 1905, issued at Ottawa, there appears an error that places the St. John City Rifle Club in 54th position instead of 18th. The mistake occurred by the omitting of the totals for June 24, which amount to 824. This makes a considerable difference in the total score, as instead of the total for the St. John Club as appears being 2,484 it would give them 3,314, and place them in the 18th position in the league.

Neil Morrison, of the St. John City Rifle Club, said he could not account for the mistake as he had mailed the scores for the date in question in the proper association, is W. J. Kennedy, Belle View R. A., Southport (P. E. I.), with a total of 330; the next in order is a New Brunswick, A. Jardine, of Moncton, who totals 388. Each wins a silver cup.

The following prizes are for competition at the D. R. A. prize meeting, Ottawa, August 28 and Sept. 2, and are open only to members of the league teams for 1905: Minister of militia's prize, open only to members of a regiment or association who shoot on a league team in the four matches of 1905. It will be awarded to the highest individual score in the all-comers' aggregate of the all-comers' matches of the Biele aggregate. It will be necessary to have five of the men before commencement of the competition to be free.

The president's prize, presented by Lieut.-Col. A. P. Herwood, president of the C. M. R. I.—Open to teams of eight men from any regiment or association having a team entered in the league of 1905, to be won by the team having the highest aggregate of the all-comers' matches of the Biele aggregate. It will be necessary to have five of the men before commencement of the competition to be free.

The secretary's prize, presented by Maj. C. F. Winter, secretary of the C. M. R. I.—This is open to members of a regiment or association who shoot through four matches on a team entered in the league of 1905. It is to be awarded to the highest individual score in the aggregate of the 800 and 800 yard ranges of the Biele aggregate. Entrance is also free.

LOCAL NEWS.

W. H. Thorne, rumor says, is being strongly urged to be the opposition candidate in the next provincial election in St. John.

Martin Mullin, a lad ten years old, had the third finger of his right hand amputated Tuesday by Dr. Curran, of Fairville, as the result of an accident in the yard, young Mullin had his hand crushed in the shafting attached to the trolley wire. His fingers were badly mangled, but it was found necessary to amputate only the third. He is the son of the late John Mullin, of Fairville.

The marriage of Miss Cecyle M. Carr and Charles Arthur Britain took place on Tuesday evening, July 18, at 5 o'clock, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Britain, 4217 St. John's avenue. Only the members of the family were present. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Frank Morton, pastor of the Russell avenue Baptist church, and Mrs. Britain will be at home at 1601A Texas avenue, after Aug. 15.

P. R. A. Meet at Sussex.

There will be several changes in the matches at the Provincial Rifle Association meet, to open at Sussex Aug. 15. In the provincial match, instead of seven shots at 800 yards, there will be ten, and the same in the match for the Pugsley cup at 800 yards. The provincial will be shot Wednesday afternoon and the Pugsley Thursday afternoon. The county team match will not be shot until Friday morning, thus prolonging the meet a day.

The new range will only twelve targets, while the old had thirteen. The extra series this year will be shot on all twelve targets, an honor or so, broken between matches. The meet will see a new match—an aggregate at long distance for tyros, for a prize donated by Lieut.-Col. March, P. M. O. Any despatch of acting executive committee to have a social gathering for members of societies affiliated with the union. Each society is requested to supply their own refreshments. Coffee will be supplied by the park tea house. Backwards will be in readiness at King square for all those who desire to go out that way. Members are requested to be at the north end of Rockwood in the afternoon. Supper will be served at the usual hour.

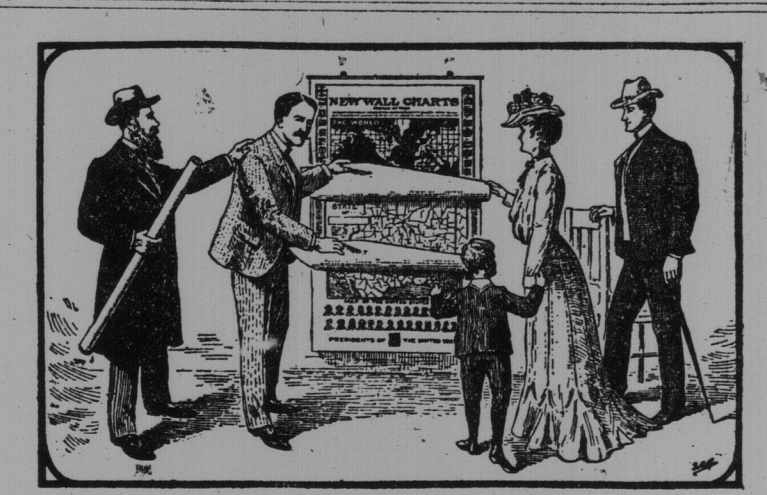
Uncle of Girl He Took for Several Drives Lies in Wait and Attacks Him.

An enraged uncle, a trembling girl and a sprinting married man made local sensation history Wednesday evening last near the corner of Douglas avenue and Frederick street. It was another example of a man with a wife, tempering with the affections of a young woman who did not have a husband.

The girl resides with her widowed mother in North End. The man drives a team, and he has long been on most cordial terms with the North End nymph. It was his kindly custom to take her on long drives in the gloaming and his attentions soon came to arouse a hostile spirit in the bosom of the maid's uncle. On Wednesday evening he ascertained that his niece was driving far afield. It was hardly possible she would return until 11 o'clock. He selected a retreat near the corner of the thoroughfares and waited. About 11 the carriage returned. The uncle suddenly emerged from the gloom and the object of his wrath knew that he was at last face to face with a momentous crisis. Scant time was lost in parley. Uncle, with more vigor than grace, arrested his niece to alight and then closed in mortal strife with the other occupant of the carriage. But the latter was not in the humor to prolong the combat.

As to punishment, he received more than he gave, for his supreme object was to lengthen the distance between himself and assailant. When he finally wriggled free he fled with amazing speed, leaving the team to the care of whoever might happen along, but it was subsequently recovered by an employee of the Weather-head stable.

The lad James Brazillion, of Kingsville, who was found on Monday with his skull fractured, is progressing favorably. He is, however, unable to give any clear account of how the accident happened. It is believed that he and another lad were standing near a horse and that the animal became restive and kicked Brazillion on the forehead.



THE TELEGRAPH'S NEW WALL CHART

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NORTH END MARRIED MAN GETS DRUBBING

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after JUNE 4, 1906, trains will depart and arrive daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN.

6.00—No. 1, Express for Point du Chene, Halifax, Campbellton, Pictou, the Sydney.

7.45—No. 6, Mixed for Moncton.

11.45—No. 26, Express for Point du Chene, Pictou and Halifax.

13.15—No. 138, Suburban Express for Hantsport.

15.30—No. 8, Express for Sussex.

18.15—No. 135, Suburban Express for Hantsport.

19.00—No. 134, Maritime Express for Quebec and Montreal, Point du Chene.

22.40—No. 136, Suburban Express for Hantsport.

23.25—No. 10, Express for Pictou, Halifax and the Sydney.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

6.30—No. 9, Express from the Sydney, Halifax, Pictou and Moncton. (Sunday only).

7.45—No. 135, Suburban Express from Hantsport.

9.00—No. 7, Express from Sussex.

12.30—No. 133, Maritime Express from Montreal and Quebec. Point du Chene.

15.30—No. 137, Suburban Express from Hantsport.

16.30—No. 5, Mixed from Moncton.

17.00—No. 3, Express from Point du Chene and Moncton.

17.15—No. 25, Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton.

21.20—No. 1—Express from Moncton.

22.30—No. 138, Suburban Express from Hantsport.

23.30—No. 137, Suburban Express from Hantsport.

All trains run by Atlantic Standard Time 24 o'clock is midnight.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.
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A bride and bridegroom, cycling to St. John's Church, Eppan, East of St. John, on separate bicycles. After the wedding they returned to the bride's residence on a tandem.

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