POOR DOCUMENT

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THE MAN WHO WAS DEAD

BY ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT

Author of "On the Cause of Freedom," "When I Was Czar," Etc.

CHAPTER XVI—(Continued.)

What was that decision to which she declared I had driven her, and, which I was to regret so bitterly? Could she have some other infernal bombshell to explode at my feet? I was always suspicious of her, and now more so than ever. And then something occurred to give shape and form to my thoughts.

I was leaving the house, when a man, whistling carelessly, ran up the steps and nearly cannoned into me. He smiled and murmured an apology, and passed in. His face was familiar, and yet for the moment I could not place it. And I had gone some way along the street, when, in the midst of other thoughts, his name flashed into my mind.

He was the man whom my companion at the Halbermond on the night of Provost's death, young Von Gartner, had pointed out to me as Count Von Kassler, of the ministry of the interior, and high in the minister's confidence.

He had shaved his beard since that night, but the high-bridged, aquiline nose, the ruddy complexion, the deep-set, keen blue eyes, and the general carriage, made me certain of him. What could such a man be doing at the Black House?

The question was so important that it sent me hurrying back to make sure. I examined the register of callers, but there was no such name as his.

"Has Herr Prestvo called for me within the last hour?" I asked the man in charge of the arrangements, taking a name at random.

"No, sir."

"Strange. He was to have called. Can he have been without your knowing?" And I gave a pretty accurate description of the count.

"The only caller answering that description is this gentleman." And he pointed to this entry:

Lieutenant Unterling: to see Baroness Dolgoroff. By appointment.

"That's a long way from Prestvo," I laughed.

"He came in as you went out, sir."

"Oh, that's not the man. Well, when he comes, say he had better come around to my rooms." And I went home to try and puzzle the thing out.

What was the meaning of that assumed name? He wasn't in the plot—that was certain. He had a career, and would not sacrifice it for such a scheme.

If not that, however, what? A spy? I dismissed that as equally impossible. A man as high up as he would not act as a mere spy.

"To see Baroness Dolgoroff; by appointment." If a spy, then he must have won Stephanie's confidence as well as that of his chief. And at that my thoughts took a shape which literally chilled me with the shock of surprise.

What if he had the confidence of both? What if there was some secret understanding between them, and that he was the intermediary?

For such a purpose he was the very man to be chosen. He was so little known that he ran comparatively no risk of being identified by the frequenters of the Black House. Men of many nationalities went there; and, although secret investigation was always made about them, it was Stephanie who directed it. It would be the easiest thing for her to vouch "Lieutenant Unterling," and, once accredited, no questions would be asked.

Assuming, then, that he was the intermediary, what did it mean? The problem gave me hours of anxious consideration that evening.

I recalled what my old chief had said of the late baron—that of all the schemes and plots in which he had been concerned, he had invariably emerged with profit and safety, whoever else had been ruined. Stephanie had learned her ethics of diplomacy from him, and was certainly not too scrupulous to build a bridge of any sort across which she could walk in safety when this scheme ended, as it inevitably would, end, in ruin.

Count Kassler's master would certainly be willing to pay a big price as well as guarantee Stephanie's safety in return for her help in keeping him accurately informed of all that was being done. And such a betrayal was just one which would have delighted the subtle heart of the late baron.

Then other questions came up and clamored for an answer. Why had Stephanie resolved to take the risk of breaking with Von Epstein? She had told me that she set our betrothal before even the cause itself. But I knew her better than to think she would set any personal object before her own advantage. There was some other reason somewhere, if I could but guess it.

Those alterations in the gallery leading to Normia's apartments—could they have any relation to this? Apparently designed to strengthen the defenses of the place, in their present state they had weakened it by making it possible for any one to gain access to the apartments.

Alexandrov's statement that Grundelhof had found other help—was that another item of this wierd mosaic of double leading? Could they have made terms with her to betray Normia? I reviewed all the incidents of the afternoon, and thought of that decision to which she said I had dirven her, and should regret. Was this more of the pattern of treachery?

There was, indeed, but one consideration which would reconcile all these points—that Stephanie had planned a wholesale betrayal of all who trusted her.

If she had made terms with the Austrian minister, and had decided that the time had come for a final blow to be struck, her conduct was clear. The reason for Von Kassler's visit was plain—she could laugh at Von Epstein, for she was assured of safety and reward; the marriage with me could take place at any time; while for her to hand Normia over to the Servian Government a little in advance of the end would both bring her extra profit and appease her jealousy.

And added to this maelstrom of conflicting doubts and speculations about Stephanie were all the agitating hopes and fears about my own position, raised by the discovery of Provost's murderer, and by my interview with Catarina.

Would the next day see the fellow's arrest, and set me free to act? It was more urgent now than ever in view of these new complications. I longed for it, and all that it meant to Normia and me, more passionately than ever a newly made slave prayed for freedom.

CHAPTER XVII.

Face To Face With Provost's Murderer.

The next day was the most trying and anxious I had experienced since the black week that followed Provost's murder. No news came from Catarina of Dromach's return; and every hour of the day I was on the rack of intolerable suspense.

I passed the time between my rooms and the Black House, and more than once during the day I took an opportunity of observing from the outside the repairs to the gallery windows. I was glad to observe that the work progressed very slowly, for I had a plan at the back of my head to get Normia to attempt an escape with my help while the repairs were in progress. And I hoped to find a chance of discussing it with her during the reception.

But it was evident, from the moment of my entrance, that Stephanie was not going to let me speak to Normia.

Stephanie herself was in the highest spirits, laughing and chatting brightly with all about her, and she kept me by her side while numbers of people came up to offer congratulations upon the betrothal.

I bowed and smirked and murmured such commonplace as occurred to me in reply, while keeping my eyes about me. And I saw that Normia was not present.

"There will not be many dances, Guy," whispered Stephanie, as we stood alone once, "but I have fixed the cotillion for midnight. And of course you'll be my partner for that. It is the ceremonious announcement of the event."

"Just as you please," I agreed. It more than a farce, but I could not yet show my hand and tell her so.

"Don't you forget that. Exactly as the clock strikes twelve we are to head the procession round the rooms."

"I shan't forget. I'm here for the very thing. Is Normia coming?

She frowned, and then smiled.

"Is that to make me jealous? She did not wish to come, but the prince told her she must come in at least for the cotillion. She will be here just before. She and the prince will follow immediately behind us in the procession. We take precedence for this one occasion, Guy." And she laughed.

A little later the Baron Von Epstein came up, and in a surly fashion muttered something about congratulations. I bore the man no ill-will. I wished, indeed, with all my heart that I had been congratulating him, and I tried to put some heartiness into the few words I spoke to him.

But he favored me with an ugly scowl in return, and was walking off, when somewhat to my surprise, Stephanie called him back, slipped her hand on his arm, and went down the room, speaking earnestly and confidently to him.

I wasn't sorry. It relieved me from standing to be stared at, and, just as I was moving off, Prince Lepova engaged me in conversation, and strolled with me through the crowded rooms to a large palm-house at one end.

He had just mentioned Normia's name, when he appeared to remember something suddenly, and excused himself, saying he would return in a few moments to resume the subject.

I was quite contented to wait. One place suited me just as well as another, and, being anxious to hear what he had to say about Normia, I sat down very contentedly until he should return.

I had been alone some three or four minutes when I had a very unpleasant surprise. I heard a smothered cry in a woman's voice, and the guttural accents of a man in passion; then the rustling of silk draperies, and Stephanie came rushing through the place, followed by Von Epstein.

She gave a start of glad surprise as I jumped to my feet, and hurried to me.

"Thank Heaven you are here, Gerard! This man has grossly insulted me!" And she fell into a seat, trembling violently and deathly pale, while Von Epstein stood by glaring defiance at me.

I understood then why the prince had steered me into the palm-house. The thing had been arranged between them to force me into this quarrel. And an exceedingly ugly quarrel it would prove, if I did not keep a very level head.

"I will speak to you later, Herr Baron," I said coolly.

"I shall await you in the card-room, monsieur. I trust you will not forget to come." And with a sneer and an elaborate bow he took himself off.

As I knew that Stephanie was only acting, I waited quietly until she chose to recover. Then, with many overacted regrets for having embroiled me in the quarrel, she gave me a rambling account of how he had tried to get her to break off the betrothal, and had then kissed her.

I said very little to her, and, having taken her back to the salon, I went off to try and come to an understanding with the infuriated baron.

Unfortunately, he was not alone in the room, and I guessed he had collected one or two friends to see him make an example of me.

"Oh! you have shown up, then?" he sneered, as I entered.

I let the sneer pass, and, crossing to him, said very quietly:

"Will you give me a few minutes in private, Herr Baron?"

"No, I won't," he replied, in as offensive a tone as he could use. "If you wish to admit your cowardice, do it openly."

This was not easy to take, but I smothered my temper and answered in the same even tone:

"I think I can convince you that there is no reason for us to quarrel." Then to the other men: "Gentlemen, will you oblige me by leaving me with the baron for a few moments?"

"He's not master of the house yet, so you need not take your orders from him," declared Von Epstein. And they shrugged their shoulders and remained.

"There is a lady's name involved in this, gentlemen, and I——"

"Oh, no, there isn't," he burst in. "It's a question of nationality—yours. I'm curious to know whether you're a Frenchman or an Englishman. Which country had the misfortune of spawning you?"

"I am an Englishman, but my nationality has nothing to do with this."

"I say it has. Do you give me the lie?"

"Do, for Heaven's sake, wait before you rush into the thing like this! Look here; if you're bent on forcing a quarrel, you shall do it. All I ask is that you take time to grow cooler, and then have ten minutes' talk with me. If I don't show you there is no need for anything of this, you shall have your way."

As I was speaking, Prince Lepova and one or two others entered, and stood round the door.

Von Epstein listened to me with a sneer, and then laughed.

"You want time to make a bolt of it, eh?" he cried truculently, glancing at the newcomers and raising his voice. "I know you English. The whole lot of you are nothing but dirty cowards and liars, from your fat king down, the cursed drunken——"

"Stop!" I cried furiously. "Gentlemen, you have heard what has fallen from this man's lips. They are the lips of a liar!" And I struck him a backhanded blow on the mouth.

Prince Lepova crossed hurriedly to me.

"What is this, Monsieur Provost?"

"Your scheme has succeeded through this hot-headed idiot's temper. You had better arrange matters on my behalf." And away I went, paying no heed to either his words or looks of protest. I regretted the incident bitterly. The fool had been duped, and being no longer of use had been turned over to me in the hope that I would kill him. And he had played right into my hands through his furious temper and unforgivable scurrility.

As I crossed the salon, Stephanie met me.

"I hope nothing has happened, Guy?"

"Can't we afford the simple luxury of truth? Your plan has succeeded so far. He insulted me, I struck him, and he'll probably try to kill me tomorrow morning."

"He insulted me, Guy!" she cried fiercely.

"And your treatment of him—what is that, pray?"

"You will kill him, Guy?" she whispered strenuously.

"I shan't even try. He is much more likely to kill me."

"You must— you must! He is dangerous. He will ruin us all."

"I am no bravo, to cut throats at your bidding or Lepova's," I answered sternly. "And now I am going out on the balcony to cool down."

"You won't forget the cotillion?" she said, as I was moving off.

"Curse the cotillion! I'm in no mood to go jigging about the room like a prancing ape."

"But, Guy, you must," she said eagerly. "On the stroke of midnight, remember."

"All right. Another scene of the comedy may be a relief." And I walked off.

I went to the spot where I had sat once before and lit a cigar. I glanced at my watch, and saw I had half an hour before the jigging business, and I was soon absorbed in thoughts that were none too pleasant.

I was not afraid of the meeting with Von Epstein. The discipline of the last few days in schooling myself to face the certainty of death rendered me virtually indifferent whether I fell or not. I had one great regret—that I had to meet the man, not in my own name, but in the detestable character of Provost. A little luck, and we should have had that slippery Greek in our hands, and then I could have fought in my own name.

But it was no good in railing against luck, so I accepted the situation for what it was. One thing was certain, of course—I was not going to murder Von Epstein to oblige Stephanie.

Very soon Lepova came out and told me the arrangements he had made; the place and time of the meeting, and that we were to fight with pistols. He said I had been very prudent to force the other man to be the challenger, and so get the choice of weapons, as Von Epstein was a seasoned duelist and an exceptionally fine swordsman.

He was enlarging upon this, and I was paying little attention to him, when I gave a start on noticing something in the road below. My seat was at the extreme left of the house at the back, and it gave a view along a secluded, tree-shaded road, unlighted save for one lamp.

I saw a man leave the house by a side door and hurry along the road. As he passed under the lamp, he paused, looked at his watch, and started to run. I had a good view of him as he stood under the light. His tall, angular figure, with its stoop of the shoulders and forward hang of the head, showed up clearly, and he carried one arm in a sling. It was Grundelhof.

What was he doing in such a spot and at such an hour—close to midnight? I gave another start at the thought. Midnight was the hour for the cotillion—the hour when Stephanie had insisted so strenuously upon my being in the salon.

I lost no time in getting rid of Lepova, and sat waiting and thinking. All my suspicions of the previous night revived. Some devilment was in the making.

Two or three minutes later I had what looked like confirmation. An electric motor-car without lights came stealing silently past the house, and stopped under the shadow of some trees, just beyond the wing of the house in which Normia's apartments were situated.

I waited for no more. I made my way through the crowded rooms to the entrance to Normia's apartments. The guard was there.

"Has the princess gone to the ballroom yet?" I asked him casually.

"No, sir." The answer confirmed my suspicions.

For a second I hesitated whether I should force my way past him into the gallery, but a better plan suggested itself.

I ran down stairs, got my cloak from the attendant—a long, black cloak of Provost's which I had worn, having no overcoat of my own—and, as if in no hurry, lit a cigarette on the door-step, and sauntered out.

Keeping well in the shadow of the building, I stole quickly round to the spot where the alterations to the gallery were being made. The ladder was in position, and a plank, which had been roped to it to prevent its use, had been removed. One of the casements was out of position, too, and the opening was covered with a piece of sacking.

The thing was now as plain as print. Stephanie had taken a hand in the abduction, and had contrived this very cunning plan by which the man—Alexandrov, of course—could get access to Normia's rooms while the merry-making in the other part of the house was keeping everybody else busy.

The night was as dark as they could have wished, but it favored me as much as the others, and in a moment I was at the top of the ladder, listening at the opening for any sound of movements in the gallery.

(To be continued.)

SOME GREAT FRENCHMEN WHOM ENGLAND SHELTERED

It is a sort of policy in American diplomacy that no ambassador is to be allowed to remain long in London, because the charm of English life has a tendency to captivate the sojourner and dull his perception of national interests.

Bancroft, Motley, Lowell, Bayard, and Choate, all confessed the fondness of English ways which grew on them, the more they experienced the generous and stately hospitalities of England. Living in an atmosphere of courtliness and tact, they came to have a preference for it over the homely ways of their own country.

The tradition of English life was early established. During five centuries and more foreigners have been contributing their testimony to the pleasures of living among the most entertaining society in the world.

Writing in 1477, Philip de Commines expressed himself thus: "In my opinion, of all the countries in the world with which I was ever acquainted, the government is nowhere so well managed, the people nowhere less obnoxious to violence and oppression, nor their houses less liable to be destroyed and demolished by war, than in England, for there the calamities fall on the authors of them." This, from a man who knew Europe well, is early and excellent testimony.

Writing in 1498 to a friend in Paris, Erasmus said: "If you are a wise man you will cross the channel yourself. A witty gentleman like yourself ought not to waste his life among those French. If you knew the charms of this country your ankles would be winged, or if the gout was in your feet you would wish yourself Daedalus." And many years later, about 1516, he still could write when he was no longer there: "No land in all the world is like England."

Long after his time three great Frenchmen, in succession, took refuge in England, and paid to its merits the tribute of their praise. Their experiences have been part of the literature of France during three centuries, and Mr. Churton Collins has recently published a volume in which their experiences have been related for the benefit of English readers.

Voltaire was in England from May 30th, 1726, to March, 1729; Montesquieu was there from the spring of 1729 to the summer of 1731, and Rousseau from January, 1766, to May, 1767. Each of them found there generous hospitality; each expressed himself after his own fashion; each found there new sources of inspiration.

It is not necessary to dwell on the personal characters of these men of genius. Voltaire was a man of ineradicable wickedness, whose unrestrained impulses were always bad. Montesquieu was above all things a great gentleman with fine instincts. Rousseau was compounded of all the evil instincts of humanity and dominated by a vanity which amounted to simple madness. But each in his way was a man of genius. Their genius was fatal to their own country, but they had little but commendation for England.

Voltaire, banished from Paris, found in London, a generous reception. He conquered the language first; then he conquered society. He was known to be insincere, immoral and double-dealing; but he was a man of parts and was respected as such. Pope, Swift, Bolingbroke, Walpole, the Duchess of Marlborough, the King, the Queen—all received and entertained and even subsidized him.

He wrote there his English letters, and his "Henriade"; he studied English literature and became a life-long pupil of Locke; he collected there the materials of his Reign of Louis XIV, and his Life of Charles XII. And his final opinion of the country was this: "Had I not fixed the seat of my retreat in the free corner of Geneva, I would certainly live in the free corner of England." He came there almost destitute. He left it with the foundation of an immense fortune. And it is to his credit that never in after life was his door closed to an Englishman. His gratitude at least was sincere.

Montesquieu was also ignorant of English when he arrived; nor did he ever acquire the language. But then, as now, no Frenchman fails to find Englishmen well acquainted with the French tongue. Like Voltaire, he found our countrymen at times austere, and suffering from the east wind, of which both the Frenchmen had a horror.

Chesterfied was his greatest friend, and no one could have a better. Chesterfield wrote of him: "He well knew and justly admired the happy constitution of this country, whose fixed and known laws equally restrain monarchy from tyranny and liberty from licentiousness." In England he began his studies on the "Greatness and Decay of the Romans," and on the always famous "Esprit des Lois."

His opinion was "that Germany was made to travel in, Italy to sojourn in, France to live in, and England to think in." He found, as so many foreigners have found, that in England thought was free; and men of genius rarely found that on the Continent. His own books were published abroad.

Rousseau's short sojourn in England was by his own fault part tragedy and part farce. He came there under the protection of Hume. The historian procured friends, a home, and even a pension for him. But he quarrelled with Hume on a trivial matter; he insulted his benefactors; he irritated society; he left in disgust with the world in a fit of excessive vanity.

From English sources he drew much. To Richardson he owes somewhat of the "Nouvelle Heloise." And the "Contrat Social" is inspired in part by Hobbes, Sydney, and Locke. He began his "Confessions" in England. And in spite of all his eccentricities he was treated always as a man of genius, who was more than half mad.

His was the only of the three great Frenchmen who did not record his admiration of England; but it is only just to him to say that he has confessed his obligations to English literature, in which he found inspiration. In common with the others, he interpreted it to some extent for all Europe.—M. J. G., in Toronto Star.

A CITADEL OF REFUGE

A novel type of building construction as applied to that class of structures adapted to house great assemblies of people and especially to safeguard school children and their teachers against constant peril from both fire and panic, is described in the fire-proofing number of Cement Age, New York.

The central idea embodied in the plan presented for school buildings, is to form, centrally, within the walls of the building structure, a fireproof place of refuge, which shall be instantly available through fire doors within its walls connecting directly with every floor and its series of rooms, and which shall have sufficient capacity to temporarily house and safeguard all the occupants of the building and from which by ample stairways they can leisurely wend their way to the outer air through a protected causeway in the basement, unhampered by fire, smoke, or even undue heat.

While the saving of human life is the primary object of this novel feature in building construction, a secondary object of great significance to fire departments and to the public generally, is the ready access afforded and the means employed for fighting the fire centrally, and at close range, without in the least imperilling the lives of the firemen.

A third feature of much incidental value lies in the direct access which the citadel gives to every room in the building, and their inter-connections, and especially its value as a means of ingress and egress of the pupils, without in the least disturbing the occupants or recitations in any of the other rooms in the building.

The citadel proper, save for numerous fire-doors connecting with each floor and basement causeway, is a closed and independent structure resting on its own foundations and extending from basement to roof, which is capped and fireproofed, presenting no opening save for firemen's use and for artificial ventilation.

It is provided with floors inter-connected by stairways, which floors are coincident with those of the building proper, and are rigidly secured to the inner walls of the citadel.

This citadel, in structure, may be of brick or reinforced concrete and may be of any desired prism and of dimensions suitable for any special requirement. Being a closed structure and absolutely fireproof, no fire can originate within its walls, nor can fire and smoke enter from without, as no draft can be created in either direction, except voluntarily through artificial means. However, under normal conditions an electric fan or blower in the dome of the roof, will serve for purposes of ventilation.

The intermediate space between the walls of the citadel and the outer building serves the purpose of continuous connection of every school room with all the fire doors, while the space is aptly located for lockers, cloak rooms, closets, etc.

A CALAIS CHILD BURNED TO DEATH

Calais, Me., June 30 (Special).—Kathleen, the three-year-old daughter of Manager H. F. Burpee, of the Frontier Steamboat Line, set fire to her clothing while playing with matches on Monday afternoon and was so badly burned that she died at an early hour this morning. Mrs. Burpee had her hands badly burned in attempting to save her child.

Like Son, Like Father.

Millionaire (to tailor)—I'm told by my son that you have permitted him to run a bill for two years. I have therefore come to ——

Tailor—Oh, sir, don't trouble. I'm in no hurry.

Millionaire—I see that, and that's why I've come to tell you that for the future I wish to get my clothes from you, too!—Brooklyn Life.

COSTLY MAST GREASE

Sailors of British Bark Used Ambergris.

Wasted About $20,000 Worth Before They Knew What it Was---Found Several Bucketfuls Floating on the Southern Ocean.

A San Francisco despatch says: Greasing masts, sea boots and oilskins with ambergris, valued at approximately $400 a pound, sailors on the British bark Antiope wasted about $20,000 worth of the stuff unaware of its value. It was not until yesterday that John Mathieson, master of the vessel, learned that he had let a fortune slip through his fingers. A small part of the "grease" had been saved and this was identified by an Oakland druggist as ambergris.

The Antiope reached here from Newcastle, Australia, a few days ago. On the way up, in latitude 20 degrees south, a large quantity of "grease" was seen floating on the surface of the ocean, and, a calm prevailing, the men managed to scoop up several bucketfuls of the stuff.

A Warning to the Public re Prince Rupert.

A notice with the above heading has appeared in the "Vancouver World," signed by the Prince Rupert Townsite Company, 43 Fairfield Building, Vancouver. A statement is therein made that their property is the original and only legal Prince Rupert, and the railway company owns 4,000 to 5,000 acres of arable land immediately surrounding the same.

The G. T. P. railway company announce that the above statement is misleading and incorrect; that the only townsites registered are: South Prince Rupert, owned, it is understood, by the company who signed the above warning, and the townsite of Prince Rupert at the terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway situated at the North-West portion of Kalen Island; that the distance between these two townsites is over eleven miles, and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company is not in any way interested in South Prince Rupert, nor is it the intention to have a station at that place.

East Prince Rupert, so-called in various reports which have appeared in the press, states the G. T. P. Company, is not registered; that the sub-division referred to is situated over sixteen miles from the terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway and is not on the line of that railway.

The Prince Rupert at the terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, they add, is now being surveyed, and it is expected the lots will be placed in the market in September or October next, due notice of which will appear in the public press.

Any further information the public may require can be obtained by addressing the land commissioner of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway at Winnipeg.

BRYAN LIKELY ON FIRST BALLOT

His Friends Confident That His Nomination is Assured.

Denver, Col., July 1.—Claiming a victory on the first ballot, but overlooking no possible chance to make certain their triumph, the followers of Mr. Bryan have been watching for any move on the part of his rivals that would compel him to go single-handed against the field, as Taft was obliged to show his strength in the early stages of the Chicago convention against the combined forces of the "allies."

The arrival today, however, of the personal representatives of Judge Gray and Governor Johnson, the only candidates who are now expected to enter the race against Bryan, has failed to disclose any common ground of agreement between them.

The Gray managers asserted that they had no intention of entering into a coalition with the followers of Governor Johnson and had not received from them, or made to them any overtures for a combination. The same disclaimer of a desire to pool issues was made by the Johnson people after their arrival tonight.

ADDRESS AND CHAIR FOR REV. R. MATHERS

Presentation on Retirment as Head of W. M. O. Institution.

Members of St. James' Church, and Other Friends, Gather at a Pleasant Reception in St. James' Church School Room.

About 250 people, members of St. James' church, Broad street, and friends of Rev. Richard Mathers, assembled in the church schoolroom last night to do honor to Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Mathers and the former's sister, Miss Mathers.. Rev. Mr. Mathers will retire from the management of the Wiggins' Male Orphan Institution today to be will take the boys to the country for two months during the summer.

The rector of the parish, Rev. J. E. Hand, presided and among those present were Rev. Canon White, of Silver Falls; Rev. LeBaron McKiel, of Fairville; Rev. A. W. Daniel, of Rothesay; Rev. Mr. Trumpour, Rev. G. F. Scovil, Rev. Mr. Westgate, a returned missionary from German East Africa and Rev. Dr. G. M. Campbell.

Rev. Mr. Hand read the following address:—

Dear Mr. Mathers:—

Realizing that you are about to sever your connection with the Wiggins' Male Orphan Institution we, the members of St. James' congregation, desire to place on record our appreciation of you as a member of our parish. It is now thirty-two years since you, as principal of the institution, began bringing the boys to the parish church. During that long period, many have been the changes you have witnessed in this part of our city in our parish and in the personnel of the inmates of the institution.

You have seen nearly every building in this section of the city including the institution itself, rise from the ashes of the great fire of 1877. You have been in the parish will all five rectors who have served here. You have seen the congregations change almost completely time after time. Many of the older members you have seen laid to rest. You have seen the boys of the institution come and go. You have seen their characters grow and develop and now, tonight, Sir, as you look back over this long period of service, while there are many things which bear a touch of sadness, yet it must be a source of joy and consolation to you to call to mind the many boys who have passed out from under your care especially since you know that nearly all of them are now worthy members of society and many indeed holding honorable positions amongst their fellow men, contributing in their way to the general development of the world's work.

All here tonight have come for the express purpose of showing their good feeling and good will toward you and we know that we are expressing the sentiments of all the former rectors and all the former members of this parish when we say you have always done your best to help in the church's work, always a liberal contributor to the support of the parish in its effort to contribute to the general good of the community, always most willing to exercise your priestly offices. For all this we cannot soon forget you and to this end we offer you this little gift as an expression of the good will of this church and neighborhood.

Our wish is that you may long be spared to enjoy it and now, in conclusion, let me say to you that the pews of St. James' church are always free and open to you and your family and if, after finishing your tenure of office at the institution you should decide to live in the city of St. John, we for our part will be most happy to have you continue with us as you have in all those years. But, sir, wherever you are in the future please remember that our best wishes will follow you. In behalf of the congregation,

I am very sincerely

J. EDWARD HAND,
Rector.

The chair which accompanied the address is a very handsome one and was much admired. In acknowledging the gift Rev. Mr. Mathers made a long address in which he reviewed the work done in the institution with which he has been so long connected.

William Pearce, who succeeds Rev. Mr. Mathers, was present and was called on. He gave an address and made an excellent impression on those present. Instrumental music was furnished by Miss Currie and Mrs. Gard and Miss Dunham sang several solos very acceptably.

Refreshments were served by the following ladies: Miss Stewart, Miss Hutchinson, Miss Lambert, Miss Dunham, Miss Cromwell, Miss Fitzmorris, Miss Nellie Fitzmorris, Misses Muriel and Jessie Murray, Misses Jennie and Edith Lee, Miss Carson, Miss Longon, Miss Harris, Miss Lang and Mrs. Fred. Nixon, assisted by Messrs. Nixon, Ellis and Primmer.

The reception committee was composed of Rev. Mr. Mathers, Mrs. Mathers and Miss Mathers, Rev. Mr. Hand and Mrs. Hand, Mr. and Mrs. S. S. deForest, Mr. and Mrs. S. T. Vaughan and Miss Bridges.

CHANGED FAITH TO WED MME. GOULD

London, June 23.—Arrangements have been made for the marriage of Prince de Sagan and Mme. Anna Gould to take place in London in fifteen days' time.

The Prince and Mme. Gould arrived in London from Paris this morning and the statement is made on good authority that the Prince, in order to facilitate the marriage, has decided to renounce the Roman Catholic faith and become a Protestant.

A residence of fifteen days by one of the contracting parties in the parish where the marriage is proposed to be celebrated is necessary before a license can be obtained. The wedding will be solemnized according to the rites of the Church of England.

The Prince and Mme. Gould crossed from Boulogne to Folkestone this morning, traveling as Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, they had an automobile with them and the same chauffeur who drove them in Italy.

After a brief stop at Folkestone, the Prince and his fiancee came by automobile to London, where they took apartments at a fashionable West End hotel. They kept to their rooms all the afternoon, but dined together in a public restaurant, where they were recognized by a number of American and French diners who were present.

To be formally admitted into the Church of England, the Prince will have to go before the Bishop of the diocese and formally renounce all allegiance to the Church of Rome.

MAINE SPRUCE DWINDLING

A Plain Lesson for Canada Based on the Experience of United States.

(Montreal Star.)

An evidence of the growing pressure upon the American pulp wood supply is furnished by the American Lumberman which tells us that the demand for spruce by the pulp mills in Maine has so pushed up the price as to seriously incommode the saw mills. Pulp is a better paying product than lumber; and so the lumber men are unable to compete with the pulp men for the spruce logs as they grow scarce. After referring to changes in the situation, the American Lumberman says:

"A feature of the situation worthy of note is that the pulp manufacturers can pay more for logs than the lumbermen. This year Bangor spruce logs sold for $18 to $20 a thousand through the competition of buying for the pulp mills. These prices the lumber manufacturers could not afford to pay at the prices they have been obliged to accept for their lumber. The paper interests have an advantage over the saw mills, for spruce worked into pulp yields a greater profit than when cut into lumber. Besides, pulp and paper are always 'as good as the wheat,' the demand keeping pace with the supply, which is not always the case with lumber. Moreover, a good deal of spruce turns out low grade lumber that must be sold at a corresponding price. On the contrary, it is pretty poor spruce that will not make good pulp."

This, remember, is in Maine—Maine, the great reservoir of timber which was forever to prevent anything like a monopoly falling into the hands of the Canadians. Yet already spruce is getting so scarce there the lumber manufacturers feel the pinch. In the face of such a condition of affairs, our politicians will surely see the wisdom of conserving our forest wealth. It is all nonsense to talk as if it were inexhaustible. Sir Wilfrid has promised us a commission to enquire into this subject; and it cannot get to work too quickly. But, in the meantime, in view of the experience of the forest-covered State of Maine, we may surely infer that our timber resources are a long way from inexhaustible.

The Governments responsible should protect our forests from the politicians, from fire and from waste. They should never be leased except on terms that bring an adequate return into the public coffers. They should be protected against accidental or malicious fires as carefully as watchfulness will accomplish. They should be cut under supervision—that is, only trees worth cutting should be taken and the utmost care observed to prevent the destruction of the younger growth. Our forests ought to be regarded as a field to be "cropped" and not as a mine to be exhausted. We are not too young a country to think of scientific and systematic reforestation, nor have we too large a natural supply to make it unnecessary.

Above all, we must beware of the awful drain of the American demand. The appetite of that great and wealthy market for wood has driven the American supply into the fringes of the country; and the United States was once a forest-covered area precisely as are now certain sections of Canada. We may be very sure that this hunger, which is increasing with every year, will make short work of our timber if we give it free access to our hills and valleys. There are warnings enough in all conscience shouted into our ears from all sides. No one can pretend to be in ignorance of the danger. It is one of those national questions in which there is little party capital, and so the politicians exhibit little alacrity in taking it up; but the people, whose most valuable heritage is in peril, should press the matter upon the attention of the politicians and compel prompt and effective action.

The Ports.

(Toronto Globe.)

Montreal's serious growth as a port began away back in 1830—a long time as development goes on this continent. Dredging the lower river commenced in 1850, and a depth of 27½ feet was opened in 1888. The Government entered upon a more ambitious scheme in 1899, and the design contemplated a depth of thirty feet. This depth was opened to commerce last year, and there is an excellent equipment of buoys, lights, and all modern aids to navigation. An ocean port in the heart of the continent and at the railway centre of the Dominion had a certainty of immediate development. The Dominion has courageously spent $10,000,000 on the harbor, and is now getting good value for the outlay. This was not done in a desire to surpass New York or any other port in recorded shipping, but to provide a seaport for the growing half of this continent regardless of commercial rivalry. We are on the world's commercial highway, and must fully sustain the Government in continuing the policy that has already proved so successful. Quebec, Halifax, and St. John should also be developed in accordance with the Dominion's growing needs, and all means of transportation and shipment should be sustained in proportion to the increasing volume of our trade and industry.

Champlain at Cap Rouge.

He stands upon the ship, but feels a thrill
Of quick electric motion from the land,
Red lightning flashes from a neighboring hill,
Smiting the waters till they glow like sand.
His eyes behold not gulfs, nor coward caves,
Nor depths that sink, nor valleys that retire,
But a proud cape that dares the invading horde
To mount its crest of fire.

The red cape advances from the West,
Piercing the waters of the azure sea,
Invading, not invaded—from its crest
The waters of the ocean seem to flee.
But there are ships upon the stricken deep,
And the whipped waves come back to land again,
Bearing an ally to the stately steep—
The voyageur, Champlain.

Now, will he leave his priests and draw his sword
To meet a new aggression with an old,
Or call the servants of the redeeming Lord,
The gospel to unfold?
A king like that proud cape he left in France,
Where Henry of Navarre on conquest grew,
How can he bend the head, whose Gallic glance
A warrior knew?

Or shall he enter like the saints who bore
A holy message to the older land,
With hymn and prayer advancing to the shore,
Where the red warriors defiant stand?
Behold, bewildered, now the cape he views,
A soldier and a priest he stands between,
While the Algonkuins, towering like the trees
Mock his uncertain mien.

Will hymns be hushed, will priestly prayers grow still,
And softness fall from Europe's pallid face,
And the red rock work its aggressive will
And make him of its race?
In red house what tenant will he be,
A saint to save, or soldier to command?
Will he recede like the receding sea,
Or will he land?

—E. F. H. Cross.