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aint Martins, Dec.

BROWNE'S DYNE

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WITH THE FIELD

TELEGRAPH.

(Percival C. Franklin, C. I. V., in all his telegrams before nightfall. London Mail. )

Orderly.

On the advance into the Orange Free State, the Telegraph Orderlies consisted of twelve men and a noncom. of the C. I. V. Mounted Infantry. These men were divided into three reliefs of four men each. When the army was stationary, the work was fairly straightforward, but on the move the difficulties of the task were considerably increased.

The morning of the action at Osfontein, the Telegraph Headquarters were stationed at a farm about three miles in rear of the advanced camps. An orderly was given a bundle of telegrams to deliver. Some were addressed to various members of the headquarters staff, one to the balloon section, and some, the greater part, to the Ninth division, which was on the other side of the Modder River. BEHIND THE SCENES IN BATTLE

The orderly starts out early in the morning, and proceeds to look for the headquarters staff. This is not very difficult, as there are plenty of staff offcers about, of whom he can inquire the way, and the headquarters staff are on a kopje, known as the Horseshoe Kopje, connected by road with the telegraph station.

The battle has not yet commenced. Lord Roberts and his staff are intently watching a range of kopjes over which the enemy are expected to come. Nicely concealed among the boulders en the kopje is a 4.7 gun of H. M. S. Terrible. Rund the gun are seated the jolly tars. whose weapon fills the enemy with indescribable terror. Behind the kopje is a bearer company and a strong force of colonial mounted men, held in reserve for use at any point where required. Silence reigns supreme. One is conscious of a general feeling of suppressed excitement.

The orderly fastens his horse up at the foot of the kopje and clambers over the boulders, using his hands almost as much as his feet. Hot work this. He goes up to a staff officer, who receives the telegrams and gives him a receipt for them. The orderly then descends the kopje and proceds to a kopie on the left, where he has another twenty minutes stiff climbing. On this second kopje are situated the director of signalling and his staff.

"JOE CHAMBERLAIN'S EYE-GLASS."

At this point the 4.7, nicknamed "Joe Chamberlain, begins to speak. The orderly is treated to a grand display of naval gunnery, and also gets a bird's-eye view of an advancing of naval gunnery, and also gets a bird's-eye view of an advancing army. However, he has his telegrams to deliver. He makes for the balloon ('Joe Chamberlain's eyeglass," it is called.) It appears to be about half a mile away. The orderly starts off for it at an easy canter. It is his first hunt for a balloon, and the guileless youth estimates that he will reach it in three or four minutes. Before him in three or four minutes. Before him lie seven or eight hundred yards of level veldt, behind which are situated a small range of kopjes. The balloon is apparently just behind these kopjes. The level is soon crossed and the kopjes climbed, and-the balloon still appears to be half a mile away. It is now apparently just behind the next range kopjes. There is a repetition of the former toilsome progress, and after another half-mile journey, the balloon is still, apparently, at least half a mile away. At last, however, patience is rewarded and the balloon is

the balloon is made captive. The orderly has now only the Ninth division telegrams (to deliver. He has been told that the division is on the other side of the river, and that Mackow's Drift is the only place to cross. The balloon engineers direct him to Mackow's Drift, which is close at hand. When he gets there he sees the Modder in flood after the rains, a rushing torrent with unfordable drifts, a struggling, swirling, foamy stream running between perpendicular cliffs, sometimes addying among tagged boulders, sometimes smoothly but swiftly run-

reached, or rather, the wagon to which

ning in narrow, deep channels. At the drift the engineers are trying to construct a pontoon bridge, but with little success. They tell him that it is impossible to cross the river except by swimming. He decides to attempt the passage, for he feels that the eyes of the regulars are upon him, and that to him and his comrades is entrusted the task of upholding the honor of the volunteer force and proving its worth.

NEARLY DROWNED.

He places his telegrams in his hat and rides his horse into the river. After going a few yards the horse gets out of its depth and swims for the opposite shore. With such a strong current this is a hard task. He soon feels that his horse is geting tired, so he slips off its back, and with one hand on its mane he directs it to the opposite bank. It is an exciting few minutes, and he feels considerably relieved when his horse finally touches bot-

On emerging from the river, he rides

On emerging from the river, he rides about five miles due east, with the river as a guide, without seeing anything. Presently he sights a field hospital. He pushes on, and as he progresses he passes single stragglers belonging to the regiment ahead.

A woeful sight is this, for Tommy is a hero, and it is a point of honor with him to stick to his work as long as he can. Perhaps the insidious attacks of enteric fever are already upon him. He plods on mechanically. His feet seem heavier than they were yesterday. He is racked with a fearful headache. His vision becomes dim, and at last he can march no longer, and falls last he can march no longer, and falls

out by the wayside.

The sight of these poor fellows is a out by the wayside. common one to an orderly. They are vainly trying to follow up their regiments, but their strength has suddenly gone from them. The strong man of a few days since is now a weakling, kept up only by that indomitable spirit which forbids a British soldier to give in, a feeling that is heroic, though it is responsible for many of the items

under that sad heading, "Deaths from Disease."

At last the orderly reaches the Ninth division. He has now to find out the whereabouts of the various regiments and brigades. It is no easy matter, for with an army on the move, brigades are continually being re-formed and units transferred, to say nothing The Adventures of a Mounted of the peregrinations of individuals.

He is a lucky man if he can deliver When he has discharged his duties, he looks after the inner man, for he has had nothing to eat all day except a biscuit early in the morning. To use a familiar army expression, he "pals on" with the nearest troops, for he is sure to be well treated whoever they

TOMMY, TENDER AND TRUE. If there is anything in campaigning which impresses a man, it is the elimination of little vices. Selfishness or trickery is very rare. Generosity and

big-heartedness are the order of the day. Though men may be on short rations, a wanderer is always sure of a meal and hospitality. There is a bond of sympathy between all. It would be well if some of the detractors of Tommy's character could see him on active service. He willingly shares his food and blanket with a belated comrade-in-arms, expecting no return.
Our friend is heartily welcomed and given the place of honor at the camp fire. Every one is anxious to do some thing for him. Conversation becomes brisk, and drifts into the old, old channel-home. Is it possible that such tender allusions to the "old folks" can come from such hard, strong, battlestained warriors? It may be that this common sentiment is happily responsible for the fine "camaraderie" of the

British army. Before dawn our despatch-rider must be off. With practised hands he saddles up in the dark and gets back to the telegraph headquarters as soon as possible. He is lucky if he ride till daylight without a spill, for riding in the dark on the veldt is a precarious business.

On one occasion an orderly was given a telegram to deliver at a signalling station about four hundred yards away. It was a pitch dark night, so he decided to walk. He started by stumbling against a boulder. He then proceeded to step into the pond. On his return he was getting quite confident, when he suddenly stepped into space. He found himself at the bottom of a "prospecting" well about six feet deep. He got out, however, and returned to his comrades. Casualties -toe considerably damaged, lacerated knee, wet feet, and skinned face.

THE ADONIS OF TODAY.

Men Who Obtain Classic Features from Beauty Doctors.

(London Mail.)

Men's stays are usually made to measure,

and thus are fairly expensive. They are very dainty in composition, and they cost from two to ten guineas. Carried out in delicate brocades, these garments sometimes take the form merely of a belt TO MODERATE THE SIZE

of the waist and to give to that portion of the figure the slight curve with which Nature endows so few men; but at others, when required as a corrective of bulk, they are almost as far-reaching as those worn by a

women.

To the horror some men have of being bald the posticheurs of today owe a great deal. One of their eleverest feats is to provide a man with a truppe that shall deceive the public quite as surely as a woman's "transformation" does. A toupee is not a wig; it merely furnishes the bald patch on the prown of the head or the thinning treases are crown of the head or the thinning tresses on the temples with an elegant and natural-looking covering, in which, for the sake of verisimilitude, a few silvery threads are

ften introduced. Some men swear over the beauty doctors to whom they go to closest secrecy, but now and them, though names are never given, stories leak out that go to prove how lucrative masculine customers are to the many distillers of complexion washes that make their living in London. A lady who sells a famous oil warranted to keep off wrinkles has several masculine customers on her books. With one of these she corresponded without discovering his sex, but at length confession had to be made, and after the first plunge was over, the elderly Adonis, for he was a very middle-aged man, was not in the least ashamed to send for his wrinkle readicator at the same time that his wife sent for hers. Some men swear over the beauty doctors

sent for hers.

One of the cosmetics most highly favored by men is a stain that gives the complexion a healthy and sunburnt appearance, in other words, a thoroughly English countenance. Applications morning and evening of a cer-

tein fluid are calculated to BESTOW UPON THE FACE

a sportsman's bloom, and convey the idea that the wearers have been on the moors or in strange lands. The tint produced is like sun tan, and the demand for the unguent is nostly made in the autumn.

Face massage, now that a completely shaven face is de rigueur among the admired, is growing more and more popular. Message helps to coax the lips to assume that Cupid's how so envied by the "precious" set, and to conjure away that tendency to a double or triple chin that mars the classic outline of some faces.

outline of some faces.

Ever when it is necessary to ask to man to wear a nipper during the hours of sleep that shall train his upper lip to curve, or give the heuteur of a Byron, there are a few youths nowadays willing to face the pain.

The health deapter obtains some "patients" youths nowadays willing to face the pain. The beauty doctor obtains some "patients" who pay handsomely.

As to the nose, the most characteristic feature of the human face, as it has been called by some physiognomists, it can now be improved out of all recognition by treatment, pinched this way or that.

RAISED OR DEBASED.

(London Spare Moments.) (London Spare Moments.)

In a Sheffield workshop, when the men absented themselves, they were expected to produce a doctor's certificate.

An Irishman, absent, however, on a second occasion, and told to bring his certificate, gave in the one used before. The manager, looking at it, said:

"Why, Maguire, this is an old certificate!"

"Sure I know that, your honor," said Maguire calmly. "And isn't it the same ould complaint?"

ow the Europeans Despoiled

(From the Special Correspondent of the London Daily Mail.)

PEKIN, Oct. 1.-Here in the Imperial City, these chill October days the one pervading topic, to the practical exclusion of all else, is loot. Do you attempt to steer a conversation along the road to a settlement, you will soon find loot in possession of the floor. Endeavor to extract from the lips of those who endured the rigors and terrors of the long siege some account of their experiences, and immediately loot, you know not how, has routed the other subject completely. Loot—how to get it, where to get it, the value of it, how to sell it, where to sell it, how to convey it home, how best transport it, how best adapt it to use or convert it into money—holds Pekin engrossed.

There is much contention as to who was first in the field. Probably the honor belongs to two French ladies, who, within five minutes after Major Scott and his Sikhs entered the British legation compound, and without even waiting to don hats or wraps, hurried away to a store belonging to a Chinaman, and within the foreign concession, to secure some valuable articles which they had seen and coveted. These women had a race for a certain particularly desired article, and the winner has often since boasted of her victory and the presence of mind that made it possible. Her defeated competitor is only consoled by having secured something equally as good.

That the revulsion which usually follows relaxation of severe and prolonged tension was scarcely noticeable among the besieged residents was probably due, in a measure, to the immediate diversion afforded by the scramble for loot. The day following the relief, a majority of the people relieved were in full cry in the appropriative hunt. They had a decided advantage over the relievers, inasmuch as they were familiar with localities and the whereabouts of the precious things. They got in "on the ground floor." LADIES FIRST!

SOLDIERS NEXT.

A period followed, in which the city was literally given over to the will of the despoiler. Then the military authorities took a hand and hedged the loot mania with some restrictions. All the loot was to be gathered in certain pleces, and sold at public auction, the proceeds to go into a common fund held at the disposal of the government which conducted the sale. This amounts to much the same thing, but it gives the officers a better "whack," and has a less repugnant sound. These limitations, however, were not imposed until the best stuff had been garnered, nor did they prevent looting except by soldiers. They did prevent wholesale wastage and destruction, for soldiers were thus encouraged to turn into the general loot pile such articles as they could not conveniently carry, use or dispose of.

The sales still continue, and the various loot piles contain great quantities of miscellaneous property. Nothing remains (except an occasional valuable piece of bricabrac or priceless antique which may have been overlooked), and the sales now offer little besides common stuff. They are still regularly attended by connoisseurs, in the hope of picking up some rare article of vertu, and by speculators who purchase indiscriminately and in large quantities. Watch, at home, for all sorts of spurious stuff, offered for sale as relics of the loot of Pekin.

"If you want something really good look A period followed, in which the city was

Pekin.

"If you want something really good look up one of the missionaries. But I warn you that you will have to pay its full value."

This was the advice given me by a man who had been here through it all and "knows his little book." Bargains, common month ago are now extremely some "knows his little book." Bargains, common a month ago, are now extremely scarce. Often the prices demanded are double what is asked in normal times. The most valuable stuff came, of course from the temples

and palaces.

Not only has Pekin been gone over with a fine-toothed comb, but the country for twenture in all directions has been thorough. ty miles in all directions has been thoroughly looted. Half the petty military expeditions sent out are only legitimatized plundering raids. We have now so far reacted toward civilized methods that the British and American soldiers are prohibited from openly hawking loot in the streets. This is progress indeed. ress indeed.

FAIR BANDITS. At an afternoon tea table-no matter just where, except that it was in Pekin—the chat was heard to run along these lines: "Were you much frightened during the

iege?" said the man.
"Oh, yes, at first. But not so much after
while. The worst was when I had to cut
p my dresses and make sand-bags," said "Did you lose much, dear?" said the other woman "Not so much. You see I only cut up my

old clothes. You remember that blue silk of mine. I sacrificed that."
"What a pity."
"But I have more silk now than I can

have made up in ten years. You ought to see the beautiful piece of brocade I got yes-terday. It's a perfect dream. Only it's too handsome, except for a ball or reception gown."
"On: I've a lovely piece of brocade, too And the sweetest piece of embroidery on pale green silk. I'll use it for a dinner gown. I've been thinking how I'll have it made."
"Have you been to the sales lately?"
"No. I don't go any more. There is predes."

"No. I don't go any more. There is nothing but ordinary stuff now. Besides, I've so much loot already that I don't see how I can ever get it home."
"Have you any furs?"
"I've two trunks full. I've got marten, Thibet, a lot of fox, and a splendid piece of real Persian lamb." of real Persian lamb.

of real Persian lamb."
"That will be nice to line an opera cloak with."
"Yes. And I've the lovellest big piece of white fur, fully six feet square. I don't know what it is. It's as smooth as satin. I believe it's slink, and if it is, it's worth hundred of pounds."

dreds of pounds."

"Have you got any sable, dear?"

"Not a bit. And I'm crazy to get enough for at least a collar and muff. I've told John to watch for a piece, but he says there is very little real sable in the country. The



He ran a mile,

and so would many a young lady, rather than take a bath without the "Albert"

Baby's Own Soap.

It leaves the skin wonderfully soft and fresh, and its faint fragrance is extreme-

Beware of imitations. ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

Empress must have taken the royal furs with her."
"Of course she did the mean old thing. She'll take care of herself, even if the country is ruined. I hope they'll give it to her if they catch her."

DUTIABLE PLUNDER.

By this time the man is swamped in an endless tale of loot, and edges away to where a group of men are sitting over cigars and something in tall glasses. He is weary, very weary, of loot.

"The difficulty in our country is the tariff," one of the men is saying. "I'm bothered how to get my lot of stuff home. Maybe I can get it through as household goods. Perhaps the safe way will be to return by way of Europe, where we can have the stuff we want to keep made up, and dispose of the rest."

way of Europe, where we can have the stuff we want to keep made up, and dispose of the rest."

"I am not bothered with any tariff," said another man. "But I'm wondering how I had better pack my truck for shipment. We have enough furs alone to fill three large boxes, while the other stuff we really want to keep will require a dozen more. Some things, furniture, for instance, can be shipped by freight if properly packed."

"Once I get my truck to the coast," put in still another man, "I'll not worry about the rest. I'm beginning to fear that I shan't be able to get it out until next spring. The military authorities are acting rather mean, I think. They have commandeered all the junks, and won't let you have one on any account whatever. They might spare a few without the world coming to an end."

And so it goes. Loot! Loot! Loot! Pekin—threatened with a food and fuel famine, with a semi-arctic whiter but a month away, and its harbingers already everywhere visible; with millions of Chinese, erstwhile occupants and owners of the land and the habitations built thereon, waiting, passive and helpless, under the shadow of the hovering spectre of biting want, for what fate may bring them—thinks and talks of loot.

May civilization, her legitimate mission here accomplished, have the grace to blush.

CANADIANS WANTED

To Join the British South Africa Constabulary.

The following is the copy of the cable received by Lord Minto on Saturday from Hon. Joseph Chamberlain:

"Referring to your telegram of Dec. 4th, unavoidably delayed by necessity of consulting authorities in South Africa, her majesty's government learn with satisfaction that reruits are coming forward in Canada for the South African constabulary and will have much pleasure in accepting up to 1,000 men, if so many available.

"They must be good shots, good riders, single, and not under 20 nor over

"Inspector general of constabulary will send Captain Fall, of Lord Stratheona's corps, from South Africa to pass the men who will be actually enlisted on the arrival in South Africa, when pay will commense at the rate of five shillings a day with free rations, equipment, etc.

"Engagement to be for three years in first instance. If not less than 1,000 men are raised, special transport will be provided and 10 captains, 15 lieutenants' commissions will be given to Canadian officers on your recommend-

"If more or less than 1,000 men commissions will be in proportion to number raised. "For both officers and men those

who have served in South Africa pre-"CHAMBERLAIN.

CHRISTMAS ECHOES

The employes of the Gazette were presented with turkeys by Proprietor Bowes Monday afternoon.

The Messrs. Godsoe of the American steam laundry were presented Monday night by their superintendent, Geo. Boyd, with elegant pins. The Sunday school class in St. George's church, Carleton, taught by

Mrs. James Lemon presented their teacher with a handsome vase. Ald. John McGoldrick was made the recipient of a fine silk umbrella by his employes on Monday. The genial alderman's gifts to his men were none

the less enjoyed. Monday evening the employes of Emerson & Fisher presented the members of the firm with a magnificent electric office clock. The gift was accompanied by a neat address signed by all the members of the firm.

The inmates of the alms house were given a splendid Christmas dinner yesterday. Turkey, ham, vegetables and plum pudding were the staple articles. The annual Christmas treat

will be given this afternoon. Billy Keefe of the Dufferin hotel, who leaves this week for Boston for a short vacation, was presented Monday night by some friends with a handsome travelling bag. Mr. Keefe has hosts of friends here, all of whom will wish him a pleasant sojourn in the hub. LeBaron Sharp, the clerk of the Royal hotel, had the honor yesterday morning on behalf of the employes of the house of presenting to the proprietors. Messrs. Raymond and Doherty, an elegant set of harness. The gift is one which reflects credit on the givers and of which the recipients

have every reason to feel proud. The 70 patients of the General Public Hospital had a great dinner yesterday. The people in the various wards were given everything that one could wish for in the way of substantials. Alderman McGoldrick, the commissioner for the month, was in attendance as were also a number of other commissioners, the house and

visiting staff. The staff of H. F. Finley, the Dock street wholesale grocer, on Monday evening, presented him with a handsome gold headed cane in token of their high appreciation of his kindness

as an employer. At the Dufferin Hotel Manager J. J. McCaffrey was presented with a handsome chiffionier by his help, and the employes themselves were generously remembered by Mr. McCaffrey. The manager of the Dufferin also did much to make pleasant the weary way of the newspaper men about town. His Monday courtesies were greatly ap-

Monday evening the employes of Emerson & Fisher presented the members of the firm with a magnificent electric office clock. The gift was accompanied by a neat address signed by all the members of the staff, over fifty in all. The clock is in a very handsome oak case, and only needs to be wound every two years. The firm were of course greatly pleased at the receipt of such a valuable token of

It is reported-but on doubtful authority—that a Philadelphia woman actually carried a secret to her grave.

The Semi-Weekly Sun

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THE ST. JOHN SEMI-WEEKLY SUN is the best newspaper a M time farmer can take. It is published on Wednesdays and Saturdays, eight large pages every issue, containing all the provincial as well as foreign news.

THE MOST COMPLETE WAR SERVICE

of any paper in Eastern Canada, and its frequency of issue makes it of especial interest during the strife in South Africa.

EMEMBER THIS OFFER IS GOOD ONLY ON ABOVE CONDITIONS.

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This handsome Watch, stem winder, American movement (lady's or gent's size); a solid Gold Ring, set with Pearls and Garnets or Opals, an Autoharp or a 10 keyed Accordeon. Ho morey required. Simply send us your name and address and we will send you 9 boxes of the famous old English remedy, Dr. Price's Sarsaparilla Blood Fills to sell for us among your friends at 30 cent, per box. When sold remit us the payment and we will send you by return one of the above premiums. These Fills are the best remedy in the world for impure blood, liver and kidney diseases, Rheumatism, general debility and all stomach troubles. Remember in selling for us you are dealing with one of the largest medical firms in Canada and you can rely on our promises being faithfully carried out. The fact that we have reduced the price of Pills to 30 cents this season should enable you to sell them very easily. You take no risk as Pills, are returnable if not sold. Write us to-day and mention this paper.

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tries in the Postal Union, \$7 a Year. THE SCIENTIFIC PUBLISHING COMPANY.

P. O. Box, 1833, New York, 253 Broadway.

THE LITTLE FELLER'S STOCKIN'. (Joe Lincoln in The Saturday Evening Post.) the Christmas air is chill.

And the frosty Christmas holly shines and sparkles on the hill.

The entire police and detective force of the city was employed to search the city for the woman and the how and And the Christmas sleigh-bells jingle, and

the Christmas laughter rings,
As the last stray shoppers hurry, takin' home
the Christmas thinks;
And up yonder in the attic there's a little
trundle bed Where there's Christmas dreams a-dancin' through a sleepy, curly head, And it's "Merry Christmas," Mary, once agin fer me and you, With the little feller's stockin' hangin' up

beside the flue. "Tisn't silk, that little stockin', and it isn't much fer show. And the darns are pretty plenty round about the heel and toe. And its color's kinder faded, and it's sorter worn and old.

But it reelly is surprisin' what a lot of love 'twill hold:

And the little hand that hung it by the

shower er two of rain,
Why, we'll face it bravely smilin', and we'll
try not ter complain
Long as Christmas comes and finds us here
together, me and y'Al,
With the little feller's stockin' hangin' up

beside the flue. SENSATIONAL KIDNAPPING. Mother Ran Away With Her Son Despite

Father, Grandfather and Nurse. INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Dec. 26 .-- A sensational kidnapping, involving the family of ex-U. S. Senator W. H. H. Miller, occurred this afternoon and led to a hot chase, a few minutes later, across the state to overtake the wife of Samuel D. Miller, son of W. H. H. Miller, who was supposed to be flying to New York with her son. Samuel D. Miller and wife have lived in New York for several years and last summer he came west to go into his father's office. His wife stayed in New York. Last Friday she came here to demand possession of her seven-year-old son, whom his father had brought west with him, and who was living with him at the grandfather's house, W. H. H. Miller, in this city. She agreed after a conference that if the boy was allowed to be sent to her daily with the nurse she would not attempt to kidnap him. This afternoon the boy and nurse called on Mrs. Miller at the Denison. She sent the nurse out to get a check cashed and when the nurse returned, Mrs. Miller announced they were going for a drive. The German governess suspecting foul play, jumped from the carriage and notified the father and grandfather by telephone, but when the two Millers arrived at the Union station there was no trace of the womar or the boy. They then started on the Knickerbocker train to overtake Mrs. Mi''er before she got out of the state.

Mrs. Miller was Miss Helen Karcher of Pottstown, Pa. Samuel Miller first met her nine years ago at Washington, when his father was President Harrison's attorney general. They were married a year later. W. H. H. Miller and son returned at

1 10.40 o'clock tonight from points along the Big Four. No trace of Mrs. Miller and the stolen boy could be secured. The entire police and detective force and the boy, and every officer in the city is now at work.

Too often there is a child forgotten entirely amiu the Christmas festivities. He was called by wise men of old the Christ Child.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To Ann Vance and George F. Fitzpatrick, and to all others whom it may concern:

Take notice that there will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner, so called, in the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, on Saturday, the nineteenth day of January next, at twelve o'clock noon, all And the little hand that hung it by the chimbly there along
Has a grip upon our heartstrings that is mighty firm and strong;
So old Santy don't forgit it, though it isn't fine and new.
That plain little worsted stockin' hangin' up beside the flue.

And the crops may fail, and leave us with our plans all gone ter smash.
And the mortgage may hang heavy, and the bills use up the cash.
But whenever comes the season, fest so long's we've got a dime.
There'll be somethin' in that stockin'—won't there, Mary?—every time.
And if, in amongst our sunshine, there's a shower er two of rain,
Why, we'll face it bravely smilin', and we'll river and the main road, containing one acre, being a part of the lot formerly granted by Peter Lynch to one Austin Hornbrook and adjoining the lands of one Frank Gallagher; the said last mentioned lot having been conveyed by the said Elizabeth Hornbrook to the said Ann Vance by Deed dated third day of February A. D. 1887, registered in the Records of Kings County in Book N, No. 4, pages 513 and 514.

Also, all that certain lot situate in Kings County, aforesaid, described in the Deed thereof from the said Elizabeth Hornbrook to the said George F. Fitzpatrick as "AH to the said George F. Fitzpatrick as "All "that certain lot, piece or parcel of land on "which I now reside and the lots adjoining

which I now reside and the lots adjoining thereto now in my occupation situate on Long Island, in the Kennebeccasis River, and being in the Parish of Kingston aforesaid, and bounded as follows: On the northwesterly side by the Kennebeccasis River; on the northeasterly side by lands owned or occupied by John Hornbrook and Samuel Kingston; on the southeasterly side by the "cupied by John Hornbrook and Samuel "Kingston; on the southeasterly side by the "Kennebeccasis River and lands owned or occupied by William Hornbrook; and on the southwesterly side, that portion lying on the southwesterly side of the island is bounded by the said lands owned and occupied by William Hornbrook, and that portion lying on the northwesterly side of the island by lands owned by Ann Vance, "containing about one hundred acres more or less," the said last mentioned lot being the premises conveyed by the said Elizabeth Hornbrook to the said George F. Fitzpatrick by Deed dated seventh day of December A. D. 1896; registered in the Records of Kings County in Book K, No. 5, pages 1 and 2. The above sale will be made under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a cervirtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage dated the seventeenth day of February A. D. 1898, made between the said Ann Vance and the said George F. Fitzpatrick of the one part, and the undersigned, George Armstrong, of the the undersigned, ecorge Armstrong, of the other part for securing the payment of certain monies therein mentioned, and registered in the Registry Office for Kings County in Libro L, No. 5, page 495 to 499 by the number 50,617, default having been made in the payment of the monies secured by said

Dated the fourteenth day of December A. D. 1900. GEO. ARMSTRONG, J. R. ARMSTRONG, Ritchie's Building, Mortgagee. Solicitor for Mortgagee. 1412

