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THE LONELY GUARD,

—BY—

NORMAN INNES,

Author of "The Burge of War" (London Magazine, Evelsigh Nash, 1906); "Parson Croft" (Evelsigh Nash, 1907.)

(Continued.)

He had gripped me about the neck and had got his answer in the shape of my fist full in his teeth. Spitting the blood from his lips, he staggered to his feet as his men came thronging into the place in answer to his cry.

Now, I stood a pace behind the wine-casks, old Schalk's sword in my hand, and chained though I was, neither the ruffian nor a man of his following, would be foremost in the narrow opening betwixt those butts. My teeth were set, if die I must, I would die then and there, and not alone as the villains guessed.

"The jade has played us false," cried their leader with an oath, "a pistol, a fowling-piece, ye witless hounds. Will ye waste time in sword-play?"

In a moment a pistol was levelled at my breast; I winced as the outlaw pressed the trigger, but the lock only snapped.

While three or four ran for their weapons, another, he whom Marie Schalk had called Klaus, made sword in hand, for that narrow opening, swung at my head, was met by my guard and reeled with a choking sob as my point got home beneath his throat.

And then, as the knaves fell back from the stricken man, while others stood swearing without at some mischance that it seemed had befallen their store of powder, while the sunlight streamed into the cavern, turning the grey stone walls to silver, the pool upon the floor to crimson, glinting upon the blade, steeping the dying wretch in its glory, the stillness that had fallen upon the clearing was broken by the rattle of musketry.

The woodsmen turned in a moment, some with oaths on their lips, some with cries and groans and that though I stood at their backs with my blade dripping blood. Another volley and the wretches, dropping knife or cudgel, were breaking from the cave, all save the leader of the band who had sunk beside the wall in the small entrance.

Loud rang the cries without, shouts of triumph, appeals for mercy and the shriek of the wight hard hit. Single shots had succeeded the volleys and longer grew the intervals betwixt them, and then as I stood fettered, not knowing what this much firing might mean, I caught sight of the white uniforms of Austrian infantry without.

Whence had they come? From Rohn with van Wegen at their head? Were that the case I was like to die in that cavern after all.

Then I caught sight of a horseman, a striking figure on a chestnut—a man, spare but of many inches, hard-faced, gaunt, glabrous of cheek who sat his steed with a stoop as if weighted by the many orders on his breast. I stared as the officer dismounted with his back to the sunlight, and in an instant I knew him—I had seen him but once before, looking hawk-eyed into a mass of Prussian infantry bent on winning a position that we had held since dawn. The sun, within an hour of its setting, shone on those thin-drawn features, which in a moment had been graven on my memory for aye.

I knew him again, as I knew the child who limped at his side, and together these two, the man of inches and the girl—Marshal Khevenhuller and Marie Schalk—halted at the mouth of the cavern.

"He is within, Your Excellency," said the child.

"So I see," replied the Marshal as I saluted, "who art thou, sir?"

"Captain Lesly of the Hussars of Szegedin," I answered breathless.

"So? So?" muttered the soldier. "Thou shouldst be in Rohn, Captain Lesly."

Then he remembered my commission, this man of the piercing eyes. I was about to stammer some explanation when he cut me short—"And should be under arrest, sir, so I am given to understand," adding with a grim smile, "but what matter, since I find thee a prisoner here? Thou art ever in misfortuune it seems, but one of my men shall free thee of these chains ere I hear thy tale."

He had stepped to where I stood, stirring with his foot the bodies of the dead outlaws and their leader as he passed. The child had followed him.

The Marshal's hand fell somewhat heavily on her shoulder.

"We owe much to thy little friend," said he in the same stern tones, though his eyes had softened. "Her Majesty, thou and I perchance."

"I owe her my life," I rejoined, "but Her Majesty and Your Excellency——"

"Each owe their thanks at the least. The Queen since from the writing I hold, I understand she sets a high value upon thy services; I since but for the girl's information, I should have lost a worthy officer who, if report speaks truth, of late has met with fortune as ill as it has been undeserved."

My brain reeled as I listened to that slow hard voice, my tongue seemed tied though my heart was o'er full. And then, there broke from me a cry, not of thanks, nor of joy, nor of gratitude to the Queen, Marshal or blue-eyed child, but a shout of warning and horror.

"Have a care, sir, the knave! Help!" I cried, as suddenly from the ground where he lay sprang the leader of the robber band, a knife bare in his fist.

The Marshal had turned in a moment, had caught the rogue by the wrist while I straining at the shackles that bound me, strove to reach him with the point of my sword. Like some cat o' the mountain at bay amid the rocks, the ruffian struggled to reach his opponent's grip; but though an older man and lacking the other's weight, old Khevenhuller clung grimly to his hold. And at my cry, the white uniforms came hot-foot to the cavern as at last the outlaw wrenched himself free. Twice he struck at the Marshal who, shrinking, slipped his blade and came by no greater hurt than a sleeve ripped open as a bayonet thrust brought the other to his knees; but writhing himself free the knave aimed one other blow, a sweeping blow at the full swing of his arm, blindly perhaps, but with luckless aim, for with a long-drawn sob at my feet sank Marie Schalk.

Stricken beside the wine-butts she lay, with the sunlight glinting on the gold of her tresses, with her life-blood crimson on her breast. Her blue eyes met mine as I knelt beside her and a smile flickered on her lips.

"Herr Officer, whose name I know not," she whispered. "Herr Officer, is the debt I owe thee paid?"

God knows it was, but my lips failed me as a mist gathered before my eyes. The Marshal bent at her side.

"Carry her without," said he—his voice grown very soft—as we sought to staunch the wound.

But the child would not have it.

"Nay, let me rest with the Herr Officer," she whispered, nestling close in my arms, and fettered as I was I held her while her breath came short and in labored gasps.

Suddenly her face brightened.

"Thou hast my father's sword," she whispered. "I would hold it, Excellency."

did her bidding, though the heavy blade all but slipped from her grasp, wondering what strange fancy had seized the child.

"So," said she, as my fingers closed on hers above the hilt; and then with a little sigh, "See, Herr Officer; methought I had forgotten the trick."

The ring of metal on the floor of the cavern drowned her words. There lay the good broad blade upon the ground, yet the hilt was still in our hands. Nor did I, the Marshal, nor those of his staff waste time in wondering by what hidden spring the weapon had parted in twain thus suddenly as from out a hollow in the hilt slipped a string of pearls, those pearls held lost forever, to rest upon the girl's coarse skirt.

The secret of the sword was out, a secret of which old Schalk must have had full knowledge. Well might I gape at the jewels, even old Khevenhuller could not repress a whistle.

As for the child, it seemed that her work was ended. Life, speech and all else were fading, but her eyes were wide and blue as of yore, the smile still played on her lips.

Yet once she spoke, softly as the night wind sighs.

"The debt is paid, Herr Officer. Thou wilt not forget."

"Nay, little one," I answered, bending low until my lips touched her forehead.

"'Tiss more than paid, nor shall I forget."

And smiling she passed, lapped in the radiance of the summer afternoon, with her head pillowed on my arm with those men of war about her. But I saw nought, nor sad-eyed soldiers, nor Marshal, nor golden sunset, nought but that face and that dimly, so pale, so tranquil, still wreathed with the winning smile that had touched my heart on the high road 'twixt Neumarkt and Seekirchen.

(To be Continued.)

Toronto, May 5.—It is reported that a reduction of ten per cent. in wages will be made by the Grand Trunk on June 1, to apply to all branches of employes.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
CURES RHEUMATISM
BRIGHT'S DISEASE BACKACHE
DIABETES

THE "DORIS," WITH FLOWER TRIMMINGS.

Extremes in straw hats appear to have at last reached their limits, and the tendency is now toward those of rather moderate dimensions. Fine straw and leghorns have rather high square or rounded crowns and irregularly shaped brims, some of them dipping decidedly at the right side and flaring abruptly at the left, while others are set squarely upon the head and minus a bandeau or under-brim decoration. Most of the trimming, whether of flowers, feathers, velvet ribbons or all three combined, as is frequently the case, is piled upon the crown, and usually a broad effect is sought. Forget-me-nots and red roses with blue ribbon trim this novel shape styled the "Doris."

BIG SHORTAGE IN ACCOUNTS OF THE DECEASED DEPUTY

Wm. P. Flewelling Was $12,000 Short and the Fear of Disgrace Drove Him to Suicide---Premier Hazen Gives Contents of Offical's Confession to Coroner's Jury.

Fredericton, N. B., May 5.—Deeply pathetic in tone, the last word of a worry-racked man who had used for his own purposes money of this province entrusted to his care and who dreaded the disgrace of publicity, Deputy Surveyor General Flewelling's letter to Premier Hazen was the feature of tonight's inquest into the death of the official who had so long carried on the duties of his office and who was held in such high esteem by all who knew him.

The letter confessed shortages of some $12,000. He could have fixed it up, he said, but evidently fearing that the audit being carried on would uncover his wrong doing he could not face the disgrace and live. Death were more welcome. The shortage was an overdraft on the Bank of British North America and it was unknown because Flewelling had paid the interest from his own funds.

How long it had been going on, or for what purpose the money was used, was not disclosed. That he could have easily redeemed himself is evident not only from the statement in his own letter but also from the words of friends here who say he could have readily raised the money had he appealed to them.

One man is quoted as saying that $5,000 could have been had from him alone. Another noticeable point in the inquest is that there is no evidence of Mr. Flewelling's whereabouts from 3.40 o'clock Monday when he was seen leaving his office until he was found dead about 7.30, while the testimony was that what is thought to have been the report of the shot that killed him was heard about 5.40 o'clock.

The inquest was held tonight in the municipalities room in the parliament building by Coroner McNally and the following jury: George Hazen (foreman), Edward Barry, C. W. Hall, M. W. Carrier, H. M. Blair, J. C. Harding and P. A. Guthrie.

Hon. J. D. Hazen testified that he last saw Mr. Flewelling alive about noon on Monday in the Crown Lands office. He was then in his usual good health. Mr. Hazen told of being handed a letter addressed to him, found on Mr. Flewelling's desk.

The letter was in a large envelope addressed to Mr. Hazen. The letter was read by Mr. Hazen and furnished the cause for the suicide. It was dated Sunday last and contained the statement of Mr. Flewelling that he had used funds which did not belong to him to the extent of about $12,000. He had overdrawn the account in the bank of B. N. A.

The letter also stated that the matter was entirely one between him and the bank and the late government had no knowledge of it. He did not give any idea of how the money was used by him.

He said he believed it was due to all concerned that he make a public confession as the matter had been worrying him for some time. He himself had paid the interest on the amount he had overdrawn. This had gone on for some years.

It was due to the late government to say they had no knowledge of the matter. It was entirely between the bank and himself.

The letter closed with an appeal to Mr. Hazen and his colleagues on behalf of his widow and with the statement that by the time the letter was read he would be beyond earthly troubles.

The letter was heard with deep interest and caused a profound sensation. Mr. Hazen said that at first he had decided not to make the letter public but on consulting several leading men in provincial matters and others and some near relatives of the deceased he had decided to submit it, because of the stories in circulation. He asked, however, that the letter be not published until after the funeral, which will take place tomorrow.

The statement was also made that the matter could have been fixed up by the sale of his property, etc., but that he could not live and face the disgrace. He added that the government would not be losers, as he was under trust bond.

Mr. Hazen was deeply moved as he read the letter. He did not leave the letter with the coroner but took it away with him.

R. S. Barker, who is a draughtsman in the crown land office was the next witness. He told of seeing the deceased at 3.15 o'clock on Monday afternoon. He was apparently in good health then. At 7 o'clock Mr. Barker said he had a telephone message from Mrs. Flewelling asking if he had seen her husband. He suggested that he might have gone to his camp but she said "no," that she had enquired.

Mr. Barker said he went to the office and found Mr. Flewelling's coat and hat hanging in his room. J. Howe Dickson joined the witness and they searched the building. In the basement caretaker Lynn joined them. A store room door, usually kept locked, was found open and Lynn peered inside and said "There he is now, lying on the floor of the basement." Mr. Barker said he went in and found him lying dead on the floor, his right hand clutching a revolver. Mr. Barker told of notifying the coroner. Up to that time he knew of no reason why Mr. Flewelling should have taken his life.

F. S. Sadler, of the Crown Lands office, was the next witness. He said he last saw Mr. Flewelling alive at 3.40 o'clock and he did not seem to be different from his usual self. He was walking from his room into the main hall. The witness and Joseph Hanlon were in the office at 5.40 and while talking at that time heard a sharp sound like a rock striking the window. The witness investigated but saw no one near the building. The sound was not repeated.

Coroner McNally said that the body had been examined by Dr. Bridges. The latter was called and testified as to the wound in the heart. His opinion was that the wound was self-inflicted.

The jury were out about half an hour and returned the following verdict: "We, the coroner's jury empanelled and sworn to enquire into the death of the late Wm. P. Flewelling, having carefully considered the evidence adduced before us, do find as follows: That the deceased Wm. P. Flewelling came to his death by a bullet wound inflicted by his own hand on the evening of the fourth day of May, in the basement of the departmental building in the city of Fredericton, while laboring under extreme mental derangement caused by financial worry."

It was learned tonight that Flewelling was bonded in $20,000 by the London Guarantee Company of Toronto, and that the government today notified the company of the shortage in his accounts. The bank is protected by a guarantee for the overdraft given by the late government.

Flewelling's letter admitted a shortage of some $12,000, but Mr. Dunlop, the expert now auditing the books, says it will take a month or six weeks to complete the audit of the Crown lands department and that even then the exact amount of shortage may not be known because of the lack of detail in the office under the old administration system.

It was stated to-day that the audit which was commenced by Auditor W. H. Dunlop, of Ottawa, yesterday in the deputy surveyor general's office was for the same purpose as the general audit which has been proceeding in other departments. The audit has been to ascertain conditions since October 31st to the present time, not only in the crown land department but in all departments, so as to see that matters chargeable to the fiscal year closing on October 31st, 1907, had not been carried over to this year.

Apparently, Mr. Flewelling had a misconception of the aim of the audit. The system in vogue in the crown land department of handling moneys has been to have an account at the Bank of British North America, which was carried on under the name of "W. P. Flewelling, deputy surveyor general," and in this account the territorial revenues, amounting to as high as $300,000 per year, were handled. All checks were signed by Mr. Flewelling, who also carried his personal account with it.

It was also learned that on this account the Bank of B. N. A. had authority from former premiers and surveyor generals to allow an overdraft of as much as $25,000. This system of overdrafts was inaugurated about eight or nine years ago, with a smaller amount allowed, but it has been increased since then by $50,000 at a time.

Cures Dizzy Headache

Dr. Hamilton says, look to the stomach and bowels,—see if they are not sluggish and overloaded. System needs cleansing with Dr. Hamilton's Pills, they cure headache, biliousness and dyspepsia—25c. per box.

OBITUARY

Mrs. James Devereaux

Moncton, May 6.—Friends here have received word of the death in Winscorbsin of a former St. John lady in the person of Mrs. Jane Devereaux, wife of James Devereaux, and whose maiden name was Emily Jones, of St. John.

Mrs. Devereaux had been living with her husband in Shell Lake, Wisconsin, since 1882. During the construction of the Salisbury and Harvey railways, Mr. and Mrs. Devereaux resided at Salisbury, Mr. Devereaux being paymaster on that road.

Mrs. Devereaux was born in St. John in 1852. She is survived by her husband and five daughters. Death took place at the North Western hospital in Minneapolis on April 14th.

Mrs. Charles H. Ebbett.

Gagetown, May 5.—The death of Mrs. Chas. H. Ebbett occurred at her home, Lower Gagetown, yesterday morning at 8 o'clock.

Mrs. Ebbett had been in indifferent health for some time past but of late was apparently much improved until about ten days ago when she was suddenly stricken with paralysis, and from this attack appeared to be rallying up to Saturday when a change for the worse was noticeable and she gradually grew weaker until death ensued as stated.

Mrs. Ebbett will be greatly missed in the community and among a host of friends. The affliction is particularly severe in the home. Benevolence and hospitality were marked characteristics of a noble and devoted Christian wife, mother, and neighbour.

Besides the husband and three sons—Arthur W. and Fred. C., both having recently gone on a trip to Alberta, and Dr. Leigh, of Hodgdon (Me.), who was with his mother at her death, there are three sisters—Mrs. R. and Mrs. A. French, St. John; Mrs. R. Ebbett, Lower Gagetown, surviving.

Much sympathy will be felt for the sorely stricken family and especially for the absent sons.

Deceased was 66 years of age.

The funeral services will be conducted at the home and Upper Hampstead Baptist church Wednesday afternoon. Dr. McLeod, of Fredericton, will officiate.

William Trimble

St. Stephen, May 5.—(Special.)—Wm. Trimble, Calais, Me., who has been ill for more than two weeks, died this morning. He was a G.A.R. man, having served in the civil war. He was sixty-nine years old and leaves a widow and three sons—Clarence, John R., and Horace, of the firm of Trimble Bros., Calais. A masonic funeral will be held Thursday afternoon; interment in Calais cemetery.

WEAK KIDNEYS

Restored to Strength by Dr. Williams Pink Pills.

Bad blood is the cause of weak kidneys. The impurities of the blood clog the kidneys so that they are unable to perform their work of separating the waste matter from the blood—the bad from good. The symptoms of diseased kidneys are numerous. The dull sunken eye, the coated tongue, the backache, weak shaky knees, sallow, swollen face, all show what is wrong. This disease must not be neglected. Every day delayed in finding a cure is a day nearer "Bright's disease"—that trouble is incurable. Do not waste time and money on a medicine which acts only on the kidneys. It may relieve, but it cannot cure you. The trouble to be permanently cured must be treated through the blood. Good blood makes healthy kidneys. Dr. Wiliams' Pink Pills actually make new, rich, red blood—that's why they cure when other medicines fail. Thousands owe good health—some life itself—to this medicine. Among them is Roy Davidson, who resides with his uncle, Mr. C. B. Maclean, near Brockville, Ont. Mr. Maclean says: "My nephew, Roy, had weak kidneys. About a year ago he took the measles and this left him in a bad state. His kidneys were so weak that they were incapable of performing their functions. He suffered from backache, weakness and restlessness. For a time he had to leave school. Our family doctor was unable to help him. In fact, he told me that Roy might never get better; that the disease would probably grow worse. I then procured a supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had already used the Pills myself with great benefit and felt confident they would cure Roy. He began taking them, and continued their use until he had taken a half dozen boxes, which fully cured him. He is now stronger and better than he ever was and neither study nor work about the farm seem to fatigue him. I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved him from a life of misery."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do just one thing—but they do that thoroughly. They actually make new, rich, red blood, which feeds and strengthens every nerve and organ in the body. That is why this medicine cures such common ailments as anaemia, general weakness, headaches and backaches, indigestion, palpitation of the heart, rheumatism, neuralgia and the ailments which make the lives of so many women and young girls miserable. Don't take something else which the dealer may say is "just as good." If you can't get the genuine Pills from your dealer send to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and get them by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50.

MONCTON NEWS

Moncton, May 5.—Word was received here yesterday of the death at Boston of Richard Flanagan, a former well known Moncton man. George Trites, the well known hockey player, is a nephew of deceased and left to-day to bring the body to Moncton for burial.

At the annual meeting of St. George's Guild, to-night, Mrs. W. B. Sisam, wife of the rector, was presented with a reading lamp. The officers elected were:—Honorary President, Mrs. Sisam; President, Mrs. Fairweather; First Vice, Miss M. Powell; Second Vice, Mrs. D. Harris; Secretary, Miss Cormick.

No. 76 train, fast freight for Halifax, was wrecked about 9 o'clock to-night at Meadow Brook as result of the truck of a steam shovel, bound for Halifax, being derailed, the track was badly torn up for fifty or seventy-five yards. No one was injured. The Maritime Express from Halifax is delayed three hours by the wreck.

How to Detect Plurisy

Long breaths hurt, side catches and pains,—rub well with Nerviline and away goes the ache, muscles are relieved of tension, pleurisy prevented. No liniment half so powerful or so useful inside or out as Polson's Nerviline, try it.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure
The only baking powder made with Royal Grape Cream of Tartar
No Alum, No Lime Phosphate

R.K.Y.C. PREPARES ITS RACING SCHEDULE

Quarterly Meeting Held Last Evening---Good Outlook for Busy Season.

Judging by the preparations being made by the Royal Kennebeccasis Yacht Club, the season of 1908 will be the busiest and most enjoyable in its history. At the quarterly meeting held last evening arrangements were made for the various races and cruises that will be held during the season.

The recommendations of the sailing committee as adopted provide for the following races:—

June 20.—Start 2.45 p. m.

Open to class H, salmon boats.

Course.—Milkish and return, twice over. Time limit, 2½ hours.

Officers of the day:—Judges, F. J. Likely and Howard Holder; timers, E. N. Herrington and John Rogerson. Prizes.—1st, Merrill cup and pennant; 2nd and 3rd, pennants.

June 27.—Start 2.30 p. m.

Open to class B. Course 10 miles to windward or leeward, and return. Time limit, 2½ hours. Officers of the day:—Judges, F. S. Heans and F. L. Peters, timers, Peter Sinclair and Chas. Heans. Prize.—Lovitt cup.

July 1.—Start 10.30 a. m.

Cruising race open to cruising classes in cruising trim. Course.—Starting off the wharf at Millidgeville, through eastern channel, down the Kennebeccasis and up the St. John to Carter's Point, leaving the buoy off Carter's Point on port hand, returning to Millidgeville over the same course via the eastern channel, finishing off the club wharf. Flying start, time allowance given at the start. No time limit. No limit to crew. Each yacht must tow a dinghy. Officers of the day: Judges, Robert Thomson and Horace King; timers, G. B. Hegan and J. R. Armstrong. Prizes.—Articles of equipment, presented by Commodore Thomson, Vice Commodore Merrill, J. A. Likely and J. R. McFarlane. Entries to close Monday, June 29.

July 25.—Start, 3 p. m.

Open to gasolene motor boats. Course.—Special, same as previously used for those boats. Time limit, 2 hours. All conditions of this race to be the same as in the race held July 29, 1906. Officers of the day: Judges, S. B. Gerow and F. C. Jones; timers, W. C. Rothwell and J. H. Kimball. Prizes.—1st, 1906 Executive cup and pennant; 2nd and 3rd, pennants. Referred back to sailing committee to make provision for motor boats over 25 feet.

August 1.—Start, 2.30 p. m.

Open to squadron cruisers, classes A., B. and C. Course.—D shortened. Time limit 2½ hours. Officers of the day: Judges, T. E. Powers and Wm. White; timers, J. E. Sweeny and Austin McLaughlin. Prize.—Beveridge cup.

Aug. 15.—Start, 2.30 p. m.

Open to class A. Course C. Time limit 2½ hours. Officers of the day: Judges, G. E. Holder and T. T. Lantalum; timers, G. W. Brown and J. R. McFarlane. Prize.—Ruel shield.

The starting of all boats shall be as prescribed in regulations X, the starting and finishing line at Millidgeville being as described in regulation XXXIII. In all races starting and finishing at Millidgeville the starting signal shall be hoisted guns fired and time taken from the old club house verandah.

A race will be held on the annual cruise on Grand Lake, conditions to be decided later, open to all cruising boats on the cruise.

Provision was also made for races to be held at such times and under such conditions as may be arranged by the sailing committee.

A movement was started to provide a "members cup," the conditions for the series of races to be decided by the boat owners.

E. Percy Howard was elected a measurer. Geo. E. Barlow and Holly Mc. L. Lingley were elected members.

The club membership is now 420, and a number of new applications are now on the board so that there is a steady growth, and the 500 mark is being approached.

Among the boats added to the fleet this season are: Viking, owned by Harry H. Bissett; H. B. Robinson's Possum; Gordon Likely and Jack Belyea's, Savilar; H. Arbo's catboat; a catboat now building for E. N. Herrington and Commodore Thomson's Eileen as well as motor boats owned by F. A. Dykeman, S. C. Emerson, Harold Allison and Chester Gandy.

A squadron excursion is to be held from Saturday, May 23, to Monday, May 25, so as to take in two and a half days' cruise for the holiday.

The annual cruise will commence July 11. The boats will sail to Grand Lake and probably to Chipman. An unusually large fleet is expected and probably a number of visiting boats will come here to participate in the trip. With the new boats that have been added the season's racing should be more than usually exciting.

NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY

At the meeting of the Natural History Society last evening the following new members were elected: Regular—C. H. Flewelling; Associate—Mrs. Fred. C. Jones; Junior—Jas. W. Lewis, J. R. Baker, Hartley McLennan and Ralph S. Crawford. Donations to the library and museum were received embracing an interesting collection of West Indian objects, from Arthur K. Mundee; French peasant woman's shoes, from Miss Louise Purves; collection of New Brunswick plants, from Mrs. Chas. McLauchlan; a pair of miniature sabots, from Geo. Morrissey; gypsum, from Harriet Bauer.

A paper from H. F. Perkins, Ph.B., of Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, a corresponding member of the society, on some natural features of that locality, was read. He mentioned that the precipitation there is much less than in St. John, being only 15.65 inches on an average for a year. The total accumulation of snow during the past winter did not exceed twelve inches. The average winter temperature for the four months, beginning with December, was 4 degrees above zero, although for the winter of 1907 it was 8 degrees below zero. Mr. Perkins spoke of the rarity of ferns, only four species being found around Prince Albert, and of the abundance of plants of the pulse family.

A paper by J. W. Banks proved most interesting to bird lovers. He described the time of the coming of different species in their northern migration, and their characteristics. Mr. Banks is a close observer and his observations, extending over many years, with his notes on their peculiarities, made the address a very instructive one.

A vote of thanks moved by Rev. Mr. Hutchinson and seconded by Mr. McIntosh was tendered to Mr. Banks for his excellent paper. Dr. G. U. Hay presided at the meeting.

Thos. J. Moran, a conductor of the St. John Railway Company, on the West Side, has been compelled to leave his duties owing to ill health. Monday evening his fellow-employes presented to him a purse of money as a token of the high esteem in which he was held. Mr. Moran left yesterday morning for his home in Oromocto, where his many friends hope that he may improve in health.

NO CAUSE TO WORRY

"Say, what about Taft?" queried the humble little man of the man who was reading a paper on the street car.

"I guess Taft is all right," was the reply.

"I hope he is—I hope so, but do you know I'm worried about it. I didn't sleep an hour last night."

"But why do you worry?"

"You see, sir, if Taft is not nominated he will have only a few months more to hold office."

"That is so."

"He will then be thrown out on a cold and cruel world to make his living the best way he can. The hard times will still be with us. It may be months and months before he can strike a job."

"I don't imagine he would have much trouble," smiled the other.

"But do you know, sir—can you assure me that he wouldn't? I am a journeyman tailor, and I know how hard it is to strike a paying job. Two or three nights ago I dreamed of Mr. Taft. I dreamed of seeing him enter a grocery with a pitcher after a quart of molasses, and when he asked for credit the grocer turned him down. The look on the poor man's face will haunt me for days."

Asked for credit, the grocer turned him down.

"But it needn't. I have it on the very highest authority that Mr. Taft has over $600 in the savings bank, and that his wife can do her own housework if necessary, and there is no doubt of his getting along some way. It is kind of you to interest yourself, but don't let it upset you too much."

"Let us shake hands, sir," said the little man as a glad smile came to his face. "You have taken a great burden off my mind, and I thank you. I was troubled, but I'll take your word for it and trouble no more. I can go home and tell my wife that Mr. Taft is all right, all right, and that no grocer can turn him down on the 'lasses question, and that if he wants a new white vest for summer he hasn't got to go to a second-hand store to get it."

JOE KERR.

NOT SO FAR AWAY.

They say it is spring fever
But by my own analysis
Of all the symptoms I have had
It is a spring paralysis.

TROUBLES.

A string around your finger worn
Will memory abet;
A string around a fishing rod
Will help you to forget.

A FLAT-DWELLER'S VIEW.

See how the busy little bees
The shining hours improve!
I'm sure they live in rented hives—
They're always on the move.