

POOR DOCUMENT

MCG 2034

THE STAR, ST. JOHN N. B., MONDAY, JULY 29, 1907.

Oak Hall's Big Mid-Summer Sale Is Over

It proved to be a splendid good-will bringer—hundreds of men who purchased will remember the reliable values we gave.

It was the greatest and most successful Mid-Summer Sale in our history, and we believe the greatest ever held in St. John at the time of year.

For this we thank you, showing as it does your belief in our methods of doing business, confidence in the reliability of our merchandise, fairness of our prices and genuineness of reduced prices at sale times.

Original prices now prevail—but it is well to remember that the prices on our clothing are based upon our work as manufacturers. You pay but one profit here.

It's Going Away Time--and We Have the Right Trunks.

When you take a trip you want to be sure of your trunks getting there in ship-shape style—baggage men the country over are not very careful people, you know. Come here for good trunks at the lowest prices.

\$2.30 to \$19.75

GREATER OAK HALL,

KING STREET
C.B. GERMAIN

SCOVIL BROS., Ltd., St. John, N. B.

Branch Store 695 Main Street, North End.

TELEGRAPH AND TIMES BOUGHT BY J. V. MCKANE FOR THE CONSERVATIVES

David Russell Announced the Sale Last Night—An Attempt Being Made to Convince the Public that the Papers Are Politically Independent—The Story of the Negotiations—Mr. McKane Declined to be Interviewed.

MONTREAL, Q., July 28.—David Russell tonight announced the sale of the Telegraph and the Times. Mr. Russell declined to be interviewed with regard to the inner meaning of the transfer. He, however, admitted that John Y. McKane of Newcast, N. B., had bought both the papers. "And," added Mr. Russell, "he has paid cash for them both."

The foregoing confirms the report published in The Sun Saturday. The negotiations of which this transfer is the conclusion have been going on for some time and practically came to a head Saturday week, when Mr. Russell, Mr. McKane, B. A. Macdonald of the Montreal Star, H. A. Powell and other prominent Conservatives met in this city. Mr. McKane went to Montreal last week when the negotiations were concluded. The price paid for the two papers has not been made public. Report places it all the way from \$10,000 to \$150,000.

This brings the Telegraph and Times directly under the control of the local Conservative machine. Judging by a circular issued Saturday in response to telegraphic orders received on Friday from Montreal an attempt is to be made to convince the public that the papers are independent in politics. This is, of course, a deception which will probably not be kept up very long.

BOY DROWNED AT MONCTON IN SIGHT OF BROTHER

MONCTON, July 28.—In sight of his young brother and a crowd of boy friends who were unable to aid him, Edward Williams, fourteen years old, was on Saturday afternoon drowned in the waters of Humphrey's mill pond, two miles from this city. The lad could not swim and seated on a log had been carried out into the stream to a point where the water was twenty feet deep. There he slipped from the log and was drowned. Young Williams lived in this city, being a son of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Williams. He was employed in the cotton factory, and at noon on Saturday told his mother he had been invited to go bathing with some friends to Humphrey's pond. Knowing that he could not swim his mother urged him not to go, but he said he would go for a wash, and departed, his brother James being one of the party. Shortly before four o'clock they arrived on the banks of the upper pond and the lads stripped and disported themselves in the water. Finally Williams mounted a log which the current caught and carried out some distance. He was seen to slip and fall backwards and into the stream. The lads on the bank were unable to help him, and going down the bank the body, caught with a pile pole, was brought to the surface, but efforts at resuscitation were fruitless. Coroner Turley decided at an inquest was unnecessary. The boy's father is at Coal Branch, where he has a farm. He was the eldest boy at home, and the mother's grief was bitter. The body was brought to the city and taken to an undertaker's rooms.

as the Conservative party organization shares with Mr. McKane the control and is contributing a considerable share of the purchase money. As soon as the local Conservatives managed to interest the North Shore millionaire in their party's affairs the transfer for a party paper in St. John was broached, and a short time ago a company was formed for that purpose with a capital of \$50,000. Of this Mr. McKane volunteered to contribute \$20,000 the rest to be raised by the sale of stock to party friends. It is understood that \$5,000 of this stock has been subscribed. Though the announced intention was to start a new paper, to be called The Standard, negotiations have been underway for some time for the purchase of one of the existing papers. Finding that The Standard, The Globe and The Echo were not for sale, negotiations have been opened with The Telegraph. The chief difficulty encountered here, was the price asked by Mr. Russell. This is said to have been \$200,000 at first an amount which the party could not meet. Later Mr. McKane's interest in the matter increased to such an extent that it is understood that he volunteered to make up the deficiency out of his own pocket and he himself put the deal through with Mr. Russell.

Three motors were built in the I. C. R. shops here and the Rhodes, Curry & Co. have built three car bodies. The third will arrive in a short time. Another car to run by gasoline, built in Austria, is also on the way here, being somewhere between Moncton and Montreal.

The first motor car took a party to Shediac on Saturday evening and in being turned in the roundhouse at P. DuChene slipped from the rails but no damage was done.

The Saturday half-holiday for the car shop employees of the I. C. R. came into effect on Saturday afternoon, and there was no work in the shops here. The half holiday is effective in the summer months only and during the winter the employees will work on Saturday afternoons until six o'clock, instead of four as formerly.

BISHOPS AND DEAN CENSURED BY POPE

Their Appeal for Funds to Erect Monument to Schell Irritates the Vatican.

MUNICH, July 27.—The widest attack has been directed by the resignation of Professor Merk, of Würzburg, dean of the faculty of Catholic theology in that university. Some weeks ago Professor Merk issued an appeal to south German Catholics for funds to erect a suitable monument to the memory of the late Professor Schell, of Würzburg, whose advanced theological ideas were condemned by Rome. Professor Schell afterward submitted to papal authority, and consented to withdraw his publications from circulation, but until his death he had never been received into full favor.

When, therefore, Professor Merk issued his appeal, the Pope at once wrote to another professor of Würzburg, Dr. Commer, condemning Dr. Merk's action, and accusing all those who signed his appeal, among them the bishops of Bamberg and Regensburg, of ignorance of Catholic usage and Catholic theology, and ordering this condemnation to appear in every German diocesan newspaper.

MRS. CARTER INDICTED

NEW YORK, July 27.—Laura M. Carter, the woman who betrayed Charles B. Runyan, the paying teller of the Windsor Trust Company, who stole \$88,000, to the police, has been indicted for receiving stolen goods. Runyan says he gave her \$15,000 of the \$88,000 in cash he stole, and that she took the other \$73,000 when he was not looking.

VENUEZUELA.

Beauty of the Country and the Impression it Leaves.

The beauty of the country is the first and the most lasting impression. To catch glimpses at every turn in the valleys of cloudy peaks or when on the mountain side to see through the hazy air valley after valley between the protecting hills, to breathe the pure air, to know that summer is almost perpetual—he is only half a man who does not for a moment forget the needs of civilization in the intoxication of primitive nature. The loveliness of Venezuela is something different from that of the Andean ranges farther west and south. It is more tropical, and the mountains do not rise to the height of the Andes, the Alps, or the Rockies, nor is there found so near the equator that ruggedness or gloom of solemnity which is one feature of the Rockies. It is a beauty of more human type, which can be enjoyed more where we know that man has his abode there. The Andes, the Alps, or the Rockies, are bold and austere. They need no life. Life is not meant for them. But such contrasts and changes are constantly presented to the eye in these softened landscapes are more exquisite when man is peering about on the surface trying to imagine that he is of some real importance on the earth.

NEW YORK, N. Y., July 28.—Coney Island, the playground of New York's millions, was visited by a disastrous fire early today and seven blocks in the amusement zone were destroyed. Tilted steeplechase park and nearly a score of small hotels were wiped out for a time the flames threatened destruction of Luna Park and Dreamland, two of the largest homes of amusement, and the scores of smaller places which fringe the water's edge for a while. A lucky snuff of the wind to seaward aided the firemen and probably saved the whole picturesque area, but not until \$200,000 damage had been done.

Orinoco's Position Unchanged.

HALIFAX, N. S., July 28.—The position of the West India line steamer Orinoco, which is ashore at Sable Island, is unchanged. The attempts made to float the steamer have been unsuccessful.

FREDERICTON, July 28.—The corporation drive across Woodstock is coming along well. There is a rise of over two feet in water opposite the city and the river is still coming up.

ANTI-SNAPSHOT LAW IS PASSED IN GERMANY

Money Damages, Fine or Imprisonment
Fate of Camera Fiend in Certain Conditions.

BERLIN, July 27.—Damages to the extent of \$1,500, with a fine of \$250 or two months' imprisonment, may henceforth be the fate of anybody in Germany who snapshots a private person, work of art or interior of a building and circulates or publishes the picture without permission. Persons in the public eye, such as the Kaiser, the members of the royal family, statesmen and actors and all other public buildings and public works of art may be photographed and reproduced without permission.

Tourists with cameras will not be affected as long as their snapshots are confined to such subjects. Illustrated newspapers are liable to the same restrictions. No police regulation is provided for, and prosecutions will follow only upon complaint of persons involved. The law is especially designed to protect the copyright of photographers, painters, sculptors, architects and industrial artists. If the original works of the members of any of these professions are reproduced without their permission the reproducer may be punished as explained above.

BRITAIN LAUNCHES ANOTHER BATTLESHIP

PORTSMOUTH, July 27.—The battleship Belsham, another Dreadnought, was launched here this afternoon by Princess Henry of Battenberg. The new warship has a tonnage of 18,000, which is 700 more than the Dreadnought in the service of the British navy. It is the result of the Dreadnought revolution.

The Temeraire, the third ship of the class will be launched the latter part of August.

DAMAGING EVIDENCE AGAINST McNALLY

HARTLAND, N. B., July 27.—Lorne McNally who has been in Woodstock jail on suspicion of setting off the explosion in the street of this town, was today brought to trial. The evidence against him was further examined today and remanded for another court.

As Jones gave evidence. He is night watchman at Fleming's mill, where the accused formerly worked. On Wednesday following the fire McNally went to the mill and in conversation with Jones declared it was gasoline used in setting the fire instead of kerosene as popularly supposed. An argument ensued and in the heat of it McNally declared he knew it was gasoline because he was the man that used it.

Big New Bill at Nickel

The very best advertisement of a house of amusement can have is a perfectly satisfied customer. This exists today in the case of the Nickel which continues to attract full houses daily. Today's new bill will be an additional testimony to the up-to-date policy of the house, for it is not only long and full of interest to young and old, but will make the show stand out conspicuously as far above the average. One of these will be the rousing fire song, "The Man With the Hammer and the Hoe," which Mr. Austin will sing in uniform, with special settings and strikingly vivid dramatic scenes and dramatic "turn-outs."

Again the Nickel leads the way with new and new pictures in every particular. Motion photographs that are today being shown in the largest vaudeville houses of the Keith circuit, and out-and-out picture theatres. These are "first choice" films—first in point of recent issue; first in quality of reproduction; first in subject, matter and genuine interest. They are: Curing a Jealous Wife, Jones' Patent Motor, Humors of a River, Picnic, The Pillmaker's Mistake and A Sailor's Love Story. The programme covers a wide range of interest; the decidedly humorous dramatic, side-lights on domestic life, burlesques, and travel views.

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SOPHY OF KRAVONIA,

A Novel, by Anthony Hope
Author of "Prisoner of Zenda," "The Intrusions of Peggy," Etc.

(Continued.)

"Yes," he said. "But I shouldn't have looked at any of that—and I shouldn't have looked at her either." Brightly the mark glowed; subtly the eyes glowed. There was silence again. "Almost a start marked Dunstanbury's awakening. 'Come, Lorenz!' he cried; he raised his hat and turned away, followed by his dog, Lorenz the Magnificent.

Sophy took up her letters and carried them into the kitchen. "There you are, at last! (And what's put you in a temper now?" asked Mrs. Smilker. She had learned the signs of the mark.

"Sophy smiled. 'It's not temper this time, Mrs. Smilker. I'm very happy today,' she said. 'Oh, I do hope the day will be good!'"

For he who was to eat of the salad—had he not forgotten print frock and solid apron, bare arms, red hands, ugly knot, and execrable cap? He would not have looked at them—nor at beautiful many-tinted Julia Robins in her pride! He had forgotten all these to look at the stained cheek and the eyes of subtle glow. She had been in the mirror of love and sipped from the cup of power.

Such was her first meeting with Lord Dunstanbury. If it were ever forgotten, it was not Dunstanbury who forgot. The day had wrought much in her eyes; it had wrought more than she dreamed of. Her foot was near the ladder now, though she could not yet see the lowest rung.

FATE'S WAY—OR LADY MEG'S. The scene is at Hazleby, Lord-Dunstanbury's Essex seat. His lordship is striking the top of his breakfast egg. "I say, Cousin Meg, old Brownlow's got a deuce of a pretty kitchen-maid. Just like your father, and your grandfather, and all of them! If the English people, they say, they'd have swept the Dunstanburys and all the wicked Whigs into the sea long ago."

"There you go! There you go! Just like your father, and your grandfather, and all of them! If the English people, they say, they'd have swept the Dunstanburys and all the wicked Whigs into the sea long ago."

"Why are Whigs worse than Tories?" inquired Mr. Pikes, with an air of patient inquiry. "The will of Heaven, I suppose," sniffed Lady Margaret Duddington. "No display! Divinity omnipotent in that line," suggested Mr. Pinder.

"A deuced pretty girl!" said Dunstanbury, in reflective tones. He was doing his best to reproduce the impression he had received at Morpington Hall, but obviously with no great success.

"No, let us drive over, and see this miracle," Dunstanbury suggested. "How would you like to see this last day of our visit? You'll drive us over, Percival?"

"I can't thank you, Mr. Pinder," said the young man, resolute in wisdom. "I'll send you over, if you like."

"I'll come with you," said Mr. Pinder. "But how account for ourselves? Old Brownlow is unknown to us."

"If Percival had been going, I'd have had nothing to do with it, but I don't mind taking you two old sills," said Lady Margaret. "I wanted to pay a call on Elizabeth Brownlow any day. We were at school together once. But I won't guarantee you a sight of the kitchen-maid."

"It's a pretty drive—for this part of the country," observed Dunstanbury. "It may well become your favorite route," smiled Mr. Pinder, benevolently.

"And since Lady Meg goes with us, it's already ours," added Mr. Pikes, gallantly. So they used to go on—for hours at a time, as Dunstanbury has declared—both at Hazleby when they were there, and at Lady Meg's house in Berkeley Square, where they almost always were. They were pleased to consider themselves politicians—Pikes a Whig, twenty years behind date, Pinder a Tory, two hundred. It was all an affection—assumed for the purpose, but with the very doubtful result of amusing Lady Meg. To Dunstanbury this was old wine—for wails of the sea of society they were, for all that each had a sufficient income to his name and a reputation behind him—were cheerily tireless—and there seems little ground to differ from his opinion. But they were old family friends, and he endured with his usual graciousness.

Their patroness—they would hardly have glibly at the word—was a more notable person. Lady Meg—the world generally, and Sophy always, spoke of her by that style, and we may take the same liberty—was the only child of the great Earl of Dunstanbury. The title and estates passed to his grandnephew, but half a million or so of money came to her. She took the money, but vowed, with an outspoken thankfulness, that from the Dunstanbury family she had taken nothing else. If the boast were true, there must have been a powerful strain of eccentricity and perversity derived from elsewhere. All the Dunstanbury blood was Whig; Lady Meg counted the

country ruined in 1688. Every Dunstanbury had been a man of sensibility; Lady Meg declared war on emotion—especially on the greatest of all emotions. The Dunstanbury attitude in thought had always been free, even tending to the materialistic; Lady Meg would believe in anything—so long as she couldn't see it. A queer woman, choosing to go to war with the world and infinitely enjoying the gratuitous conflict which she had provoked. With half a million pounds and the Duddington blood one can afford these recreant luxuries—and to have a Pinder and a Pikes before whom to exhibit their rare flavor. She was aggressive, capricious, hard to live with. Fancies instead of purposes, whims instead of interests, and not, as it seems, much affection for anybody—she makes rather a melancholy picture; but in her time she made a bit of a figure, too.

The air of the household was stormy that day at Morpington—an incentive to the expedition, not a deterrent, for Lady Meg, had she known it, Sophy was in sore disgrace—accused, tried, and convicted of inebriation and unseemly demeanor towards Mrs. Smilker. The truth seems to be that this good woman (rest her soul!) she had a neat tombstone in Morpington church-yard loved—like many another good creature—good as sometimes a trifle too well; and the orders she gave when she was alone plentiful did not always consort with her less-mellow injunctions. In no vulgar directness, perhaps, that her subordinate would let the secret out. Mrs. Smilker made haste to have the first word with the powers; and against the word of the cook the cook-maid weighed as naught. After smaller troubles of this origin there had come a sort of crisis today. The longest of long lectures had been read to Sophy by her mistress and repeated (slightly condensed) by master, then she was sent away to think it over; an abject apology to outraged Mr. Smilker must be forthcoming, or banishment was the decreed term of this ultimatum. Sophy went out and hung about the avenue, hoping for Julia to appear. Soon Julia came and heard the story. She had indignation in readiness, and what was more to the purpose—a plan. Soon Sophy's eyes grew bright.

Into this storm-tossed house came Lady Meg and her spaniels. This unlikely name, derived at first from the size and shape of Mr. Pinder's ears, they were large, and hung over at the top, had been stretched to include Mr. Pikes also, with small loss of propriety. Both gentlemen were now of the stature, plump of figure, hairy on the face; both followed obediently at the heels of commanding Lady Meg. The gentlemen of the luncheon-table opened their eyes. Very soon the tale of Sophy's iniquities was revealed; incidentally, and unavoidably, if Sophy's heinous fault were to appear in its true measure, the tally of the Brownlow's benevolence was reckoned. But Mrs. Brownlow was small comfort from Lady Meg; she got a stiff touch of the truth.

"In and out of the drawing-room," she said. "Did she? The truth is, Lizzie, you've spoiled her, and now you're angry with her for being spoiled."

"What is she now, Mrs. Brownlow?" asked Pinder, with a sly intention. Was this Percival's deuced pretty girl? "She works in the kitchen, Mr. Pinder."

"The girl!" his eyes signalled to Mr. Pikes. "Let Lady Meg see her," he urged, insinuatingly. "She has a wonderful way with girls."

"I don't want to see her; and I know your game, Pinder," said Lady Meg. "I'm afraid she must go," sighed Mrs. Brownlow. Her husband said more robustly, that such an event would be a good riddance—a saying repeated, with the rest of the conversation, by the butler (one William Byles, still living) to the gratified ears of Mrs. Smilker in the kitchen.

"But I'm not easy about her future. She's an old child, and looks it."

"Pretty?" This from Mr. Pinder. "Well, I don't know. Striking-looking, you'd rather say, perhaps, Mr. Pinder."

"Let her go her own way. We've talked quite enough about her." Lady Meg sounded decisive—and not a little bored.

"And then?"—Mrs. Brownlow made bold to go on for a moment—"such a funny mark! Many people wouldn't like it, I'm sure."

Lady Meg turned sharply on her. "Mark? What do you mean? What mark?"

A mark on her face, you know, a round, red mark."

"Big as a threepenny bit, pretty nearly," said the Squire.

"Where?"

"On her cheek," "Where is the girl?" asked Lady Meg. Her whole demeanor had changed, her bored air had vanished. "She seemed fair enough," Mr. Byles reported. Then she turned to the said Byles: "Find out where that girl is, and let me know. Don't tell her anything about it. I'll go to her."

"But let me send for her!" began the Squire, courteously.

"No, give me my own way. I don't want to see her. I'll go to her."

The Squire gave the orders she desired, and the last Mr. Byles heard as he left the room was from Lady Meg: "Marka like that always mean something—ch. Pinder?"

No doubt Mr. Pinder agreed, but his reply is lost.

(To be continued.)

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

HOMESEEEKERS' EXCURSIONS

To The Canadian Northwest.

GOING DATES

JULY 31

AUG. 14 & 28

SEPT. 11 & 25

RETURN LIMIT

Two Months

Call on W. H. C. MACKAY, St. John, N.B., or write W. B. HOWARD, D.P.A.C.P.R., St. John, N.B.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, June 16th, 1907, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:

TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN.

No. 2—Express for P. du Chene Moncton, Campbellton and Truro. 7.15

No. 6—Mixed train for Moncton, P. du Chene, Quebec and Montreal. 7.45

No. 4—Express for Moncton, P. du Chene connecting with Ocean Limited at Moncton for Halifax, Quebec and Montreal. 11.00

No. 3—Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou. 12.00

No. 18—Suburban for Hampton. 12.15

No. 14—Express for Quebec and Montreal. 12.30

No. 16—Suburban for Hampton. 12.40

No. 10—Express for Moncton, Sydney, and Halifax and Pictou. 12.55

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

No. 6—From Halifax, Sydney and Pictou. 6.35

No. 18—Suburban from Hampton. 6.45

No. 7—Express from Sussex. 9.00

No. 13—Express from Montreal and Quebec. 12.50

No. 17—Suburban from Hampton. 13.30

No. 25—Express from Halifax, Pictou, Point du Chene and Moncton. 18.15

No. 15—Suburban from Hampton. 18.15

No. 1—Express from Moncton and Truro. 11.30

No. 3—Express from Sydney, Halifax, Pictou and Moncton (Sunday only). 1.40

A through sleeper is now running on the Ocean Limited from St. John to Montreal. The through sleeper on the Maritime Express has been discontinued.

All trains run by Atlantic Standard Time. 5.40 o'clock is midnight.

CITY TICKET OFFICE, a King Street, St. John, N. B. Telephone 271. Moncton, N. B., June 12th, 1907.

STEAMERS

C.P.R. ATLANTIC STEAMSHIPS

Montreal, Quebec and Liverpool Service.

EMPERESS OF BRITAIN, - July 26th LAKE MANITOBA, - Aug. 3rd EMPERESS OF IRELAND, - 28th LAKE CHAMPLAIN, - Aug. 17th

S. S. LAKE CHAMPLAIN and LAKE ERIE carry one class of Cabin passengers (2nd Class) to whom is given accommodation situated in best part of Steamer. \$42.50 and \$45.00.

First Cabin—EMPERESS Boats. \$80.00 and upwards. LAKE MANITOBA, \$55.00 and upwards.

Second Cabin—\$40.00, \$45.00 and \$47.50.

Third Cabin—\$35.00 and \$37.50 to Liverpool.

Antwerp Service via London.

LAKE MICHIGAN, - July 30th MONTREAL, - July 7th MOUNT TEMPLE, - July 28th

*Carrying 2nd Class only. (Carrying 2nd Class only, 3rd Class also; also limited number of Steerage.)

\$35.00 to Antwerp—via all routes.

W. B. HOWARD, District Pass. Agt. St. John, N. B.

EASTERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY INTERNATIONAL DIVISION

Coast-Wise Service

Steamers leave St. John at 8.00 a.m. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays for Lunenburg, Eastport, Portland and Boston.

DIRECT SERVICE

Commencing Tuesday, July 2nd, the new Empress Turbine Steamship YALE leaves St. John Tuesdays and Saturdays at 7.00 p. m. for Boston.

RETURNING—Coast-Wise Service

Steamers leave Union Wharf, Boston, at 9.00 a. m. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, Portland same days at 5.30 p. m., for Eastport, Lunenburg and St. John.

DIRECT SERVICE

Commencing July 1st the new Empress Turbine Steamship YALE leaves Union Wharf, Boston, at 12.00 p. m. Mondays and Thursdays, for St. John.

All freight, except live stock, is insured against fire and marine risk.

W. G. LEE, Agent, St. John, N.B.