Rev. Dr. Talmage Depicts the Struggles of a Man Who Desires Liberation From Evil and Shows How He May be Set Free.

discourse Dr. Talmage depicts the that has rolled a wave of woe over struggle of a man who desires liberashows how he may be set free; text, Proverbs xxiii, 35: "When shal awake? I will seek it yet again.

With an insight into human nature ich as no other man ever had Solomon in these words is sketching the mental processes of a man who has stepped aside from the path of rectitude and would like to return. Wish-But, seized upon by uneradicated appetite and pushed down hill by his passions, he cries out: "I will seek it yet again. I will try it once

About a mile from Princeton, N. J., there is a skating pond. One winter day, when the ice was very thin, a farmer living near by warned the young men of the danger of skating at that time. They all took the warning except one young man. He, in the spirit of bravado, said: "Boys, one round more." He struck out on his skates, the ice broke, and his lifeless body was brought up. And in all matters of temptation and allurement it is not a prolongation that is proposed, but only just one more indulgence, just one more sin. Then comes the fatalin a determination to keep his purpose. ity. Alas, for the one round more! "I He dare not look at the bottles in the will seek it vet again."

Our libraries are adorned with elepointing out to them all the dangers the voyage of life - the shoals, the rock, the quicksands. But suppose a young man is already shipwrecked, ose he is already gone astray, how can he get back? That is a question that remains unanswered, and amid all class of persons I this day address my-

You compare what you are with hat you were three or four years ago, and you are greatly disheartened. You are ready with every passion of your yet to come. I offer you the hand of welcome and rescue. I put the silver fall into line of bannered procession

Years ago, and while yet Albert Barnes was living, I preached in his pulpit one night to the young men of Philadelphia. In the opening of my Philadelphia. In the opening of my discourse I said, "O Lord, give me one tonight!" At the close of the service Mr. Barnes introduced a young man, saying, "This is the young man you prayed for." But I see now it was a THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN. too limited prayer. I offer no such prayer today. It must take in a wider "Lord, give us all these souls today for happiness and heaven!'
SURMOUNTING OBSTACLES.

So far as God may help me I propose to show what are the obstacles to your return and then how you are to surmount those obstacles. The first ulty in the way of your return is ce of moral gravitation. Just there is a natural law which brings down to earth anything you throw in to the air, so there is a corresp moral gravitation. I never shall for-get a prayer I heard a young man make in the Young Men's Christian associa What man knows not his own heart who has never felt the power of moral

gravitation.

In your boyhood you had good associates and bad associates. Which most impressed you? During the last few years you have heard pure anecessistic production. dotes and impure anecdotes. Which the easiest stuck to your memory? You have had good habits and bad habits. To which did your soul more easily yield? But that moral gravitations are the second of the soul more easily yield? tion may be resisted. Just as you mapick up anything from the earth an hold it in your hand toward heaven just so, by the power of God's grace a fallen soul may be lifted toward ce, toward pardon, toward salva The force of moral gravitatio in God's grace to overcome that force The next thing in the way of you return is the power of evil habit.

know there are those who say it is very easy for them to give up eviluabits. I cannot believe them. Here knows it is disgracing his family, de-stroying his property and ruining him body, mind and soul. If that man, would he not do so? To fact that he does not give it up proves tha it is hard to give it up. It is a very easy thing to sail down stream, the tide carrying you with great force; but it so easy then to row it? As lo as we yield to the evil inclination in our heart and to our bad habits we are salling down stream, but the moment we try to turn, we put our boat in the rapids just above Niagara and try to row up stream.

SLAVERY TO HABIT.

A physician tells his patient that he must quit the use of tobacco, as it is destroying his health. The man replies, "I can stop that habit easy enough." He quits the use of the weed. He goes around not knowing what to do with himself. He cannot add up a column of figures; he cannot sleep nights. It seems as if the world had turned upside down. He feels his business is going to ruin. Where he was kind and obliging he is scolding and fretful. The composure that char-

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10. - In this | complete fidget. What power is it the earth and shaken a portent in the heavens? He has quit tobacco. After awhile he says: "I am going to do as "When shall I I please. The doctor does not understand my case. I am going back to my old habits. And he returns. Everything assumes its usual composure siress seems to brighten. The world becomes an attractive place to live in. His children, seeing the difference, hall the return of their faing for something better, he says: ther's genial disposition. What wave when shall I awake? When shall I of color has dashed blue into the sky, get over this horrible nightmare of and greenness into the mountain foliage, and the glow of sapphire into the What enchantment has filled a world of beauty and joy on his soul?

He has resumed tobacco.

The fact is, we all know, in our own experience that habit is a taskmaster. As long as we obey it it does not chastise us; but let us resist, and we find that we are lashed with scorpion whips and bound with ship cable and thrown into the track of bone breaking Juggernauts.

Suppose a man of five or ten or 20 years of evidence resolves to do right. why are all the forces of darkness allied against him? He gets down on his knees in the midnight and cries. "God help me!" He bites his lips. He grinds his teeth. He clinches his fist window of a wine store. It is one long, bitter, exhaustive, hand to hand fight with inflamed, tantalizing, merciless habit. When he thinks he is enand per'ls of life-complete maps of tirely free, the old inclination pounces upon him like a pack of hounds, all their muzzles tearing away at the flanks of one poor reindeer.

In Paris there is a sculptured repre sentation of Bacchus, the god of revelry. He is riding on a panther at full books of the libraries I find not leap. Oh, how suggestive! Let every word on that subject. To that one who is speeding on bad ways uneap. Oh, how suggestive! Let every derstand he is not riding a docile and well broken steed, but that he is riding a monster wild and bloodthirsty and going at a death leap.

I have also to say if a man wants to return from evil practices society soul to listen to a discussion like this, repulses him. The prodigal, wishing to Be of good cheer! Your best days are return, tries to take some professor of religion by the hand. The professor of ed apparel and the marks of dissipation rumpet of the gospel to my lips and ed aparel and the marks of dissipation, whosever will, let him come, and let of the hand offers him the tip end of him come now." The church of God is the langer fingers of the left hand, ready to spread a banquet upon your which is equal to striking a man in return, and all the hierarchs of heaven the face. Oh, how few Christian people understand how much gospel there is in a good, honest handshaking! Sometimes you have felt the neel of encouragement and some Christian man has taken you heartily by the

The prodigal, wishing to get into good society, enters a prayer meeting. good man, without much sense greets him by saying. "Why, are you nere? You are about the last person that I expected to see in a prayer meeting. less you have learned that when a of conduct he runs against repulsions

We say of some man, "He lives block or two from the church, or half a mile from the church." In all our great cities there are men who are to help you. If he declines to he you, he is not a Christian. Now gat dion of New York. With tremonds to hold of New York. With tremonds to of indifference between them and the house of God. The fact is we must me to do wrong and how hard it is keep our respectability though thousands perish. Christ sat with publicant ands perish. Christ sat with publicant the same to the s of indifference between them and the house of God. The fact is we must and soul and, appealing to God for suc and sinners, but if there come to the dissipation upon him people are almost sure to put up their hands in horror as much as to say, "Is it not shock-

> How these dainty, fastidious Chris tians in all our churches are going to get into heaven I do not know, unless they have an especial train of cars cushioned and upholstered, each one a car to himself. They cannot go with the great herd of publicans and sinners. Oh, ye, who curl your lip of corn on the fallen! I tell you plainly that if you had been surrounded by the same influences instead of sitting today among the cultured, and the re-fined, and the Christian you might have ben a crouching wretch in stable or ditch covered with filth and abomination. It is not because we are naturally any better, but because the mercy of God has protected us. Those that are brought up in Christian cir-cles and watched by Christian parent-age should not be so hard on the fallen. I think, also, that men are often hinred from returning by the fact that ies are anxious about their memership, too anxious about their denom nation, and they rush out when they see a man about to give up sin and return to God and ask him how he is going to be baptized—whether by nkling or immersion—and what sprinkling or immersion—and what kind of a church is he going to join. It is a poor time to talk about Presbyterian catechism and Episcopal liturgies and Methodist love feasts and Baptist immersions when a man is about to come out of the darkness of sin into the glorious light of the gos-

FIRST GET ASHORE Why, it reminds me of a man drown ng in the sea, and a lifeboat puts out for him, and the man in the boat says to the man in the water: "Now, if I get you ashore, are you going to live in my street?" First get him ashore, and then talk to him about the non-essentials of religion. Who cares what church he joins if he only joins Christ and starts for heaven? Oh, you, my brother of illumined face and a hearty grip for everyone that tries to turn from his evil way, take hold of the same hymnbook with him, though his dissipation shake the book, remembering that he that "converteth a sinner then you will take out the white lock from the error of his ways shall save of hair that was cut from mother's

a soul from death and hide a multi-Now, I have shown you these obstacles because I want you to under-stand I know all the difficulties in the way. But I am now going to tell you how Hannibal may scale the Alps and how the shackles may be unriveted and how the paths of virtue forsaken may be regained. First of all, throw yourself on God. Go to him frankly and earnestly and tell him these habits you have and ask him, if there is any help in all the resources of omnipotent love, to give it to you. Do not go on with a long rigmarole, which some people call prayer, made up of ohe and ahe and forever and forever amens! Go to God and cry for help. I remember that in the civil war I was at Antietam, with other members of the Christian commission, to look after the wounded. I went into the hospital after the battle, and I said to a man, "Where are you hurt?" made no answer, but held up his arm, swollen and splintered. I saw where he was hurt. The simple fact is, when a man has a wounded soul all he has to do is to hold it up before a sympathetic Lord and get it healed. It does not take any long prayer. Just hold up the wound. It is no small thing when a man is nervous and weak and exhausted, coming from his evil ways, to feel that God puts two omnipotent arms about him and says: "Young man, I will stand by you. The mountains may depart and the hills be removed, but I will never fall you." And then, as the soul thinks the news is too good to be true and cannot believe it and looks up in God's face, God lifts his right hand and takes an affidavit, makes an oath; saying, "As I live," saith the Lord God, "I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked." Blessed be God for such gospel as this! "Cut the slices thin," says the wife to the husband, "for there will not be enough to go around for all the children. Cut the slices thin." ed be God, there is a full loaf for every one that wants it. Bread and enough to spare! No thin slices on the Lord's

HEALING BALM FOR WOUNDS. I remember that while living in hiladelphia, at the time I spoke of a pinute ago, the Master street hospital inute ago, the master state was re-as opened, and a telegram was received, saying: "There will be 300 wounded men tonight. Please take care of them." From my church there went out 20 or 30 men and women. As the poor wounded men were brought in no one asked them from what state they came or what was their parent age. There was a wounded and the only question was how to take off the rags most gently and put on the cool bandage and administer cordial. And when a soul comes God he does not ask where you came from or what your ancestry was. Healing balm for all your wounds; pardor for all your guilt; comfort for all your

Then, also, I counsel you, if you want to get back, quit all your bad associ ates. One unholy intimacy will fill your soul with more distemper. all the ages of the church there h en an instance where a man kep one evil associate and was reform among the 1,600,000,000 of the race, ne instance. Give up your bad com anions or give up heaven. It is no ten bad companions that destroy a man nor five bad companions nor three, but

What chance is there for the young man I saw along the street, four or five young men with him, in front of a grog shop, urging him to go in, he resaved, and there is hope for you." You awhile they forced him to go in, he re-awhile they forced him to go in? It was a summer night, and the door was left open, and I saw the process. They man tries to return from evil courses held him fast, and they put the cup to his lips, and they forced down the strong drink. What chance is there for such a young man?

I counsel you also to seek Christian edvice. Every Christian man is boun is not a Christian. Now gath cess, declare this day everlasting was half work will amount to nothing; I must be a Waterloo. Shrink back no and you are lost. Push on and yo are saved. A Spartan general fell a the very moment of victory, but he dipped his finger in his own blood and wrote on a rock near which he was dying, "Sparta has conquered Though your struggle to get rid of sir may seem to be almost a death strug gle, you can dip your finger in you own blood and write on the Rock of Ages, "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

SNURRENDERING TO GOD. Some of you, like myself, were born in the country. And what glorious news might these young men send home to their parents that this afternoon they had surrendered themselves to God and started a new life! I know how it is in the country. The night comes on. The cattle stand under the rack, through which burst the trusses of hay. The horses have just frisked up from the meadow brook at the night fall and stand knee deep in the bright straw that invites them to lie down and rest. The perch of the hovel is full of fowl, their feet warm under their feathers. When the nights get cold, the flames clap their hands above the great backlog and shake the shadow of the group up and down the wall. Father and mother sit there for half an hour saying nothing. I wonder what they are thinking of? After a while the father breaks the silence and says, "Well, I wonder where our boy is in town tonight?" And the mother answers: "In no bad place, I warrant you. We always could trust him when he was at home, and since he has been away there have been so many prayers offered for him we can trust him still." Then at 8 or 9 o'clock, just before they retire for their seasons. retire, for they go early to bed, they kneel down and commend you to that God who watches in country and in town, on the land and on the sea:

Oh, despise not parental anxiety
The time will come when you will have go around the place where they use to watch you and find them gone from the house and gone from the field and gone from the neighborhood. Cry as loud for forgiveness as you may over

the mound in the churchvard, they cannot answer. Dead! Dead! And then you will take out the white lock

brow just before they buried her, and you will take the cane with which your father used to walk, and you will think and think and wish that you had done just as they wanted you and would give the world if you had never through the same than the same that the same through the s thrust a pang through their dear old hearts.

HONOR TO PARENTS.

God pity the young man who has ought disgrace on his father's name! God pity the young man who has broken his mother's heart! Better that he ad never been born. Better if in the first hour of his life, instead of being laid against the warm bosom of ma-ternal tenderness, he had been coffined and sepulchred. There is no balm powwho has brought parents to a sorrow ful grave and who wanders about through the dismal cemetery rending the air and wringing the hands and crying, "Mother, mother!" Oh, that today, by all the hopes of the future, you would yield your heart to God! May your father's God and your mother's God be your God forever! This hour the door of mercy swings

wide open. Hesitate not a moment. In many a case hesitation is the loss of all. At the corner of a street I saw a tragedy. A young man evidently doubted as to which direction he had better take. His hat was lifted high enough so you could see he had an in-telligent forehead. He had a stout chest and a robust development. Splendid young man! Cultured young man! Honored young man? Why did he stop there while so many were going up and down? The fact is that every young man had a good angel and a bad angel contending for the mastery of his spirit, and there were a good angel and a bad angel struggling with that young man's soul at the corner of the street. "Come with me," said the good angel. "I will take you home. will spread my wings over your pilthrough life under supernatural protection. I will bless every cup you drink out of, every couch you rest on, every doorway you enter. I will consecrate your tears when you weep, your sweat when you toil, and at the last I will hand over your grave into the hand surrection. I have been sent of the Lord to be your guardian spirit. Come with me,' said the good angel in a voice of unearthly symphony. It was music like that which drops from a lute of heaven when a scraph breathes

"Oh, no," said the bad angel. "Come with me. I have something better to offer. The wines I pour are from chalices of bewitching carousal. The dance I lead is over floors tessellated with unrestrained indulgence. There is no God to frown on the temples of sin where I worship. The skies are Italian. The paths I tread are through meadows daisied and primrosed. Con with me!"

HESITATION IS RUIN.

The young man hesitated at a time when hesitation was ruin, and the bad angel smote the good angel until it departed, spreading wings through the starlight, upward and away, until a door swung open in the sky, and for-ever the wings vanished. That was the turning point in that young man's istory, for, the good angel flown, he oathway which is beautiful at the opening, but blasted at the last. The bad angel led the way through gate after gate, and at each gate the road became rougher and the sky more lurid, and what was peculiar, as the gate slammed shut it come to with a jar that indicated it would never open. Past each portal there were a grinding of locks and a shoving of the bolts, and the scenery on each side the road changed from gardens to deserts, and the June air became a cutting December blast, end the bright wings of the bad angel turned to sackcloth, and the fountains that at the start had tossed with wine poured forth bubbling tears of foaming blood, and on the right side of the road there was a serpent, and the man said to the bad angel, "What is that serpent?" And the answer was, "That is the serpent of stinging remorse." On the left side of the road there was a lion, and the man asked the bad angel, "What is that lion?" The answer was. "That is the lion of through the sky, and the man asked the bad angel. "What is that vulture?" The answer was, "That is the vulture waiting for the carcasses of the slain. And then the man said to the bad angel: "What does all this mean? I

trusted in what you said at the street corner; I trusted it all. Why have you thus deceived me?" Then the last deception fell off the charmer, and he said: "I was sent from the pit to destroy your soul. I watched my chance for many a long year. When you hesitated that night at the street corner I gained my triumph. Now you are nere. Ha, ha! You are here! now, let us fill the chalice and drink to darkness and woe and death. Hail,

sent forth by Christ or the bad ange sent forth by sin get the victory over Their wings are interyour soul? ocked this moment above you, contending for your soul, as above Apennines eagle and condor fight in midsky. This hour decides eterna destinies.



THAT THE FAC-SIMILE Avegetable Preparation for As-SIGNATURE similating the Food and Regula-ting the Stomachs and Bowels of -- OF---INFANTS CHILDREN Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest Contains neither Opum, Morphine nor Mineral. IS ON THE NOT NARCOTIC.

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Atb month's old

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. JOHN. Arrived. Nov. 12.—Str St Croix, Pike, from Bosto C Lee, mdse and pass. Nov. 12.—Str St Croix, Pike, from Boston, W C Lee, mdse and pass.
Sch Lena Maud, 98, Giggey, from Boston, J E Moore, bal.
Sch Harvard H Havey, 91, Sabean, from Boston, F Tutts, bal.
Sch Effle May, 67, Branscombe, from Boston, D J Purdy, bal.
Coastwise—Schs. James Barber, 80, Elis, from Quaco; barge No. 4, 439, McLeod, from Parrsboro; Serene, 53, Lyons, from Parrsboro; Beulah, 80, Ells, from Quaco; strs Autora, 132, Ingersoll, from Campobello, and cld. Beaver, 42, Tupper, from Canning, and cld.

Old.
Nov 13—Sch Lyra, 90, Evans, from Boston,
A W Adams, bal.
Sch Etta A Stimpson, 288, Hogan, from
Portsmouth, NH, R C Elkin, bal.
Sch H M Stanley, 98, Fardie, from New
Bedford, J W McAlary and Co, bal.
Sch Eltie, 117, Morrell, from New York,
coal. coal.
Sch Maggie Miller, from Boston.
Coastwise—Schs Chieffain, 71, Tufts, from
Quaco; Hunter, 44, Thompson, from fishing.

Nov. 12—Str Ocamo, Fraser, for Halifax, Schofield and Co.
Sch Eric, Whittaker, for Boston, James Warner and Co.
Sch Nimrod, Haley, for City Island fo, A Cushing and Co.
Sch Susie Prescott, Daley, for Bridgeport, John E. Moore. ohn E Moore. Sch Thistle, Steeves, for Greenwich,

Sch Thistle, Steeves, for Greenwich, A Cushing and Co.
Coastwise—Scha James Barber, Ells, for Quaco; Dora, Canning, for Parrsboro; Serene, Lyons, for do; Helen M, Hatfield, for Hillsboro; Citizen, Woodworth, for Bear Ricer; Levuka, Graham, for Windsor:
Nov 13—Coastwise—Scha Nina Blanche, Crocker, for Freeport; Temple Bar, Bent, for Bridgetown; barge No 5, Warnock, for Parrsboro.

Salled.

DOMESTIC PORTS.

Arrived. At Annapolis, Nov 11, bark Carrie L Smith Claison, from Liverpool, to load for South America. At Halifax, Nov 12, str Evangeline, from

London.

HALIFAX, Nov. 11.—Ard, strs Zena, fron New York, and sailed for St Johns, N F schs McClure, from New York; J W Hill from do; Baden Powell, from Figuera, Portugal; S F Maker, from fishing grounds, IS bbls mackerel, and cleared to return: Admiral Dewey, from Gloucester, N S, fo Banks (to land a sick man); Kearsage from fishing grounds 80 bbls mackerel, and cleared to return.

At Joggins Mines, N S, Nov 11, sch Petrel or St John (coal).

From Halifax, 11th inst, British cru
Psyche and Pallas, for Bermuda; strs
Patria, for St Pierre, Miq; Yarmouth,
Hawkesbury and Charlottetown.

BRITISH PORTS Arrived.

At Cape Town, Nov 11, str Sellasia, from st John-ordered to East London, QUEENSTOWN, Nov. 9.—Ard, bark Avera from Partsbore, NS, and proceeded to Car-ST. JOHNS, Nov. 10.— Ard, str Grecian, from Liverpool for Halifax, N S.
LIVERPOOL, Nov. 8.— Ard, str Ulunds, from Halifax and St Johns, N F.
LONDON, Nov. 9.—Ard, str Etolia, from

Montreal.

MELBOURNE, Nov. 10.—Ard, bark Ophelia, from Chatham, N B.

DUBLIN, Nov. 11.—Ard, str Carl, from Chatham, NB, via North Sydney, C B.

CARDIFF, Nov. 10.— Ard, bark Avoca, Jones Parshore, NS, via Queenstown. from Parrsboro, NS, via Queenstown. LIVERPOOL, Nov. 11.—Ard, bark Ossuna, from Dalhousie.

At Liverpool, Nov 11, bark Ossuna, Andrews, from Dalhousie.

At Melbourne, Nov 10, bark Osbelia, Ros. ws, from Dalhousie.

t Melbourne, Nov 10, bark Ophelia, Peden, from Chatham, NB.

t Auckland, NZ, Oct 27, bark Star of the st. Dill, from New York via Wellington

LONDON, Nov. 10.—Sid, str Ceylon, for Miramichi.
GLASGOW, Nov. 9.— Sid, str Numidian, for St John, N B.
GREENOCK, Kov. 9.—Sid, strs Concordia, for St John, NB; Nov 10th, Trojd, for Syd-

Arrived. At New Orleans, Nov 9, str Ely, Corni At Pascagoula, Nov 10, sch Florence ewson, Patterson, from Sagua, VINEYARD HAVEN, Nov. 9.— Ard

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." So See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

sailed, sehs S A Fownes, from Port Johnson for for St John; Two Sisters, from Providence for Sackville, NB; Clifford C, from Bridgeport for St John.

VINEYARD HAVEN, Nov. 10.—Ard schs Stella Maud, from Fall River for St John; Rowena, for do; Harry Prescott, from Ner-HYANNIS, Mass., Nov. 9—Ard, sch Sower, from St John, N B, and sailed; Orozimbo, for Calais. folk for Pictou, N S.

NEW LONDON, Conn., Nov. 10.— Ard, schs Hattle E, from Port Reading for Dor-chester, NB; Greta, from Apple River for New York; Wm Jones, from St John for City Island; Roger Drury, from do for Philiadelphia; Chaffee, from Calais for New York; Nellie Grand, from do for do.

BOSTON, Nov. 10.—Ard, strs Boston, from Yarmouth; Catalone, from Louisburg.

Sailed, strs Kingstonian, for London; Livonia, for Glasgow; Saxon King, for Rotterdam.

At New York, 1th inst, sehs Cora C, for Greville; Ida May, for St John.

At New York, Nov 11, sehs Ich Dien, Iver, sen, for La Romana; Dora C, Merriam, for Port Greville, NS; Ida May, Gale, for St John.

Salled. From Fernandina, Fla, Nov 9, sch Presperare, Summerville, for Bermuda.
From New York, Nov 10, brigt G B Lockhart, for Curacoa.
From City Island, Nov 10, sch L A Piummer, Foster, from Perth Amboy for Boston.
From Boston, 9th inst, strs Sylvania, for Liverpool; Turcoman and Sagamore, for do; schs Annie E Rickerson, Flash, Jennie C, for St John; Silver Wave, for Quaco, N B; Valdare, for Bear River, NS; Levose, for Belleveau Cove, N S.

NOTICE TO MARINERS. Portland, Nov 11, 1901. West Island Harbor and Saco River, Me. Notice is hereby given that Sharp's Rock buoy, spar, red, No 6, and Ram Island Ledge buoy, spar, red, No 2, reported adrift Nov 6, were replaced Nov 9.

Change of Fog Whistle.

The Department of Marine and Fisherie has given notice that to differentiate be tween the steam fog alarm maintained a Cape Race by the government of Canada and that maintained by the government o New Foundland at Cape St Francis, the for whistle at Cape Race will, from and after the 1st December, 1801, be changed to give blasts of five seconds duration with inter vals alternately of 15 and 35 seconds be tween them, or two blasts of five seconds duration with an interval of 15 seconds in avery minute. This change will be carried into effect without further notice.

BIRTHS.

PERRY-At Yarmouth, N. S., Nov. 9th, to the wife of H. Gordon Perry, organist of Central Methodist church, Moncton, a

MARRIAGES.

SCOTT-SLEEP—At 76 Charlotte street, Nov. 14, by Rev. D. J. Fraser, Joseph Scott and Mary Elizabeth Sleep. BOYER-TURNOR—At the residence of toride's father, Fredericton, Nov. 13.
Rev. J. H. MacDonald, Harry R. Boyer Ada May Turner.

DEATHS.

CLARK-On Nov. 13th, at the residence GIDDINGS.—At Murray Harbor South, P. E. I., on Oct. 23rd, 1901, Bessie, the be loved daughter of Isaac and Isabella Gid dings, after a short but painful illness aged 22 years and 7 months.

HENRY—At 36 Frances street, Seahan Habor, Durham, England, on October 22n Captain Laurence Samuel Henry, aged years, eldest son of the late Innes Henrof Lerwick, Shetland, Scotland, and brother of J. C. Henry of St. Stephen. MacDONALD.—In Charlottetown, P. E. L. Nov. 11th, Mrs. Sarah MacDonald, relici of the late Alex. MacDonald, in her 87th

year.

ORR.—At the home of her niece, Mrs. D. G.
Perry, at Greenwich Hill, on Nov. 4th, arter a few weeks' illness, Jane, reliet of the late John Orr, in the 5th year of her age, leaving a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn.

The Whole Story

VOL.

Mayor Morris

Militia Matters Island -

OTTAWA, Knight of J. John states will boom th lines will all in a week or tivity and bu Alexander who went or Strathcona's near Vryburg member of S Skinner's wid Chief Justic pointed adm Minto's absen the first time appointed a General O'G fice is extended His time was then extended is now for a Mr. Shutt. farms, has months in invand causes of fifty pages i that a ration of oats, peas est pork, wl and inferior J. B. Char

the Yukon te turned to Ot of the line fr The operatio will be in the A five year adian spruce been made don, England three-eighths gineer of We poses in Eng OTTAWA. lights are to Montreal and ing of naviga The season of the St. Law According to department the falling off in who arrived while this y the number ber of reject United States during the ser A cable to the day annound wounded at from Montre OTTAWA, lights are to Montreal and ing of naviga

> judgments ye maritime pro Mayor Mon the capital. guilty at the illegally purc and was fin The conviction years. Mr. that the may ris, during his himself very terests, but is that his e There is some lieut. governo Morris, which for the man the pardon ination day. The season of the St. La

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