POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2033

THE CHOICE

By E. R. PUNSHON

CHAPTER VI—(Continued.)

"Yes, I understand," she answered.

"No doubt," he continued, "Mrs. Tillet, the wife of the lawyer you have seen once or twice, will call upon you, and to some degree at least it will be prudent for you to make a few friends. Of course, my work for Russia will be done from these offices as before."

"I fully understand," she answered again.

"There will be three servants," he continued, "a cook and housemaid, and a footman. The cook, Mrs. Jones, and the housemaid, who is named Bassett, are just ordinary servants, you understand. They know nothing, and must know nothing. The footman, however, we have thought advisable, should be a man we can trust. He is an Englishman, named James Rounds, but some years ago he showed himself brave and trust worthy in a certain affair in which one of our people was involved. Unfortunately, he has one failing—a liability to bouts of drinking. You must keep a sharp look out and warn us if you see any sign of his breaking out in that way, but otherwise you may trust him."

"I understand," said Annie again; "but it seems to me you trust many people. How many are there who know the truth about us, for instance? Or how do you know that I might not let something out?"

"We trust you because on you your father's life still depends," he answered gravely; "and when you have seen as many, both men and women, give up everything, even to life, for the cause, you will trust as freely as I do. And indeed, on not a few of us the Government of the Tsar has put a stamp to seal our fidelity for ever."

Just at that moment the suave clerk, Ignat, tapped at the door and entered.

"Monsieur Ivanovitch," he said, "has told me to mention to you that it is nearly time to start."

"We will come at once," said Nickolas, and added: "You know this is the lady, brother, who has taken Elena Michailovna's place." Ignat bowed to her. "If you need help or guidance at any time in the future," Nickolas continued, "and I should be away, you must come to Ignat. He acts as my deputy."

Annie looked a little surprised, for she had supposed Ignat was only a clerk; and Nickolas gave a hard laugh.

"You still think we trust too much," he said. "Come, brother," he said to Ignat, "show Miss Ross why."

With an impulsive face Ignat removed his collar and tie, and then his coat and shirt, till he stood stripped to the waist. His bare back was scored, lined, marked, in ridges and deep furrows, till it seemed there was not a square inch of flesh had escaped mutilation.

"The knout," said Nickolas briefly.

"Oh, horrible," exclaimed Annie with a shudder.

"My wife had it also," Ignat remarked, as he began to put on his things again.

"You see," said Nickolas to Annie in a low voice, "it was not for a small cause your father appealed to you. That is what he might have suffered. It is not a trifling danger, not a light thing, either, that you have saved your sister from—and your mother, too. They also might have been flogged."

"Oh, let us go," said Annie quickly. "Yes, you are quite right. Anything is better than that all of them should be in danger of such a thing."

Nickolas gave her his arm and they moved towards the door. As they were going out, Ignat observed:

"Well, as for my wife, she died under it—that is one good thing."

"Do you wonder now that our people can be trusted?" Nickolas whispered in Annie's ear.

In the outer room old Ivanovitch had his watch in his hand and looked very impatient. As Nickolas and Annie entered, little Misha sidled up to Annie, at whom he looked with an eager wistfulness.

"You are happier now you have seen Kolia?" he murmured. "Is it not so? Everyone feels he is a man to be trusted."

Annie pressed his hand and moved on with Nickolas; old Ivanovitch being already in the doorway.

They had not far to walk to the registrar's office, where the ceremony was to be gone through, and in a very few minutes the forms were completed that purported to bind together in marriage Elena Popyaloff and Nickolas Kamff. When everything was completed, Nickolas took Annie's hand and, bending over her with his air of quiet command, kissed her on the forehead.

"My sister," he said, in a whisper no one else could hear, "the Lord shall do it unto me and more also, if ever I fail in the least in my duty and my respect to you. From henceforth be my sister, and regard me as your brother."

But Annie trembled, for there was a note of vehement passion in his voice to which her own heart-strings thrilled; it was only when she looked up at him and saw how calm and kind were his eyes that she became reassured.

They went out all together and, taking a cab, drove to the house in Groombridge Square. It was a rather dull-looking, old-fashioned place, the house three-storied, and with a quite plain front. There were no gardens, but the square seemed better kept than is the case with many such enclosures; and it provided a welcome touch of green in the grey and dingy aspect of the place. Everything was very quiet, for the square lay a little out of the way, but this very quietness intensified the distant roar or traffic rolling past in a thousand streets, the sound of it continuous in the air.

Nickolas helped Annie to descend from the cab. She looked about her with an air of some curiosity, and very gravely at the house in which this new phase of her life was to be passed. The door had been opened as the cab stopped by a clean-shaven man dressed in sober black, whose face, however, she could not see, as he stood in the shadow of the doorway.

"Oh, Rounds," said Nickolas, pleasantly, "well, is everything ready?"

"Yes, sir," the man answered respectfully. "Luncheon is served in the dining room."

"Very good," said Nickolas, passing on.

There were two women standing in the hall, one stout and middle-aged, and the other young and slim.

"Ah, Annie," said Nickolas, "this is Mrs. Jones, the cook." Mrs. Jones dropped a curtsey. "And this is Bassett," whom curtseyed also. "I am sure you will find them both very attentive and willing. Oh, [illegible] then," he added, as if he had forgotten, "there is Rounds, of course. This [illegible] Rounds, I told you of, that we had [illegible] with."

The clean-shaven [illegible] the man no James Rounds, but her own husband, Fred. Dering.

CHAPTER VII.

Waiting.

To Annie it seemed that the end had come. She was hardly conscious of any feeling of astonishment; she just stood, dully expectant, wondering not what would happen, but how. It began to frame itself in her mind that after all Fred had not gone to Italy, and in spite of the sort of numb feeling that had come over her, she was conscious that this brought a tiny sensation of warmth to her heart. Nor did that tiny warm sensation die away even when she asked herself with a shudder whether it was love or anger had made him stay.

Fred himself remained absolutely impassive, his immobile face showing not the least sign of emotion. One might have supposed he had not even recognized her. His hands straight by his side, his eyes fixed in front of him with the look of one who sees nothing, he stood with the absolutely blank expression of a well-trained servant submitting himself to inspection by his new master and mistress. So unmoved was he, that Nickolas, keenly observant by nature and training, was conscious of nothing unusual; while Annie's emotion, which he saw, he put down to other causes, thinking her tired and not unnaturally overcome at her first entrance into the house where she was to live in such strange circumstances.

"Come," he said, touching her on the arm.

She turned at once and went with him obediently. She was in that kind of dazed and confused bewilderment in which it seems natural to obey any and every outward impulse.

They went up the stairs together, Fred's impassive gaze following them till they disappeared together in the upper rooms. Then his breath escaped softly between his teeth, and the cook looked at him in a startled manner.

"My dear," she whispered excitedly to the housemaid, "was that a sigh I heard?"

"Something of the sort," admitted the housemaid cautiously. "But when he came this morning, I heard him sneeze twice, so perhaps he's got a cold."

The cook survey her with unlimited scorn.

"Would a cold," she asked, "make him that pale? What's a sneeze to do with a sigh? You tell me that, Polly Bassett. But I must take that pie out of the oven, or it'll be burning."

She hurried off to the kitchen, lingering at the head of the basement stairs for another look at Fred, who still stood motionless and rigid, gazing with fixed eyes straight in front of him. Then with what she meant for an exact replica of the faint sigh he had given, she disappeared. Bassett bustled about for a minute or two, and then observed tartly to Fred:

"Taken root there, by any chance? Think you'll grow, do you, if you stand long enough?"

Fred started.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he said. "I wasn't—I was thinking."

"Don't trouble to apologize to me," said Bassett. "I'll overlook it willing—only master and misses will be down in a minute."

"Yes, I suppose they will," said Fred, and looked at her and smiled, at which she retreated rather hurriedly to the kitchen and confided to the cook that the new footman was a bit touched in the head, and that for her part she "did not reckon to be in places where lunatics was kept."

A moment later Fred himself entered the kitchen. The cook had sniffed at Bassett's story, and she greeted him with marked geniality.

"Well, Mr. Rounds, sir," she said, "and how is they upstairs?"

"They are having their luncheon," said Fred, sitting down and looking thoughtfully at his hands as in his mind he pictured them closing fast, tight, upon a smooth, white throat.

"Don't they want no attendance?" inquired Bassett.

"Apparently not," said Fred. "At any rate, not mine."

"Well," said Bassett, hotly, "if you think I'm going to do your work, you are jolly well mistaken, I can tell you, young man."

"I assure you," said Fred very politely, "I have every intention of doing my own work—that, indeed, is why I am here," and as he spoke he smiled to himself again.

"Now, look here," said Bassett firmly, "if you look at me like that any more, I shall go into hysterics; so I warn you, fair and open—and I'm a regular oner at hysterics," she added, with a touch of pride.

"Really, I am exceedingly sorry," said Fred. "Really I had not the least idea how I was looking."

"Well, uncommon ugly, if you asks me and want to know," said Bassett with resentful candour.

But now the cook came to the rescue.

"You leave Mr. Rounds alone," she said. "I'm sure, no one could sit civiller and quieter in a chair than he is doing just now; no, nor more like a gentleman, neither. And as for his smile, I'm sure I thought it quite pretty, and regular reminded me of my uncle from Ireland when they told him he had twins just when he happened to be suffering cruel from the toothache—with apologies to Mr. Rounds, of course; for, supposing his language was similar, though his smile was, present company being always excepted. Besides which, no one can help their looks, can they?"

"I suppose they can't," agreed Bassett; "for which," she added, looking hard at the cook, "some people ought more to be pitied than blamed, suppose."

"And some folks—" began the cook in hurried retort, and then lost herself in the intricacies of her contemplated sentences of scorn. "Well, some folks hadn't," she concluded lamely.

Fred got up and walked out of the room. The two women looked after him, and at once forgot their skirmishing.

"Well," said Bassett, "he is a rum 'un, ain't he, though?"

"I was in a place once," said the cook, "with a man as looked just like that, and he hanged himself in the larder one night. I left after that, on account of not being able to fancy my food no more—me being always of a delicate refinement of nature like that."

"Well, I shouldn't have thought it myself," declared Bassett emphatically.

"I beg your pardon," said the cook coldly.

"I mean, about his choosing the larder to do it in," explained Bassett. "It seems quite personal—just as if the poor man wished to die in the sight of what drove him to it."

The cook pondered this remark for some moments; but, very unfortunately, in the interests of peace, she failed to grasp the implication of it.

"[illegible] said," she observed, "that he was in love with one of the young persons upstairs. But—do you know— Why, of course—now I understand—"

"Understand what?" asked Bassett.

"Why," said the cook with growing excitement, "you saw yourself how missus stared at him and him back at missus. I'll eat a mouse alive if they ain't mutual struck."

"Oh, get out; how you talk," said Bassett, obviously, however, regarding the suggestion with interest.

"And that," concluded the cook triumphantly, "is what he sighed for. No wonder I was so touched all of a heap, so to speak."

"He'll be touched all of a heap," observed Bassett, "if master finds out—he would make two of the other."

"And if he's struck by one female lady," the cook continued, pursuing her own line of thought, "why not by another? Answer me that, Polly Bassett."

"My name is not Polly," said the housemaid indignantly. "It's Marian."

"No doubt they made the mistake at your christening," observed the cook; "and then the way he sighed and the way he stood as if moonstruck, is a sure and certain token of a loving heart."

"Sure and certain token of getting the sack, I should say," observed Bassett tartly.

"I've a loving heart myself," declared the cook, "what do you say to kipeprs for tea?" she added with an amorous sigh.

Bassett seemed to have been on the point of saying something energetic, but at this last remark her expression changed.

"Well, if you will have my opinion," she remarked, speaking generally, "I should say 'encore.'"

"Then regard it as settled, my dear," said the cook affably. "I always think there's something special intimate about a kipper. I suppose because the many bones they have makes it such a long job to get through 'em."

"There's something tasty about 'em, anyhow," observed Bassett. "Hullo, here's your young man back again," she added as the door opened.

"Oh, get along with you, do," exclaimed the cook, blushing and quite overcome at this sudden promotion.

"And so I will," said Bassett archly. "I know when I'm not wanted. Eh, Mr. Rounds, what do you say?"

She went out; Fred, in spite of the broad smile she bestowed on him in passing, hardly aware even of her existence. The blushing cook had subsided into a chair by the fireside, and Fred was just going out again, having got what he wanted, when the cook murmured faintly:

"Oh, Mr. Rounds."

"What is it?" asked Fred.

She gave him what was meant for a look of mingled tenderness and knowledge.

"What is the matter?" asked Fred, for the moment aroused, and even a little alarmed.

The cook looked down and sighed profoundly.

"I was thinking of having kippers for tea," she remarked.

"Oh, then I hope you will enjoy them," said Fred, and went back again to the little pantry which was supposed to be his own special domain.

Since in the first moments of his bewilderment and despair he had arranged with the genuine Jem Rounds to take his place in this offered situation for which Rounds had small liking, Fred had been waiting with grim and deadly patience. He did not know in the least what he meant to do, and he was content simply to wait and to watch till his course should become clearer. Still, his most acute sensation was a desire to know, to understand, what in reality just was this hideous thing that had fallen on his life and in one moment made it arid and hopeless, thrusting its light into cimmerian darkness. His other feelings seemed numbed or even dead with the blow they had received, but this desire to understand, like a fierce passion for knowledge, consumed him with internal fires. It seemed to him necessary, above all things, that he should understand quite clearly how and why all this happened, and that until he did so understand he must not take action. Nickolas, too, this man who from the unknown had crossed his life to blight it, he wished to weigh and to understand. He desired to know in what particular it was Nickolas so excelled him that Annie had left him for the Russian, and he meant, when he found that out, to match himself against Nickolas, in that particular, and show himself his equal. Nor did he doubt his capacity to do this, for there were fires burning within him urging him on with an energy he felt few other men could match. It pleased his fancy, too, that when Annie came to this place of refuge she had chosen, she should find him there waiting for her. By far the most awful fever he had was that it was simply money had been her motive, that she had left him because he was poor and gone to Nickolas because he was rich. But this he seldom believed.

At first he had had a dim, half-formed purpose to denounce her the moment she entered the house. He had thought he would claim her and take her away then and there. But when she had turned and looked at him, he had felt also as if turned to stone and had stood motionless, unable to stir a muscle.

Now his ideas concerning the future were still more shadowy and confused than they had been before. The only thing he knew was that he suffered; the only thing he saw was the pale, anguished face his wife had turned to him when she recognised him; the only thing he felt was his desire to ask Nickolas Kamff to go aside with him, then they two might settle the matter between them, face to face and hand to hand. His eyes had a strange and sombre look when, presently, he put out his hand and, opening a drawer near, showed a small but deadly revolver. It had been given to him by Nickolas himself, with an injunction never to use it except in the last extremity. He put out his hand and touched it, almost with awe. He remained watching it with a dreadful fascination, and the bell had rung twice before it occurred to him that this summons was for him in the course of his self-assumed duties.

He went up into the hall, where Nickolas was putting on his overcoat.

"I rung twice, Rounds," he said, rather crossly. He gave one or two orders and added: "When you clear away the luncheon, see if your mistress requires anything."

Nickolas hurried away then; and Fred, having closed the door behind him, smiled rather dreadfully and went into the dining room.

Annie was sitting huddled in a chair at the lower end of the table. She did not look round when he entered, but all the same he knew quite well that she had heard him and had even expected him. He stood silently by the door for a minute or two, watching her and understanding exactly how she suffered. Then slowly, in the soft-footed, respectful manner of a servant, he walked round the table till he stood facing her.

Slowly Annie raised her head, and across the table littered with fragments of the meal just partaken of, husband and wife looked full at one another. His face was like a mask of ice. She whispered to herself that it was she who had made him look like that; and although she shuddered still, yet through it all her heart was warm with the thought that after all he had not gone to Italy. Still she did not move so much as a finger, nor did one muscle of her tense face quiver; but it seemed to him he could look into her heart and see what terror and despair were there.

Still they watched each other across the table, neither moving. The moments seemed interminable. Annie said to herself that she knew not how so easy a thing it is to go mad, how soon the brain may crack. Still not a muscle on either intent face so much as quivered, and still the intent eyes continued to gaze unwinkingly.

Very slowly a purpose grew in Fred's heart with the knowledge that he had of how his wife suffered. He realised that the action he had taken on the spur of the moment in his first bewilderment and desperation, had placed it in his power to exact a revenge of the most subtle and far-reaching kind.

What could make her suffer more, what could inflict greater punishment on her, than for him to do just simply—nothing? Suppose he should just remain as he was, she knowing that he was there waiting—watching—waiting.

A hard light came into his eyes as he figured her to himself knowing that he was there but knowing nothing more; knowing that he was waiting, but not knowing why—or for what purpose; knowing that her every moment was watched; was known—he implacable, relentless.

He moved softly back to the sideboard, and while she watched with eyes of fear and terror, he got a tray and began quietly to arrange the dirty dishes on it. She watched him with fear and the horror growing ever deeper in her eyes, incredulous.

"Oh, what are you doing?" she gasped.

"I am clearing the table, ma'am," he said.

She gave him another look; then lay back in her chair and quietly fainted away.

He went on clearing the dirty dishes, without noticing her.

CHAPTER VIII.

Kippers in the Kitchen.

After all, the tea and kippers that evening proved a great success, in spite of sundry forebodings expressed by Bassett and not altogether unfelt by the cook. However, the new footman put aside his previous strange and gloomy humor, and proved quite boisterously ready for fun and jokes. Even Bassett was conciliated, and in a whisper to the cook withdrew her previously expressed opinion that Mr. Rounds had but recently escaped from a lunatic asylum.

"I ain't laughed so much," declared Bassett, wiping her eyes, "not since I don't know when."

"Pleasantest evening I've spent," declared the cook, "since last Christmas, when I went down to Margate to attend my poor aunt Elizabeth Jane's funeral, poor dear, which, whatever any one of us may have had against her while living, certainly did leave most liberal directions for the burying," and the cook sighed profoundly.

So Fred told them another funny story, while to himself it seemed he stood afar off and watched some buffoon, who was not him, mow and grin and play the fool on the edge and border of uttermost destruction.

"All the same, why shouldn't we enjoy ourselves?" he asked. "What other end has life but enjoyment? Everything else may be false, but is not pleasure always true?"

"Ask me another?" said Bassett brightly, under the impression that this was some conundrum, possibly with a catch hidden in it somewhere.

"No," begged the cook; "tell us another tale like that one about the short-sighted old gentleman as had his hat blown off and ran after the black hen he took for it. About the funniest thing I ever heard, that," declared the cook with enthusiasm.

"Oh, there are many ever so much funnier things in life than that," said Fred. "What time will Mr. Kamff be back, do you know?"

"He said you was to wait up for him," remarked Bassett; "but he didn't mention no time."

"Yes," said Fred softly. "I know I must wait up for him"; and he smiled.

"Now, there you go," said Bassett fretfully, pushing back her chair; "very like you don't mean nothing, but I know you'll send me into hysterics some of these days, the way you look sometimes; you did ought to be careful."

(To be continued.)

TWISTED KNUCKLES? RHEUMATIC ALL OVER? STIFF JOINTS?

Why do nearly all rheumatic remedies fail?—because they can't dissolve uric acid from the blood.

FERROZONE is successful because it alone has the peculiar power of separating from the blood the irritating poisons that cause rheumatism.

When you take FERROZONE it passes at once into the blood circulation. By a harmless secret process it filters out and dissolves every trace of rheumatic poison.

The blood is thus thoroughly cleansed of uric acid—the cause of the disease is forever destroyed. FERROZONE then distills vitality into the system. The aches disappear, twisted joints straighten out—crutches are thrown away.

Could anything work more scientifically—can any remedy possibly cure more quickly or thoroughly than FERROZONE? Thousands cured say NO.

Why suffer and lose sleep—better to toss out experimental remedies and use the one that does cure.

All dealers sell Ferrozone, in 50c. boxes. Get it without delay.

FERROZONE DOES CURE

Black Watch

Chewing Tobacco

The big black plug.

2269

HUGHES REFUSES TO SAVE GILLETTE FROM THE CHAIR

Albany, March 25—Chester Gillette, of Cortland, must die in the electric chair at Auburn Prison next week for the murder of his sweetheart, Grace Brown, at Big Moose Lake, two years ago. Governor Hughes tonight definitely announced that he had carefully examined the evidence in the case and had found no ground which would justify him in interfering with the judgment of the court.

MOVE FOR CHEAPER SCHOOL BOOKS

Board of Education Appoints Committee to Make Inquiry

Premier Hazen, Hon. John Morrissy and Dr. Inch Chosen---Many Vacant Offices Filled---Government to Meet in St. John Friday---U. N. B. Defeats St. Francis Xavier in Joint Debate.

Fredericton, March 25—The board of education, as at present constituted, held its first meeting this afternoon. Governor Tweedie presided. The question of procuring a reduction in price of school books was under consideration and a committee composed of Premier Hazen, Dr. Inch and Hon. John Morrissy was appointed to look into the matter and submit a report at a later date.

A meeting of the executive was held this evening, but only routine matters were disposed of. The members will likely go to St. John tomorrow evening to meet as hospital commissioners.

The U. N. B. representatives won from St. Francis Xavier College of Antigonish in joint debate before a large audience at the opera house this evening by forty-two points. Lieutenant Governor Tweedie presided and the judges were: Justice Russell of Halifax; Police Magistrate Ritchie of St. John, and J. D. Phinney, K. C., of this city. The subject was "Resolved that the senate hereafter be elected for a limited term by a direct vote of the people of the respective provinces."

St. Francis Xavier was represented by J. Dunlap (Capt.); R. S. McLellan, and McKenzie and U. N. B. by F. L. Orchard (Capt.); J. Stewart Mavor and H. R. McGill. The speakers were limited to fifteen minutes each, except the captains, who were allowed the extra minutes in which to sum up.

St. Francis Xaxier took the affirmative side and made out a strong case for senate reform. The U. N. B. debaters, however, combatted their argument cleverly and undoubtedly had the best of the debate.

The judges decided that the U. N. B. had won 637 points for matter, 284 or delivery, a total of 921. The other side they allowed 598 points for matter and 289 for delivery. The announcement was well received by the audience. At the close of the debate the visitors and judges were entertained to supper at Windsor Hall by the U. N. B. students.

Government Appointments.

This morning the following appointments made by the Hazen government were assented to by the Lieutenant Governor:

Judge of Probates for St. John, John R. Armstrong.

Registrar of Probates for St. John, H. O. McInerney.

Chairman of the Board of School Trustees for the City of St. John, R. B. Emerson.

Reporter of Supreme Court, W. Henry Harrison, St. John.

Reporter of the Supreme Court in Equity, Homer D. Forbes, St. John.

Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Oscar D. Hanson, Fairville.

Clerk of the Peace for Sunbury county, Allan B. Wilmot.

Registrar of Probates for York county, Richard B. Hanson.

Referee in Equity for York county, Harris G. Fenety, Fredericton.

Registrar of Divorce Court, Harris G. Fenety.

Miss Lillian Flewelling and Miss Julia Pugh, of this city, were appointed special court stenographers.

Wm. Golding, of the Parish of Lancaster, and Edwin Lewis, of St. Martins, were appointed members of the Board of Liquor License Commissioners for St. John county, in place of Alex. Johnston and John Avery, whose term of office had expired.

Thomas Walker, M. D., St. John, has been appointed a member of the Senate of the University of New Brunswick, in place of Hon. Archibald Harrison, of Sunbury, resigned.

The appointment of Col. Armstrong to the probate judgeship in St. John will be well received. Col. Armstrong is a man of sterling character, an able lawyer and stands high in his profession in St. John and in the esteem of the bar throughout the province.

His appointment will be generally regarded as coming to one well deserving of the position in every way and he will be heartily congratulated.

A delegation composed of Messrs. J. C. Manzer, Manley Craig, John Weaver and Wm. Boyer, of Victoria county, appeared before the government in reference to the settlement of lands in Victoria county, recently acquired by the province from the New Brunswick Land and Railway Company, and also in reference to matters connected with the liquor license business in the county. They represented that licenses to cut lumber on lands in question had been granted and urged that if this policy continued the lands would be rendered unfit for settlement purposes. The government promised consideration.

The government will be here all day to morrow. On Friday they will probably meet in St. John as commissioners of the Provincial Hospital. Under the law it is necessary for the commissioners to meet in St. John. This afternoon the first meeting of the new board of education is taking place.

HAYTIEN REFUGEES MAY ALL NOW EMBARK

Port-au-Prince, Hayti, March 25.—The special correspondent of the Herald received word from President Nord Alexis this evening that Lieutenant Larracque, who was Haytian Military Attache at the Jamestown Exposition and who escaped execution by the timely arrival here of the British cruiser Indefatigable, will with others, be released from custody tomorrow.

The President added that the government will do everything possible to embark as soon as possible all the refugees now in the legations, so that the country may return to its normal state.

Up to the time the above communication was received the state of uncertainty continued. Negotiations had been in progress for days, with the view of finding some plan, acceptable to all the parties concerned, by which those who had sought refuge since March 15 could depart from the country, as they persisted in their refusal to leave the legations, although promised immunity from punishment.

That there was ground for their apprehensions would seem to be proved by the fact that Mme. La Valliere, wife of one of the refugees who was Secretary of the Chamber, was arrested this morning, but was released a few hours later.

Some of the refugees at Port-de-Paix are leaving there today on the German steamer Bavaria for the Island of St. Thomas, while others, having no money with which to purchase tickets, are waiting for some war ship to take them away from Hayti.

Complete quiet prevails here, and this state of affairs will continue as long as the war ships are in the harbor.

High Sheriff O'Brien and Mrs. O'Brien, of Northumberland county, are at the Royal.

Tuttle's Elixir

Greatest maker of sound horses in the world. Tested many years, never fails if cure be possible. $1000 reward if it does. For lameness, curb, splint, spavin, ringbone, swellings, etc.

Tuttle's Family Elixir

liniment for household use. Ask for Tuttle's American Worm and Condition Powders and Heal Ointment. Veterinary Experience, perfect horseman's guide free. Symptoms and treatment for all common ailments. Write for it. Postage 2c.

TUTTLE'S ELIXIR CO., 74 Beverly St., Boston, Mass.

Montreal: H. A. Tuttle, Agt., 32 St. Gabriel St.

Sylvester of all blisters; gives temporary relief, if any.

C. H. R. CROCKER, South Farmington, Nova Scotia.

QUEBEC BRIDGE A COSTLY AFFAIR

Had Taken About $8,000,000 of Government Money Up to Time of Collapse.

Ottawa, March 25—The civil service commission report will be presented to the house tomorrow.

In reply to R. L. Borden Mr. Oliver said that the investigation into the Dickey case was not yet completed but from what could be learned so far Dr. Dickey was the writer of the letter signed W. H. Dodds.

In reply to a question Mr. Fielding said: In the session of 1899 the government granted a subsidy of $1,000,000 towards the Quebec bridge under the terms of legislation secured from parliament. Last session the government advanced 2,000,000 to the Quebec Bridge Company, receiving in return guaranteed bonds of the company to the amount of £478,700. In the session of 1903 the government guaranteed bonds to the amount of $6,678,200. The bonds so guaranteed were delivered to a trust company to be applied to the purposes of the undertaking, they had not, however, been issued to the public. The bonds were used as collateral in raising loans from the banks to the amount, including interest up to June 3, 1907, of $5,561,507. The government advance of $2,000,000 has been applied in reduction of this indebtedness. The cost of the Quebec bridge including the Chaudiere bridge and the railway approaches to March 1, 1908, was $6,899,033 to which is to be added interest from June 30, 1907, on the advances for which the bonds of the company were pledged. This cost includes for customs duty harbor dues and fees, $510,288. No estimate has been made as to the cost of reconstruction.

The budget debate was contiued today by Messrs. Miller, Lake and Schell.

The relatives of Sterling Kennedy, the lad who underwent four operations in the hospital and who was discharged recently wish to thank the doctors and nurses for kind attention given to the lad.

A team of horses belonging to William McMulkin, hauling a load of hay on the ice at Upper Gagetown went through on Monday last and were with some difficluty saved.

ROOSEVELT STARTS WAR ON ANARCHISTS

Is Determined to Wage Vigorous Campaign Against Those Advocating Murder.

New York, March 26.—The Herald publishes the following:—

...President Roosevelt is determined to begin a vigorous campaign against anarchists who in speech or by publication advocate crime and defiance of the law. If there is no criminal law under which the authorities can act, the President will ask Congress to enact such a law. He has called the attention of the Department of Justice to the matter and has asked for recommendations on which to base a report to Congress.

This decision is the outcome of a communication from Mayor McBride, of Paterson, requesting the President to use his authority to suppress La Questione Sociale, an anarchist publication, sent through the mails to all parts of the country. The Mayor yesterday received a copy of the President's letter to the Department of Justice. After announcing that he had directed the Postmaster General to bar La Questione Sociale from the mails pending further investigation, the President in his communication says'—

"Please see to it if it is not possible to prosecute criminally under any section of the law that is available the men that are interested in the sending out of this anarchistic and murderous publication. They are, of course, the enemies of mankind, and every effort should be strained to hold them accountable for an offence far more infamous than that of any ordinary murderer.

"This matter has been brought to my attention by the Mayor of the city of Paterson. I wish every effort made to get the criminals under the federal law. It may be impossible to do this. I shall also, through the Secretary of State, call the attention of the Governor of New Jersey to the circumstances, so that he may proceed under the State law, his attention being further drawn to the fact that the newspaper is circulated in other States.

"After you have concluded your investigation I wish a report from you to serve as a basis for recommendations by me for action by Congress. Under section No. 3,893 of the Revised Statutes, books and letters for indecent uses are excluded from the mail, and provision is made for imprisonment of those guilty. The newspaper article in question advocates murder by dynamite. It especially advocates the murder of enlisted men of the United States Army and the officers of the police force and the burning of the houses of private citizens. The preaching of murder and arson, if it is not already forbidden by law, should be forbidden. ...

"The immigration law now prohibits the entry into the United States of any person who entertains or advocates the views expressed in this newspaper article. It is, of course, inexcusable to permit those already here to promulgate such views. Those who write, publish and circulate those articles stand on a level with those who use the mails for distributing poisons for the purpose of murder, and convictions have been obtained when the mails have been used for the distribution of poisons. No law should require the Postmaster-General to become accessory to murder by circulating literature of this kind."

HOWARD TRUEMAN, OF POINT DE BUTE, HAS PASSED AWAY

(Amherst, N. S., March 23.)

The death occurred at Point De Bute last evening of Howard Trueman, aged 71. Death was due to heart failure. He was one of Cumberland's most prominent farmers and a conservative in politics. He was a man of literary talent some of his works being, "History of the Trueman's and other families," and a "History of agriculture in New Brunswick." This last work is well known throughout the maritime provinces.

He is survived by three sons, Prof. John, of New York,; Prof. George, of Quebec; and William, at home, also by two daughters, Mrs. W. Wells, New York, and Mrs. A. Colpitts, of Point De Bute.

WOULDN'T GIVE FREE PULP AND PAPER ADVOCATES A HEARING

New York, March 25—The effort on the part of the American Newspaper Publishers Association to secure legislation by congress putting print paper and wood pulp on the free list has received a sudden shock because of the absolute refusal on the part of the ways and means commitee to even give them a hearing.

Cures the Worst Coughs or Colds

The Ozonated Air Cure, better known as "Catarrhozone," is death to colds.

Its healthy, iden fumes contain the leading balsams of the pine woods.

Soothing and antiseptic, it gives instant relief, stops gagging, hawking and sneezing.

Mucous and phlegm are cleared away, breathing made easy, and catarrh symptoms entirely disappear.

Delightful and pleasant is Catarrhozone, simple to use because you breathe it—sure to cure colds and catarrh because it destroys the cause, doctors say nothing is more scientific; nothing possesses such might of merit in winter ills. Do try Catarrhozone! Two months' treatment, price $1.00, trial (small) size, 25c.; all dealers, or N. C. Polson & Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S. A., and Kingston, Ont.