

ONTARIO AND QUEBEC

OTTAWA, Feb. 14.—McGovern and Rankin, government immigration agents, left for Halifax today to accompany the Doukhobors on their western trip.

GODERICH, Ont., Feb. 14.—Nominations for the election to parliament for West Huron vacancy, took place today. Robert McLean was nominated by the conservatives, and Robert Holmes by the liberals.

OTTAWA, Feb. 15.—The department of the interior is sending out the first consignment of the new descriptive atlas of Western Canada.

OTTAWA, Feb. 15.—The department of the interior is sending out the first consignment of the new descriptive atlas of Western Canada.

OTTAWA, Feb. 15.—The department of the interior is sending out the first consignment of the new descriptive atlas of Western Canada.

OTTAWA, Feb. 15.—The department of the interior is sending out the first consignment of the new descriptive atlas of Western Canada.

OTTAWA, Feb. 15.—The department of the interior is sending out the first consignment of the new descriptive atlas of Western Canada.

OTTAWA, Feb. 15.—The department of the interior is sending out the first consignment of the new descriptive atlas of Western Canada.

OTTAWA, Feb. 15.—The department of the interior is sending out the first consignment of the new descriptive atlas of Western Canada.

OTTAWA, Feb. 15.—The department of the interior is sending out the first consignment of the new descriptive atlas of Western Canada.

OTTAWA, Feb. 15.—The department of the interior is sending out the first consignment of the new descriptive atlas of Western Canada.

OTTAWA, Feb. 15.—The department of the interior is sending out the first consignment of the new descriptive atlas of Western Canada.

OTTAWA, Feb. 15.—The department of the interior is sending out the first consignment of the new descriptive atlas of Western Canada.

OTTAWA, Feb. 15.—The department of the interior is sending out the first consignment of the new descriptive atlas of Western Canada.

OTTAWA, Feb. 15.—The department of the interior is sending out the first consignment of the new descriptive atlas of Western Canada.

OTTAWA, Feb. 15.—The department of the interior is sending out the first consignment of the new descriptive atlas of Western Canada.

OTTAWA, Feb. 15.—The department of the interior is sending out the first consignment of the new descriptive atlas of Western Canada.

OTTAWA, Feb. 15.—The department of the interior is sending out the first consignment of the new descriptive atlas of Western Canada.

CABLED FROM LONDON.

English Papers on the Possibility of Failure of the Canadian Commission.

(Special to the Sun.) TORONTO, Feb. 15.—The Evening Telegram's London cable says: The Chronicle, commenting on the possibility of the failure of the joint high commission at Washington, says it had hoped that the reasonableness of Ottawa's demands would have been recognized at Washington.

The Pall Mall Gazette says: The deadlock is more regrettable than surprising. The new governor of Newfoundland sails on Saturday by the steamship Lake Ontario from Milford Haven.

FREDERICTON.

Death of Mrs. John Dennison—The Election.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Feb. 15.—Mrs. Charlotte Dennison, widow of the late John Dennison, died at her home in Kingsclear last night. Three sons and two daughters survive.

Dr. Bailey of the University delivered the third of a series of lectures in the Church Hall tonight, on the subject, "Rocky Mounting." There was a large and appreciative audience.

Word was received from the British Curling Club tonight stating that they could not play here tomorrow. The Fredericton curlers are greatly disappointed, as good games were expected.

There is an ominous silence just before the storm. Old campaigners say that as far back as they can remember in the history of elections in York county, the few days preceding election have never been so quiet.

N. S. LEGISLATURE.

The Local Government to Issue Leases for Coast and Tidal Water Fisheries.

HALIFAX, Feb. 15.—In the house of assembly today Attorney General Longley introduced a bill providing machinery by which the local government will issue leases for fishing privileges on the river beds, estuaries and coasts of Nova Scotia.

HALIFAX, Feb. 15.—The death occurred yesterday at Petite Riviere, Lunenburg county, of Capt. Peter Coffin, 86 years old and one of the best known men in Nova Scotia.

A special meeting of St. John Co., L. O. E., will be held next Monday evening.

TRICOLOR HALF-MAST

President Faure of the French Republic is Dead.

The Son of an Upholsterer, He Was Discovered by Gambetta.

Held a Portfolio in Several Ministries, and Was Finally Elected the Nation's Chief Magistrate.

PARIS, Feb. 15.—Elyse Faure, president of the republic of France, died at 10 o'clock tonight, after an illness of three hours.

PARIS, Feb. 15.—It had been known for some time that his heart was weak, but the first intimation that he was sick was given at half past six this evening, when a message was despatched to the premier, M. Dupuy, announcing that the president was ill.

FREDERICTON.

All medical efforts proved futile and the president died on the stroke of ten.

The flag over the Elyse was immediately lowered to half mast and the news was despatched to all the officials and members of the cabinet.

General Zurlinden, military governor of Paris, the grand chancellor of the legation of honor, the prefect of Seine, the prefect of the police of Paris, and the presidents of the senate and chamber of deputies promptly arrived at the Elyse.

The report spread rapidly through the city and large crowds soon assembled in the vicinity of the palace.

About six o'clock M. Faure, who was then in his study, went to the door of the room of M. L. B. Legall, his private secretary, which is next to the study, and said:

"I do not feel well. Come to me." M. Legall immediately went to the president's side, led him to a sofa, and called General Baillon, general secretary of the president's household.

M. Dupuy communicated the sad intelligence to M. Leoubot, president of the senate; M. Paul Deschanel, president of the chamber of deputies; and the members of the cabinet and to other high functionaries, after which he addressed the following despatch to all prefects and sub-prefects in France:

"I have the sad task to announce to you the death of the president, which occurred at 10 o'clock this evening, as a result of an apopleptic stroke. Kindly take the necessary measures to inform the population immediately of the mourning that has fallen upon the republic. The government counts upon your active vigilance at this painful hour."

At 11 o'clock this evening, the news began to become known to the general public in Paris. From that time began a continuous arrival of public men. Strict orders, however, were issued, and only members of the cabinet were admitted to the Elyse.

The president of France is elected for seven years by a majority of votes, by the senate and chamber of deputies united in a national assembly, or congress.

Francis Faure, who was elected president January 17, 1898, was born Jan. 30, 1841, in Paris, the son of an upholsterer. He was educated for a mercantile life, learned the currier's trade and mastered the leather business.

At Amboise he married the daughter of M. Guinet, then mayor of the commune, and in later years a senator. Settling in Havre, he became in time a large merchant and shipowner and president of the chamber of commerce.

As chief of a battalion of Mobiles he aided in suppressing the Commune in Paris and gained the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. When Gambetta formed a cabinet in 1871 he made Faure under secretary of the ministry of commerce and the colonies. From that time on he was a member of several successive ministries. In politics he was an Opportunist and a member of the group known as the Republic Union.

WAR WITH BRITAIN.

French Minister of Marine Expects it Within Two Years.

LONDON, Feb. 15.—The Toulon correspondent of the Daily Mail, remarking on the extraordinary activity of the general staff and general in the French naval works, says: "It is believed that M. Lockroy, minister of marine, expects war with Great Britain within two years, and it is notorious that a war with England is being preached in official circles in Paris. Troops are being poured into Tunis, and the Algerian coast is being fortified. French officers openly boast that they will sweep the British fleet out of the Mediterranean."

The Berlin correspondent of the Times says: "In the course of the budget committee's discussion of the military estimates, General Von Goltz, minister of war, gives confidential information regarding the condition of the French army, which, he said, had made real progress and was now quite on the same level as the German army. This information must have been of great importance to the British government."

OTTAWA'S MAYOR. And One of Ottawa's Aldermen Have a Lively Time in Council.

OTTAWA, Feb. 15.—There was the hottest kind of a hot time at the meeting of the city council last evening, culminating with one of the most dramatic moments that has occurred for a considerable period.

Mayor Payne's avowed intention of upholding the authority of the chair at all hazards almost ended in the expulsion of Ald. Black from the chamber. But the burly representative from Wellington ward was not a little bit frightened.

"Power is not conferred upon the mayor to remove me from the chamber," he said afterwards. "It could be done with the consent of the council, but not merely upon the mayor's motion."

The unpleasantness arose out of the demand which Ald. Black made for information as to who it was that offered to bribe the mayor with \$1,000 for his vote as alderman last year.

The motion was finally ruled out of order by the mayor, the city solicitor holding that there was nothing in the resolution which a judge could investigate.

THE DOUKHOBORS.

How the Second Lot Will be Handled at St. John.

As previously announced by the Sun, the Doukhobor immigrants who have been quarantined at Halifax are expected to leave there today, in which case they will reach St. John on Sunday.

The railway arrangements for their transportation will be very much the same as those made for the first contingent. It is not likely, however, that the authorities will attempt to land and despatch the Doukhobors by night as was done with the first lot, as the difficulty of getting the people properly distributed in the cars, and safely transported to their journey, is much increased by the darkness.

So I locked my desk, put on my overcoat, and went straightway to Silverman's.

Jones was behind the counter. I knew Jones; I had bought a gold bracelet of him for Pauline Brooks six months ago. Jones was a dapper little fellow, with stiffly waxed moustache, a cameo scarf pin and hair bedeviled with some ambrosial perfume or other.

"Wedding rings, if you please," said I, plucking at once into the object of my visit. Here's the case, producing my slip of paper.

"Any inscription, sir?" questioned Jones, assuming so preternaturally knowing an aspect that I could cheerfully have otobeth him in among the plated ware in the big glass show behind him.

SHORT STORY OF THE DAY.

TWO WEDDING RINGS.

I had just heard the whistle of the postman at the door, and leaned over the banisters to inquire of my landlady if there were any letters for me.

There was no immediate response to my query, and I inferred from the suspicious silence that either Mrs. Metcalfe or her daughter was inspecting my letters, probably reading the postcards, if there were any.

That is very often a peculiarity of landladies' daughters, as people who are compelled to board well know. Again I asked:

"Mrs. Metcalfe, are there any letters for me? I expect a letter of some importance."

"Coming, sir—coming!" replied Matilda, her daughter, as the latter slowly ascended the stairs, gaining very interestedly at a postcard.

In a few moments more she arrived at my landing on the second floor, and gave to me a letter, two postcards and a newspaper.

"I thought that you were inspecting my correspondence," I said, sarcastically.

"What? I? Oh, Mr. Belton, I would never think of such a thing." And she went down stairs, tossing her head like an enraged Sheffand pony.

One card from my tailor to notify me of his removal, one from Louis Durande to tell me that he could not keep a certain engagement with me, and a letter from Percy Cresmer, who had warned his slippers at the same college fire with me, scarcely three years ago.

His epistle ran thus: "Dear Belton—I claim your congratulations. I am to be married next week to the sweetest girl the sun ever shone upon. There's surprise number one for you. And I wish you'd go to Silverman, the jeweller, and get the wedding ring, size enclosed on a bit of paper. There's surprise number two for you. It will go me a great favor, for business here is complicated in such a way that I cannot hope to get to the city a day before the event, and of course I know that I can trust your taste and judgment equally with my own. Have the words 'Helen, 1886,' engraved on the inside, and please send by post without delay. Ever yours faithfully,

PERCY CRESMER. P. S.—She is an angel.

"Well," said I to myself, laying down my old chain's rapturous letter, "there's a pretty consolation for a bachelor. An angel, is she? I don't believe she's any more angelic than Pauline Brooks. But every man thinks his own goose a swan. I pity the poor fellow. I'm sure; he's clearly in a state of glamour that makes him see everything couleur de rose. But I'm not one to desert a friend at a pinch—I'll buy his miserable wedding ring with the greatest pleasure in life."

"So I locked my desk, put on my overcoat, and went straightway to Silverman's.

Jones was behind the counter. I knew Jones; I had bought a gold bracelet of him for Pauline Brooks six months ago. Jones was a dapper little fellow, with stiffly waxed moustache, a cameo scarf pin and hair bedeviled with some ambrosial perfume or other.

"Wedding rings, if you please," said I, plucking at once into the object of my visit. Here's the case, producing my slip of paper.

"Any inscription, sir?" questioned Jones, assuming so preternaturally knowing an aspect that I could cheerfully have otobeth him in among the plated ware in the big glass show behind him.

"Helen, 1886," said I, brusquely, "1886." "Emma, sir?" Jones put his hand behind his ear to assist his hearing.

"I'm taking a liberty, might I inquire whether you intend to keep house or take apartments?" "What?" ejaculated I.

"To keep house or take apartments?" reiterated Mr. Silverman. "Because in the former case we should esteem it a favor to supply the silver and table ware."

I mattered some not, particularly complimentary answer, and went out of the shop, closing the door behind me with some emphasis.

"Going to be married, eh, old chap?" said Bill West, a stockbroker, familiarly thrusting his elbow into my side, as I strolled into Galt's for my lunch that day.

"No!" said I, taking up the bill of fare. "Oh, come, don't deny the soft impeachment," said West, with a wink. "What has put such a frown as that into your head?" demanded I, somewhat indignantly.

"And her name's Helen," said West, with an idiotic giggle. "Waiter, a half-bottle of Mumm! Let's drink her health, Benton, when—"

At this stage I pretended to see some one whom I knew at an opposite table and bolted across the room. "Old Mr. Jessup was trotting across Hyde Park when I unexpectedly came face to face with him."

"Hello!" said Mr. Jessup, turning upon me the moony glare of two spectacled eyes. "What's this I hear about you, my dear young friend? Accept my congratulations. Matrimony is always a blessed condition, and—"

"Oh, yes? I don't doubt it," I hurriedly interrupted, but there's some mistake about it—" "Miss what did you say?" said old Mr. Jessup beamingly. "Call round this evening and tell us all about it; there's a good fellow. I haven't time to repeat just now!"

I could have torn my hair with rage. Mr. Jessup was Pauline Brooks' uncle and guardian, and I knew that my chances in that direction would be all off if once the fatal story of the wedding ring got to Pauline's ears.

I crossed the park and hurried up Regent Street, mentally gnashing my teeth and in my impetuous haste had nearly stumbled over Pauline's head, just coming out of a florist's with a thin bottomless violet in her hand.

"Pauline!" cried I, rapturously. "But Pauline drew back the least little distance in the world, thereby putting an invisible barrier between us that froze me like an icicle.

"Dear Mr. Belton, is it you?" said Pauline. "I congratulate you, I am sure."

"Upon what?" I demanded, growing desperate. "Upon your approaching marriage, to be sure," said Pauline, with a smile like auroral lights hovering over a snow bank.

"But I'm not going to be married," protested I. "Oh, excuse me, my dear. Gentlemen do not usually buy wedding rings without a purpose," interposed Pauline. "Only I think you might have paid much old friends as we are the compliment of some slight intimation of your impending marriage."

"Pauline," said I, "Miss Brooks—hear me; there is only one woman in the world I would care to marry, and she stands before me now."

"Pauline's lips quivered, the tears sparkled in her eyes. "Mr. Belton, said she, 'you may regard this as a very fine joke, but surely it is not necessary to add any more insult to it—'

"Do you mean that you don't believe me?" "How can I believe you?" retorted she.

New Laid Eggs 30 Cents Per Dozen! This is the price in St. John today. If your hens are not laying freely buy one of MANN'S GREEN BONE CUTTERS, you will be surprised at the increased production. Prices \$7.50 and \$10.00 each. W. H. THORNE & CO., Limited Market Square, St. John, AGENTS.