POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2033

OVER THE PROVINCES.

A SUMMARY OF EVENTS AT HOME AND ABROAD.

What is going on Among Ourselves—The Daily Doings of Our Neighors Talked About—People you know or of Whom have heard.

Kingston, Ont., May 14—(Special)—It is stated that Lieut. Col. Drury will shortly leave for England to take a special course of instruction in tactical fitness to command.

Picton, Ont., May 14—(Special)—John W. McLean, for the past 16 years editor and publisher of the Picton Times, is dead, aged 69. He was a prominent Liberal.

Topeka, Kas., May 14.—The jury in the case of Mrs. Carrie Nation, charged with joint smashing, this evening returned a verdict of guilty. Sentence will be pronounced tomorrow. It is the general impression that she will be released on the payment of a fine and costs.

Montreal, May 15.—Mr. Poindron has been appointed general manager of the Franco-Canadian Steamship Company. Charles Blakely, of the Dominion line, succeeds Mr. Poindron as Canadian manager.

A meeting of the creditors of Fader & Co. was held yesterday afternoon. Nothing definite was done as regards the winding up of the business. It has not been decided whether the creditors will accept an offer of so much on the dollar or sell the business outright.—Halifax Chronicle.

Quebec, May 15.—(Special)—Nemese Garneau, M. P. P., has been nominated legislative councillor for the electoral district of Shawinigan, in place of the late Hon. Dr. J. J. Ross, and Alderman Taschereau is to be government candidate in the county of Quebec.

Toronto, May 14—(Special)—W. R. Beatty, member of the Ontario legislature for Parry Sound, will retire on the dissolution of the present house. Mr. Beatty has been appointed manager of timber interests in Nova Scotia for the Beardmore Company, of this city, and will remove to Halifax.

Sydney, May 14—The Dominion Coal Company made two more appointments yesterday. Alexander Dick, formerly manager of the Joggins mines, was appointed assistant to General Manager Shields. C. E. Slayton, of Tennessee, was appointed mechanical superintendent. Six important appointments have been made during the past ten days.

Toronto, May 14—(Special)—Two hundred boilermakers' helpers, employed in several Toronto shipyards, struck today for $1.50 per nine hour day, and recognition of their union. The majority have been receiving $1.25, although those on piece work, it is said, have been making more than $1.50. A satisfactory settlement will likely be reached.

Montreal, May 14—(Special)—The annual statement of the Bank of Montreal, issued this afternoon, shows last year's earnings to have been the largest on record. The profits for the year ending April 30, amounted to $1,537,000, as compared with $1,524,000 for the previous year. This is over 12 per cent. on the capital. The rest has been increased to $7,000,000.

Quebec, May 14—(Special)—The tug M. E. Hackett left for Grosse Isle tonight with a cargo of provisions for passengers and crew of the steamer Lake Superior, which is detained there with a case of smallpox. The Lake Superior is being thoroughly disinfected and, after 10 days' quarantine, will be allowed to proceed with a new crew, which will be sent down from Montreal. The passengers and original crew of the steamer will have to wait the usual 21 days before being allowed to leave Grosse Isle.

Halifax, May 15—(Special)—There is a movement on foot here to have the city cable the Duke and Duchess of York and perhaps the king, asking that the duke and duchess land at Halifax, as originally intended. It has been suggested that a public meeting be called to discuss and make a recommendation to the city council. It was the intention to have had the duke land at the exact spot in the dockyard where his majesty landed years ago, and which is marked by a tablet, suitably inscribed.

The annual meeting of the West End Theatre Company, of Montreal, the company which owns Her Majesty's Theatre, was held on the 10th instant, at the office of the secretary. The statements for the past year were submitted to the shareholders, and showed the results of the year to be very satisfactory. A dividend of 7 per cent. was declared, and the retiring board of directors were unanimously re-elected. At a subsequent meeting of the directors, Mr. David Russell was again chosen to fill the president's chair.

Toronto, May 14—(Special)—The Evening Telegram (Independent Conservative) says it is proposed that E. B. Osler, M. P., of West Toronto, should resign his seat in the commons and accept the Conservative nomination for the Ontario legislature in North Toronto, at the coming general election. Should the Conservatives come to power Osler would become provincial treasurer and possibly succeed Whitney as leader. It is also intimated that Hon. Geo. E. Foster's removal to Toronto is a move to qualify him for the Conservative nomination in West Toronto, upon Osler's resignation. Mr. Foster will settle in Toronto as manager of the Union Trust Company, a new organization, of which Dr. Oronhyatekha, of the I. O. F., is chief promoter.

Sackville, N. B., May 14—Mrs. Obed Sears, of Upper Abonshagan Road, about six miles from here, attempted to commit suicide yesterday morning, by taking Paris green. Obed Sears, her husband, died on Thursday, and since his death she has been somewhat despondent.

Monday morning, she drove her son, George, down to his work at McKenzie's meat market, and while here, it is said, obtained the Paris green. Upon returning home she and her daughter, Mrs. Arthur Stokes, had a slight difference, whereupon she swallowed the poison.

Dr. Copp, after some delay, was summoned, but reached them too late to be of much use and she will probably die. Mrs. Sears is the mother of eight children, the youngest of whom, a boy of 12, resides at home with her. She is about 54 years old.

Fred. Tweedie, a competent engineer, is at present in Newcastle making examinations of the coal deposits. Test holes are being bored.—Gagetown Gazette.

Halifax, May 16—(Special)—The death occurred today of Mrs. Jane Liddell, widow of James Liddell. Mrs. Liddell had reached the good old age of 84 years.

Halifax, May 15—(Special)—The death occurred at Waverley, today, of Mrs. Elizabeth R. Embree, wife of Station Master Embree. Her death was somewhat sudden and due to cardiac disease.

Montreal, May 15—(Special)—The Abbe Verreau, principal of Jacques Cartier Normal School and a leading Roman Catholic educationalist, died this afternoon, aged 73 years. He was a prominent member of the Royal Historical Society, and an author of note.

Dorchester, N. B., May 14—(Special)—In the circuit court today, the jury disagreed in the case against Arthur McLeod, of Moncton, charged with stealing $15 from W. Fownes.

As no bail was forthcoming, the prisoner was remanded to jail.

Walkerville, Ont., May 14—(Special)—The premises and plant of the Walkerville match factory were totally destroyed by fire this morning, nothing being left but the smoke stacks. The loss is estimated at $115,000, with insurance about $80,000. The origin is unknown.

The 14-months-old child of Mr. Charles Short, of Roundhill, near Oak Point, fell into a tub of cold water at its home Tuesday afternoon last, and was drowned. The accident is peculiarly distressing and the parents have the community's sympathy in their bereavement.

St. Martins, May 15—The death occurred yesterday, at St. Martins, of Mrs. William Wilson, after an illness of five months. The deceased, who was 46 years of age, leaves a husband and several children to mourn their loss. The funeral will take place on Friday morning at 10 o'clock.

Quebec, May 15—(Special)—Capt. John Williams, of the steamer Manchester Corporation, appeared at Judge Chauvau's office today and consented to pay the whole costs of the trial of 15 firemen of his vessel, who were condemned yesterday to a month in jail for refusing to work Monday last. All the men were then sent on board the ship.

Vancouver, B. C., May 16—The steamship Moana, the latest acquisition to Canadian Coastal line, arrived yesterday from Sydney and Honolulu. The Moana is a new boat, especially adapted for trans-Pacific trade, and has excellent passenger accommodations. She is of 4,000 tons burthen, with 4,000 horse power, and has a speed of 16 knots.

Halifax, May 15—(Special)—The death occurred this morning, somewhat suddenly, of Hugh Hamilton, of the customs department. Mr. Hamilton, who was a tide waiter, was at work yesterday, and as he was about entering his house at dinner time he was taken by a paralytic stroke, from which he never recovered. He was 50 years of age and had been in the customs service about 20 years. He leaves a widow and three children.

Ottawa, May 16—(Special)—Lady Minto intends taking up the question of erecting memorial tablets over the graves of Canadian soldiers who have fallen in South Africa. Captain Graham, A. D. C., in connection with the above, says the public will not, however, be appealed to for this purpose until the country is quieter and more settled. The graves are marked and identified, but Lord Roberts has expressed the opinion that nothing further should be done in the matter until the close of the war.

Quebec, May 15.—(Special)—All passengers of the S. S. Lake Superior, detained at Grosse Isle, are being made comfortable as possible by the Elder-Dempster Company and the quarantine officers.

Only two cases of smallpox have so far developed among the passengers. General vaccination of all who were on board the Lake Superior during her late trip is going on and is expected to be completed tonight. Fresh meat and provisions are sent down to the ship almost daily. The quarantine officals report the passengers happy and in good spirits, despite the detention.

Harvey Station, York Co., May 15—Mr. Robert Wilson, who has been gradually sinking for the past four months, died at his residence in the Rear Settlement yesterday morning. Mr. Wilson has been in poor health for some years, but about the beginning of the new year he was stricken down with severe illness and has suffered much since that time.

He was a native of the south of Scotland and came here with his parents when a child, upwards of 60 years ago. He was well and favorably known in this section. A widow, three sons and nine daughters survive him. Messrs. Alex. and James Wilson, of this place, are brothers, and Mrs. Jane Embleton and Mrs. Elizabeth Embleton are sisters. Deceased was about 70 years of age.

Ottawa, May 15—(Special)—A militia order was issued today in regard to medals for the South Africa campaign. The medals in silver will be given to all officers, warrant officers, non-commissioned officers and men of British, Indian and colonial forces, who served in South Africa between October 11th, and a date to be fixed hereafter. The clasps will be inscribed "Belmont," "Modder River," "Paardeberg," "Driefontein," "Wepener," "Johannesburg," "Diamond Hill," "Belfast," "Wittebergen," "Defence of Kimberley," "Relief of Kimberley," "Defence of Mafeking," "Relief of Mafeking," "Cape Colony," "Orange Free State," "Transvaal," "Rhodesia," "Talana," "Elanslaagte," "Defence of Ladysmith," "Tugela's Heights," "Relief of Ladysmith," "Laing's Nek," "Natal."

ARCHERY OF THE GOSPEL.

THE NECESSITY OF MIGHTY CHRISTIAN HUNTERS OF MEN.

ABOUT BLUNDERING CHRISTIANS

Awkward Christians Who Drive Souls Away From Christ Instead of Bringing Them to Him—Rev. Dr. Talmage Portrays Graphically the Seriousness of Lack of Tact and Adroitness.

Washington, May 12.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage urges all Christian workers to increased fidelity and shows how much effort at doing good fails through lack of adroitness; text, Genesis x, 9, "He was a mighty hunter before the Lord."

In our day hunting is a sport, but in the lands and the times infested of wild beasts it was a matter of life or death with the people. It was very different from our going out on a sunshiny afternoon with a patent breechloader to shoot rredbirds on the flats, when Pollux and Achilles and Diomedes went out to clear the land of lions and panthers and bears. Xenophon grew eloquent in regard to the art of hunting. In the far east people, elephant mounted, chased the tiger. Francis I. was called the father of hunting. And Moses, in my text, sets forth Nimrod as a hero, when it presents him with broad shoulders and shaggy apparel and sunbrowned face and arm bunched with muscle, "a mighty hunter before the Lord." I think he used the bow and the arrows with great success practicing archery.

I have thought if it is such a grand thing and such a brave thing to clear wild beasts out of a country if it is not a better and a braver thing to hunt down and destroy those great evils of society that are stalking the land with fierce eye and bloody paw and sharp tusk and quick spring. I have wondered if there is not such a thing as gospel archery, by which those who have been flying from the truth may be captured for God and heaven. The Lord Jesus in his sermon used the art of angling for an illustration when he said, "I will make you fishers of men." And so I think I have authority for using hunting as an illustration of gospel truth, and I pray God there may be many a man enlisted in the work who shall begin to study gospel archery of whom it may after awhile be said, "He was a mighty hunter before the Lord."

How much awkward Christian work there is done in the world! How many good people there are who drive souls away from Christ instead of bringing them to him! All their fingers are thumbs—religious blunderers who upset more than they right. Their gun has a crooked barrel and kicks as it goes off. They are like a clumsy comrade who goes along with skillful hunters. At the very moment he ought to be most quiet he is crackling an alder or falling over a log and frightening away the game. How few Christian people have ever learned how the Lord Jesus Christ at the well went from talking about a cup of water to the most practical religious truths, which won the woman's soul for God! Jesus in the wilderness was breaking bread to the people. I think it was very good bread. It was very light bread, and the yeast had done its work thoroughly. Christ, after he had broken the bread, said to the people. "Beware of the yeast or of the leaven of the Pharisees." So natural a transition it was and how easily they all understood him! But how few Christian people there are who understand how to fasten the truths of God and religion to the souls of men!

The archers of olden time studied their art. They were very precise in the matter. The old books gave special directions as to how an archer should go and as to what an archer should do. He must stand erect and firm, his left foot a little in advance of the right foot. With his left hand he must take hold of the bow in the middle, and then with three fingers and the thumb of his right hand he should lay hold the arrow and affix it to the string—so precise was the direction given. But how clumsy we are about religious work! How little skill and care we exercise! How often our arrows miss the mark! I am glad that there are institutions established in many cities of our land where men may learn the art of doing good—studying spiritual archery and become known as "mighty hunters before the Lord."

In the first place if you want to be effectual in doing good you must be very sure of your weapon. There was something very fascinating about the archery of olden times. Perhaps you do not know what they could do with the bow and arrow. Why, the chief battles fought by the English Plantagenets were with the long bow. They would take the arrow of polished wood and feather it with the plume of a bird, and then it would fly from the bowstring of plaited silk. The bloody fields of Agincourt and Solway Moss and Neville's Cross heard the loud thrum of the archer's bowstring. Now, my Christian friends, we have a mightier weapon than that. It is the arrow of the gospel; it is a sharp arrow; it is a straight arrow; it is feathered from the wing of the dove of God's spirit; it flies from a bow made out of the wood of the cross. As far as I can estimate or calculate, it has brought down 400,000,000 of souls. Paul knew how to bring the notch of that arrow on to the bowstring, and its whir was heard through the Corinthian theatres and through the courtroom until the knees of Felix knocked together. It was that arrow that stuck in Luther's heart when he cried out: "Oh! my sins! Oh, my sins!" If it strike a man in the head, it kills his skepticism; if it strike him in the heel, it will turn his step; if it strike him in the heart, he throws up his hands, as did one of old when wounded in the battle, crying, "O Galilean, thou hast conquered."

In the armory of the Earl of Pembroke there are old corselets which show that the arrow of the English used to go through the breastplate, through the body of the warrior and out through the backplate. What a symbol of that gospel which is sharper than a two edged sword, piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and body and of the joints and marrow! Would to God we had more faith in that gospel! The humblest man in the world, if he had enough faith in it, could bring a hundred souls to Christ—perhaps 500. Just in proportion as this age seems to believe less and less in it, I believe more and more in it. What are men about that they will not accept their own deliverance? There is nothing proposed by men that can do anything like this gospel.

The religion of Ralph Waldo Emerson was the philosophy of icicles; the religion of Theodore Parker was a sirocco of the desert; covering up the soul with dry sand; the religion of Renan was the romance of believing almost nothing; the religion of the Huxleys and Spencers is merely a pedestal on which human philosophy sits shivering in the night of the soul, looking up to the stars, offering no help to the nations that crouch and groan at the base. Tell me where there is one man who has rejected that gospel for another who is thoroughly satisfied and helped and contented in his skepticism and I will take the car to-morrow and ride 500 miles to see him. The full power of the gospel has not been touched. As a sportsman throws up his hand and catches the ball flying through the air, just so easily will this gospel after awhile catch this round world flying from its orbit and bring it back to the heart of Christ. Give it full swing, and it will pardon every sin, heal every wound, cure every trouble, emancipate every slave and ransom every nation. Ye Christian men and women who go out this afternoon to do Christian work, as you go into the Sunday Schools, and the lay preaching stations, and the penitentiaries, and the asylums, I want you to feel that you bear in your hand a weapon compared with which the lightning has no speed and avalanches have no heft and the thunderbolts of heaven have no power; it is the arrow of the omnipotent gospel. Take careful aim! Pull the arrow clear back until the head strikes the bow! Then let it fly. And may the slain of the Lord be many.

Again, if you want to be skillful in spiritual archery you must hunt in unfrequented and secluded places. Why does the hunter go three or four days in the Pennsylvania forests or over Raquette Lake into the wilds of the Adirondacks? It is the only way to do. The deer are shy, and one "bang" of the gun clears the forest. From the California stage you see, as you go over the plains, here and there a coyote trotting alone almost within range of the gun—sometimes quite within range of it. No one cares for that. It is worthless. The good game is hidden and secluded. Every hunter knows that. So many of the souls that will be of most worth for Christ and of most value to the church are secluded. They do not come in our way. You will have to go where they are. Yonder they are down in that cellar. Yonder they are up in that garret—far away from the door of any church. The gospel arrow has not been pointed at them. The tract distributor and the city missionary sometimes just catch a glimpse of them, as a hunter through the trees gets a momentary sight of a partridge or roebuck. The trouble is we are waiting for the game to come to us. We are not good hunters. We are standing on some street or road expecting that the timid antelope will come up and eat out of our hand. We are expecting that the prairie fowl will light on our church steeple. It is not their habit. If the church should wait 10,000,000 years for the world to come in and be saved, it will wait in vain. The world will not come.

What the church wants now is to lift its feet from damask ottomans and put them in the stirrups. The church wants not so much cushions as it wants saddlebags and arrows. We have got to put aside the gown and kid gloves and put on the hunting shirt. We want a pulpit on wheels. We have been fishing so long in the brooks that run under the shadow of the church that the fish know us, and they avoid the hook and escape as soon as we come to the bank, while yonder in Upper Saranac and Big Tupper's Lake, where the first swing of the gospel net would break it for the multitude of the fishes. There is outside work to be done. What is it that I see in the backwoods? It is a tent. The hunters have made a clearing and camped out. What do they care if they have wet feet or if they have nothing but a pine branch for a pillow or for the northeast storm? If a moose in the darkness steps into the lake to drink, they hear it right away. If a loon cry in the midnight, they hear it. So in the service of God we have exposed work. We have got to camp out and rough it. We are putting all our care on the comparatively few people who go to church. What are we doing for the millions who do not come? Have they no souls? Are they sinless that they need no pardon? Are there no dead in their houses that they need no comfort? Are they cut off from God to go into eternity, no wing to bear them, no light to cheer them, no welcome to greet them? I hear to-day surging up from that lower depth of our cities a groan that comes through our Christian assemblages and through our beautiful churches, and it blots out all this scene from my eyes to-day, as by the mists of a great Niagara, for the dash and the plunge of these great torrents of life dropping down into the fathomless and thundering abysm of suffering and woe. I sometimes think that just as God blotted out the churches of Thyatira and Corinth and Laodicea because of their sloth and stolidity he will blot out American and English Christianity, and raise on the ruins a stalwart, wide awake missionary church that can take the full meaning of that command: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned"—a command, you see, punctuated with a throne of heaven and a dungeon of hell.

I remark, further, if you want to succeed in spiritual archery you must have courage. If the hunter stands with trembling hand or shoulder that flinches with fear, instead of his taking the catamount the catamount takes him. What would become of the Greenlander if when out hunting for the bear he should stand shivering with terror on an iceberg? What would have become of Du Chaillu and Livingstone in the African thicket with a faint heart and a weak knee? When a panther comes within 20 paces of you and it has its eye on you and it has squatted for the fearful spring, "Steady there!" Courage, O ye spiritual archers! There are great monsters of iniquity prowling all around about the community. Shall we not in the strength of God go forth and combat them? We not only need more heart, but more backbone. What is the church of God that it should fear to look in the eye any transgression? There is the Bengal tiger of drunkenness that prowls around, and instead of attacking it how many of us hide under the church pew or the communion table? There is so much invested in it, we are afraid to assault it. Millions of dollars in barrels, in vats, in spigots, in corkscrews, in gin palaces with marble floors and Italian top tables and chased ice coolers, and in the strychnine and the logwood and the tartaric acid and the nux vomica that go to make up our "pure" American drinks. I looked with wondering eyes on the "Heidelberg tun." It is the great liquor vat of Germany, which is said to hold 800 hogsheads of wine, and only three times in 100 years it has been filled. But as I stood and looked at it I said to myself: "That is nothing—800 hogsheads. Why, our American vat holds 10,200,000 barrels of strong drinks, and we keep 300,000 men with nothing to do but to see that it is filled."

Oh, to attack this great monster of intemperance and the kindred monsters of fraud and uncleanness requires you to rally all your Christian courage. Through the press, through the pulpit, through the platform you must assault it. Would to God that all our American Christians would band together, not for crack brained fanaticism, but for holy Christian reform! Would to God that instead of hear and there a straggler going out to fight these great monsters of iniquity in our country the millions of membership of our churches would band together and hew in twain these great crimes that make the land frightful with their roar and are fattening upon the bodies and souls of immortal men! Who is ready for such a party as that? Who will be a mighty hunter for the Lord?

I remark, again, if you want to be successful in spiritual archery you need not only to bring down game, but bring it [illegible] think one of the most be[illegible]tures of Thorwaldse[illegible] autumn." It represen[illegible] sportsman coming home and sta[illegible]g under a grapevine. He has a staff over his shoulder, and on the other end of that staff are hung a rabbit and a brace of birds. Every hunter brings home the game. No one would think of bringing down a roebuck or whipping up a stream for trout and letting them lie in the woods. At eventide the camp is adorned with the treasures of the forest—beak and fin and antler.

If you go out to hunt for immortal souls, not only bring them down under the arrow of the gospel, but bring them into the church of God, the grand home and encampment we have pitched this side the skies. Fetch them in; do not let them lie out in the open field. They need our prayers and sympathies and help. That is the meaning of the church of God—help. O ye hunters for the Lord, not only bring down the game, but bring it in.

I am sure that there are some men who at some time have been hit by the gospel arrow. You felt the wound of that conviction, and you plunged into the world deeper, just as the stag, when the hounds are after it, plunges into Schroon lake, expecting in that way to escape. Jesus Christ is on your track today, O impenitent man! Not in wrath, but in mercy. O ye chased and panting souls! Here is the stream of God's mercy and salvation, where you may cool your thirst! Stop that chase of sin to-day. By the red fountain that leaped from the heart of my Lord, I bid you stop!

There is in a forest in Germany a place they call the "deer leap"—two crags, about 18 yards apart; between them a fearful chasm. This is called the "deer leap" because once a hunter was on the track of a deer. It came to one of these crags. There was no escape for it from the pursuit of the hunter, and in utter despair it gathered itself up and in the death agony attempted to jump across. Of course it fell and was dashed on the rocks far beneath. Here is a path to heaven. It is plain; it is safe. Jesus marks it out for every man to walk in. But here is a man who says: "I won't walk in that path. I will take my own way." He comes on up until he confronts the chasm that divides his soul from heaven. Now his last hour has come, and he resolves that he will leap that chasm from the heights of earth to the heights of heaven. Stand back now and give him full swing, for no soul ever did that successfully. Let him try. Jump! He misses the mark, and he goes down, depth below depth, "destroyed without remedy." Men, angels, devils! What shall we call that place of awful catastrophe? Let it be known forever as the soul's death leap.

E. W. Grove

this signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

Same Thing.

Inexperienced Rider—What! you wish me to pay in advance? Are you afraid I shan't come back with the horse?

Proprietor of Livery Stable—Ahem! It is just possible the horse may come back without you.

It takes a strong man to raise money when he needs it most.

The secret of success is constancy of purpose.—Disraeli.

SENT UP FOR TRIAL

Two Assault Cases Before Woodstock Court.

Woodstock, N. B., May 14—(Special)—Police Magistrate Dibblee has had two important cases before him this week. Yesterday, Chesley Dibblee, of Benton, was charged with committing an assault against Laura Adams, a young girl of the same place. The affair was alleged to have taken place at Benton on the evening of April 30th last. The prisoner was sent up for trial at the next session of court.

This afternoon the trial of James Mitchell for an assault on H. V. Dalling, a leading business man, was concluded, and the prisoner was fined $20 and costs. The assault took place on Monday morning.

Solomon Steeves, a well-known mason of this town died Monday morning in the provincial lunatic asylum, of which he had been an inmate for about a year. The deceased was 66 years of age. The remains arrived in Woodstock last night and the interment took place this afternoon. A widow and three sons survive.

Marshal Harvey made a unique arrest this afternoon. Two men and a couple of dancing bears were arrested and put in the lock-up. The charge was for giving a street performance, the men not having a license. When Mayor Belyea heard the story he was indignant and ordered the release of the men and bears. A collection was then taken up and everybody was happy.

Court News.

Supreme Court.

In the Queen-Sunbury election case, Chief Justice Tuck yesterday granted a summons, returnable on May 21st, to fix a time and place for the trial of the petition; Mr. A. George Blair for petitioner.

The summons in the Restigouche election case to fix a time and place for trial of the petition was returnable yesterday, and was postponed to May 23rd. Mr. J. B. M. Baxter for petitioner, Mr. McAlister; Mr. H. F. McLatchey for the respondent, Mr. Jas. Reid.

Chambers.

In the County Court chambers Judge Forbes gave judgment in Andrews vs. Kent on the application for new trial or to reduce the verdict. New trial was refused, and the verdict sustained to the amount of $70.23. The verdict was formerly $88.85. Hon. H. A. McKeown for plaintiff, and A. A. Stockton, K. C., for defendant.

Supreme Court of Canada.

Ottawa, May 14—(Special)—Two motions were made to the supreme court this morning to dismiss election appeals for want of prosecution. The two cases were in the Terrebonne and Two Mountains. Both motions were refused.

The argument in Kaulbach vs. Archibald was continued until late in the afternoon. Judgment was reserved.

North American Insurance Company vs. McLeod is now before the court.

The News at Amherst.

Amherst, May 14—On the complaint of J. H. Flemming, yesterday, a warrant was issued for the arrest of a young man named G. B. Wetmore, hailing from St. John. The charge is receiving subscriptions for the Montreal Star without authority. After the warrant was issued the young man disappeared. The report is that he has been doing other towns. A telegram from the Star disclaims all knowledge of him.

Miss Kate McCulloch, the efficient and obliging operator in the C. P. R. Telegraph Company's office here, has severed her connection with that company, and leaves today for Halifax to take a more lucrative position with the Western Union Company in that city. Patrons of the company regret Miss McCulloch's removal as she has been most obliging and painstaking. In addition to having charge of the telegraphing for the company, she has had charge of the Dominion Express Company work and the Canadian Pacific tickets, Messrs. Douglass Bros., in whose employ she has been, being the agents at Amherst. Miss Leslie Ambrose, who has been Miss McCulloch's assistant, will succeed her in the office here.

Mr. Allaby, formerly in the I. C. R. works at Moncton, has secured a position in the car works here and has leased the house on Belmont street, belonging to the late F. B. Robb estate, and will remove his family here on Thursday.

Rev. D. McGregor, pastor of St. Stephen's church, who has been seriously ill for some weeks, is recovering.

Hopewell Hill News.

Hopewell Hill, May 14—Mrs. James Bishop is sick with inflammation of the lungs. Dr. Carman is in attendance.

George W. Newcombe, merchant of this place, has sold his farm at Memel to Mrs. Martha J. Killam.

James C. Wright received a telegram today stating that his wife, who went to Boston last week to receive medical treatment had become much worse on her arrival there. Mr. Wright left for Boston this afternoon.

Losing Flesh

indicates insufficient nourishment. It leads to nervousness, sleeplessness, general debility, and predisposes to Consumption and other prevailing diseases. To guard against these take

Scott's Emulsion

the Standard remedy for all wasting diseases in young or old. It improves digestion, gives flesh, strength, vigor and resistive power.

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Men, Women or Children, Even Bald Heads Can Have a Fine Head of Hair.

D. B. Cherniss, Farmersville, Texas, says the top of his head was entirely bald but the Remedies have grown a fine new crop of hair and everyone in town is surprised to see it.

Says Professor Turner, President of Fairmount College, Sulphur, Ky.,—"After being bald for thirty years, I began using the remedy in 1896, and in a few weeks thereafter my entire scalp was covered with a thick downy growth of new hair. The whole of my hair was gone except a fringe around the hat line. In six weeks the bald spot was entirely covered. I had been bald for thirty years, and when hair can be made to grow on such a head as mine no bald headed person need fear the results."

Theresa Fennell, Moscow, Idaho, says:—"My head was bald and glossy, but since using the Foso Treatment my hair is now four inches in length and quite curly."

The remedy has cured thousands and no one need fear that it is harmful. We do not ask you to take our word for it or anyone else's. Send for the free trial and learn for yourself just what this wonderful remedy will actually do for you.

The remedy also cures itching and dandruff, sure signs of approaching baldness and keeps the scalp healthy and vigorous. It also restores gray hair to natural color and produces thick and lustrous eyebrows and eyelashes. By sending your name and address to the Altenheim Medical Dispensary, 3,862 Butterfield Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, enclosing a 2-cent stamp to cover postage, they will mail you prepaid a free trial package of their remarkable remedy.

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WOMAN SUICIDE DIES IN HUSBAND'S ARMS.

Novelist and Worker Among Poor, Mrs. Thomas Ended Her Life With Bullet.

New York, May 14—Mrs. Edith Thomas, a novelist and well-known worker among the poor of this city, shot herself through the heart tonight in her office in the King street branch of the University Settlement of which she was the manger.

Mrs. Thomas, whose father is Judge Carpenter, of New Hampshire, became well-known as a writer by winning the New York Herald's prize of $1,000 for the best novel in 1895. Among her poplar books were Your Money or Your Life, Cross Keyes and A Modern Rosalind.

Mrs. Thomas, who was 37 years of age, had been a sufferer from nervous prostration for years, and her physicians had warned her that the consequence of her tireless activity must be disastrous.

A year ago she was compelled to give up her work and take a rest. It benefitted her slightly and six months ago she took up her work.

When Mrs. Thomas entered her office she must have had the reveolver in readiness, for the shot rang out immediately. Her husband, Bond Valentine Thomas, ran to the office. Both doors of the room were locked. Mr. Thomas broke in to the room. His wife was still living, but expired in his arms almost immediately.