POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2033

WANTED.

WANTED AT ONCE—Engineer for Phoenix Mill at Fredericton. State experience, age and references. Apply to John Morrison, Fredericton, N. B. 1-24-1wk-d&w

WE have a position open for one good man in each locality, local or traveling, at $40 a year and expenses, $3.50 per day, tacking up show-cards and generally advertising New Discovery. No experience necessary. Write for particulars. Kalus Medicinal Co., London, Ont. snr-sw-21

WANTED—A second or first-class Female Teacher for school district No. 4, Patterson Settlement, Sunbury county. Please apply, stating salary, to W. O. Patterson, Secretary to trustees, Patterson Settlement, Sunbury county, N. B. 1-18-4i-w

GIRL WANTED—For general housework in small family. Apply to S. J. Morgan, Daily Telegraph Office. 1-14-tf-w-w

WANTED—First or second class teacher for School District No. 2, Wicklow. Apply to School Secretary, D. C. Sipp, Wicklow.

WANTED—Reliable men $75 per month and expenses; $250 per day to reliable men every locality introducing our goods, tacking up show cards on trees, fences, along roads, and all conspicuous places; steady employment to good honest, capable men; no experience needful; write at once for particulars. The Empire Medicine Co., London, Ont. 12-22-yr-w

TEACHER WANTED—A second class female teacher for Wards Creek. Apply, stating salary wanted, to Aiken McFarlane, Secretary school trustees, Wards Creek, N. B. 1-21-4i-w

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Schooner Brenton, 69 tons, well found. Will be sold at a bargain. A. J. Melanson, Meteghan River, Digby Co., N. S. 6-11-tf-w

FOR SALE—Cheney's Island, Grand Manan, N. B., containing about 300 acres. Well wooded, two dwelling houses, two barns and other buildings, all in good repair. Island will pasture about 300 head of sheep and winter large stock. Mainland can be reached at low water by horse and carriage. All stocks, farm implements, crops and furniture will be sold with place. Great bargain offered for cash. Apply to S. E. Russell, Cheney's Island, Grand Manan, N. B. 8-10-tf-d

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Largest attendance yet in history of College.
Offer by the United Typewriter Co. of a handsome GOLD WATCH, to the Shorthand student making highest marks.
YOU may enter at any time. Send for Catalogue. Address
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Middlings, Flour and Oats

FOR SALE LOW ALSO

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Stephen Cronk or his sons, Alex., Samuel Benjamin, have not been licensed to sell any material whatever from the property now occupied by them and owned by A. Likely, and any persons buying such will be prosecuted.

A. LIKELY.

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Shipping Notes.

The Ocamo left Bermuda at 3.30 p. m. on Saturday for Halifax, and after discharging her cargo of sugar there, she will proceed to this port, where she may be expected to arrive about Saturday next.

The Donaldson liner Hestia, from St. John for Liverpool and Glasgow, passed Kinsale Jan. 22.

The steamer Manchester Importer, from this port, arrived at Manchester Jan. 22.

The Donaldson liner Tritonia sailed from Glasgow Jan. 21.

The Allan steamer Sicilian, from Liverpool via Moville, arrived at Halifax yesterday afternoon and will sail this morning for St. John.

The steamer Dahome sailed for the West Indies from Halifax yesterday.

The steamer Mount Temple, from St. John and Halifax bound to Antwerp, arrived at London yesterday.

The German oil tank steamer Geestemunde finished discharging oil at Halifax and sailed yesterday for Philadelphia.

The bark E. C. Mowatt, from Chatham (N. B.), arrived at Buenos Ayres Dec. 26.

The ship Giacomo, which sailed from here Dec. 16, arrived at Buenos Ayres Dec. 29.

Under the Rose

By FREDERIC S. ISHAM,

Author of the "Strollers,"

CHAPTER XIX.

Experiencing no further inconvenience than the ordinary vicissitudes of traveling without litter or cavalcade, several days of wandering slowly passed. Few people they met, and those for the most part various types of vagabonds and nomads. As it minimized their risk the young girl was content to wear the cap of the jestress piquantly perched upon her dark curls, thereby suggesting an indefinable affinity with vagrancy and the itinerant fraternity.

Not only had she donned the symbol of her office, but she endeavored to act up to it, accepting the sweet with the sour, with ever a jest at discomfort and concealing weariness with a smile. Often the fool wondered at her endurance and her calm courage in the face of peril, for, although they met with no misadventure, each day seemed fraught with jeopardy. It appeared a brave effort to bear up under continued hardship—insufficient rest and sharp riding—and the jester reproached himself for thus taxing her strength. But often when he suggested a pause she would shake her head willfully, assert she was not tired and ride but the faster.

"No, no!" she would say. "If we would escape we must keep on. We can rest afterward."

"Where do you wish to go?" he asked her once.

"There is time enough yet to speak of that," she returned evasively.

"You have some plan, mistress?"

"Perhaps."

Half shyly she looked at him beneath her dark lashes as if to read how deeply he was annoyed and, seeing his face clear, laughed lightly.

"What are you laughing at, mistress?" he said.

"If I knew I could tell you," she replied.

Toward sundown on the fourth day they came to a lonely inn set in a clearing on the verge of a forest. They had ridden late in the moonlight the night before, and all that morning and afternoon almost without resting, and the first sight of the solitary hostelry was not unwelcome to the weary fugitives. A second inspection of the place, however, awakened misgivings. The building seemed the better adapted for a fortress than a tavern, being heavily constructed, with massive doors and blinds and loopholes above. A brightly painted sign, the Rooks' Haunt, waved cheerily, it is true, above the door, as though to disarm suspicion, but the isolated situation of the inn and the depressing surrounding wilderness might well cause the wayfarer to hesitate whether to tarry there or continue his journey.

A glance at the pale face and unnaturally bright eyes of the girl brought the jester, however, to a quick decision. Jumping from his horse, he held out his hand to assist her; but, overcome by weariness or fatigue, she would have fallen had he not sustained her. Quickly she recovered and, with a faint flush mantling her white cheeks, withdrew from his grasp, while at the same time the landlord of the tavern came forward to welcome his guests.

In appearance mine host was round and jovial. His bulk bespoke hearty living, his rosy face reflected good cheer, his stentorian voice free and easy hospitality. His eyes constituted the only setback to this general impression of friendliness and fellow feeling. They were small, twinkling, glassy.

"Good even to you, gentle folk," he said. "You tarry for the night, I take it."

"If you have suitable accommodations," answered the jester, reassured by the man's aspect and manner.

"The Rooks' Haunt never yet turned away a weary traveler," answered the landlord. "You come from the palace?"

"Yes," briefly, as a lad led away the horses.

"And have done well? Reaped a harvest from the merry lords and ladies?"

"There were many others there for that purpose," returned the jester, following the proprietor to the door of the hostelry.

"True. Still, I'll warrant your fair companion cozened the silver pieces from the pockets of the gentry." And, smiling knowingly, he ushered them into the principal living room of the tavern.

It was a smoke begrimed apartment, with tables next to the wall and rough chairs and benches for the guests. Heavy pine rafters spanned the ceiling. The floor was sprinkled with sand. From a chain hung a wrought iron frame for candles. Upon a shelf a row of battered tankards, suggesting many a bout, shone dully, like a line of war worn troopers, while a great pewter pitcher, the worse for wear, commanded the disreputable array.

In this room was gathered a nondescript company—mountebanks and buffoons; rogues unclassified, drinking and dicing; a robust vagrant, at whose feet slept a performing bear with a ring—badge of servitude—through its nose; a black bearded, shaggy haired Spanish troubadour with attire so ragged and worn as to have lost its erstwhile picturesque characteristics. This last far from prepossessing worthy half started from his seat upon the appearance of fool and jestress, stared at them and then resumed his place and the ballad he had been singing.

Watching the nimble fingers of the shabby minstrel with pitiable childish expression of amusement, a half imbecile morio leaned upon the table. His huge form—for he was a giant among stalwart men—and his great moon shaped head made him at once an object hideous and miserable to contemplate. But the poor creature seemed unaware of his own deformities and smiled contentedly and patted the table caressingly to the sprightly rhythm.

Gazing upon this choice assemblage, the plaisant was vaguely conscious that some of the curious and uncommon faces seemed familiar, and the picture of the Franciscan monk whom they had overtaken on the road recurred, together with the misgivings he had experienced upon parting from that canting knave. He half expected to see Nanette, to hear her voice, and was relieved that the gypsy on this occasion did not make one of the unwonted gathering. The landlord, observing the fool's discriminating gaze and reading something of what was passing in his mind, reassuringly motioned the newcomers to an unoccupied corner and by his manner sought to allay such mistrust as the appearance of his guests was calculated to inspire.

As the darkness gathered without, the merriment increased within. Over the scene the dim light cast an uncertain lustre. Indefatigably the dicers pursued their pastime, with now and then an audible oath or muttered imprecation which belied that docility mine host had boasted of. The troubadour played and the morio yet listened. Several of a group who had been singing now sat in sullen silence. Suddenly, one of them uttered a broken sentence, and his fellows immediately turned their eyes toward the corner where were fool and jestress. This ripple of interest did not escape the young girl's attention, who said uneasily:—

"Why do those men look at us?"

"One of them spoke to the others," replied the jester. "He called attention to something."

"What do you suppose it was?" she asked curiously.

"Gladius gemmatus!" ("The jeweled sword.")

Whence came the voice? Near the couple, in a shadow, sat a woebegone looking man, who had been holding a book so close to his eyes as to conceal his face. Now he permitted the volume to fall, and the jester uttered an exclamation of surprise as he looked upon those pinched, worn, but well remembered features.

"The scamp student!" he said.

Immediately the reader buried his head once more behind the book and spoke aloud in Latin as though quoting some passage which he followed with his finger, "Did you understand?"

"Yes," answered the plaisant, apparently speaking to the jestress, whose face wore a puzzled expression.

The scamp student laid the volume on the table. "These men are outlaws and intend to kill you for your jeweled sword," he continued in the language of Horace.

"Why do you tell me this?" asked the fool in the same tongue, now addressing directly the scholar.

"Because you spared my life once I would serve you now."

"What's all this monk's gibberish about?" cried an angry voice as the master of the boar stepped toward them.

"A discussion between two scholars," readily answered the scamp student.

"Why don't you talk in a language we understand?" grumbled the man.

"Latin is the tongue of learning," was the humble response.

"I like not the sound of it," retorted the other as he retired. From a distance, however, he continued to cast suspicious glances in their direction. Bewildered, the girl looked from one of the alleged controverters to the other. Who was this starveling the jester seemed to know? Again were they conversing in the language of the monastery, and their colloquy led to a conclusion as unexpected as it was startling.

"What if we leave the inn now?" asked the jester.

"They would prevent you."

"Who is the leader?"

"The man with the boar," answered the scamp student. "But it is the morio who usually kills their victims."

"Is there no way of escape?" the jester asked.

"Alas! I can but warn, not advise," said the scholar. "Already the leader suspects me."

A half shiver ran through him. In the presence of actual and seemingly assured death he had appeared calm, resigned, a Socrates in temperament; before the mere prospect of danger the apprehensive thief and fugitive elements of his nature uprose.

"Yes; I am sure I have put my own neck in it," he muttered. "I must devise a way to save it. I have it. We seem to quarrel." And, rising, he closed his book deliberately.

"Fool! he said in a sharp voice. "Your argument is as scurvy as your Latin. Thou, a philosopher, a bookless, shallow dabbler! So I treat you and your reasonings!"

Whereupon, with a quick gesture, he threw the dregs of his glass in the face of the jester. So suddenly and unexpectedly was it done the other sprang angrily from his seat and half drew his sword. A moment they stood thus, the fool with his hand menacingly upon the hilt, the scamp scholar continuing to confront him with undiminished volubility.

"Make a ring for two monks, my masters," cried the man with the boar. "Then let each state his case with bludgeon or dagger."

"With bludgeon or dagger!" echoed the excited voice of the morio, whose appearance had undergone a transformation. The indescribable vacancy with which he had listened to the minstrel was replaced by an expression of revolting malignity.

The jestress half arose, her face once more white, her dark eyes fastened on the fool. But the latter, realizing the purpose of the affront and the actual service the scamp student had rendered him, unexpectedly thrust back his blade.

"I'll not fight a puny bookworm," he said and resumed his seat, although his cheek was flushed.

Disappointed at this tame outcome of an affair which had so spirited a beginning, the company, with derisive scoffing and muttered sarcasm, resumed their places; all save the morio, who stood glaring upon the jester.

"Stab, stab!" he muttered through his dry lips. And at that moment the troubadour played a few chords on his instrument. The passion faded from the creature's face. Quietly he turned and sought the chair nearest to the minstrel.

"Sing, master," he said.

"Diable, thou art an insatiable monster!" grumbled the troubadour.

"Insatiable!" smilingly repeated the strange being.

"'If you went also, ma douce miette,
The joys of heaven I'd forego
To have you with me there below,'
Said Aucassin to Nicolette,"

softly sang the troubadour.

Over the gathering a marked constraint appeared to fall. More soberly the men shook their dice; the scamp student took up his book, but even Horace seemed not to absorb his undivided attention; a mountebank attempted several tricks, but failed to amuse his spectators. The candles, burning low, began to drip, and the servant silently replaced them. Beneath lowering brows the master of the boar moodily regarded the young girl, whose face seemed cold and disdainful in the flickering light. The plaisant addressed a remark to her, but she did not answer, and silently he watched the shadow on the floor of the chandelier swinging to and fro like a waving sword.

"Will you have something more, good fool?" said the insinuating and unexpected voice of the host at the plaisant's elbow.

"Nothing."

"You were right not to draw," continued the boniface, with a sharp look. "What could a jester do with the blade? I'll warrant you do not know how to use it?"

"Nay," answered the fool. "I know how to use it not—and save my neck."

Mine host nodded approvingly. "Ha, a merry fellow!" he said. "Come, drink again. 'Twill make you sleep."

"I have better medicine than that," retorted the jester, and yawned.

"Ah, weariness. I'll warrant you'll rest like a log," he added as he moved away.

At that some one who had been listening laughed, but the fool did not look up. A great clock began to strike with harsh clangor, and Jacqueline suddenly arose. At the same time the minstrel, stretching his arms, strolled to the door and out into the open air.

"Good night, mistress," said the harsh voice of the master of the boar, as his glittering eyes dwelt upon her graceful figure.

The girl responded coldly, and, amid a hush from the company, made her way to the stairs, which she slowly mounted, preceded by the lad who had waited upon them and followed by the jester.

At the end of the passage the guide of jestress and fool paused before a door. "Your room, mistress," he said. "And yonder is yours, Master Jester." Then, placing the candle on a stand and vouchsafing no further words, he shuffled off in the darkness, leaving the two standing there.

"You submit overeasily to an affront," was her scornful retort, turning upon the jester.

"Perhaps," he replied phlegmatically. "You forget not the bolt."

"It were more protection than you are apt to prove," she answered, and quickly entering the room closed hard the door.

A moment he stood in indecision, then rapped lightly.

"Jacqueline," he said in a low voice.

There was no answer.

"Jacqueline!"

The bolt shot sharply into place, fastening the door. No other response would she make, and the jester, after waiting in vain for her to speak, turned and made his way to his own chamber, adjoining hers.

Weary as the young girl was, she did not retire at once, but, going to the window, threw wide open the blinds. Bright shone the moon, and, leaning forth, she gazed upon clearing and forest sleeping beneath the soft glamor. A beautiful, yet desolate scene, with not a living object visible—yes, one, and she suddenly drew back, for there, motionless in the full light and gazing steadfastly toward her room, stood a figure in whom she recognied the Spanish troubadour.

CHAPTER XX.

Surveying his room carefully in the dim light of a candle, the fool discovered he stood in a small apartment with a single window, whose barren furnishings consisted of a narrow couch, a chair and a massive wardrobe. Unlike the chamber assigned to Jacqueline, the door was without key or bolt, a significant fact to the jester, in view of the warning he had received. Nor was it possible to move wardrobe or bed, the first being too heavy and the last being screwed to the floor, had the occupant desired to barricade himself from the anticipated danger without. A number of suspicious stains enhanced the grewsome character of the room, and as these appeared to lead to the wardrobe, the jester carried his investigation to a more careful survey of that imposing piece of furniture. Opening the door, although he could not find the secret of the mechanism, the fool concluded that the floor of this ponderous wooden receptacle was a trap through which the body of the victim could be secretly lowered.

This brief exploration of his surroundings occupied but a few moments, and then, after blowing out the candle and heaping the clothes together on the bed into some resemblance of a human figure lying there, the jester drew his sword and softly crept down the passage toward the stairs, at the head of which he paused and listened. He could hear the voices and see the shadows of the men below and, with beating heart, descended a few steps that he might catch what they were saying. Crouching against the wall, with bated breath, he heard first the landlord's tones.

"Well, rogues, what say you to another sack of wine?" asked the host cheerily.

"Haven't we waited long enough?" said an impatient voice.

"Tut, tut, young blood!" growled another reprovingly. "Would you disturb him at his prayers?"

"The landlord is right," spoke up the leader. "We have the night before us. Bring the wine."

In stentorian tones the host called the serving man, and soon from the clinking of cups, the clerning of throats and the exclamations of satisfaction foully expressed, the listening jester knew that the skin had been circulated and the tankards filled.

"Where, think you, he got the sword?" asked one of the gathering, reverting to the enterprise in hand.

"Stole it, most likely," replied the leader. "It is booty from the palace."

"And therefore is doubly fair spoils," laughed another.

"Remember, rogues," interrupted the host, "one-third is my allotted portion. Else we fall out."

"Art so solicitous, thou corpulent scrimp!" grumbled he of the boar. "Have you not always had the hulking share? Pass the wine!"

"Foul names break no bones," laughed the host. "You were always a churlish, ungentle knave. There's the wine. An it's not better than your temper, beshrew me for the enemy of true hospitality. But to show I am none such, here's something to sup withal—prime head of calf. Bolt and swig as ye will."

The rattle of dishes and the play of forks succeeded this good natured suggestion. It was truly evident mine host commanded the good will and the services of the band by appealing to their appetites.

A wave of anger against this unwieldy hypocrite and well fed malefactor swept over the jester. The man's assumed heartiness, his manner of joviality and good fellowship were only the mask of moral turpitude and blackest purpose. But for the lawless scholar the fool would probably have retired to his bed with full confidence of the probity and honesty of the greatest delinquent of them all.

"What shall we do with the girl?" asked one of the outlaws.

"Serve her the same as the fool," answered the landlord carelessly.

"But she's a handsome wench," retorted the leader thoughtfully. "Straight as a poplar; eyes like a sloe. With the boar and the jade I should do well when I become tired resting here."

"Give her to the scamp student," remarked the fellow who had first spoken.

"Nay, since Nanette ran off with a street singer and left me spouseless I have made a vow of celibacy," hastily answered the piping voice of the lank scholar.

A series of loud guffaws greeted the scamp student's declaration, while the subsequent rough humor of the knaves made the listener's cheek burn with indignation.

"Enough, rogues. We must settle with the jester first. Afterward it will be time enough to deal with the maid. Hast done feeding and tippling yet, morio?"

"Yes, master," said the suspiciously muffled voice of the imbecile.

"Here's the knife, then. You shall have another tankard when you come back."

At these significant words, knowing that the crucial moment had come, the jester retreated rapidly and, making his way down the passage, stood in a dark corner near his room. As of one accord the voices ceased below, a heavy creaking announced the approach of the morio; nearer and nearer, first on the stairs, then in the upper corridor. From where he remained concealed the fool dimly discerned the figure of the would-be assassin.

At the door of the jestress' room it paused. The fool lifted his blade; the form passed on. Before the chamber of the plaisant its movements became more stealthy; it bent and listened. Should the jester spring upon it now? A strange loathing made him hesitate, and, before he had time to carry his purpose into execution, the creature, throwing aside further pretense of caution, swung back the door and launched himself across the apartment. A heavy blow, swiftly followed by another; afterward, the stillness of death.

Every moment the jester expected an outcry, the announcement of the fruitlessness of the attack, but the morio made no sound. The silence became oppressive. The plaisant felt almost irresistibly impelled toward that terrible chamber, when with heavy, lumbering steps the creature reappeared, traversed the hall like a huge automaton and mechanically descended the stairs.

"Well, is it done?" asked the harsh voice of the master of the boar.

"Yes, done!!" was the submissive answer.

"Good. Now to get the sword."

"Not so fast," broke in the landlord. "Do you kill, morio, without drawing blood. Look at his dagger."

The leader took the blade, examined it and then began to call down curses on the head of the imbecile monster. "Clean, save for a thread of cotton," he cried angrily. "You never went near him."

"Yes, yes, master," replied the creature eagerly.

"Bah!! You stabbed the bed, fool, not the man," roughly returned the other. "The rogue has guessed our purpose and left the room," he continued, addressing the others. "But he's skulking somewhere. Well, knaves, here's a little coursing for us all. Up with you, morio, and find him. Perhaps, though, he may prefer to come down." And the leader called out: "Give yourself up, rascal, or it will be the worse for you."

To this paradoxical threat no answer was returned.

"You won't answer," cried the leader, after a short interval. "Smell him out then, rogues."

(To be continued).

DEATHS

CARNALL—In this city on the 19th inst., James Henry Carnall, aged 66 years, leaving a wife, three sons and two daughters to mourn their loss.

BARTON—In this city, on Jan. 20th, Annie Louise, eldest daughter of the late William H. Barton, aged 27 years and seven months.

ORAM—In this city, on the 19th inst., Daniel E. Oram, aged 55 years, leaving three sons and two daughters to mourn their loss.

McDade—In this city, on the 19th inst., after a short illness, Michael McDade, in the 81st year of his age, leaving a wife, four sons and two daughters to mourn their loss.

WETMORE—At Clifton, on Saturday, Jan. 21st, James E. Wetmore, in the 61st year of his age, of pneumonia.

DUNLOP—At St. John (N. B.), Jan. 22, 1905, John Dunlop, aged 73 years.

HARRINGTON—In this city, on Sunday, 22nd, Mrs. John A. Harrington, of New York.

VAUGHAN—At Petitcodiac, on Jan. 22, William H. Vaughan, in the 66th year of his age.

GALLAGHER—At Moncton, Monday morning, Jan. 23, Mary Honore, twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Gallagher, aged eight months.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. JOHN, N. B.

Arrived.

Friday, Jan. 20.

Stmr Wyandotte, 2,712, Richards, Natal, Wm Thomson & Co, bal.

Saturday, Jan. 21.

Schr J L Colwell, 99, Ward, Boston, A W Adams, bal.

Sunday, Jan. 22.

Stmr Manchester Merchant, from Liverpool, Wm Thomson & Co.

Monday, Jan. 23.

S S St John City, 1,412, Bovey, London, Wm Thomson & Co, gen.

Sch Wandrian, 3,3, Patterson, New York, J W Smith, bal.

Str Aurora, Ingersoll, from Grand Manan, Campobello and Eastport, mdse, pass and mails.

Str Lake Erie, Liverpool, pass and mdse, C P R.

Cleared

Friday, Jan. 20.

Schr Ellen M Mitchell, Alcorn, City Island f o, J R Warner & Co.

Coastwise—Schr Nellie D Dickson, Beaver Harbor; Jessie Lena, Morehouse, Annapolis.

Saturday, Jan. 21.

Coastwise—Schrs Fred and Norman, Cheney, Grand Harbor; Eastern Light, Cheney, do.

Sailed.

Friday, Jan. 20.

Stmr Montrose, McNeill, London, Antwerp via Halifax, C P R.

Stmr Montcalm, Evans, Liverpool and Avonmouth, C P R.

Saturday, Jan. 21

Stmr Parisian, Braes, Liverpool via Halifax, Wm Thomson & Co.

Sunday, Jan 22.

Stmr Concordia, Martin, Glasgow, Schofield & Co.

CANADIAN PORTS.

Halifax, N S, Jan 10—Ard stmr Geestemunde (Ger tank), from Philadelphia via St John.

Sld 19th—Stmr MacKay-Bennett (Br cable), Schenk, for New York.

Halifax, N S, Jan 21—Ard stmrs Silvia, from St John's (Nfld), and sailed for New York; Montrose, from Antwerp and London via St John; schr Foster Rice, from Fajardo (P R.)

Sld—Stmr Montrose, for London.

Ard 22—Stmrs Parisian, from St John; Senlac, do via ports; Baker, from Boston; Minia (Br cable), from sea.

Halifax, Jan 23—Ard, strs Sicilian, Liverpool; Contre Amiral, Caubet (Fr cable), from sea; schs Vera, fishing grounds; Gladiator, do.

Sld—Strs Dahome, Leukten, Bermuda, West Indies and Demerara; Senlac, McKinnon, St John via ports; Silvia, Farrell, New York (not previously); Geestemunde (Ger tank), Hettmeyer, Philadelphia.

BRITISH PORTS.

Instrahull, Jan 19—Sld stmr Ontarian, from Portland for Glasgow.

Liverpool, Jan 19—Sld stmrs Buenos Ayres for St John's (Nfld), and Philadelphia.

Moville, Jan. 20—Sld stmr Ionian, from Liverpool for Halifax and St John.

Queenstown, Jan 20—Ard Lucania, from New York for Liverpool and sailed.

Liverpool, Jan 21—Ard stmr Manchester Importer, from St John (N B) for Manchester.

Prawle Point, Jan 22—Passed stmr Mount Temple, St John (N B) and Halifax for London and Antwerp.

Liverpool, Jan 21—Ard stmr Lucania, from New York.

Gibraltar, Jan 23, 6 p m—Ard, str Prinzess Irene, New York for Naples and Genoa (and proceeded).

London, Jan 23—Ard, str Mount Temple, St John and Halifax for Antwerp.

Glasgow, Jan 21—Sld, str Tritonia, St John.

Kinsale, Jan 22—Passed, str Hestia, St John for Glasgow.

Manchester, Jan 22—Ard, str Manchester Importer, St John.

FOREIGN PORTS.

New London, Conn, Jan 20—Sld schr Onyx, from Liverpool (N S), west.

Portland, Me, Jan 20—Ard stmrs Hilda, from Parrsboro (N S); St Croix, from St John for Boston and sailed.

Cld—Stmrs Hibernian, for Glasgow; Ottoman, for Liverpool.

Sld—Schrs George A McFadden, coal port; R D Spear, from St John for Providence.

Passed—Barquentine (supposed) Norman, from Boston for St John (N B.)

City Island, Jan 21—Bound south, schrs Strathcona, St John (N B); Marjorie J Sumner, do.

Boulogne, Jan 21—Ard stmr Stadtendem, from New York for Rotterdam and proceeded

Boston, Jan 21—Ard stmrs Georgian, from London; Chalston, from Belize; Catalone, from Lunenburg.

Sld—Stmrs Anglian, for London; Bostonian from Manchester.

Chatham, Mass, Jan 21—Passed Gypsum King, towing two barges, Windsor for New York.

Boston, Jan 22—Ard stmr Sardinian, from Glasgow.

Sld—Stmr Virginian, for Philadelphia.

City Island, Jan 22—Bound south tug Gypsum King, Hantsport (N S), towing schrs Gypsum Queen and barge Bristol.

New York, Jan 22—Ard stmr St Louis, from Southampton and Cherbourg.

Vineyard Haven, Mass, Jan 22—Ard and sailed schrs R D Spear, St John for Providence; Mary Bradford Pierce, Rockland for Philadelphia; Mary E Morar, Bluehill for do.

Ard—Schrs Lydia M Deering, from Norfolk for Portsmouth; Wm F Hood, Boston for Norfolk.

Sld—Schr Alma, from Calais for New York.

In port—Brig Lady of Napier, Elizabethport for St John's (Nfld); schrs Anna, New York for Portland; John J Perry, South Amboy for Rockland (Me); Clayola, Guttenburg for St John (N B) Ida M Shafner, Providence for Annapolis (N S.)

St Michaels, Jan 21—Ard stmr Republic, from New York for Genoa, etc.

New Haven, Conn, Jan 21—Ard schr Onyx, from Liverpool (N S.)

New York, Jan 21—Ard stmrs Pennsylvania, from Hamburg; Campania, from Liverpool; La Savoie, from Havre.

Rotterdam, Jan. 21—Ard stmr Statendam, from New York via Boulogne.

Vineyard Haven, Mass, Jan 21—Ard brig Lady Napier, Elizabethport for St John's (Nfld); schrs Clayola, from Guttenburg for St John; Ida M Srafner, from Providence for Anapolis.

Boston, Jan 23—Cld, sch F & E Givan, St John.

Buenos Ayres, Dec 26—Ard, bqe E C Mowatt, Chatham; 29th, ship Giacomo, St John.

N w York, Jan 23—Sld, s hs Massachusetts, Norfolk; Edward Smith, Norfolk; J L Nelson, Cayenne; Jesse L Leach, Virginia; Lydia H Roper, Virginia; Frank Leaming, Norfolk; Frank Huckins, Jacksonville.

Portland, Jan 23—Ard, strs Devona, Murray, Shields; Georgetown, Philadelphia; St Croix, Thompson, Boston for St John (and sailed).

Providence, Jan 23—Ard, sch R D Spear, St John.

Salem, Jan 23—Ard, sch Lois V Chaples, Gloucester for St John.

Vineyard Haven, Jan 23—Ard, schs Norman, New York for Boston; Wm L Elkins, Port Reading for Boothbay; Rewa, Port Johnson for St John.

LIST OF VESSELS BOUND TO ST. JOHN.

Steamers.

Bengore Head, 1,619, Ardrossan via Reval, Jan 3.
Corinthian, 4,018, to sail from Liverpool, Feb 2.
David, 862, Savannah via New York, Jan 5.
Dunmore Head, 1,459, at Belfast, Dec 30.
Evangeline, 1,417, at London, Jan 18.
Gulf of Ancud, 1,635, London via Halifax, Jan. 17.
Helm, 1,046, Sydney, Jan 18.
Indrani, 2,339, to sail from Glasgow, Jan 7.
Ionian, 2,562, Moville via Halifax, Jan 20.
Kastalia, 2,562, Glasgow, Jan 15.
Lake Champlain, 4,685, to sail from Liverpool Feb 2.
Lake Manitoba, 6,275, to sail from Liverpool, Jan 24.
Lake Michigan, 5,340, at Antwerp, Jan 16.
Manchester Corporation, 2,336, to sail from Manchester, Jan 14.
Moville, from Mossell Bay, Jan 16.
Parisian, 3,385, to sail from Liverpool, Feb 9.
Pretorian, 4,073, to sail from Liverpool, Jan 26.
St John City, 1,412, London via Halifax, Jan 6.
Salacia, 2,836, at Glasgow, Dec 26; to sail Jan 28.
Sicilian, 3,964, at Halifax, Jan 23.
Tritonia, 2,720, from Glasgow, Jan 21.

Barquentine.

Shawmut, from Boston, Jan 18.

GLOOM AND TERROR STILL

(Continued from page 1.)

driver at first refused to move on, fearing some hidden danger; but he finally was persuaded to proceed, exclaiming with Russian stoicism: "One can die only once."

A deathly silence prevailed, heightened by the rustle of hundreds of feet on the snow-clad sidewalks, the muffled tread of looming squadrons and the lugubrious hammering of shop keepers taking precautions against possible attack by boarding up the windows of their stores with rough lumber. The curios hastily scurried into adjoining streets, finding their ways home as best they could through the inky darkness. Only a fringe of sullen strikers and rough characters remained, the police warning all to get home as soon as possible.

The only bright spot was a blaze of light from the court yard of the Annitchkoff Palace, from whence the empress dowager yesterday fled to Tsarskoe Selo. Beyond stood the dark, grim palace of Grand Duke Sergius. The crowd was particularly dense around the approaches to the Nicholas station. Here, in the darkness, marauders attacked a few news vendors' stalls, but a grim row of infantry around the station building effectually discouraged violence.

Other disturbers broke numerous windows in the Gastinny Dvor and the Kiosk at the corner of the Annitchkoff Palace Garden. A bench torn up from the adjoining park was placed in the roadway, in the hope that it might trip up cavalry. Some policemen were roughly handled and disarmed in side streets, but there was no firing.

As the Associated Press correspondent drove down the Nevsky Prospect troops were clearing the sidewalks of loiterers, using the flat of their sabres and causing a general stampede. This continued until 9 o'clock at night, when the lights were again turned on and revealed the Nevsky Prospect almost deserted.

More Workmen Slain.

St. Petersburg, Jan. 24—3.25 a. m.—A report has gained currency that the strikers intend to storm the market of Vassili Ostroff and seize the provisions there.

At Kolpino, twelve miles up the river, a body of workmen who had started for St. Petersburg to join the strikers, were stopped and fired upon by soldiers. Accounts as to the number killed or wounded conflict.

St. Petersburg in State of Siege.

St. Petersburg, Jan. 23—It is rumored that Emperor Nicholas will issue a manifesto tomorow declaring St. Petersburg to be in a state of siege.

Railway Tracks Torn Up.

St. Petersburg, Jan. 23—4.58 p. m.—It is rumored that the Warsaw railroad station is on fire.

Yesterday's report that a portion of the Warsaw & Baltic railroad had been torn up is confirmed. The northern express has not left the station.

Czar in State of Collapse?

St. Petersburg, Jan. 23—Emperor Nicholas is completely prostrated by grief. He is represented to be almost in a state of collapse over the situation. In the meantime everything awaits his decision. All the schools are closed. Every window in Grund Duke Sergius' St. Petersburg palace was broken by a mob during the night.

Russian Officers Under Arrest.

St. Petersburg, Jan. 23—Davidoff, the captain, and Kurzeff, the senior officer of the battery from which the loaded shell was fired on Jan. 19, striking the imperial pavilion and other buildings, have been arrested.

Big Fire at Sevastopol.

Sevastopol, Jan. 23—11 a. m.—The admiralty works here are ablaze.

The fire broke out immediately after the second signal for beginning work was given at 7 a. m. The flames burst simultaneously from different parts of the works, and the whole building was so quickly involved that men in the modeling department barely escaped by jumping out of the windows. Energetic measures prevented the flames extending to the docks. The fire was under control at 1.30 p. m.

The cause of the fire is unknown.

Moscow Workmen Out on Strike

Moscow, Jan. 23—8 p. m.—Employes of the Bromley metal works to the number of 1,000, met this afternoon and declared that they were unable to continue at work because their St. Petersburg comrades had asked them to strike. They immediately left the works, formed a procession, marched through the streets and begged their fellow workmen in all industrial establishments to join in the movement. A majority of those who were thus requested to quit work complied. Afterwards the strikers visited the Sytin printing works, the largest establishment of the kind in Moscow, and belonging to the millionaire publisher Sytin, and induced the men employed there to strike. The works closed at 5 p. m.

Moscow Strike on Same Line as St. Petersburg One.

St. Petersburg, Jan. 23—The general strike in Moscow is proceeding on exactly the same lines as the St. Petersburg strike. The proclamation and methods are identical.

Warning Issued to Moscow Strikers.

London, Jan. 23—A despatch from Moscow to Reuter's Telegram Company says: "The deputy prefect has issued a proclamation warning the public, in view of the strike, to avoid assemblages and processions, otherwise the same severe measures will be adopted as at St. Petersburg."

Newspapers Will Defy Censor.

St. Petersburg, Jan. 23—The editors of four newspapers, the Russ, the Viedomosti, the Novosti and the Grashdanin, declare their intention, as soon as the printers return to work, and they are able to resume publication, openly to defy the censorship in the matter of strike news and Sunday's affair. They drew up a letter to the censor today saying they felt the gravity of the situation demanded that they print the facts without minimizing or glossing them over.

The Novoe Vremya and other papers, however, refused to join and the letter was not sent; but the editors of the four papers named agreed to adopt the course indicated.

It is reported that a number of mills and factories will start up tomorrow. Some of the industrial managers believe that the worst is over here.

Father Gopon's message to his followers tonight was "The Czar does not exist. No longer pray for liberty."

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Blackville, N. B.

Tess—"Percy Vere was telling me that she still hopes to have the luck to win you."
Jess—"Well, Percy will find that it takes more than luck to win me. I'm no raffle."—Philadelphia Press.