CE TREATY

# Secured by the ated Press.

t of the Contents of teen Articles,

Within Six Months by

Governments.

-Extraordinary pretained by both the s to preserve sec-ntents of the treaty. has two copies, but on attaches are not se the documents. nt of the Associated as obtained from a liable, the following ty: for the relinquish. ticle 2 provides for rto Rico; article 3 ession of the Philip-0 as compensation : the plans for the ilippines, including nish prisoners in Tagalos; article 5 sion of barracks, ms, stores, buildings appertaining to the ation in the Philipa renunciation by eir respective claims and the citizens of 7 grants to Spanping in the Philipatment as American for a period of ten ovides for the reers of war held by prisoners held by ences committed in red by the United uarantees the legal ds remaining in establishes religious ilippines, and guarches equal rights : for the composiother tribunals in oa; article 12 proninistration of jusand Cuba: article 13 ontinuance for five copyrights in the ving Spanish books duty. s for the establish. s by Spain in the article 15 grants to e in Cuba, Porto lippines the same American for ten oping to be treated

tes that the obliga d States to Spanish ty in Cuba withdrawal of th orities from the dsprovides that the utified within six date of signing by

PAX BRITANNICA. (Alfred Austin, in London Times.) I. Behind her rolling ramparts England lay, Impregnable and girt by chiff-buik towers Weaving to peace and plenty, day by day, The long-drawn hours.

In peace Spring fed her flocks and showered her grain, her grain, Summer sate smiling under peaceful leaves And Autumn piled on the unwarlike wain Her sickled sheaves.

III. And white-winged keels flew fluttering to her shore. Laden with easiern bale or southern fleece; And from the fields of far-off lebor bore The spoils of Peace.

on't!

rainful precision, scarcely bestowel a

glance upon it now. He regretted the liberal price he had paid for it; but

continual taunts of his customers, who

be able one day to prove to the

So it happened one day the instru-

him to "play a tune."

the plano.

to day.

IV. Then, seeing Her within her waves so blest The jealous nations, panophed alike, Said, "Look, She wears no armor on her breast; What if we strike?"

V. But She, of their base greed and armed display, Haughtly heedless, meated by her main, suil through ocean plowed her peaceful way In strong disda/n.

VI. Then each to other muttered, "Now at last Her spiendor shall be ours and we shall stake stake Our envy, She is pillowed on her Past, And will not wake."

VII. Slowly as stirs a lion from his bed, Lengthens his limbs, and crisps his mane, She rose, Then shook out all her strength, and, flashing, said, Where are my focs?"

VIII. Thus to herself She did herself reveal, Swiftly yet calmiy put her armor on, And, round her Empire sentineled in steel, Like morning shone! IX.

From field and forge there thronged embat-

tled hosts, And that one struck the anvil, this the lyre, And from the furnaces of war her coasts Were fringed with fire. X. Dazed and dismayed, they velled their futile vow; Some fain would be her friend, and some

would nurse Their hate till they could curbe the might that new They could but curse. XI. But they who watch from where the west wind blows, ce great thamselves, proud that their kith are great, "See what comes when England with aid, "See what comes her foes Speaks at the gate!"

XII. Then back to boom and share her people poured, Chanting peace-pacens as they reaped and While, gazing worldward, on her undrawn

watchfal, Shhe leaned. CHRISTMAS STORY.

The Piano Player of Holy Smoke Gulch. By A. P.

saloon keeper in the camp-by no means! But since he had set up the The first snow of the winter was falling in whiring, frisking flakes when Bill Fisk's lumbering wagon, drawn by a pair of lank, steaming mustangs, and loaded with a large case, stopped before Pat Moriarty's saloon, in the mining camp known as plano in his place such good jokes could be cracked there at his expense, and Pat inderstood how, under the mask of indifference, to pay himself Gulch ilo, Bill!" called Jack O'Hara, "Corpse, indeed!" said Bill, in a "Corpse, indeed!" said Bill, in a scornful tone, jumping from his seat, and stamping up and down the steps of the stoop to warm his benumbed limbs. "Thickskull! D'ye think I'd travel with me nags in such weather, ter drag er carcass from ther Ten Mile House up hyar! Er corpse, in-deed! I've ben eer town. Can't ye read wot's on ther case? P-i-a-n-o! It's er pi-anna-er thing wot ye make moosic on. Pat bought it in town." "You bet your sweet life," said a short, fat man, who had just stepped out of the saloon. His round face out of the saloon. His round face glowed fike the rising full moon, and wore at this moment, when from all sides cries of surprise and doubt grew loud, an expression of pride and loua, "You bet your sweet life," he re-peated, "I bought it. What they can do in town I can do. Take hold of it boys! Help Bill get the thing in the The prospect of divers extra drinks had the effect that a couple of dozen hands willingly laid hold on the heavy came visible. No one gave him a welcome, no one seemed to know him. The old man' looked shyly about him; then he stole timidly through the groups of tipplens, and, as if apologizing, moved a chair near to the stove, and sat down. A shabby overcoat clasped his lean figure; un-der the shapeless old slouch hat long grizzly hair fell in disorder; a gray, unkempt full beard framed the thin, fleshless face, whose aged expression "Careful, boys!" cried Pat, "that thing's no coal box!" As the panting men put down the load in the barroom the strings inside the instrument clinked like in a soft "Really," said a miner nicknamed Red Mike, on account of his extremely florid complexion, "thar's music in the

#### SEMI-WEEKLY SUN, ST. JOHN, N. B., DECEMBER 17, 1898.

"Maybe!" said Jack, "still laughing, | the latter was about to seat himself, "But I bet you my brown mare, Bess, ther best in ther hull camp, agin that case that you yerself can't play even er common tune on ther thing! Shake The veins on Pat's forehead swelled with indignation. He did not look at ack O'Hara's outstretched hand, but

the latter was about to seat himself, pressed the old man down upon it, un-locked the plano, clapped back the cover with a haste as if salvation de-pended on every second, and cried, while with thet foreinger of his right hand he whisked the drops of sweat from his forehead: "So, old man, go ahead." Again a slight, almost imperceptible smile passed over the stranger's feat-ures. While Pat waited motionless beside him, and some of the guests crowded around him, he looked for a moment or two up at the ceiling, as though absent minded; then, as if awakening from a drean, threw back with an energetic movement of his jerked a chair before the plano, seat-ed himself, and placed his fleshy hands on the keys. However, when he pressed on them only discordant tones sprang from the instrument. A horse laugh from the bystanders, finally put an end to his efforts. Furious, he let the cover fall; furious, he locked the instrument and went be-

awakening from a dream, inrew back with an energetic movement of his head his long grizzly hair, and gently placed his thin fingers on the keys. As if drawn forth by a magic power, accord upon accord flowed through the room. Those sitting nearest to the plano left their chairs and gath-ered about the old man, who let the last succed of the melude softly dis hind the bar to drown his rage in a glass brimful of "Old Bourbon." Days and weeks went by. The winter, which had just set in on the The day that the instrument arrived in the camp, now held full sway, but the Plano still stood untouched. Pat, who had at first handled the last accord of the prelude softly die away, and then intonated a strangely flourished and slurred potpourri. Pat's eyes brightened. Here it is: instrument with a certain gentleness, and dusted it off every morning with

Yankee Doodle, keep it up, Yankee Doodle dandy. Mind the music and the step-

what provoked him more were the Pat stuck out his lips; he felt like whistling, but his emotion hindered him; the others executed it for him, did not let a day pass without asking but became silent suddenly, to join in egain:

The everiasting vexation gnawed Pat, and lately it often happened that he mistook "Old Rye" fir "Old Bour-There's where my heart is longing, ever, There's where the old folks-stay. The bar became forsaken. The tip-rilers, who had long stopped their con-fused noise, forsook their glasses and thronged about the player. he firstook old kye it'r old bour-bon," and that, instead of serving his customers with the ordinary liquor, he helped them out of his own private bottle. To be sure, he secretly recti-fied the error by adding water to the From the plano sounded:

bad whiskey and replacing the good She loyed gin, and I loved rum, I tell you, we had lots of fur--liquor with bad, and yet he hoped to 'ignor-Pat triumphed: "I told you soant pack," as he mentally called his Ha! ha! ba! you and me. Little brown jug, don't I love theeguests, that there was really music in

Boys, I told you so!" No one listened to him. The miners

ment again presented itself cleanly dusted, and displayed on it was a card which bore the notice in large, awkwardly painted letters: roared it in chorus. The old man smiled in silence. Melodp upon melody sprang from under his fingers. Then he changed suddenly the theme. A couple of the light transitions; he leaned back in "50-to the one who plays the plano!" But this was of no avail, either, and again weeks went by and nobody the chair, then sang with a peculiarappeared to claim the reward. Pat grew more sullen and fretful from day ly sonorous voice:

The harp that once thro' Tara's halls . The souls of music shed-So Christmas day drew near. Holy In the saloon it grew as still as in a vault for the dead. Also those in the card room had long bridled their Smoke Guich lay buried in deep snow. Snow covered the houses of the mi-ners; snow lay on the roofs of the passion; the clink of the coins, the

large smelting works; covered the borders of the tall chimneys, and enrattle of the dice, the monotonous calling of the bankers was hushed. veloped like a great white cloak the surrounding hills and all the country. The place lay there as if deserted. The regular communication by wagons with the town far down in the valley The eyes of the rough miners hung; as if spell bound, on the lips of the plano player. His breast rose and fell. Like soos sounded:

So sleeps the pride of former days, So glory's thrill is oe'r---had necessarily ceased long since, and Like a peep, trembling lament only rarely the stage drivers succeedonly rarely the stage drivers succeed-ed in making their way through to Holy Smoke Gulch. On Christmas eve it seemed as if all the male population of the place had agreed to meet at Pat Moriarity's raison. Not that Pat was the only struggled up:

And the hearts that once beat high for praise Now feel that pulse no more.

Fatigued, he stopped finally. For a numerit more the silence of death reigned; then the applause troke loose with a roar like a tornado. "Drinks, Pat! drinks! same from dozens of throats; dozens of hands held out to the stranger glasses filled to the but to the brim.

"Drink, stranger! drink!" But the latter only sipped at the glass that Pat had pressed into his hand. back doubly in good coin. The roomy saloon was, consequent-ly, filled to suffocation. At the bar, where Pat "presided" with a helper, "Good health old man? Merry the guests crowded by the dozen. All the tables were occupied and behind, in the card room, where "faro" and "sleuce" and "poker and "stud horse" were tolerated, the dice rattled and the coins chincked. Thick tobacco smoke wrapped the whole in almost Christmas!" rang around the circle. For a while the stranger allowed himself a rest; then he began again. One roguish song followed the other drinking song suggested drinking song, and the usually so rude and unsong, and the usually so rule and un-governed miners seemed to have be-come children. While the bottles went around they sang fragments of the songs which the old man seemed to conjure from the plano; they laughed and hugged one another, and impenetrable clouds, while the big iron stove glowed and threw out an inufferable heat. But all this did not trouble the carousers. Uninterrupted-ly Pat filled the liquor bottles, uinter-ruptedly they went the rounds; noise, they drank and drank, and Pat, whose money drawer filled itself to the edges, rubbed his hands together, simpering. ughter, oaths and roars alternated with each other: scoffs and coarse jests abounded. Everybody seemed to amuse himself in his own way, and here and there sounded from ever thirsty lips the old motto: The old man saw it. A strange something flashed up in his eyes. Alsomething flashed up in his eyes. Al-most without transition he again changed the theme. Solemmly, pro-longed, the accords echoed through the room; it sounded like suppressed sorrow, like a bitter, desperate com-plaint about something irrevocably lost, like an unspeakable yearning for vanished happiness, for the blissful peace of childhood! Before the mind's eve of the listeners racture after pic-"Xmas comes but once a year, If I get drunk, who does care?" When the humor had reached its height, and when in the wild tumult one scarcely understood the words of the other, the saloon door opened oftly and the form of an old man beame visible. No one gave him a eye of the listeners picture after pic-ture rose up suddenly, which had long been forgotten in the wild tumult of life-rictures of childhood, pictures of former days!

"he must write a letter." and joined Strange! Strange! So, little by httle, every one present seemed to have "forgotten something;" so, little by little, one after the other stole away; the saloon grew emptier and comptier, and finally entirely empty!. The old man at the piano apparent-ly noticed nothing of it! Eat nollocd absplutely nothing of it! His face buried in his hands, he stood absorbed in thought, and listened to the sing-ing of the stranger. The young man who had helped him behind the bar had gone home long ago; the oil lamps were near going out. Pat did not care for that! Only when the song broke off with a shrill discord did he start. Strange! Strange! So, Hulle by

0

The old man's form had sunk down in the chair, his arms hung loosely by his sides, his head rested on the Pat sprang towards him. He raised the form of the seemingly lifeless man, rubbed his temples with whiskey, then took him in his arms and laid him carefully in a couple of blankets thrown hastily into a corner. 'The old man opened his eyes feebly, and the word "water" came laborious-

ly from his lips. Pat handed it to him, and the old nan, shivering with an inward chill, wallowed it eagerly. "It's over," he groaned. "I know

"It's over," he groaned. "I know -my minutes are numbered...! Have lity - man - fetch - Jack - Jack O'. Hara he is my brother!" Tears dimmed Pat's eyes. He threw several more blankets on the old man, who seemed to be writhing in the last

gasps, and rushed out. Fifteen, twenty minutes then he rushed back out of breath, Jack O'Hara followed at his heels. In the saloon all was as still as the

grave. Pat ran to the corner in which he had laid the old man. It was empty! Between the blankets lay a wig of long grizzly hair, as well as a false gray beard. For a moment Pat stodd as if petified; then he sprang behind the bar and tore open the money drawer. It was empty! A terrible oath escaped

his lips. "Over six hundred dollars to the devil!"

Like a flash a sudden suspicion crossed Jack O'Hara's brain, and he flew off like a madman. After a while he returned as pale

as death . "The devil take you, Pat, with yer cussed planer! The rascal's gone-

ther hull camp! Not er soul kin ketch

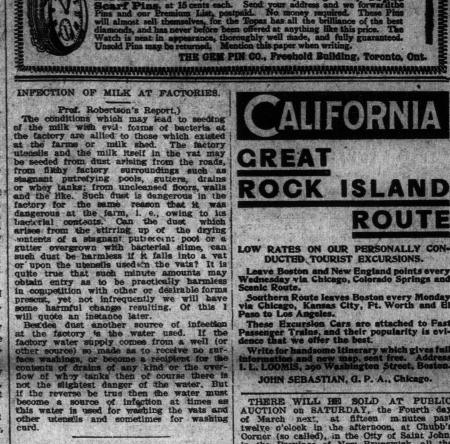
And Jack O'Hara was right!

# WILL OF A MILLIONAIRE.

Large Amounts of Money Left to Anglican

Church Schemes.

The will of the late Robert Hamil-The will of the late Robert Hamil-ton, the well known Quebec lumber-man, who died on September 19th, was filed for probate in the Toronto Surro-gate court a few days ago. Deceased left an estaté valued at \$2,027,240. Of this amount, \$286,912 is the value of the Ontario estate, which is made up of \$257,245 20 in moments



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

(From Prof. Robertson's Report, for 1897.) In selecting a breeding sow, one should be chosen which has been thrifty and vigorous in growing. A long body, a deep chest, and

strong legs, are good points. It is not a good strong legs, are good points. It is not a good plan to choose the prettiest plgs of the litter tefore they have been weaned. When the rigs have been weaned and fed for a month or two, then the sow from the litter which shows the greatest improvement will gener-ally be the best sow for breeding purposes. It is important that the sow should be one of a quiet disposition and that she should be a good milker. In nursing a litter of 8 or 10 young pigs, the milking sow is called upon to furnish nearly as much solids in her milk per day as are given by an ordin-ery cow. her milk per day as are given by an ordin-ery cow. It is a bad practice to breed from imma-ture sows. If a course of breeding from immature sows be continued, the animals will degenerate in size and in vigor. Boars and sows should not be used for breeding until at least eight or ten months old. They can be kept to advantage until they are six or seven years old. The danger of sows be-coming useless before they are of that age, results from improper treatment in feeding, went of exercise, and wet or cold sleeping quarters. That causes the animals to go off di our feet. But if a sox is well preserved, she will usually give the best litters of pigs and nurse them best from the time she is two years to six years old.

Book Q, No. 1, or such and setzed to 280. The same having been levied on and setzed 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

suit of Arthur C. Fairweather against the said William Thompson, and the other st the suit of Margaret E. Seeds against the pard William Thompson. Dated at the City of Saint John, N. B., this 26th day of November, A. D. 1805. H. LAWRANCE STURDEE. Sheriff of the City and County of St. John. 1821 MORE THAN SIX MONTHS. (From Prof. Robertson's Report for 1897.) 9. The milk from cows which have been milking more than six months does not yield its cream so readily as the milk from cows more recently calred. During the cold weather of autumn and winter, by the setting of milk (in deep-set-ting pails, in cold water, at a temperature of 38 degrees to 36 degrees Fahr., for twenty-two bours) from cows which had been milk ing for periods of from six to twelve months, sbout 33 per cent. of the total quantity of butter-fat in the mfik was left in the skimmilk.

PROBATE COURT. City and County of Saint John. To the Sheriff of the City and County of Saint John, or any Constable of the Sai City and County-Greeting: WHEREAS Harrison A. McKeowa, admin istrator de bonus non cum testamento an neros of the Brater of Walter C. Hamilton

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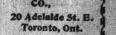


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it?" Again a superior smile played over Pat's face, while he selzed a hatchet, and with less careful than energetic blows, began to open the case. A general "Ah" of surprise reward-ed him when the plano finally pres-ented itself to the eyes of the by-standers

standers.

Pat proudly jerked back his head on his puffy neck, had the instrument shoved into a corner of the saloon, raised the cover and said, after he had run his fingers caressingly over the skining black and white keys:

"So, boys, and now one of you give Of those partly leaning on the bar, partly standing about the plano, not one moved. Only a significant smile glided over their hard, weather beaten

Jack O'Hara alone proke out into a

ringing laugh. "Damned good joke, Pat!" he roar-ed, filling his glass for the second time out of the bottle left by over-sight on the bar. "Might's well de-fiand gold outer the Ontario mine! Try ft yerself an' play somethin'!" Pat caset a venomous glance at the mocker

Way Down Upon the Swance River,' and whatever their names might be! Heard it meself."

man?" he asked, falteringly. Pat eyed the speaker mistrustfully. "Key? For what?" he asked with contemptuous harshness, while he poured himself out under the bar a ssful from his private bottle.

"So the plano is open?" Pat let the bottle fall, and stared at "The plano? Man-you are able-you want to make the tling play?"

man?" he asked, falteringly.

you want to make the thing play?" He rushed from behind the bar, so that the bystanders, confident that Pat wished to eject somebody, will-ingly made way for him, embraced the old man in such a manner that the latter was in danger of losing his equilibrium, then felt in the pockets of his trousers and vest, first with the right hand, then with the left, rushed back behind the bar as if possessed, violently pulled out one drawer after

the other, scattered their contents on the floor, found at last the desired key, grabbed the old man, dragged him to the instrument, snatched from one of his guests the chair on which

Farewell, peaceful cottage! Farewell happy home, Forever I'm doomed a poor exile to roam-Home, home, sweet, sweet home!

Red Mike snorted noisily. There one coughed; and another turned privily away.

unkempt full beard framed the thin, fleshlers face, whose aged expression stood in strange contradiction to the dark, lively eyes. Shivering, he held the long, bony fingers of his tremb-ling hands toward the stove; his glances swept searchingly from one form, from one object in the saloon to the other and remeined fixed on Once more the old wan struck the keys, once more he laid himself back in the chair. He smiled so oddiy, so ironically! Then he sang. What a wonderfully powerful voice he had! to the other, and remained fixed on the card exhibited on the plano. The pupils of his eyes seemed to grow larger, while a faint, scarcely percep-tible smile slipped over his tanned Father, dear father, come home with m

now! The clock in the steeple strikes one

Pat leaned on the bar. A half filled glass of liquor stood unnoticed before him. He had bowed his head in his

For a couple of minutes the old man sait thus motionless; then he rose, and pressed, as if 'iriven by a sudden im-pulse, to the bar. "Will you give me the—the key, man?" he seled following You said you were coming right home from the shop. As soon as your day's work was done.

Red Mike edged toward the stove; then he pushed himself stealthily by the same to the door, which he open-ed cautiously and silently disappeared. Come home! Come home! Come home! Please father, dear father, come home! Jerry O'Nell, who until now had stood close to the old man, whispered in a neighbor's ear that he had forotten something at home and must

gomen sometoing at nome and must get it. But also the latter seemed to have forgotten something, for he left-tie place by Jerry's side. Jerry's brother-in-law saw them go out and followed them.

Hear the sweet voice of the child. Sang the old man at the piano. And how touching his voice sounded! Tim O'Donnell, the wildest fellow in Tim O'Donnell, the wildest fellow in the whole camp, mumbled to himself something incomprehensible, pushed the bystanders recklessly aside, and vanished. Dennis Harrington wiped something moist from his cheeks: then it occurred to him that he had prom-ised to come home early this evening, and he must "keep his promise." His brothers accompanied him, and John-mie Burke re nembered all at once that

of \$257,845.70 in moneys secured by mortgage, and \$29,072.50 in bank and other stock. Mrs. Cassels, wife of Walter G. P. Cassels, Q. C., of this city, and a daughter of deceased, is one of the principal beneficiaries un-der the will. To her is left the sum der the will. To her is left the sum of \$213,000 and the house and property on Grosvenor street, valued at \$14,000. The following other bequests are made in the will: To Mrs. Isabella Hamil-ton, \$12,000 per annum; the use of the town and country residences, Ham-mond and Moss Craig; the furniture, houses and courtages, belowing to mond and Moss Craig, the furniture, honses and carriages, belonging to both residences; Right Rev. Charles Hamilton, bishop of Ottawa, brother of deceased, \$50,000; Mrs. Georgina Scougall, a cousin, \$10,000; Church of England at Hawkesbury, Prescott county, \$10,000; Church Society, Dio-cese of Quebec mission fund, \$46,000; Church society, balance of file ac-count, \$10,000; to the Bishop of Mont-real, to be invested for the support of clergymen in Gatineau county, \$10,000; new diocese of Ottawa, \$10,000; Bish-op's college, Lennoxville, \$45,000; the son and daughter of the late George Wellesley Hamilton, nephew of deceas-ed, \$10,000 each; Rev. Chas. C. Hamil-ton, nephew, \$20,000; widow and children of the late Andrew Pope, de-ceased's bookkeeper, \$5,000; cemeteries of St. Andrew's and Mt. Harmon, \$50 per annum; Mrs. Isabella Irwin,

of St. Andrew's and Mt. Harmon, \$50 per annum; Mrs. Isabella Irwin, daughter of deceased, \$196,990; Robina Hamilton, daughter, \$223,200; John Hamilton, son, \$382,000; to the child-ren of his daughter, Jessie Dean, \$221,-000; to his daughter Herietta Margareu, \$250,000. The testator directs that his

shall keep one-fourth of his wines in wood or bottle, and divide the other three-fourths among his wife and children. He recommends to his widow and children the practice of devoting one-tenth of their income to the ser-vice of Almighty God. The executors of the will are the Right Rev. Charles Hamilton, bishop of Ottawa, brother of deceased; John Hamilton of Quebec, his son; and Walter Gibson Pringle Cassels, Q. C., of Toronto, son-in-law. The will was made at Brighton, Eng-land, on Dec. 3rd, 1884.



#### THE COUGHLINS.

THE COUGHLINS. A Charlottetown letter says: "Mrs. Char-les Coughlin lett Bay Fortune Saturday to ioln her, husband in New York. Word has been received that Mr. Coughlin's new play is meeting with great ruccess. His deugher Gertrude is on the stage with him this sea-sob. Mr. Coughlin resides in Bay Fortune every summer and is now having hrs resi-dence enlarged and improved. It is here in the quiet and solitude of summer he pro-fuces those brilliant pleys that electrify the therein lies the score of his great ruccess. While the meiority of the men of his pro-fression are enending their vacations in com-plete rest. Mr. Coughlin is at work. He owns a fine faim here, commanding an ex-cellent view of Fortune harbor, which for beauty is second to none in the province."

quantity of builder-lat in the main was readed in the skinnmilk. When the milk of cows, which had been milking for periods of less than six months each, was set as stated above, from 7 to 15 per cent, of the total quantity of builter-tat in the maik was left in the skin-milk. Where the milk of one fresh-calved cow was added to the milk of the eight cows which had been milking for periods exceed-ing six and a half months each, and the milk was set as stated above, shout 14 per ont, of the total quantity of builter-fait in the milk was left in the skin-milk. During the autumn and whiter when the milk from cows which had been milking for periods of more than six months each was set in shallow pans for twenty-two hours, form 5 to 15 per cent of the total quantity of builter-fait in the milk was left in the skin-milk.

CREAMING MILK FROM COWS CALVED MORE THAN SIX MONTHS.

sows.

of butter-fail in the main was and skim-milk. By the use of the centrifugal cream separ-ator all the butter-fat in the milk, except about 3 per cent. of the total quantity, may be recovered into the cream from the milk of cows at all stages of lactation and during all seasons of the year.

NO LEAP YEAR UNTIL 1904.

(From the London Answers.) The familiar rule that leap year is every calendar year with a number divisible by feur will be broken in 1900, which fact need not be regarded as an indication that even then it will be time for a change. This rule of the almanac may account for the pro-verbial activity of the new woman at the close of every century. Then there verbial activity of the new woman at the close of every century. Then there is no leap year for eight years. Feb-ruary, 1905, will have but twenty-eight days, the extra day not appearing from 1896 to 1904. Centenary years are not leap years. That rule will be broken in the leap year of 2000, when the intermution may be reserved as broken in the leap year of 2000, when the interruption may be regarded as an indication that it is time for a change. Centenary years divisible by 400 are leap years, consequently there were twenty-nine days in February, 1600, and the same number of days will be given to February, 2000, and again to 2400. The object of this rule is to make the calendar year coincide with the solar year.

CISSED COACHMAN GOES FREE

New Jerse: Judge Releases a Driver Saluted by His Employer's Wife.

Saluted by His Employer's Wife. NEW YORK, Dec. 9.—It was re-served for the Bullocks today to established the legal dictum that a coachman may not be punished if his employer's wife happens to kiss him. Thomas McDonald is a free man. He was arrested last November, charged with showing an affection beyond his station for the wife of Thomas O. Bullock, his employer. The testimony at the trial in Morris-town, N. J., showed that Mrs. Bull-ock had kissed the coachman. Judge Vreeland, after careful de-liberation, discharged McDonald to-day, holding that there was "no ground for action." The case was tried without a jury.

## WHAT ENGLAND REALLY FEARS.

It is not the Fashoda question por the Egyptical difficulty which is causing Eng-land's paval and mile ar east nor the near the situation in the far east nor the near cast nor in South Afr ca responsible for all the fuss. England has a bad onceience and is afreid of the cast's disa mament con-ference, and of the questions which it may rowe. It is against this abstract enemy that Ablion is arming herself. -Wiener Tag-blatt.

nexo of the Estate of Walter C. Hamilton, deceased, hath prayed that a License may be granted to lim to sell the real estate of the said Walter C. Hamilton, deceased, to pay the devits of the said deceased. YOU ARE THEREFORE required to cite: Walter Clarence Hamilton of Freeport, in 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 Bruns-wick, wife of Daniel J. McIntyre of the said City of Saint John, barber; James Haines of Omahog, in the County of Queens and wick, wife of Damiel J. McInityre of the said City of Saint John, barber; James Haines of Otnahog, in the County of Queens and Province of New Brunswick, Farmer; Char-lotte McInityre of Otnahog, in the said County of Queens, wife of John McInityre; John McInityre of Otnahog, in the said County of Queens, Hannah Pickle of Otna-bog, in the said County of Queens, wife of Arthur Fickle; Anthur Rickle of Otna-hog, in the said County of Queens, wife of the said County of Queens, wife of Arthur Fickle; Anthur Rickle of Otna-hog, in the said County of Queens, wife of the said County of Queens, wife of the said County of Queens, wife of Arthur Fickle; Anthur Rickle of Otna-hog, in the said County of Queens, wife of the said County of Provide and the said County of Saint John, engi-neer; Nathaniel McInityre of Woodstock, in the County of Carleson, and Province of New Brunswick; and all others interested, to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held in and for the City and County of Saint John, at the Probate Court Room in the Pugsley Building, in the City of Saint John, on MONDAY, the SIXTEENTH day of JANUARY next, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, to show cause, if any, why a License to sell the Real Estate of the said Waiter C. Hamilion, deceased, should not be granted to the said Herrison A. Me-Keown, Administrator de bonis non cum tothe as by law direct. (Sgd) JOHN MoMILLAN Registrar of Probate (Sgd.) JOHN MoMILLAN Registrar of Probate (Sgd.) SILAS ALWARD, Prootor for Petitioner.

CRUSHED. Showing Why People Should Talk Quietly in Trolley Cars.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer.) Here is a story with an admirable moral: They were standing up in a street car, swaying to and fro by the aerial straps, and gabbing as fast as their tongues could

go. "By the way," exclaimed the one in the military cape, "dtd you know that Charlie Hawkine was engaged?" Hawkine was in the gray hat gave an ex-

Olamation of surprise.
"Why, nol" she cried. "Who to?"
"Oh, nobody that you know, or that any-body clase knows, for that matter. She works in a store, or something of the sort.
I do think Charlte's mother is real good about it, for she declares she likes the girl— eays she is sweet and pretty, and all that, but I believe she does it just to hide her real feelings."
The woman in the gray hat nodded sagety.
"I shouldn't worder at all," she an-nounced. "I had heard he was going with that girl. Mabel Thompson, isn't it? But, of course, I never thought that there was anything in it. I suppose they'll live on our street, because Charlie owns a house there; but I'll tell all the neighbors who she is-in a lower, whispor, "rather stylish looking girl, Kan't she? I'd like to know who she is."

stopped on her outward we lieve that you would," she said, icily, "bt I've no objection to telling you. My nam is Mabel Thompson," and she swept from the car, leaving two crushed and crimson ladges behind her. They have since decided it is cangerous to discuss unknown persons in public places., thenger stopped on her outwined with flashing eyes. "I

#### AN BASY WINNER

"Mr. Chairman," shou'ed the delegate from Cohosh, "I arise to name a man whose parents were born in Ireland: a man who can talk Gorman and who has never ex-pressed an opiniton on any public question in his life." The nomination was then made by accla-mation.-Chicago Neve.