Making Restitution;

Or, The Bridal Dress.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(Continued).

"What are you doing here, madame?" he savagely demanded.

"I came up because I did not care to remain down-stairs without you, Edmund," she answered, half frightened at the deep menace in his tones.

"You would have stayed fast enough," he retorted, "if your precious lover had cared for your company. By jove, if I had thought I was marrying another man's second-hand goods—"

"Edmund!"

"Ay, put on a countenance of virtuous horror, Mrs. St. Just. It does not deceive me! You have contrived to blind me from the very beginning, but you will blind me no more. It's one consolation, though, that you haven't had the little game all to yourself. I have married Lucian Ferrier's cast-off toy; but you have married—well, never mind what. A pretty fellow"—grinding his teeth savagely—"to offer to spare me for your sake! Men have been very fond of you once, eh?"

"To spare you, Edmund?" Leslie looked wonderingly up into his face, utterly uncomprehensive of his meaning. "I don't understand. Why should he offer to spare you?"

"Don't you know, Mrs. St. Just? Well," with a short, mirthless laugh, "there should be no secrets between such a loving wedded couple as we are, so I'll confide in you. You are married to a forger, my love! Ay shrink away!" as Leslie involuntarily drew back, with blanched face and uplifted hands, that motioned as if she would ward him off. "You took me for better, for worse; but no one is crazy enough to expect a woman to keep her word. You must have found it out sooner or later, so Fenella was well save my character for candor. Ha, ha, ha! Now look here," his face changing from its assumed gayety to a savage glare; "luck has favored me hitherto, but now it has gone back on me. Lucian Ferrier knows me, but he will not split upon me, for the old kindness," speaking with bitter irony, "that he bears my very proper and precise wife! But just now I met old Lancaster's daughter on the porch. Unluckily she knows me also, and she is ready to spread the tidings in all directions. She's very fond of me, is Fenella! And if I want to save myself from arrest I haven't a minute to lose. Here!"

Flinging a roll of bills into Leslie's lap, he caught up one or two things that lay on the dressing-table, buttoned a gray serge summer overcoat above his evening dress, and springing out upon the roof of the veranda and running a little distance, he slid nimbly down one of the carved columns that supported it, alighting in a quiet and solitary spot at the back of the house.

Hurrying through the dark and deserted streets, which at midday were so full of life and gayety, he set out on a brisk walk toward the railway station.

"I may catch the midnight express from Philadelphia if I walk fast enough," he thought.

But the shriek of the departing train smote upon his ear just before he came in sight of the station.

"Confusion!" muttered the forger; "all the powers of earth and air seem in league against me to-night. However, it would be fatal to turn back again. I'll just inquire at what hour the earliest train goes in the morning."

One of the errand-boys of the hotel passed him, coming from the station. He touched his cap to St. Just as they crossed each other's path; and the next moment the forger set his foot on the platform.

"I'm too late for the express, I see," said he to the station official, who was coming down the track, swinging a lighted lantern as he walked.

"Just gone, Mr. St. Just."

"Provoking," said St. Just, pulling out a cigar and sighting it, with an appearance of the utmost nonchalance. "I have some very urgent business, and I could have saved two or three hours by taking that express. When does the next one go?"

"There is none before eight o'clock to-morrow morning," answered the man.

"Well, after a moment or two of well-simulated hesitation, "I'll sit down here and rest a little while before I go back."

He threw himself down listlessly along a wooden settee as he spoke.

"Anything is better than the heat and glare up at the hotel yonder," he added, seeing that the official looked at him with something of a surprised expression of countenance.

"Oh, I forgot," said the man, "I suppose there's a big blow-out going on up there to-night?"

"Rather so," said St. Just, hastily, wishing that the man would hold his tongue and give him a chance to think over the next move upon the chess-board of his night's work.

"A great many people there, I suppose?" hazarded the official.

"Yes," sincerely.

"It's a good season for the Branch this year," went on the man. "By the way, one of the West End bell-boys was here just now."

"Was he?"

"Brought a telegram written by a lady. I could hardly read it at first, it was so zigzag and shaky. Between you and me, confidentially—"

"Oh, confidentially, of course," said Mr. St. Just, who never allowed an opportunity of obtaining useful information to pass unimproved.

"It was from one Mrs. Ferrier to her father, Jason Lancaster, of New York, an old shinning merchant, as rich as Croesus—I've often heard of him—telling him to send on a detective at once—that Leon Southwood, the forger, is at the Branch. Eh! wouldn't that create considerable sensation here?"

"Who's Leon Southwood?" indifferently demanded the languid smoker on the settee.

"Don't you know? Haven't you heard? Why, the whole story was in the papers at the time of it—how this Southwood came a confidence game over old Lancaster, pretending to make love to his daughter, and coming precious near to an elopement with her, while all the time he was forging the old chap's name to the biggest kind of checks. Of course, it all came out, but no: until Southwood had got clean off with nobody knows how much money"

"Lucky fellow!" yawned the auditor. "Wish it was me."

"It was a terrible blow for the firm of Lancaster & Co.," added the official. "I know a fellow that's a clerk there, and he told me all about it. People thought at first it was a bigger sum, and they'd have to suspend payment, but, somehow or other, they contrived to tide over it."

"All the better for them," observed St. Just.

"But that was nothing to the way the girl felt when she got all ready to elope and there was nobody to elope with. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" chimed in St. Just, probably enjoying the joke a good deal more than the narrator did.

The railway official chuckled; he began to think that he must be a very good sort of fellow at telling a story.

"She got over it, though," he added. "Girls always do, and she married another clerk in the house."

"Did she?" said St. Just, beginning to manifest at last some kind of interest. "Who was it?"

"His name was Ferrier—it's Mrs. Ferrier who is sending this telegram to-night. It's a woman's calculation, clear—to send all the way down here, as if there wasn't a telegraph office right there in the hotel, under her nose."

"Of course, of course," said St. Just, his long dark lashes beginning to droop over his eyes, as if overcome by weariness and the sultry atmosphere of the night.

"He's sleepy," thought the official, moving off to the other end of the platform with his lantern.

But Edmund St. Just, alias Leon Southwood alias half a dozen other high-sounding nomenclatures, which he kept, like his white vests, for occasional wear, was never wider awake in his life. The necessity for the closest precaution and most active vigilance was upon him; and like the hunted hare, he was getting ready to double at the shortest notice.

Here was a pretty complication. Lucian Ferrier had spared him for the sake of Leslie Ford's dark eyes and silver-sweet voice, but Lucian Ferrier's wife was determined to hunt him to the death. No pang of pity, or instinct of womanly compassion could stir her purpose. He had deliberately deceived her, and made her ridiculous in the eyes of the world, and Leon Southwood knew enough of human nature to be aware that that is a crime which no woman ever forgives.

He lay there awhile after he had smoked out his cigar, with both hands folded under his head, his eyes staring up to the sky, thick-sown with millions of stars and, when the official had momentarily disappeared into the office, he rose and walked away down the long perspective, outlined by the shining steel tracks on either side.

Presently the man came out again to arrange the signals for a freight train, which was expected up about that time. He addressed some casual remarks to his late companion, but, on receiving no reply, looked around.

"By George, he's gone!" said the official.

While, half a mile away, Leon Southwood was hastening along with the swift, steady-swinging stride of a professional pedestrian, the cool night air fanning his cheek, the stars shining peacefully overhead; for the little bit of gossip so unconsciously communicated to him by the man of the lantern and switch-key had altered the whole direction of his plans and ideas.

"Curse her!" he muttered to himself, with a snarl that was not pleasant to hear. "What must she turn up here for, just at the time, of all others, that she wasn't wanted. I should like to cut out that silly, cackling tongue of hers!"

On and on he walked, never abating that steady, powerful stride, scarcely changing the expression of his face, hour after hour, still following the track, until the sweet summer dawn began to brighten all the east with tints of pink and pearl, gradually deepening into the softest pale gold. The ocean caught the rosy glow; birds in the thicket to the left began to twitter and chirp to one another and yet Leon Southwood kept on.

Until an hour or two after sunrise, he stopped at a little wayside station, patronized only by one or two accommodation trains a day—a station consisting of a few scattered white houses, a tavern, and a village grocery store.

He glanced at his watch.

"I haven't made bad time," he said to himself and stopping just short of the village, he crept into an old deserted barn, one side of which was settled nearly to the ground, and coiled himself up like a serpent under its foundation beams.

"And now for a sleep," he muttered, improvising a pillow out of his folded coat, and in direct contradiction to the popular delusion, that clear consciences alone can beget sweet slumber, he was sound asleep in less than three minutes, his breath coming and going as regularly as that of an infant, and the long curled lashes darkly outlined against his handsome southern cheek.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Signor Pietro Allegrini was not an early riser. In fact, it would have been of very little use if he had been. The Signor Allegrini's trade was one which did not thrive on early hours, and it was ten o'clock on this glowing August morning, before he crawled out of the dirty heap of rags, by courtesy denominated a bed.

He was a tall, dark-faced man, with a moustache so heavy and black that it formed a sort of shaggy pent-house, or awning, to a pair of thick, coarse lips, hard black eyes, and a swarthy complexion, and, as he tumbled out upon the floor it was easy to perceive that he had economized labor the night before, by dispensing with the usual ceremony of removing his clothes, or washing his dust-begrimed countenance.

The room was dark, and close, and stuffy; the board floor was a succession of man-traps, and the windows were ornamented with old hats and wedges of tattered shirts, where panes of glass had once existed. Upon the wall the moldy paper hung hung in strips, and besides two chairs a battered little cooking-stove, the bed, and a broken looking-glass, hanging above a three legged pine table, there was no furniture whatever in the room. Through an open door, however, a glimpse of a sort of dark cellar-way, reached by two or three ruinous board steps, revealed a woman's figure bending over a wash-tub, two or three dirty, dark-browed children, engaged in the manufacture of mud pies under her feet, and something at their heels which was neither child nor dog—a vicious-faced, elderly monkey, fastened by a chain to a hand-organ which occupied a corner beyond. Sometimes it rolled in the dirt with an almost human ecstasy of malice in the overthrow of the children's carefully prepared confections; sometimes it balanced itself on the shoulders of the toiler at the steaming tub, and sometimes it grasped furtively at the slices of bread and molasses that lay around in various stages of consumption, but everywhere it was treated with a degree of indulgence that amounted almost to servility.

"For where would the father be, and all of us indade, if it wasn't for Pounce?" said the Signora Allegrini, who was by birth one Teresa McShane, of County Kerry in Ireland. "Sure the pennies he picks up wid his Christian tricks an' capers is wonderful!"

"Teesle, I say, Teesle!" growled the paterfamilias, with a prodigious yawn, "what art thou about? Where is my breakfast? Is it not enough to break one's heart tied to a lazy dog like thee?"

"It'll be ready in a minute, Pety dear," said Mrs. Allegrini, hurriedly wiping the soapsuds from her sodden, parboiled-looking fingers, and gently dislodging Pounce from his resting place on her shoulders. "It's a lovely slice I've got for yes, and a fresh egg Tiddy found under Farmer Westcott's barn, an' it'll be ready in the twinkling of a pig's whiskers, so it will!"

The signora was true to her word—the matutinal meal, prepared amid a fire of grumbling, presently smoked on the three-legged table—and Allegrini was just pouring out a battered tin mug of coffee, that hailed from neither Mocha nor Java when a shadow darkened the door-way

"My friend," said Mr. St. Just Southwood, "your breakfast smells remarkably good! Halves!"

"Be seated, signor," said Allegrini, hurriedly thumbling off his chair and seating himself on the side of the bed, with an obsequiousness unconsciously rendered to the elegant dress and domineering air of this unexpected guest. "Behold!" with a comprehensive sweep of the arm, "all is at your service!"

Southwood looked around, no one detail of the squalid apartment escaping his notice, as he eat and drank, with an excellent appetite.

"An organ-grinder, eh?" said he. "My man, you're just the fellow I am looking for!"

"Si, signor?" Allegrini showed his white teeth under the black moustache, while his eyes sparkled.

"Lorenzo Titano, is it not?" said Southwood, at an easy venture.

"No, signor—Pietro Allegrini at your service."

"It's just the same," nodded Southwood. "You see, Allegrini, I want to get myself up on masquerade. I've a bet with some fellows that I can be in their company half an hour, and they not find it out. With your hand-organ and your clothes I've a chance of winning my wager—don't you see?"

"Si, signor," responded Allegrini, the white teeth still glittering.

"Now, look here! Can you shave me, like yourself?"

Arthur Foley W. Ingram, Lord Bishop of London,
Who has gone to the front as the chaplain to the London Rifle Brigade.

"But, si, signor! I was a barber's apprentice once, at Mantua."

"Very well. Make me as like yourself as you can—you know you're not a bad-looking fellow."

"The signor is too good," said Allegrini, with a low inclination of the head. "But, of course, the signor will consider a poor man's loss of his day's work?"

"I'm ready to consider anything How much do you ask for your complete outfit—clothes, organ, monkey, everything?"

"The signor means my Sunday clothes? A fine velveteen suit, nearly new, and—"

"I mean nothing of the sort; I mean the very things you have on!"

"But, the signor does not perceive that they are ragged and not clean?"

"The signor perceives everything!" retorted Southwood, impatiently.

Allegrini shrugged his shoulders.

"Che sara, sara!" said he. "The signor, of course, is at liberty to make his own selection."

"Get a razor, quick, then!"

Allegrini smiled.

"It is an article I myself do not keep," said he. "We poor folks are content to borrow—and I will send my wife for the loan of one from Patrick Hafferty, her cousin, who lives but a mile off."

"And, at the same time," said Southwood, drawing a slip of paper from his pocket, and penciling a few words upon it, "let her stop at the druggist's, if you have such a place here."

"But, yes, signor, assuredly, half a mile further on."

"And bring me these drugs to blacken my complexion a little. You comprehend?"

So that, in little more than an hour, Mr. St. Just Southwood was transformed quite utterly and completely that he hardly knew himself His complexion, naturally of a clear, dark olive, had assumed as swarthy a hue as if he had been born under the burning sky of Sicily—his long silken beard was removed, leaving only a square moustache, and his costume, tattered, worn and greasy, with a cone-shaped hat tipped over his eyes, and the hand-organ balanced on his back, fitted wonderfully into the tout ensemble.

"How do I look, eh?" said he, complacently, as he glanced at his own scarce recognizable reflection in the cracked square of looking-glass.

"The signor is one of ourselves," said Allegrini, who had sufficient of the dramatic soul about him to appreciate so marvellous a transformation as this.

"You wouldn't take me for a gentleman in disguise, eh?"

"But, signor, no! Never."

"All the better," said Southwood. "Now, you will have to give me a few lessons in handling this confounded hurdy-gurdy of yours, and managing the monkey, and then I'll set forth to seek my fortune."

"It is of the easiest, signor," said Allegrini. "But the—"

"Well?"

"The organ and Pounce are my all, signor. The signor must comprehend that—"

"I understand," impatiently interrupted Southwood. "I am a stranger. You want security."

Allegrini made a deprecating gesture with his head and hands.

"Here" Southwood took his heavy gold repeater and chain out of the pocket of the vest he had just taken off, and flung it on the bed. "Will that satisfy you?"

"Signor, it is too much."

"You can return it to me when I bring the organ. In the meantime, take good care of my clothes Don't let them be seen—that would ruin all."

"Assuredly no, signor. They shall be secret as the grave," asserted the Italian, as, lifting a trap-door whose iron ring was scarcely perceptible in the moldy boards under the bed, he pointed to a zinc box below

"It is my bank," said he, with a gleam of the white teeth—"my treasure house. Believe, signor, that they will be quite safe here."

"And now, then, when does the next express pass?"

"At one, signor—but it makes no stop here."

(To be continued.)

Bred in the Bone.

That the Irishman's tendency to make bulls is inborn is well illustrated by the following anecdote:

Five-year-old Pat's mother was telling her small son the story of herself and her twin sister.

"One morning when we were a week old the nurse was bathing us, and she took the blue ribbon off of Della's wrist, and the pink ribbon off of Stella's wrist. When she was ready to put them on again she could not remember which one of us was Della and which was Stella, so she took us in to mother; but mother could not tell either, and no one ever did know whether or not we had our right names. Then when we were seven years old one of us died, and nobody knows whether it was Della or Stella."

Little Pat burst into an agony of tears, and sobbed out, "I know it was my own mother that died when she was seven years old."

A wise physcian sometimes flatters a man by telling him he has brain fag.

SENSATIONS UNDER FIRE.

No Two Men Feel Quite the Same Sensations, Says a Doctor.

The man who has not been under fire always desires eagerly to know what were the feelings of the man who has been during this ordeal. It is probable that he does not frequently find the information given by veterans either satisfying or enlightening.

It has been my good fortune, says the medical correspondent of the London Times, to enjoy many opportunities of talking with soldiers who have been wounded in action. I have visited Belgian, French and British hospitals at various periods, and as a medical man have been afforded special facilities for study. These opportunities have convinced me that no two men feel quite the same sensations whilst under fire for the first time, and also that a man is capable of experiencing quite different emotions at different periods of the same day, though his circumstances have not changed.

For example, from the statement of a man who experienced shell fire for the first time in his life in the neighborhood of Arras, I gathered that his first feeling had been one of great interest and curiosity. A "Black Maria" fell some hundreds of yards away and sent up a great column of smoke, and at the same time shrapnel was bursting at no long distance. But suddenly there came home to him the realization that these shells were intended to work havoc, and that, in fact, the position occupied was full of danger. "Then I felt exactly as anybody would feel the moment after he discovered that he was in a field with an angry bull. Every instinct of mind and body prompted flight."

A second man told me that from the moment he came under fire—in a trench—he experienced the most lively terror. "But the feeling passed away after a while, leaving me rather tired and only a little anxious." A third declared that he had been so nervous before going into action that the event put the anticipations of it to shame. He had regarded himself as a dead man, and woke up, under fire, to the realization that his chances of coming through safely were very good.

The achievement of "second courage" is, of course, a well-recognized stage in the seasoning process of war. I heard a little story from the lips of a British officer which seems to me to illustrate the genesis of it very conclusively—and the story is worth telling for its own sake. At a certain period of the present war some new troops were sent to hold a particular trench. They suffered a really terrible bombardment, with shells and shrapnel, and at last about a hundred of them evacuated the position and retired. Presently they met a senior, who stopped them and inquired what had happened.

On being informed the officer looked grave and told the men that he would be very sorry to have to use any coercive measures with men whom he knew to be brave fellows. He spoke to them for a short time and steadied them. Then he pointed out that the way of duty lay backwards towards the position they had left. "I'll walk back a part of the way with you." He did so. The men returned to their post and gave a good account of themselves. In the words of my informant they "were all right after that."

Perhaps more people would be soft-hearted if they weren't so hard-headed.

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YOU can't imagine how delicious a dish of Oatmeal Porridge becomes when it is sweetened with "*Crown Brand*" *Corn Syrup*.

Have it for breakfast to-morrow—watch the kiddies' eyes sparkle with the first spoonful—see how they come for 'more'.

Much cheaper than cream and sugar—better for the children, too.

Spread the Bread with "*Crown Brand*"—serve it on Pancakes and Hot Biscuits, on Blanc Mange and Baked Apples—use it for Candy-Making.

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NEWS FROM SUNSET COAST

WHAT THE WESTERN PEOPLE ARE DOING.

Progress of the Great West Told in a Few Pointed Paragraphs.

In one store room alone the Trail, B.C., smelter has over half a million dollars worth of silver in safe-keeping.

The fire chief of Vancouver wants a fireboat and water tower; also several improvements, including a new fire station.

This season up to December 1, 1,037 carloads of fruit and farm produce had been shipped from the Okanagan Valley, B.C.

Nanaimo, B.C., will spend $10,000 on extensions to its sewerage system, and may erect a city hall and jail at a cost of $27,000.

It is said that the smelter at Trail, B.C., is now piling up enough silver bars to pave Vancouver's main street from end to end.

Revelstoke, B.C., is to form a tourist association. Business men of Revelstoke want to make it the tourist centre of the mountains.

A. Radamaker, or Ferry, B.C., started his kitchen fire with coal oil. As a result his home was burned down and he is in the hospital.

Records show that the hottest day of 1914 in B.C., was on August 13, when 86 was reached and the coldest in February 5, with 13 above zero

In future a trader's license will not be issued in Rossland, B.C., unless the recipient of it gives bonds that he will stay in business for one year.

During last summer and thus far this winter some 800 trees suffering from fire blight have been removed from orchards in Penticton, B.C., district.

Boring in the Roger's Pass, B.C., tunnel, workmen set up a new record for boring on this continent with a progress of 842 feet in a month. This beat the best American record by 32 feet.

Dr. Olto Redlich, who is a graduate of law in Germany, was arrested in Vancouver on suspicion of having sympathies with the Kaiser. He was released, an examination showing nothing against him.

On Jan. 6, the Vancouver police raided a Servian boarding house and seized 17 barrels of beer, 11 gallons of whiskey, and much wine, with which the inmates hoped to celebrate Old Christmas Day on Jan. 7. The Servians were filled with gloom instead of spirits.

Carl Von Mackensen, a nephew of the famous German general, was arrested in Vancouver on suspicion that he had German sympathies. He satisfied the authorities that his intentions were peaceful, and was allowed to return to the chicken ranch he has been running at Port Kells, B.C.

The Roger's Pass tunnel which is being built in B.C., by the C.P.R., in order to reduce its grades, will be over 5 miles long and costs, completed, $5,000,000. The drillers have struck rock known as Manhattan schist, which is the rock underlying New York. The Roger's Pass tunnel is being bored through Mt. Macdonald.

FOR EPIZOOTIC

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Cures the sick and prevents others in same stable having these diseases. Liquid, given on the tongue, or in feed. Safe for brood mares and all others. Best kidney remedy. All druggists and harness dealers. Booklet—"Distemper, Cause and Cure," free.

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CPAHE	ROYREH	YBRAPRSRE	ERPA

Can you arrange the above sets of jumbled letters into the names of eight well known fruits. If so, YOU CAN SHARE IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE ABOVE PRIZE. It is no easy task. But by patience and perseverance you can probably make out 5 or 6 of them. To the person who can make out the largest number we will give the sum of One Hundred Dollars. To the person making out the second largest number the sum of Fifty Dollars. To the person making the third largest number the sum of Thirty Dollars. To the person making the fourth largest number the sum of Twenty Dollars. Should two persons send answers equally correct, the first two prizes will be divided between them, (each receiving $75.00) Should three send in equally correct answers, the first three prizes will have to be divided, (each receiving $50.00). Should four persons send equally correct answers, the whole sum of $200.00 will be equally divided (each receiving $50.00), and so on in like proportions, provided they comply with a simple condition about which we will write as soon as answers are received. WE DO NOT WANT A CENT OF YOUR MONEY WHEN YOU ANSWER THIS ADVERTISEMENT. If you can make out anything like a complete list, write us at once enclosing 2-cent stamp for our reply. DO NOT DELAY. WRITE AT ONCE. Address, CANADIAN MEDICINE CO., Dept. 51 MONTREAL, QUE.

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$400.00 for the best name.
50.00 for the best description of the perfume.
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The winner of the contest will be decided by a committee of Montreal's leading advertising men and their decision will be final. Should two or more contestants send in the winning name the prize will be equally divided and an additional prize to the value of $5.00 will be given each successful contestant. No employee or member of this firm shall enter the contest. The contest closes at midnight, March 31st, 1916.

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DOWN BY THE SOUNDING SEA

BITS OF NEWS FROM THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Items of Interest From Places Lapped by Waves of the Atlantic.

Nearly 300 people are now being assisted by the St. John N.B., patriotic fund.

Another wing is to be added to the I.C.R. general office building at Moncton, N.B.

In St. John, N.B., during 1914, there were 771 deaths, compared with 824 in 1913.

The 132nd anniversary of St. Paul's Sunday school was recently celebrated at Halifax, N.S.

On Jan. 6 the cold was so intense at St. John's, Nfld., that the police had to be relieved every hour.

Ernest Clow, of Somerside, P.E.I. was thrown from a sleigh and badly hurt while returning from his wife's funeral.

William A. Hawkes, of Curryville, N.B., was badly injured through being struck on the head and shoulder by a falling tree.

A licensed publican at St. John's, Nfld., was fined $10 and costs for giving liquor to man on credit, the same being against the law.

The Government steamer Aberdeen had a boat smashed by heavy seas while trying to land supplies at Digby lighthouse. Some supplies were lost.

Rev. J. Spencer, rector of St. George's, St. George, N.B., has a brother in the British army, a son at Salisbury Plains, and five nephews also in active service.

As the result of the stranding of the British steamer Navarro, a court of enquiry, sitting at Yarmouth, N.S. suspended the certificates of the captain, first and second officers.

Newfoundland and the Canadian Maritime Provinces find their dry fish trade growing rapidly as a result of Portugal abolishing the discriminatory duties favoring Norway.

Alfred Hansen a lad of St. John, N.B., was sentenced to the Boys' Home for four years. He escaped, burglarized a residence in Lancaster, and was sentenced to Dorchester Penitentiary for five years.

At St. John's Nfld., sailors refused to ship with a man who said he was a Norwegian. The sailors claimed he was a German. The authorities took him into custody till he could give an account of himself.

Charlotte County, N.B., has two families which have each given three boys to the service of the Empire. Senator Gillmor, of St. George, has three sons ready for the front, and Geo. Ryder, of St. Stephen, a like number.

The Red Cross Stephano, on her way from New York to Halifax, was met by the Niobe, and the crew of the latter secured all the newspapers the Stephano had on board, as it was a long time since they had any news of the war.

In 1914, there were 7 deaths by accident among the employes of the Intercolonial Railway. In former years the number were: 1913, 19; 1912, 17; 1911, 16;. Minor accidents in the Moncton shops have been reduced to 50 per cent.

J. W. Betcher, of Sidney, C.B., discovered that he had been paying polltax for the last nine years which he was not called on to do, he now being 70 and the polltax being exempted in cases of men over 60. The Council refunded him nine years taxes.

Barring the Beard.

To-day is the day of the clean-shaven man, and the barbers flourish accordingly. To-morrow side-whiskers and beards may again be the rage, for the fashion of the face has affected men of all ages. Ancient Babylonians displayed their superiority by refusing to wear beards; the Assyrians let theirs run wild. The Jewish law forbade its children to cut their beards. The Tartars, a beardless race, waged war with Persians because the latter refused to part with their hirsute adornment. Beards were fashionable among the Greeks until their great general, Alexander the Great, ordered the Macedonians to shave, lest their beards should form an assailable weapon for their enemies. With the advent of William the Conqueror, beards disappeared from England, and the mode did not return until the thirteenth century, and was discontinued at the Restoration. The year 1851, however, saw another revival, and the fact that King George always adopted the style has done much to bring the beard into favor.

Worse and Worse.

"What on earth shall I do with this money I've inherited from my aunt?"

"Invest it."

"Invest it? But then there'll be still more of it!"

"Sit down," said a nervous old gentleman to his son, who was making too much noise. "I won't do it," was the impudent answer. "Then stand up. I will be obeyed."