POOR DOCUMENT

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A LOST LEADER

A FASCINATING STORY OF MODERN LIFE

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year nineteen hundred and seven, by McLeod & Allen, at the Department of Agriculture.

CHAPTER IX—(Continued.)

An hour or so later Mrs. Phillimore departed in a hired brougham. Her hair had been carefully arranged by a local expert who had an establishment in the next street, her pink silk gown had come through the ordeal of cleansing with remarkable success, and the heels on her new evening shoes resembled more than anything else, miniature stilts. Her face was wreathed in smiles, and she possessed the good conscience and light heart of a woman who feels that she has made a successful toilette. All the vague misgivings of a short while ago had vanished. She gave her hair a final touch in the side window of the carriage as she drove off, and quite forgot to wave her hand to Hester, who was standing up at the window to see her go. If any misgivings remained at all between the two, they were not with her. She settled back amongst the cushions with a little sigh of content. Sir Leslie was a most delightful person, and evidently not at all insensible to her charms. She was sure that she was going to have a delightful evening.

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Borrowdean, if he possessed no conscience, was not altogether free from some kindred eccentricity. He was reminded sharply enough of the fact about one o'clock the next morning, when the door of the little house in Merton Street was suddenly opened before he could touch the bell. Framed in a little slanting gleam of light, Hester, still wearing her plain black gown, stood and looked at him. His careless words of explanation died away upon his lips. The fire which flashed from her hollow eyes seemed to wither up the very sources of speech within him. The half lights were kind to her. He saw nothing of the hollow cheeks. The weariness of her pose and manner had passed like magic away. She stood there, erect as a dart, her head thrown back, a curious mixture of scorn, of loathing and of fear in her expression. She looked at him steadily, and he felt his cheeks burn. He was ashamed,—ashamed of himself,ashamed of his errand.

"Your mother," he said, struggling to look away from her, "is—a little unwell. The heat of the room——"

She swept down the steps and passed him. Before he could reach her side she was tugging at the handle of the carriage door.

"Mother," she cried, through the window, "undo the door!"

But Mrs. Phillimore made no answer. When at last the door was opened she was discovered half asleep in a corner. Her hair was in some disorder, and her cheeks no longer preserved that even coloring which is a result of the artistic use of the rouge-pot. Her head was thrown back, and she was apparently asleep. Hester stifled a sob. She took her mother by the arm, and shook her.

Mrs. Phillimore sat up and smiled a sleepy smile. She made a few incoherent remarks. They helped her into the house and into an easy chair, where she promptly turned her face towards the cushions and resumed her slumber. Sir Leslie moved towards the door, then hesitated.

"Miss Phillimore," he said, "I cannot tell you how sorry I am that this should have happened."

She was on her knees before her mother. She turned and rose slowly to her feet. Sir Leslie never quite forgot her gesture as she motioned him towards the door. It was one of the most uncomfortable moments of his life.

"I am afraid——"

She did not speak a word, yet Sir Leslie obeyed what seemed to him more eloquent than words. He turned and left the room and the house. Without any change in her tense expression she waited until she heard him go. Then she sank upon her knees on the hearthrug, and hid her face in her hands.

CHAPTER X.

Mannering sat alone in the shade of his cedar tree. He had walked in his rose-garden amongst a wilderness of drooping blossoms, for the season of roses was gone. He had crossed the marshland seawards, only to find a little crowd of holiday-makers in possession of the golf links and the green tufted stretch of sandy shore. The day had been long, almost irksome. A fit of restlessness had driven him from his study. He seemed to have lost all power of concentration. For once his brain had failed him. The shadowy companions who stood ever between him and solitude remained uninvoked. His cigar had burnt out between his fingers. He threw it impatiently away. These were the days, the hours he dreaded.

Clara came down the garden from the house, and seeing him cross the lawn and sat down beside him.

"Why, my dear uncle," she exclaimed. "You look almost as dull as I feel! Let us be miserable together!"

"With all my heart," he answered." "Whilst we are about it, can we invent a cause?"

"Invent!" she repeated. "I do not think we need either of us look very far. Every one seems to have gone away whose presence made this place endurable. Uncle, do you know when Mrs. Handsell is coming back? She promised to write, and I have never heard a word!"

Mannering turned his head. A little rustling wind had stolen in from seaward. Above their heads a late flight of seagulls were floating out towards the creeks. He watched them idly until they dropped down.

"I do not think that she will come back at all," he said, quietly. "I heard today that the place was to let again.

"And Sir Leslie Borrowdean?"

"I think you may take it for granted," Mannering remarked, drily, "that we shall [illegible] no more of him."

[illegible] he girl leaned back and sighed.

"[illegible]cle, what is it that makes you such [illegible]ut?" she asked.

"[illegible] perhaps, and experience," he an[illegible]ghtly. "There are not many peo[illegible] world, Clara, who are worth [illegible]

"[illegible]sell was worth while," she [illegible]

[illegible] not reply.

"[illegible] Borrowdean," she con[illegible] than just worth while [illegible] delightful."

"[illegible]nes, and very old ones," [illegible]rked, grimly, "generally [illegible]"

"[illegible]ut Mrs. Handsell?" she [illegible] of malice in her tone.

Mannering answered, [illegible] charming woman. [illegible] have passed out [illegible]cely see why we [illegible]

"[illegible]mething," she [illegible]alk, and you [illegible]itively can[illegible] think that we have anything to worry about."

"But he knows!"

"I could not imagine a man," Mannering said, "better able to keep a secret."

The girl sat silent for a moment.

"I suppose I have been an idiot," she remarked.

"You have been nothing of the sort," Mannering admitted, firmly. "You have done just what is kind, and what will help me to save the situation. I must confess that I should not like to have been taken by surprise. You have saved me from that. Now let us put the whole subject away for a time. How I wish that you could stay here for a few days."

The girl smiled a little piteously.

"I ought not to have left her for so long as this," she said. "I must go back tomorrow morning by the first train."

He nodded. He felt that it was useless to combat her resolution.

"You and I," he said, gravely, "have both our burdens to carry. Only it seems a little unfair that Providence should have made my back so much the broader. Listen, Hester!"

The full murmur of the sea growing louder and louder as the salt water flowed up into the creeks betokened the change of tide. Faint wreaths of mist were rising up from over the shadowy marshland. Above them were the stars. He laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"Dear child!" he said, "I think that you understand how it is that the burden after all is easier for me. A man may forget his troubles here, for all the while there is this eternal background of peaceful things."

Her hand stole into his.

"Yes," she murmured, "I understand. Don't let them ever bring you away."

CHAPTER XI.

Once again Mannering found himself in the over-scented, over-heated room, which was perhaps of all places in the world the one he hated the most. Fresh from the wind-swept places of his country home, he found the atmosphere intolerable. After a few minutes' waiting he threw open the windows and leaned out. Hester was walking in the square somewhere. He had a shrewd idea that she had been sent out of the way. With a restless impatience of her absence he awaited the interview which he dreaded.

Her coming took him a little by surprise. She seemed to have laid aside all her usual customs. She entered the room quietly. She greeted him almost nervously. She was dressed, without at any rate any obvious attempt to attract, in a plain black gown, and with none of the extravagances in which she sometimes delighted. Her usual boisterous confidence of manner seemed to have deserted her. Her face without its skilful touches of rouge looked thin, and almost peaked.

"I am so glad that you came,Lawrence," she said. "It was very good of you."

She glanced towards the opened windows, and he closed them at once.

"I am afraid," he said, "that you have not been well!"

There was a touch of her old self in the hardness of her low laugh.

"It is remorse!" she declared. "I think that for once in my life I have permitted myself to think! It is a great mistake. One loses confidence when one realizes what a beast one is."

He waited in silence. It seemed to him the best thing. She sat down a little wearily. He remained standing a few feet away.

"I have given you away, Lawrence," she said, quietly.

"So," he remarked, "I understand."

"Hester has told you, of course. I am not blaming her. She did quite right. Only I should have told you myself. I wanted to be the first to assure you of this. Our secret is quite safe. The man—with whom I made a fool of myself—has given me his word of honor."

"Sir Leslie Borrowdean's—word of honor!" Mannering remarked, with slow scorn. "Do you know the man, I wonder!"

"I know that he wishes to be your friend, and not your enemy," she said.

"He chooses his friends for what they are worth to him," Mannering answered. "It is all a matter of self-interest. He has some idea of making me the stepping-stone to his advancement. I have a place just now in his scheme of life. But as for friendship! Borrowdean does not know the meaning of the word."

"You speak bitterly," she remarked.

"I know the man," he answered.

"Will you tell me," she asked, "what it is that he wants of you?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Is this worth discussing between us?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Very well, then, you shall know. He wants me to re-enter political life, to be the jackal to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for him."

"To re-enter political life? And why don't you?"

Mannering turned abruptly round, he had been gazing out of the window, wondering how long it would be before Hester returned, and looked her in the face.

"Why don't I!" he repeated, a little vaguely. "How can you ask me such a question as that?"

She was undisturbed. Again he marvelled at the change in her.

"Is it so very extraordinary a question?" she said. "I have often wondered whether you meant to content yourself with your present life always. It is scarcely worthy of you, is it? You were born to other things than to live the life of a country gentleman. You dabble in literature, they say, and poke your stick into politics through the pages of the reviews. Why don't you take your coat off and play the game?"

Mannering was silent for several moments. He was, however, meditating his own reply less than studying his questioner. Her attitude was amazing to him. She watched him all the time, frowning.

"You are not usually so tongue-tied," she remarked, irritably. "Have you nothing to say to me?"

"I am [illegible]," he said, quietly, "what [illegible] this sudden interest in [illegible] doings. What does it matter to you how my days are spent, or what manner of use I make of them?"

"There was a time—" she began.

"A time irretrievably past," he interrupted, shortly.

"I am not so sure!" she declared, doubtfully.

"What has Borrowdean to do with this?" he asked her, abruptly.

"Borrowdean?"

"Surely! Some one has been putting notions into your head."

"Why take that for granted?" she asked, equably. "The pity of the whole thing is obvious enough, isn't it? Sometimes I think that we were a pair of fools. We played into the hands of fate. We were brought face to face with a terrible situation. Instead of meeting it bravely we played the coward. Why don't you forget, Lawrence, as I have done? Take up your own work again. Set a seal upon—that memory."

"I have outgrown my ambitions," he answered. "Life was hot enough in my veins then. Desire grows cold with the years. I am content."

"But I," she answered, "am not."

"We each chose our life," he reminded her.

"Perhaps. I am not satisfied with my choice. You may be with yours."

"I am."

She leaned over towards him.

"Once," she said, "you offered me what you called—atonement. I refused it. Just then it seemed horrible. Now that feeling has passed away. I am lonely, Lawrence, and I am weary of the sort of life I have been living. Supposing I asked you to make me that offer again?"

Mannering turned slowly towards her. He was not a man who easily showed emotion, but there were traces of it now in his face. The hand which rested on the back of his chair shook. There was in his eyes the look of a man who sees evil things.

"It is too late, Blanche," he said. "You cannot be in earnest?"

"Why not?" she murmured, dropping her eyes. "I am weary of my life. What you owed me then you owe me now. Why should it be too late? I am not an old woman yet, nor are you an old man, and I am weary of being alone."

Mannering walked to the window. His hand went to his forehead. It was damp and cold. He was afraid! If she were in earnest! And she spoke like a woman who knew her mind. She was always, he remembered, a creature of caprice. If she were really in earnest!

"We have drifted too far apart,Blanche," he said, making an effort to face the situation. "Years ago this might have been possible. Today it would be a dismal failure. My ways are not yours. The life I lead would bore you to death."

"There is no reason why you should not alter it," she answered, calmly. "In fact, I should wish you to. Blakeley all the year round would be an impossibility. You could come and live in London."

He looked at her fixedly.

"Have you forgotten?" he asked.

She covered her face with her hands for a moment. If indeed she really felt any emotion it passed quickly away, for when she looked up again there were no traces left.

"I have forgotten nothing," she declared, defiantly. "Only the horror and fear of it all has passed away. I don't see why I should suffer all my life. In fact I don't mean to. I don't want to be a miserable, lonely old woman. I want a home, some thing different to this."

Mannering faced her gravely.

"Blanche," he said, "you are proposing something which would most surely ruin the rest of our lives. What we might have been to one another if things had been different it is hard to say. But this much is very certain. We belong now to different worlds. We have drifted apart with the years. Even the little we see of one another now is far from a pleasure to either of us. What you are suggesting would be simply suicidal."

She was silent. He watched her anxiously. As a rule her face was easy enough to read. Today it was impenetrable. He could not tell what was passing behind that still, almost stony, look. Her silence forced him again into speech.

"You agree with me, surely, Blanche? You must agree with me?"

She raised her head.

"I am not sure that I do," she answered. "But at least I understand you. That is something! You want to go on as you are—apart from me. That is true, isn't it?"

"Yes!"

She nodded.

"At least you are candid. You want your liberty—unfettered. What are you willing to pay for it?"

He looked at her incredulously.

She laughed, and the laugh belonged to her old self.

"Indeed! I thought that I was explicit enough, brutally explicit even. What have you to offer me in place of your name and yourself? What sacrifice are you prepared to make?"

He looked at her furtively, as though even then he doubted the significance of her words.

"You have already half my income," he said, slowly.

She shrugged her shoulders.

"A thousand a year! What can one do on that? To live decently in town one needs much more."

"It is as much as I can offer," he remarked, stiffly.

"Then you should earn money," she declared. "It's easy enough for men with brains. Go back into politics instead of idling your time away down in Blakeley. I mean it! I've no patience with men who have a right to a place in the world [illegible] they won't fill."

"[illegible]," he remonstrated, "I may be [illegible] to choose the manner of my life!"

"[illegible] you can afford to—yes," she answered. "But I want one of two things. The first seems to scare you to death even to think of. The second is more money—a good deal more money."

"But," he protested, "even if I did as you suggested, and went back into politics, it would be some time, if ever, before I should be any better off."

"I will wait until that time comes," she answered, "provided that when it does you share with me."

Then Mannering understood.

"Upon my word," he exclaimed, "you are an apt conspirator indeed. All this time you have fooled with me. I even fancied, bah! How much is Borrowdean giving you for this?"

"Nothing at all," she answered, coolly. "It is my own sincere desire for your welfare which has prompted all that I have said to you. I am ambitious for you, Lawrence. I should like to see you prime minister. I am sure you could be if you tried. You are letting your talents rust, and I don't approve of it!"

The faint note of mockery in her tone was clearly apparent. Mannering found it hard to answer her calmly.

"Come," he said, "put it into plain words. What does it mean? What do you want?"

"Sir Leslie tells me," she said, raising her eyes and looking him in the face, "that his party is prepared to find you a safe seat tomorrow. I want you to give up your hermit's life and accept it."

"And the alternative?"

"You have it already before you. Your reception of it was not, I must admit, altogether flattering."

"I am allowed," he said, "some short space of time for consideration?"

"Until tomorrow, if you wish," she answered. "I imagine you know pretty well what you mean to do."

He picked up his hat and turned towards the door.

"Yes," he said, "I suppose I do!"

(To be continued.)

PILES CURED at HOME by New Absorption Method

If you suffer from Bleeding, Itching, blind or protruding Piles, send me your address, and I will tell you how to cure yourself at home by the new absorption treatment; and will also send some of this home treatment free for trial, with references from your own locality if requested. Immediate relief and permanent cure assured. Send no money, but tell others of this offer. Write today to Mrs. M. Summers, Box P. 70, Windsor, Ont.

HOME-MADE MIXTURE CURES RHEUMATISM

Says Many Persons Here Can Be Made Happy Again By Using This.

There is so much Rheumatism here in our neighborhood now that the following advice by an eminent authority, who writes for readers of a large Eastern daily paper, will be highly appreciated by those who suffer:

Get from any good pharmacy one-half ounce Fluid Extract Dandelion, one ounce Compound Kargon, three ounces of Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla. Shake these well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and at bedtime; also drink plenty of good water.

It is claimed that there are few victims of this dread and torturous disease who will fail to find ready relief in this simple home-made mixture, and in most cases a permanent cure is the result.

This simple recipe is said to strengthen and cleanse the eliminative tissues of the Kidneys so that they can filter and strain from the blood and system the poisons, acids and waste matter which cause not only Rheumatism, but numerous other diseases. Every man or woman here who feels that their kidneys are not healthy and active, or who suffers from any urinary trouble whatever, should not hesitate to make up this mixture, as it is certain to do much good, and may save you from much misery and suffering after while.

Our home druggists say they will either supply the ingredients or mix the prescription ready to take if our readers ask them.

Are You Subject to Colds?

Then don't load your stomach with cough syrups. Send healing medication through the nostrils—send it into the passages that are subject to colds and catarrh. Easy to do this with Catarrhozone, which cures a cold in ten minutes. Even to the lungs goes the healing vapor of Catarrhozone—all through the bronchial tubes, nostrils and air passages everywhere a trace of disease remains will Catarrhozone follow. You'll not have colds, nor will you suffer from sniffles, bronchitis or throat trouble if Catarrhozone is used. Get it today. 25 cts. and $1.00 at all dealers.

ANCIENT DAYS IN OLD NEWSPAPERS

Interesting Information About Old Customs in St. John

BUSINESS WAYS

How Some Crimes Were Punished Here Under the Old Regime—Natural History Society Museum Has Four Interesting Copies.

Among the many objects of local interest in the possession of the Natural History museum are four old newspapers. Of these three are copies of the St. John Gazette and Weekly Advertiser, for Jan. 16 and May 1, 1789, and May 8, 1795. The Weekly Advertiser was published every Friday by John Ryan at his printing office 58 Prince William street.

The fourth is the St. John Gazette and General Advertiser, of August 16, 1799. This paper, as the imprint shows, was published by "Jacob S. Mott, at his printing office in Britain street, where essays, advertisements, etc., are thankfully received." Judged from the modern standpoint these sheets are very small. They were probably quite large enough, however, in the estimation of the printer who pulled the lever of the hand press. Considering their age they are well preserved and legible.

Old St. John.

While there is not a great deal of local news in either of these papers their contents throw some curious sidelights on the manners and customs of that time. The slave trade, although, perhaps, never very strongly entrenched in these parts, was not unknown as the following advertisement in the issue of the St. John Gazette and Weekly Advertiser of Jan. 16, 1789, shows:

"For sale, a stout, likely and very active young black woman, late the property of John H. Carey. She is not offered for any fault, but is singularly sober and diligent. Enquire of James Hayt; Oct. 3rd, 1788."

The following list of officers published in the issue of the same paper for May 8, 1795, will be of interest:

William Whitlock, James Grigor, overseers of the poor; John Boggs, Godfrey Leideck, overseers of the fishery; John Chaloner, Godfrey Leideck, gaugers; Robt. Alder, Peter Cables, Anthony Cables, David Waterbury, J. Walker, inspectors of fish; Godfrey Leideck, Thomas Mullen, Hugh Lord, marshals; William Harding, fence viewer; Godfrey Leideck, high constable; George Leonard, Lewis Champiere, James Watson, John Smith Hatfield, constables; John Smith Hatfield, Lewis Champiere, officers to enforce the act against goats, swine and stallions."

A very noticeable thing in these papers is an advertisement in all four concerning the "Assize of Bread." This was an ordinance to regulate the weight of that necessity and if it was not strictly observed it was at least frequently enough brought to the notice of the public. This is the way one of these notices reads:

"Assize of Bread; established June 14th, 1799. The six-penny wheaten loaf to weigh 1 pound 10 ounces; the sixpenny rye loaf to weigh 2 pounds 14 ounces, and other loaves in proportion.

"WILLIAM CAMPBELL, Mayor."

Another thing that may be gathered from these ancient news sheets is that the St. John merchants of 100 years ago were, some of them at least, fur traders as well. For instance Zepheniah Kingsley in the St. John Gazette and Weekly Advertiser has an advertisement in which he offers for sale to the public almost anything and everything in the dry goods line and at the bottom of the advertisement appears the following:

"N. B. He takes in exchange for goods at a low advance, dryed fish, oil, skins and furs of all sorts, moose hides at 10s., lucifee at 10s. to 10s. 6d., otter, 17s. 6d. to 20s., castoreum 10s. per lb., bear and all other skins and furs in proportion."

It will be seen from the foregoing list that castoreum or beaver was even then scarce and high.

In the same issue is the advertisement of Hall, Lewis & Odber. This firm offers for sale their stock in trade on the most advantageous terms. The description of the stock shows that it consisted of dry goods, hardware, stationery and groceries. The conclusion of the advertisement reads:

"The above articles will be sold for cash or good bills of exchange, or delivered in barter for fish oil or furs of all kinds for which the most generous price will be allowed—and on no other terms as they are resolved on giving no further credit.

"They once more and positively for the last time give this public notice to all those any ways indebted to them to settle their respective balances without further delay, as it is their fixed determination to leave this province by the first day of May next;—and all accounts remaining at that time unpaid, will be left in the hands of an attorney to sue for without discrimination."

It is evident from the above that bad debts were not unknown in these early days.

James Hayt, very likely the individual who had for sale the black woman and who was a commission merchant, has a list of articles including "Wheat and rye flour, ship bread in barrels, crackers, turpentine, soap, scented and plain, hair powder, which he offers at his store in St. John street.

He also has a word to say to those who are behind in their accounts. He threatens to put all unpaid accounts into the hands of a lawyer for collection and then adds:

"This is the third and last call, settle quick or you are justly and fairly sued."

The Coffee House.

A good deal of interest attaches to an advertisement offering for sale or to let the Exchange Coffee House at the corner of King and Prince William streets. From the description this was quite a commodious building. It had a frontage of fifty feet in Prince William street and eighty feet in King and contained besides a coffee room twenty-five feet square, a parlor 24x15 feet, a bar room and a store 26x15 feet on the first floor. On the second floor there were an assembly room 50x25 feet, a large parlor and a bedroom and on the third floor, eight bed rooms. Under the first floor there is said to have been a large store, a kitchen and a cellar 36x24 feet, built of stone.

The owner of the Exchange Coffee House seems to have been Charles McPherson, who signs the advertisement and who takes the opportunity of reminding the public that he has for sale, by wholesale and retail:

"Gin, aniseed waters, Doctor Stevens' waters, mint waters, cinnamon waters, red and white clove waters and whisky. As the above liquors are all of his own distilling and acknowledged to be equal to any of the kind imported here, and principally from the produce of this province—hopes every well wisher to the country will give every possible encouragement to so laudable a design of saving money from going out of the province for the articles which we can with a little industry furnish ourselves.

"The highest price will be given for any quantity of barley delivered at his store in St. John, or to Messrs. John and Duncan McLeod, at Fredericton."

The names of most of the beverages mentioned in this list are strange to modern tongues. They went out of fashion with the "plain and scented hair powder" but no doubt they were all capable of producing a singular exhilaration if taken in proper quantities.

Before leaving this particular issue of the St. John Gazette and Weekly Advertiser there is a notice which it may be well to quote to show that there were "easy marks" in St. John then. This particular notice is signed by Z. Kingsley and reads: "Whereas in March 1788 a certain Joseph Wheaton, late an officer in the American service, left the sum of forty-one pounds, currency, in my care whilst he went down the bay on some business which he either had or pretended to have, and for which at his request I gave him my note, payable on demand some time after said Wheaton returned he called for the money he had left with me which I paid him without asking for the note, or then recollecting my having given him one, and of which he carefully avoided putting me in mind. Now I am well informed that the said Wheaton has been and still is endeavoring to negotiate the note he has so fraudulently detained in his possession and thereby to impose on some unsuspecting person. I therefore think it a duty I owe to the public to caution them against taking or receiving the same as he has received its full value and request their treating him as his unprincipled conduct deserves.

"Z. KINGSLEY."

"The printers in the province of Nova Scotia and throughout the United States are requested to insert the above advertisement in their newspapers.

St. John, New Brunswick, March 20th, 1789."

Very little space is given in these early newspapers to strictly local news. Napoleon was at the zenith of his power and England was engaged with him in a life and death struggle for the mastery of the seas. Naturally the colonies were vitally interested in the outcome and it is little wonder that most of the space in these papers is given over to descriptions of the great sea fights.

Some Criminal Matters.

In the issue of the St. John Gazette and Weekly Advertiser for May 8, 1795 there is a communication from Quebec dated March 28, which gives an account of the proceedings in the Court of King's Bench. The first part recites that by command of the governor noli prosequis were entered in the cases of a number of Frenchmen indicted for treason. The next gives some instances of punishments now happily obsolete.

"Francois Aumier and Francois Dufaux for shoplifting, to be imprisoned six months and then burnt in the hand.

"Isaac Newton for stealing in a dwelling house to the value of twenty shillings, to be imprisoned six months and then burnt in the hand.

"Thomas, alias Tom, a mulatto, for stealing in a dwelling house a beaver forty shillings sterling, was found guilty and received sentence of death, to be carried into execution on the 8th day of May next."

The following appears in the same paper.

"Notice is hereby given that the road between Mahogany and Musquash is intended to be finished this season. Any person or persons that are willing to work on the same by the job or otherwise—Apply to Samuel Willard, Esq., at Mahogany, or Col. D'Veber and Major Menzies, at Musquash.

"Lancaster, March 27th, 1795."

KILLED BY A COW'S TAIL

Binghampton, N. Y.—Wm. A. Wells, of Neward Valley, was milking, when a cow swished her tail, striking him on the forehead with the fleshy part of the appendage. Shortly afterwards Mr. Wells returned to the house, complaining of a pain in the head, which rapidly grew worse. Physicians pronounced it apoplexy,brought on by the blow from the cow's tail. Mr. Wells died the same night.

Apoplexy is the result of poisoned blood. Bowels become constipated, kidneys get weakened, skin action becomes poor, and the blood is loaded with impurities, which produces weakness in the blood vessels.

Whenever there is headache, backache, neuralgia, rheumatism—it means blood poisoning. "Fruit-a-tives" are a certain cure for all these troubles.

"Fruit-a-tives" are made of fruit juices and tonics. 50c. a box. At all dealers.

MORE CASES OF THIEVING IN CITY

Ald. McGoldrick's Junk Store Door Forced--H. A. Pierce's Barber Shop Broken Into.

It seems that the arrest of three young men on the charge of attempted burglary on Saturday evening last did not put a stay to the petty thieving carried on. It is reported that Greenslade's grocery in City Road was entered Saturday night and some articles taken.

Wednesday morning when Ald. John McGoldrick was passing along Mill street he was surprised to see the door of his junk-shop open. He found that the door had been forced and broken. He could see footsteps made by someone entering the building. On examination, however, it was found that nothing had been taken and it is thought that the thieves were frightened away before they secured any booty.

A few days ago some cars in the I. C. R. yards were broken into. A pair of rubbers and three bottles of whiskey were taken at various times.

Between 10 and 10.30 Monday night a glass panel in the front door of H. A. Pierce's barber shop, in Dock street, was kicked in and razors and cash stolen to the amount of about $30.

MRS. TRENHOLM WRITES

Denies Matter in Statement Relative to Westmorland Case About Which St. John Lawyers Were Consulted.

Mrs. Margaret C. Trenholm writes from Somerville (Mass.), relative to statements which appeared in the St. John papers on Dec. 19, relative to herself and her husband, Chester C. Trenholm. It was there stated that St. John lawyers had been consulted relative to a case arising out of domestic infelicity of Mr. and Mrs. Trenholm, of Bayfield, Westmorland county and that Mrs. Trenholm would bring two actions, one against her husband for failing to return money borrowed from her, and one against a woman for alienation of her husband's affections. It was also stated that the husband had given out that Mrs. Trenholm had gone to Bayfield and wanted to live with him but that he refused to have anything to do with her and that he advertised her in a Sackville paper.

Mrs. Trenholm, in her letter, states that she never lived in Bayfield, that she did not ask Trenholm to live with her, and that he never said in her presence that he would have nothing to do with her; and moreover, that she has obtained from the Massachusetts courts a decree for separate support. The decree, she writes, does not state jealousy.

Mrs. Trenholm gives names of people in St. John and elsewhere and invites reference to them to substantiate her statements. She also writes that proofs are in the possession of her lawyer, J. M. Price, here.

In closing, she reaffirms her denial that she ever asked Trenholm to live with her and says that in the presence of her attorney she refused to live with him, and also that Trenholm never said he would have nothing to do with her.

STEAMER FIREMAN DROWNED AT LUNENBURG

Lunenburg, N. S., Dec. 25.—Joseph Nickoll, fireman of the Newfoundland steamer Louise, was found drowned in Lunenburg harbor this morning. Nickoll did not go on board last night and this morning his cap was found floating near the boat, lying at Zwicker's wharf. He evidently fell into the water while attempting to board. He was found on the bottom with his face dreadfully bruised, showing that he had struck something in his fall. Deceased belonged to St. John's (Nfld.)

An Unprofitable Acquaintance.

John Smith of Westfield drove into Fairville Monday to make some Christmas purchases. While there he met an affable stranger whom he hired to work for him. Several bar rooms in the city were visited and some articles of clothing and liquor placed in the sleigh.

Late in the afternoon Smith, alone, entered a bar-room on Mill street, leaving his team standing outside with the stranger occupying a seat. When he returned to resume his place his belongings had utterly vanished, and no one seemed to remember of seeing the horse and sleigh depart.

Smith reported his loss to the North End police and about 11 o'clock the outfit was found standing in High street and was placed in John McCarthy's stable. Simonds street. The parcels were missing from the sleigh, and when Smith drove off Tuesday morning he was a sadder and a wiser man.

John G. Murchie Elected.

St. Stephen, N. B., Dec. 24—At a meeting of the directors of the St. Stephen Bank, held on Monday afternoon, John G. Murchie, senior member of the firm of James Murchie's Sons Co., was elected to fill the vacancy at the board caused by the death of the late E. H. Balkam.

VOICES OF GREAT SINGERS BURIED TO SURPRISE 200

Talking Machine and Discs of Pattl, Melba, Calve, Caruso and Others Entombed in Paris.

Paris, Dec. 24—There was a unique ceremony today in the subterranean passages of the Opera House. It consisted of depositing in a specially prepared vault a talking machine and a number of discs bearing records of the voices of the greatest singers of the twentieth century.

Tamagno, Caruso, Scotti, Plancon, De Lucia, Patti, Melba, Calve, Nordica and others are represented in the selection.

The discs are in double boxes, each separate from the other. Neither light nor air can penetrate the coverings, and it is believed that they can be thus preserved for a century.

At the end of 100 years they will be opened and the people of that age will have the opportunity of hearing voices of this age as well as seeing the talking machine as manufactured today.

"Your father is heartless! I told him couldn't live without you." "And what did he say? "He offered to pay my funeral expenses!"

AN INFLAMED TENDON NEEDS COOLING.

ABSORBINE

Will do it and restore the circulation. Assist nature to repair strained, ruptured ligaments, more successfully than Firing. No blister, no hair gone, and you can use the horse. $2.00 per bottle delivered. Book 2-C Free.

ABSORBINE, JR., for mankind, $1.00 bottle. Cures Strains, Torn Ligaments, Varicose Veins, Varicocele, Hydrocele, Enlarged Glands and Tumors. Allays pain quickly.

W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 188 Monmouth St., Springfield, Mass. Canadian Agents: LYMAN SONS & Co., Montreal.