WHEN RICHARD BELLINGHAM CAME TO THE KIERSTEAD MANOR.

A Chapter in the Romance of the Factory Shore Written Expressly For the St. John Sun.

"The best and most reliable signaller in the garrison?" asked the colonel.

"Bellingham, sir," replied the adjutant, "is the only signaller we have off duty."

"Bellingham," repeated the commander. "Well, it's only for a month or two out to No. 3, and important despatches are probably coming."

For Bellingham, captain of No. 1, was the finest man in the regiment, and the colonel was reluctant to part with him. Twenty-four years of age, he had been in the army since he was thirteen, when he joined as an ensign. This was in the days of the purchase system.

This in the old record is part of the description of Richard Bellingham, second son of a baronet and grandson of an earl: Five feet ten, of a sturdy build, the handsomest man in the King's service on land or water, of a fair complexion, tanned to the color of red morocco, dark blue eyes that easily looked through stone walls, yet with a friendly, cheery expression in them; a clear, bell-like voice that sang like a tenor of note.

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The citizens of St. John spent much of their leisure practicing feats of strength and endurance. At the foot of King street a number of them were trying to lift a stout canvas sack filled with cannon balls. One herculean fellow managed to raise the sack and cried in triumph. A group of officers chanced to be looking at them. A major of artillery, laughing, lifted the sack and threw it over a boulder.

"There is not a man in the province of New Brunswick," said he, "who can throw that sack back."

Young Bellingham, whose regiment had just come to garrison, leaped over the boulder, seized the sack and threw it back as lightly as the major had tossed it over.

"Captain Richard Bellingham is detached for duty at No. 3 signal station, for the term of two months from June 1st." Thus ran the order, and so Richard Bellingham came to Kierstead Manor.

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At the head of Long Island, on Kennebeccasis Bay, rises a lofty, peculiarly shaped hill known by divers names. Natives call it Breen's Hill from the owner, and the Sugar Loaf from its resemblance to an old time conical loaf of white sugar. The summer girl knows it as the Crow's Nest from the multitude of crows which make their homes in the forest that clothes it. On the top of the Crow's Nest stood signal station No. 3, in that great line of military towers which stretched through the forest from St. John to Quebec, where lonely soldiers kept continual watch by night and day, looking out with awe on the eternal hills and mighty forests and great rivers flowing at their feet, and flashing their signals of fire from hill to hill for a thousand miles.

"What is life then at these signal stations?" asked Bellingham of a grizzled old sergeant who knew them well. "Plenty shooting, good fishing?"

"It is this," said the sergeant. "You would grow fat if you were happy. You step to the door with your gun and you fire as you please, to the right or left, to heaven or the ground, and you knock over pigeon or partridge. Moose and caribou are yours by a little patience. At No. 3 you fish in the bay; sea trout and bass by the ton. But, God! sir, it's the lookout that tears and rends the soul. Down among the trees you are at home in the littleness of man; but up on the tower looking out over those terrible forests in their immensity overbearing you, it is the power of God overwhelming you. In the great woods I've seen young fellows crouch down on the platform and cry, and I've seen three of them go stark crazy. It is mainly the loneliness, the terrible quietness of everything. You see nothing but a boundless sea of treetops, a bright line of river sometimes, and a lake set like molten silver in the midst of the forest. But No. 3, sir, is Hyde Park on a sunny afternoon compared with the rest, for wherever you look you see a clearing made by man and just across the river is Kierstead Castle."

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From the Crow's Nest the upper part of the eastern side of the stately Kierstead Castle arose above the treetops. Secluded on the bank of a deep ravine, it faced the Butt of Pharlyn as if, life and eastern sultana, it were hiding its beauty from the gaze of the wayfarer. It was here that the genius of Di Rimi had carved those marvellous creations in wood that, had they been set up in Europe, would have placed his name high in the scroll of fame, which embellished this noble and stately fabric of timber.

Kierstead Castle had risen slowly. Nothing but hardwood had gone into its construction. Its great frame of hewn logs had been planked like a ship with planks of alternate curly birch and birdseye maple, each about twelve feet long, fourteen inches wide and five inches thick. The brig Balder, fresh from her adventures with hurricanes and pirates in the West Indies, had come up the bay with her cargo of great logs of mahogany from Honduras and of rosewood from Jamaica, when Di Rimi came to Kierstead Castle, where his magical fingers created new glory for the art of wood-carving.

In the great dining room a multitude of grotesques grinned down in malicious mockery at merry feasters. Heads of men, heads of beasts, heads of reptiles, heads of devils, all gibbered, grinned and mocked, while the feasters, when the wine had passed freely, shouted and mocked back at these things of wood to which Di Rimi had given distorted souls, and offered to their throatless lips brimming glasses of tokay and burgundy.

Six years had Di Rimi been at Kierstead Castle with his soul slipping from his finger tips. He had carved huge logs of mahogany and rosewood, birch, oak and maple, into great columns with their bases, shafts and capitals. He had designed the wainscoating and panelling and carved friezes and frescoes of scrolls and flowers and leaves and half-hidden heads and birds until Samuel Kierstead declared that the castle was enchanted. In the twilight Di Rimi sat on the shore with his violin, and men said that it was thus that he drew inspiration from heaven which mingled with a breath of the devil that he brought with him from Italy, and made Kierstead Castle.

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Then in the middle of summer Mollie Allaire came out from school in England in the brig Balder to live with her guardian, Colonel Kierstead. A tall, slender girl, wondrously beautiful, wondrously graceful, with a wealth of golden hair, and those rare grey eyes, now dark, now light, that men go mad and die for.

Di Rimi was toiling over one of his barbaric grotesques, touching it lightly here and there, for it was nearly finished and was leering at him with sardonic eyes as if it were saying: "Ah, ha, Rimi! I've got you now, you shall weep and wail with the despair of the lost."

Di Rimi looked up and his hot heart of the south leaped in his bosom, arose and peered out of his eyes as he met the gaze of soft, grey orbs looking out from a mass of golden hair.

Di Rimi was a quiet, unaspiring man, contented with his carving and his violin, yet with a brave, strong, self-sacrificing soul. A short, square figure with a plain, dark face lit up by deep-black eyes with a calm, penetrating glance anon sparkling with the play of genius, he was rising forty years of age when Mollie Adaire came to steal his heart away as she stole away the hearts of all men who looked into her grey eyes.

Thus new life came to Di Rimi, for Mollie Alaire must learn the craft of wood carving. Day after day they chipped at planks together and night after night their violins were heard, for Mollie Allaire's touch on the instrument was as masterly as Di Rimi's own, and it was said that when Amadio Di Rimi and Mollie Allaire sang and played the violin together the very stones raised up in their beds to listen. A third violin was heard in Kierstead Castle. Mark Kierstead had been born a slave of the family in the old colonies, coming into the world on the same day that saw the birth of Samuel Kierstead, bringing with him the magic of music in his fingers. Around the fire on winter nights the basso of Mark, the rugged bass of Colonel Kierstead, and the mellow tenor of Bold Irish joined in the song. And there one stormy night was heard the little treble of a tiny child who grew into the beautiful, fascinating and unfortunate Mary Osborne.

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Summer had come again, bringing changes with it. Bold Irish had been sent away into the woods to a remote signal station. His successor in command of No. 3 had fallen from the tower and shattered his bones and Bellingham had come to Kierstead Manor.

It is twilight on Kennebeccasis Bay. A canoe glides lightly out from the Factory Shore. It reaches the head of Long Island and crosses the bar. A noble baritone is singing:

"Mollie Allaire, Mollie Allaire,
Mollie Allaire with the golden hair."

The song rolls up the hillside.

"Listen!" cried Bellingham, on the tower. "Who is that?"

"It's the wood carver from Kierstead Castle, sir," answers a soldier.

"The roses that grow by the castle wall,
The lilies that grow by the water fall,
Cry Hail, All Hail! to the winsome fair,
Hail, All Hail! to you Mollie Allaire.

Mollie Allaire, Mollie Allaire,
Sweet, oh, sweet, with the golden hair,
My heart's deep cry flings out on the air,
I love you, love you, Mollie Allaire."

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The canoe glides up the eastern side of Mather's Island, and Bellingham turns his glass upon it, and his eyes are rivetted on a slender, graceful figure and a mass of golden hair. The canoe disappears around the head of the little island and again the baritone rings out over the water and rolls up the hill:

"Where Kenna spreads its waters
To the sunlight's dancing ray,
Ah, there his paddle falters,
He meets an angel fay.

Ah, swift his heart is going,
She's taken it away,
Where Kenna's tide is flowing
That happy summer day.

What though 'tis fortune ringing
For him a deadly knell,
When Mollie's voice is singing,
He's under fairy spell."

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They have rounded the island and have turned their faces to the Factory Shore, and Bellingham strains his vision as he peers through his glass and looks through the twilight into the bright, spirited and tender, flower-like face and catches a dim view of radiant grey eyes.

"It is Miss Mollie," said the soldier, "Miss Mollie Allaire, the ward of Colonel Kierstead of Kierstead Castle."

"Captain Bellingham, sir," said Samuel Kierstead, "I am glad to see you. His Majesty does us great honor when he sends an officer of your rank to do signal duty among us."

Bellingham hastily explains that his coming was entirely accidental and was due to the dearth of signallers in the garrison, for Kierstead's remark easily held a double meaning. They were among the roses under the castle wall and as Mollie Allaire bending down among the flowers, stood erect, she was face to face with Bellingham—the fairest picture that human eyes could look upon, this beautiful and regal girl among the roses. Bellingham with wonder in his eyes and Samuel Kierstead with his strong, acute face proudly regarded her.

"I must turn Captain Bellingham over to you, Mollie," said Kierstead, smiling and turning away. And Mollie in her tender, friendly way, takes this charge, and this brave, steadfast soldier gives the love and devotion of his great heart into her keeping forever.

"We will go up and see Amadio," said Mollie Allaire.

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The keen, dark face was bending over a plank of mahogany covered with leaves and flowers amid which half hidden birds perked impudent heads out at observers and defied critics to find fault in them. Bellingham who was a man of great taste, looked with admiration about him, waxed indignant and told Di Rimi that his work was thrown away in that unpeopled wilderness. Di Rimi smiled and looked at Mollie as if one approving glance from her would recompense him for a life of labor.

"Art is art," said he, "whether in the forest or Florence."

"That is well in movable art," said Bellingham. "It matters little whether a picture is painted or statue chiselled here or elsewhere, for picture or statue may be moved, but these fixed beauties which must remain where they are placed should be in the public places of Europe where the greatest number may see them."

"Ah," said Di Rimi, laughing, "do I not know it this multitude. Have I not seen it often. Better my work should be under the eyes of one I love than under the gaze of this multitude, but one of whom here and there appreciate it. No multitude. Give me the palace where none but kings and princes, queens and princesses enter, and above all, give me the place that shelters one head of gold."

And Mollie blushed and smiled shyly on Di Rimi, and Bellingham's heart grew sore.

Di Rimi picked up his violin.

"I can tell a violinist by his eyes," said he. "You play, Captain Bellingham."

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Bellingham took the instrument and the air was filled with the strains of The Flowers of the Forest, played with the touch of a master. Di Rimi took the violin and one of his tunes of Italy sang and wailed, then from Mollie's hand came the solemn notes of the Land o' the Leal. Three times around the violin passed from hand to hand, each striving to outdo the other in this strange duel, but none excelling.

The beauty of the music had gathered the inmates of the castle to the door of the room and workmen outside had clustered beneath the open windows. Mark Kierstead had been drawn irresistibly into the room, his head nodding, his body swaying and his fingers twitching, and Mollie ceasing handed the violin to him. Then the tunes they had played so exquisitely rang out again and they listened with awe so marvellously came the notes. Now he begins to improvise and the melody wailed and sang and moaned and pleaded and thrilled as violin never spoke before. For an hour he played, now high and strong and triumphant, now soft as the fan of angels' wings and the music came to an end with a crash. And men said afterward that on that memorable afternoon heaven had been close to Kierstead Castle.

Bellingham had reached the Factory Shore as Mollie appeared on the landing.

"I am going for a paddle," said she, "until things clear up."

Bellingham brought his canoe to the beach and she stepped into it.

"It is a wearisome thing this quarreling," said Mollie, settling herself into the canoe.

"Who is quarreling?" asked Bellingham, with great interest.

"Uncle Sam and Amadio."

"What's Di Rimi been doing now?" demanded Bellingham with unholy joy.

"Amadio hasn't been doing anything," replied Mollie, indignantly. "Amadio never does anything unbecoming. A man must be a saint to quarrel with Amadio."

She frowned on Bellingham's laughter, and comprehending, corrected herself.

"I mean a saint must be drunk to quarrel with Amadio."

"Was Uncle Sam drunk then when he quarrelled?" asked Bellingham.

"He had just come up from the wine cellar where he had been sitting worshipping his beloved Mercedes, and asked Amadio if he couldn't gild the casks so they would be more fitting to contain the rum. Amadio hates rum. He won't drink anything but chianti which he declares is the heart and soul of the grape of his beloved Italy, and that rum is nothing but soaked molasses with the rheumatism. Well, Uncle Sam got mad and played a low trick. You know Amadio always has a bottle on the rosewood sideboard in the family dining room and before he goes to bed he always takes some. Well, last night his bottle was half full and Uncle Sam poured it out and put rum in it. Amadio got a good swallow before he knew and it made him deadly sick. He didn't get up this morning, and he says he won't get up till Uncle Sam apologizes."

"Has he apologized yet?" asked Bellingham, in great though suppressed anxiety.

"He hadn't when I left," answered Mollie. "He wanted me to go and pull Amadio out of bed."

Bellingham's feelings toward the colonel grew harsh and in his mind he unjustly designated that unconventional gentleman as a rude, indecent, old brute.

"But Uncle Sam can hold his own," said he, with some concern. "He's pretty decided."

"Decided," said Mollie, glancing sideways at him. "I should think he is. About this time he has decided to apologize and he'll do so immediately." And Bellingham seemed to find little comfort in this assurance. "But I do wish Uncle Sam would get over his infatuation for his Mercedes rum and drink it up."

"What is this Mercedes rum?" asked Bellingham.

Mollie turned a surprised glance at him.

"I thought everybody knew of Uncle Sam's Mercedes rum. It is shocking how ignorant Englishmen are. Bold Irish said he heard of that rum first in Skibbereen when it was at the bottom of the sea unknown to anybody else." And she tells of Samuel Kierstead's famous Mercedes rum and of the curious effect it had on him and illustrates:

"One day he came up and straightway started to make poetry. You know how fond Uncle Sam is of Homer and Dante? He said he would make an ode in blank verse that would send the name of Kierstead rolling in honor throughout the civilized world. He got two lines finished:

The clouds fierce striving hurled their mass
Across the starry ambient sky,

"And to save himself he couldn't get any farther. He covered a dozen sheets of foolscap with those two lines and worried his poor brains dreadfully, then called Amadio and asked him to help him get a start. He said he would be all right if he could get started with the right swing. Amadio laughed at him and told him to grasp his poetic glories with his own hand and went off singing one of his Italian songs. Then Bold Irish came over from the signal tower and made a fine ode and Uncle Sam thinks it's his own. Anyway they wound it up very foolishly," added Mollie, blushing.

"I know the way it ended very truthfully," said Bellingham. "It said the clouds hid all the stars, but one and that strive as they would they couldn't hide that one, and the star's name was Mollie."

The fog was rolling thickly on Kennebeccasis Bay that dull and lowering August morning, nearly a hundred years ago. The rumble and roar of the mills, the screaming and shrieking of the saws, and the tattle of the calkers' hammers rang out, intensified by the mist. The sun in the east was a dim red disc. Save near at hand, all was hidden in the grey and silent masses when Mollie Allaire launched her canoe into the water.

"You'll get lost, Miss Mollie," cried a young workman.

"I'm going to get lost, William," said Mollie, lightly, as she paddled away into the fog, which in a moment had swallowed her up.

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They found her canoe stranded in the sand at Gondola Point and her paddle on the rocks above. But not a trace of the delicate tender body of noble, winsome Mollie Allaire was ever found. Day after day, week after week, month after month, worn and haggard men, with despair and grief in their eyes, paddled and sought and strove to pierce the secret of the river, but Mollie Allaire was gone. No loving hand could close her dead eyes nor robe her for the sepulchre, nor could the strong, brave and talented men who loved her so dearly bid her farewell forever.

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What is this creeping thing that thrusts its head of baleful light in the silence and darkness of the night in Kierstead Castle? It peers out from behind a baseboard and creeps stealthily up the panelled wall. The grotesques grin and scoff down at it as it lights up their distorted and twisted faces. Stronger it grows, it shoots out new heads, and its leaps are fiercer. "Ah, ha!" it cries. I've got you now, you stately Kierstead Castle, with your brave carvings and gildings, with your paintings and halls of pride. I shall bring you low with all your stories, and your fame shall be but a memory in the land."

It siezes upon pillar and panel and leaps toward the faces that mock and grin upon it, faces of men, faces of devils, faces of beasts, faces of reptiles, which seem to revel with it over what it does though they perish. It runs from door to door. It fills those noble apartments with its fierce light, and its fiery breath blackens their walls of beauty. It peers eagerly into the great, domed library, with its multitude of books—The Fortune of Samuel Kierstead—and leaps exultantly upon them. And now it is master of Kierstead Castle. A wild shriek flings out through the night:

"Fire! Fire! The castle is on fire!"

It pierces sleeping ears and affrighted people awake and rush from this demon that reaches out its eager, fiery arms to grasp them. Down the eastern stairway, still untouched by fire, they fly, while Samuel Kierstead and Mark tell them as they go. Amadio does not come. They rush to his room. Since Mollie Allaire disappeared Di Rimi has not slept in a bed. He is seated in a chair where Mollie had often sat and helped him at his work, in a stupor of exhaustion, with his head on the table.

"Awake, Amadio, awake!" cried Kierstead. "The castle is on fire!"

Di Rimi opens his despairing eyes and comprehends.

"Away, colonel," he says, wearily. "Leave me to perish. I am broken and lost."

Kierstead picks him up in his strong arms and hastens to the exit, and Mark follows, carrying the violin which laid on the table.

The flames and smoke were pouring out of doors and windows and wreathing about the walls, which began to glow incandescent as the fire, burning as if the devil in a fury were blowing exultantly upon it, seized upon the massive planks. The floors and roof had fallen in, sending great masses of fiery sparks high in the air, and the walls were glowing coals.

"My God, look!" cried a man.

Within the fiery sides a strange rosy light was springing. It curled joyous and exultant upward as if it were alive, and from it came an odor that startled the senses.

"It's the Mercedes rum!" cried Samuel Kierstead, who was stolcally watching the destruction of his home. "It's the souls of the monks of Nuestra Madre!" and he burst into a wild, uncontrollable fit of sobbing.

The walls were falling now. Men talked afterward of the rapidity with which this massive building had vanished. Samuel Kierstead had been sitting with his face in his hands.

"Massa Sam, suh," said Mark, "we'll have to go an' look fo' Massa 'Madio."

Kierstead looked up.

"Where is he, Mark?"

"I think, suh, that he's down on de shoah. I heah his fiddle, suh, an' now it's stopped. I'se afeard, suh."

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Together they went to the shore and there they found Di Rimi. The despair and grief had fallen from him, his face was calm and smiling; and they buried him in that lost graveyard that lies hidden away in the woods of Moss Glen.

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Today the ruins of the old signal tower still stand on the crest of the Crow's Nest, hidden away in the woods that have grown about it, while the bones of the brave, young soldiers who kept watch upon it are mouldering beneath the sod on many battlefields. They fought in those terrific battles of the Peninsula under Wellington; Quatre Bras and Waterloo knew them; India and the Crimea hold their ashes; but here where they kept watch and ward in storm and solitude by day and night, save Bellingham and a young Irish sergeant whose name is lost, not one of them is remembered. The summer girl climbs to the top of Crow's Nest and sitting down beside the ruined tower, talks of Richard Bellingham, of Mollie Allaire, and of Amadio Di Rimi, and weaves little romances about the gay and gallant young sergeant of noble blood who, disinherited for refusing to marry a girl he did not love, enlisted in the army, and wrote on this very tower sonnet and lay that are still heard on moonlight nights in summer on Kennebeccasis Bay.

"How holdest thou my heart, my dear,
Within thy little hand?
How holdest thou my soul, my dear,
As clasped in iron band?"

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You land on the Factory Shore which so long ago bore the footprints of Mollie Allaire and heard the despair of Di Rimi wailing from his violin, and you trace the remains of an old wharf now covered with the debris of the sand bar. Here, just above this wharf, was in the old days a pleasant sandy beach and from here on that fatal August morning, Mollie Allaire paddled away into the fog forever, and here they found Di Rimi dead. You wander over the hills and try to realize that on this solitary and deserted spot once stood a noble mansion looking down on a hive of human industry of which nothing remains but a few decaying logs and slabs of an old wharf, and that these old traditions have come down to us unimpaired and are not the misty dreams of old inhabitants.

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Do you know that there is nothing so dangerous as a neglected cold?

Do you know that a neglected cold will turn into Chronic Bronchitis, Pneumonia, disgusting Catarrh and the most deadly of all, the "White Plague," Consumption.

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This wonderful cough and cold medicine contains all those very pine principles which make the pine woods so valuable in the treatment of lung affections.

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The brain is a great nerve battery that presides over all the powers and impulses of the human body.

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Very few are so strong and healthy that a course of Ferrozone would not benefit. It is good for the young and old alike, and is prepared in convenient tablet form, price per box 50 cts, or six for $2.50, sold by all druggists, and N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., and Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.

MONCTON, Feb. 20.—Fire did five hundred dollars' worth of damage in the house on Main street owned and occupied by William Somers, who conducted a boarding house, this afternoon. The loss is covered by insur-

Try a condensed ad. in Daily Sun and test its value as a seller.

POSTMASTERS OF THE PROVINCE MEET TOGETHER.

Discuss Improvements in Postal Service and Advocate Higher Salaries —Officers Elected.

MONCTON, Feb. 20.—The postmasters of New Brunswick met this afternoon and evening here, with a representative attendance from different parts of the province. The meeting was called for the purpose of considering the question of organizing an association similar to those already in existence in other parts of the dominion. Ira Stratton Stonewall of Manitoba, secretary of the Western Association and editor of the Postal Current, was present and took up the first hour explaining the history of the movement. It is generally conceded that country and village postmasters are poorest paid, he said. He explained that at an early date a deputation would wait on the postmaster general to lay before him several suggestions and requests, upon which all postmasters the country over would be consulted.

The motion favoring the organization was unanimously carried, and points on which all postmasters the country over would be consulted.

The matter of carelessness on the part of some publishers in folding newspapers, causing delay and annoyance, was touched on. The simplifying of certain regulations and change in the regulation regarding post office equipment, with a view to securing better equipment, was discussed. The contention of the postmasters is that they constitute a point of contact between the public and the department.

The following postmasters joined the association: G. D. Steeves, Hillsboro; Gilbert Barrieau, Shediac Bridge; R. C. Atkinson, Albert; Rev. Fr. Cormier, St. Joseph's; Mark Bourque, Notre Dame; Geo. H. Secord, Apohaqui; A. L. Bourque, Fox Creek; A. P. Harriman, Newcastle; J. H. Goodwin, Pt. de Bute; D. S. Mann, Petitcodiac; J. M. Kinnear, Sussex; Mamien F. Richard, College Bridge; Henry Cormier, Mt. Carmel; S. M. Freeze, Penobsquis; C. A. Read, Port Elgin; J. T. Allison, Sackville.

Officers for New Brunswick association were elected as follows: President, J. M. Kinnear, Sussex; vice, A. P. Harriman, Newcastle; secretary-treasurer, J. V. Bourque, Shediac; executive committee, Rev. A. D. Cormier, Joseph Secord, G. D. Steeves, D. S. Mann.

The following were appointed delegates to Ottawa to join in the delegation with the delegates from other provinces to present the memorial: Rev. Fr. Cormier, J. V. Bourque; substitutes, Jeo. H. Secord and D. S. Mann.

A number of letters of regret at inability to be present were read from provincial postmasters. The convention endorsed a resolution passed at the New Brunswick Press Association in reference to the reform of the mail service. The meeting closed this evening.

ANNUAL MEETING OF S. P. C. A.

Secretary Wetmore Presented a Very Satisfactory Report—Treasurers Report Shows a Good Balance on the Right Side.

At the 55th annual meeting of the S. P. C. A. held yesterday Senator J. V. Ellis presided.

Secretary Wetmore reported very few cases of extreme cruelty in the city.

Reference was made to the dehorning of cattle. Information had been obtained from New York, Montreal, Toronto and Nova Scotia on the matter. The majority considered it cruelty under the law, and that it should not be allowed in this province. This matter is still under consideration.

The secretary was very pleased to report that very few cases of cruelty had been reported from other parts of the province.

The number of cases which has been dealt with totalled 694.

The report of the treasurer, Geo. E. Fairweather, showed that the receipts for the year, including a balance from last year, were $1,105.23, and the expenses up to 31st December were $449.58, leaving on hand an effective balance.

The report of the ladies' auxiliary was submitted by Mrs. R. C. Skinner. During the summer the funds had been increased by $24. It is intended to make this amount the nucleus of a fund for the establishment of a shed to be used for putting out of their misery animals that are hopelessly ill or injured. In addition to this $10 was handed to the S. P. C. A.

The report from the Fredericton branch showed that owing to the activity of the society there was a marked decrease in the number of cases of cruelty to animals.

The Moncton branch reported 46 cases dealt with, and this branch are convinced that the influence of the society has been for great good to the dumb creation.

The report from Woodstock showed very few cases of cruelty, the majority being to horses, principally due to rum.

The St. Stephen branch report very few cases deserving of attention, as the people are becoming educated in the requirements of the law and frown at its violation.

The officers elected for the current year are:

Patrons—Hon. J. B. Snowball, lieutenant governor; Hon. A. R. McClelan, ex-lieutenant governor.

President—Hon. John V. Ellis.

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Secretary—S. Merritt Wetmore.

Treasurer—Geo. E. Fairweather.

Counsel—Dr. A. A. Stockton and J. King Kelley.

Dr. Jas. H Frink, Dr Simon and Dr. Johnston were requested to act as veterinary surgeons, and there were hearty thanks to the legal gentlemen and to the surgeons for their services. Votes of thanks also passed to the police, the press, the board of trade and steamboat companies for many favors.

Those who attended the meeting were Canon Richardson, John V. Ellis, A. C. Fairweather, T. H. Estabrooks, G. E. Fairweather, R. T. Worden, T. O'Brien and S. M. Wetmore, and Mrs. R. C. Skinner.

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PUBLIC ACCOUNTS

FREDERICTON, Feb. 20.—The public accounts committee met this morning, the full committee, with the exception of Hon. L. J. Tweedie, being present.

Messrs. Smith and Morrison recommended that unless the credit item of $1,175.08 for seeds could be collected it should be struck off the list of provincial assets.

Expenditures for the administration of justice were taken up. Hon. W. P. Jones received $60. The amount was paid on Hon. Mr. Pugsley's order.

Hon. H. A. McKeown got $20 and $25 per day for services and $9.20 for one day's expenses. J. H. Barry, K. C., got $20 per day and $8 each for depositions.

Stevens and Lawson, Edmundston, charged $40 for one days' service, but the bill was cut to $25.

White and King got from $15 to $25 per day.

R. A. Lawlor got $25 per day.

R. A. Irving, Buctouche, charged $20 per day, but was cut to about $17.

J. M. McIntyre, Sussex, on order of Hon. Mr. Pugsley, got $209.83 for services rendered in 1903-04.

A. B. Copp got $25 per day. The attorney general paid solicitors for preparing factums in 1904 re Sunday legislation, and drew $200 on account.

In discussing the agricultural items, B. F. Smith stated that many of the imported lecturers made a ridiculous presentation to the meetings in Carleton; not understanding the local conditions, they gave advice of no value to the farmers.

The mill at Centreville, which got a bonus of $1,000, got $600 a few years ago.

In regard to the Sussex dairy investigation, Hon. A. S. White was found to have been paid for assisting to make a compromise and thus close the investigation.

As commissioner at this investigation Hon. L. J. Tweedie got $100 without any items of expenses mentioned.

Some agricultural matters were left over until Hon. L. P. Farris could appear before the committee.

REV. JOSEPH GAETZ ACCEPTS NOMINATION

MIDDLETON, N. S., Feb. 20.—At a large convention here today, by a vote of 24 to 6 Rev. Joseph Gaetz was nominated to contest the by-election by the Annapolis County Temperance Alliance on the platform of provincial prohibition and moral reform, and he accepted. A public meeting was held this evening and a vigorous campaign started.

DON'T BURN YOUR FLESH.

Corn salves poison and burn; besides they never cure the corn. Putnam's Corn Extractor has been curing corns for fifty years. Painless, sure and guaranteed to act in twenty-four hours. Use only "Putnam's."

WASHINGTON, Feb. 19.—Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Longworth will spend a portion of their honeymoon in Cuba. They left "Friendship," the country estate of John R. McLean, where they went after the wedding, this morning, in an automobile and rode to Alexandria, Va., where they boarded the private car "Elysian" which was attached to the Washington and Southwestern limited train on the Southern Railway, leaving Alexandria at 11.18 a. m. They will go to Tampa, Fla, via Jacksonville, where they will take a boat for Havana arriving there Thursday morning.

CHELSEA, Mass., Feb. 19.—Honey Mellody of Charlestown knocked out Terry Martin of Philadelphia in the twelfth round of a fifteen round match at the Lincoln Athletic Club tonight. In the tenth round Mellody dropped Martin for the count, but in the next round Martin came up strong, and three times the combatants broke through the ropes and struggled in the crowd about the ringside. In the twelfth a chance blow put Martin out.

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