POOR DOCUMENT

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THE RED YEAR

A Story of the Indian Mutiny

BY LOUIS TRACY

Author of "The Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," "The Captain of the Kansas," "The King of Diamonds," etc., etc.

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CHAPTER XIII—(Continued.)

This time there was no letter from Frank, and the alarmed, half-despairing girl could only learn that the major-sahib was not with the column, which had been compelled to fall back on Cawnpore after some heavy fighting in Oudh. Ungud did not think he was dead; but who could tell? There were so many sahibs who fell, for out of his twelve hundred Havelock had lost nearly half, and was now eating his heart out in a weary wait for reenforcements that were toiling up the thousand miles of road and river from Calcutta.

So the blackness of disappointed hope fell on the Residency and its inmates. Those few natives who had hitherto proved faithful began to desert in scores. About a third of the European soldiers were dead. Smallpox and cholera added their ravages to the enemy's unceasing fire and occasional fierce assaults. Famine and tainted water, and lack of hospital stores, and every device of malign fate that persecutes people in such straits, were there to harass the unhappy defenders. Officers and men swore that they would shoot their women-folk with their own hands rather than permit them to fall into the rebels' clutches, and, at times, when the siege slackened a little in its continuous cannonade, the devoted community gave way to lethargy and despondency.

But let the enemy muster for an attack, these veteran soldiers faced them with the dogged steadfastness that made them gods among the Asiatic scum. The Brigadier, too, never allowed his splendid spirit to flag. Though for three months he had not slept without being fully dressed, though he worked harder than any other man in the garrison, he was the life and soul of every outpost that he visited during the day or night.

Captain Fulton was another human dynamo in their midst. Finding plenty of miners among the Cornishmen of the 32d, he sunk a countermine for each mine burrowed by the enemy. His favorite amusement was to sit alone for hours in a shaft, wait patiently until the rebels bored a way up to him, and then shoot the foremost workers.

And in such fashion the siege went on, with houses collapsing, because they were so riddled with cannon-balls that the walls gave way, and ever-nearing sapping of the fortifications, and intolerable breaks in the monsoon, when the heat became so overpowering that even the natives yielded to the strain—and the days passed, and the weeks, and the months, until, on September 16, Ungud, tempted by a bribe of five thousand rupees, crept away for the last time with despatches for Havelock.

CHAPTER XIV.

Why Malcolm Did Not Write.

It was the saddest hour in Havelock's life when he decided that his Invincibles must retreat. Yet, after another week's fighting, that course was forced on him.

On July 25 he plunged fearlessly into Oudh, leaving a wide and rapid river in his rear, with other rivers, canals, and fortified towns and villages in front, on three sides swarms of determined enemies gathered under the standards of Nana Sahib and the Oudh Taluqdars, and everywhere a hostile if not actually mutinous peasantry.

With his usual daring, trusting to the unsurpassed elan of his troops, he fought battles at Onao and Busseerutgunge. Then when the thunder of the fighting was faintly heard by listeners in the Residency, Havelock took thought and regretted that he had ventured to leave Cawnpore.

His force numbered about half the men who marched out of Allahabad on the 7th. Cholera had broken out; stores were scanty; there was not a single litter for another wounded man; and, worst of all, ammunition was failing. To advance farther meant the total destruction of his little army, the sure and instant fall of the Residency, and the disappearance of the British flag from an enormous territory.

Yet he hesitated before he gave the final order. He fell back a couple of marches and wrote to Neill on the 31st that he could "do nothing for the relief of Lucknow," until he received a reenforcement of a thousand men and a new battery.

Neill, who was holding Cawnpore with three hundred rifles, returned the most amazing reply that ever a subordinate officer addressed to his chief.

"The natives don't believe you have won any real victories," he wrote, in effect. "Your retreat has destroyed the prestige of England. While you are waiting for reenforcements that cannot arrive Lucknow will be lost. You must advance again and not halt until you have rescued the garrison. Then return here sharp, as there is much to be done between this and Agra and Delhi."

Neill's zeal outran discretion. Havelock told him in plain language his opinion of this curious epistle.

"Your letter is the most extraordinary I have ever perused," he said.... "Consideration of the obstruction which would arise in the public service alone prevents me from placing you under immediate arrest. You now stand warned. Attempt no further dictation."

Yet Neill's advice rankled and there were men on Havelock's staff who agreed with the outspoken Irishman. Neill, however, coolly bottled his wrath and sent on a company of the 84th and three guns.

They brought despatches from Sir Patrick Grant, Commander-in-Chief at Calcutta, telling Havelock that the troops sent from the capital had been turned aside to deal with mutineers in Behar.

The gallant Crimean veteran therefore hardened his heart, set out once more for Lucknow and fought another most successful battle at Busseerutgunge. There could be no questioning either the victory or its cost. Another such success and his column would not number a half battalion.

That night he watched the weary soldiers digging graves for their fallen comrades, and, while his brain was torn with conflicting problems, a spy brought news that the powerful Gwalior Contingent was marching to seize Cawnpore. He hesitated no longer. As a general he had no right to be swayed by emotion. He must protect Cawnpore as a base and trust to the fortune of war that Lucknow might keep the flag flying.

Malcolm was with him when he formed this resolution. Outwardly cold, Sir Henry seemed to his youthful observer, who now knew him better, to resemble a volcano coated with ice.

"Major," he said, "the column will retreat at daybreak. But I will get my other aides to make arrangements. Are you quite recovered from your wound? Are you capable of undergoing somewhat severe exertion, I mean?"

Frank answered modestly that he thought he had never been better in health or strength, though he wondered inwardly what sort of exertion could be more "severe" than his experiences of the preceding three weeks.

But Havelock knew what he was talking about, as shall be seen.

"I want you to make the best of your way to Delhi," he said in his unbending way. "I leave details to you, except that I would like you to start tonight if possible. Of course any kind of escort that is available would be fatal to your success, but, if I remember his record rightly, that servant of yours may be useful. I do not propose to give you any despatches. If you get through tell the Commander-in-Chief in the Punjab exactly how we are situated here. Tell him Lucknow will not be relieved for nearly two months, but that I will hold Cawnpore till the last man falls. I hope and trust you may be spared to make the journey in safety. If you succeed you will receive a gratuity and a step in rank. Good-by!"

He held out his hand, and his calm eyes kindled for a moment. Then Frank found himself walking to his tent and reviewing all that this meant to Winifred and himself. He was none the less a brave man if his lips trembled somewhat and there came a tightening of the throat that suspiciously resembled a sob.

Two months! Could a delicate girl live so long in another such Inferno as Lucknow as he had seen in Wheeler's abandoned entrenchment at Cawnpore?

"God help us both!" he murmured bitterly, passing a hand involuntarily over his misty eyes. With the action he brushed away doubt and fears. He was a soldier again, one to whom hearing and obedience were identical.

"Chumru," he said, when he found his domestic scratching mud off a coat with his nails for lack of a clothes-brush, "we set out for Delhi tonight, you and I."

"All right, Sahib," was the unexpected parry to this astounding thrust, and Chumru kept on with his task.

"It is a true thing," said Malcolm, who knew full well that the Mohammedan understood the difficulty of such a mission. "It is the General-sahib's order, and he wishes you to go with me. Will you come?"

"Huzoor, have you ever gone anywhere without me since you came to my hut that night when I was stricken with smallpox—"

"Only once, you rascal, and then you came after me to my great good fortune. Very well, then; that is settled. Stop raising dust and listen. We ride tonight. Let us discuss the manner of our traveling, for 'tis a long road and full of mischief."

Chumru laid aside the garment and tickled his wiry hair underneath his turban.

"By the Kaaba," he growled, "such roads lead to Jehannum more easily than to Delhi. Do you go to the Princess Roshinara, sahib?"

Malcolm's overwrought feelings found vent in a hearty laugh.

"What fiend tempted thee to think of her, owl?" he cried.

"Nay, sahib, no fiend other than a woman. What else would bring your honor to Delhi? Is there not occupation here in plenty?"

"I tell thee, image, that the General-sahib hath ordered it. And I am making for the British camp on the Ridge, not for the city."

Chumru dismissed the point. He was a fatalist and he probably reserved his opinion. Malcolm had beguiled the long night after they left Rai Bareilly with the story of his strange meetings with the King's daughter. To the Eastern mind there was Kismet in such happenings.

"I would you had not lost Bahadur Shah's pass, huzoor," he said. "That would be worth a bagful of gold mohurs on the north road now. But, as matters stand, we must fall back on walnut juice. You have blue eyes and fair hair, alack, yet must we—"

"What! Wouldst thou make me a brother of thine?" demanded Malcolm, understanding that the walnut juice was intended to darken his skin.

"There is no other way, huzoor. This is no ride of a night. We shall be seven days, let us go at the best, and meeting budmashes at every mile. If you did not talk Urdu like one of us, sahib, I should bid you die here in peace rather than fall in the first village. Still, we may have luck, and you can bandage your hair and forehead and swear that those cursed Feringhis nearly cut your scalp off. But you must be rubbed all over, sahib, until you are the color of brown leather, for we can have no patches of white skin showing where, perchance, your garments are rent."

Malcolm saw the wisdom of the suggestion and fell in with it. While Chumru went to compound walnut juice in the nearest bazaar, he, in pursuance of the plan they had concocted together, got a native writer to compile a letter which purported to emanate from Nana Sahib, and was addressed to Bahadur Shah. It was a very convincing document. Malcolm contributed a garbled history of recent events, and one of the Brahmin's seals, which came into Havelock's possession when Cawnpore was occupied, lent verisimilitude to the script.

Then the Englishman covered himself with an oily compound that Chumru assured him would darken his skin effectually before morning, though the present effect was more obvious to the nose than to the eye. Chumru donned his rissaldar Brahmin's uniform and Malcolm secured a similar outfit from a native officer on the staff. Well-armed and well-mounted the pair crossed the Ganges north of Bithoor, gained the Grand Trunk Road and were far from the British column when they drew rein for their first halt of more than a hour's duration.

They had adventures galore on the road to Delhi but Chumru's repertory of oaths anent the Nazarenes, and Malcolm's dignified hauteur as a messenger of the man who ranked higher in the native world than the octogenarian king, carried them through without grave risk. True, they had a close shave or two.

Once a suspicious sepoy who knew every native officer in the 7th Cavalry, to which corps "Rissaldar Ali Khan" was supposed to belong, had to be quietly choked to death within earshot of a score of his own comrades who were marching to the Mogul capital. On another occasion, a moulvie, or Mohammedan priest, was nearly the cause of their undoing. Malcolm was not sufficiently expert in the ritual of the Reka and his shortcoming aroused the devotee's ire, but he was calmed by Chumru's assurance that his excellent friend, Laiq Ahmed, was still suffering from the wound inflicted by the condemned Giaours, and the storm blew over.

These incidents simply served to enliven a tedious journey. Its main features were climatic discomfort and positive starvation. Rain storms, hot winds, swelltering intervals of intolerable heat—these were vagaries of nature and might be endured. But the absence of food was a more serious matter. The passage to and fro of rebel detachments had converted the Grand Trunk Road into a wilderness. The sepoys paid for nothing and looted Mohammedans and Hindus alike. After two months of constant pilfering the unhappy ryots had little left. For the most part they deserted their hovels, gathered such few valuables as had escaped the human locusts who devoured their substance, and either retreated to remote villages or boldly sought a living in some other province. Indeed, it may be said in all candor that the Mutiny caused far more misery to the great mass of people than to the foreign rulers against whom it was supposed to be directed. The sufferings of the English residents in India were terrible and the treatment meted out to them was unspeakably vile, but for one English life sacrificed during the country's red year there were five hundred natives killed by the very men who professed to defend their interests.

Malcolm and Chumru were given proof in plenty of this fact as they rode along. Generations of local feuds had taught the villagers to construct their rude shanties in such wise that any place of fairly large population formed a strong fort. Where the ryots were collected in sufficient numbers to render such a proceeding possible, they armed themselves not only against the British, but against all the world.

Many times the travelers were fired at by men who took them for sepoys, and they often found active hostilities in progress between a party of desperate rebels who wanted food and a horde of sturdy villagers who refused to treat with men in any sort of uniform.

Still, they managed to live. In the fields they found ripening grain and an abundance of that small millet or pulse-pea known as gram, which is the staple food of horses in India. Occasionally Malcolm shot a peacock, but shooting birds with a revolver is a difficult sport and wasteful of ammunition. Where hares were plentiful Chumru seldom failed to snare one during the night. These were feast days. At other times they chewed millet and were thankful for small mercies.

The journey occupied nearly twice the time of their original estimate. Nejdi, good horse as he was, wanted a rest; Chumru's steed was liable to break down any hour; and it was a sheer impossibility to obtain a remount in that wasted tract.

All things considered it was a wonderful achievement when, on the evening of the eleventh day, they began their last march.

They planned matters so that the Jumna lay between them and their goal. When they left the tope of trees in which they had slept away the hot hourse their ostensible aim was the bridge of boats which carried the Meerut road across the river into the imperial city.

That was their story if they fell in with company. In reality they meant to leave the dangerous locality with the best speed their horses were capable of. There could be no doubt that Delhi was the stronghold of the mutineers. Even discounting by ninety per cent. the grandiloquent stories they heard, it was evident that the British still held the ridge, but were rather beseiged than besiegers. For the rest, the natives were assured that the foreign rule had passed forever. Their version of the position was that "great fighting took place daily and the Nazarenes were being slaughtered in hundreds."

The one statement nullified the other. Malcolm reasoned, correctly as it happened, that the British force was able to hold its own, but not strong enough to take the city; that the Punjab was quiet and that the general in command on the ridge was biding his time until reenforcements arrived. Therefore if Chumru and he could strike the left bank of the Jumna, a few miles above Delhi, there should be no difficulty in crossing the stream and reaching the British camp.

For once, a well-laid scheme did not reveal unforeseen pitfalls. He had the good fortune to fall in with a corps of irregular horse scouting for a half-expected flank attack by the rebels, in the gray dawn of the morning of August 11. Chumru and he were nearly shot by mistake, but that is ever the risk of those who wear an enemy's uniform, and by this time, John Company's livery was quite discredited in the land which he, in his corporate capacity, had opened up to Europeans.

Moreover, between dirt and walnut-stain Malcolm was like an animated bronze statue, and it was good to see the incredulous expression on a brother officer's face when he rode up with the cheery cry:

"By Jove, old fellow, I am glad to see you. I am Malcolm of the 3d Cavalry, and I have brought news from General Havelock."

The leader of the scouting party, a stalwart subaltern of dragoons, thought that it was a piece of impudence on the part of this "dark" stranger to address him so familiarly.

"I happen to be acquainted with Mr. Malcolm—" he began.

"Not so well as I know him, Saumarez," said Frank, laughing. He had not counted on his disguise being so complete. But the laugh proved his identity, for there is more distinctive character in a man's mirth than in any other inflection of the voice.

Saumarez testified to an amazed recognition in the approved manner of a dragoon.

"Either you are Malcolm or I am bewitched," he cried. Then he looked at Chumru.

"This gentleman, no doubt, is at least a brigadier," he went on. "But, joking apart, have you really ridden from Allahabad?"

The question showed the lack of information of events farther south that obtained in the Punjab. By this time the sepoys had torn down the telegraph posts and cut the wires in all directions. Even between Cawnpore and Calcutta, whenever they crossed the Grand Trunk Road they destroyed the telegraph. As one of them said, looking up at a damaged pole which was about to serve as his gallows:

"Ah, you are able to hang me now because that cursed wire strangled all of us in our sleep."

His metaphor was correct enough. There is no telling what might have been the course of history in India if the sepoys had stopped telegraphic communication from the North to Calcutta early in May.

Malcolm gave Saumarez a summary of affairs in the Northwest Provinces as they rode on ahead of the troop.

"And now," he said, "how do matters stand here?"

"You have used the right word," said the other. "Stand! That is just what we are doing. We've had three commander-in-chiefs and each one is more timid than his predecessor. Thank goodness Nicholson arrived four days ago. Things will begin to move now."

"Is that the Peshawar Nicholson?" asked Frank, remembering that Hodson had spoken of a man of that name, a man who would "horse-whip into the saddle" a general who feared to assume responsibility.

"Yes. Haven't you seen him? By gad, he's a wonder. A giant of a fellow with an eye like a hawk and a big black beard that seems, somehow, to suggest a blacksmith. He turned up at out mess on the first evening he was in camp. Everybody was laughing and joking as usual and he never said a word. I didn't understand it at the time, but I noticed that Nicholson just glowered at each man who told a funny story, and, by degrees, we were all sitting like mutes at a funeral. Then he said, in a deep voice that made us jump: 'When some of you gentlemen can spare me a moment I shall be glad to hear what you have been doing here during the last ten weeks.' There was no sneer in his words. We have had fighting enough, Heaven knows, but we felt that by 'doing' he meant 'attacking,' not 'defending.' Sure as death, he will create a stir. Indeed, the leaven is working already. He sent me out here this morning, as he has gone to meet the movable column from Lahore, and there was a rumor of a sortie from Delhi to cut it off."

Malcolm fresh from association with Havelock realized that a grave and serious-minded soldier could ill brook the jests and idle talk that dominated the average military mess of the period.

"Nicholson sounds like the right man in the right place," he commented.

The dragoon vouched for it emphatically.

"He has put an end to pony-racing and quoits," said he, "and there is to be no more fighting in our shirt sleeves. Bear in mind, we have had a deuce of a time. I've been in twenty-one fights myself, and that is not all. The sepoys usually swarm out hell-for-leather and we rush to meet them. There is a scrimmage for an hour or so, we shove 'em back, Hodson gets in a bit of saber-work, we pick up the wounded, tell off a burial party, and start a cricket match or a gymkhana. Of course the fighting is stiff while it lasts and my regiment has lost its two best bowlers, a really sound bat and a crack rider in the pony heats. Still if we don't lose any ground we gain none, and I can't help agreeing with Nicholson that war isn't a picnic."

Frank managed not to smile at the naivete of his companion. Though Saumarez was nearly his own age, he felt that their difference in rank was not nearly so great as the divergence in their conception of the magnitude of the task before Britain in India. Nevertheless Saumarez saw that Nicholson was a force, and that was something.

"Is the Hodson you mention the same man who rode from Kurnaul to Meerut before the affair of Ghazi-ud-din-Nuggur?" he asked.

"Yes, same chap. A regular firebrand and no mistake. He has gathered a crowd of dare-devils known as Hodson's Horse, and they go into action with a dash that I thought was only to be found in regular cavalry. But here we are at our ghat. That is a weedy-looking Arab you are riding—plenty of bone, though. Will he go aboard a budgerow without any fuss?"

"Oh, yes. He will do most things," was the quiet reply.

Malcolm dismounted and fondled Nejdi's black muzzle. How little the light-hearted dragoon guessed what those two had endured together! Nejdi as a weed was a new role. For an instant Frank thought of making a match with his friend's best charger after Nejdi had had a week's rest.

It was altogether a changed audience that Havelock's messenger secured that evening when Nicholson rode to the ridge with the troops sent from the north by Sir John Lawrence, Edwards, and Montgomery, while the generosity of Bartle Frere in sending from Scinde regiments he could ill spare should be mentioned in the same breath.

Saumarez's "giant of a fellow" was there, and Archdale Wilson, the commander-in-chief, and Neville Chamberlain, and Baird-Smith, and Hervey Greathead. Inspired by the presence of such men Malcolm entered upon a full account of occurrences at Lucknow, Cawnpore and elsewhere during the preceding month. His hearers were aware of Henry Lawrence's death and the beginning of the seige of Lucknow. They had heard of Massacre Ghat, the Well, and Havelock's advance, but they were dependent on native rumor and an occasional spy for their information, and Frank's epic narrative was the first complete and true history that had been given them.

He was seldom interrupted. Occasionally when he was tempted to slur over some of the dangers he had overcome personally, a question from one or other of the five would force him to be more explicit.

Naturally, he spoke freely of the magnificent exploits of Havelock's column and he saw Nicholson ticking off each engagement, each tremendous march, each fine display of strategic genius on the part of the general, with an approving nod and shake of his great beard.

"You have done well, young man," said General Wilson when Frank's long recital came to an end. "What rank did you hold on General Havelock's staff?"

"That of major, sir."

"You are confirmed in the same rank here. I have no doubt your services will be further recognized at the close of the campaign."

"If Havelock had the second thousand men he asked for he would now be marching here," growled Nicholson.

No one spoke for a little while. The under meaning of the giant's words was plain. Havelock had moved while they stood still. The criticism was a trifle unjust, perhaps, but men with Napoleonic ideas are impatient of the limitations that afflict their less powerful brethren. If India were governed exclusively by Nicholsons, Lawrences, Havelocks, Hodsons, and Neils, there would never have been a mutiny. It was Britain's rare good fortune that they existed at all and came to the front when the fiery breath of war had scorched and shriveled the nonentities who held power and place at the outbreak of hostilities.

Then some one passed a remark on Frank's appearance. He was bareheaded. The fair hair and blue eyes that had perplexed Chumru looked strangely out of keeping with his brown skin.

"How in the world did you manage to escape detection during your ride north?" he was asked.

He explained Chumru's device, and they laughed. Like Havelock, Baird-Smith thought the Mohammedan would make a good soldier.

"With all his pluck, sir, he is absolutely afraid of using a pistol," said Frank. "He was offered the highest rank as a native officer, but he refused it."

"Then, by gad, we must make him a zemindar. Tell him I said so and that we all agree on that point."

When Frank gave the message to Chumru it was received with a demoniac grin.

"By the Holy Kaaba," came the gleeful cry, "I told the Moulvie of Fyzabad that was in the way of earning a jaghir, but behold, it is promised to me!"

Next day Malcolm, somewhat lighter in tint after a hot bath, made himself acquainted with the camp. Sleldom has war brought together such a motley assemblage of races as gathered on the Ridge during the siege of Delhi. The far-off isles of the sea were represented by men from every shire, and Britain's mixed heritage in the East sent a bewildering variety of types. Small, compactly built Ghoorkahs hobnobbed with stalwart Highlanders; lively Irishmen made friends of gaunt, saturnine Pathans; bearded Sikhs extended grave courtesies to pert-nosed Cockneys; "gallant little Wales" might be seen tending the needs of wounded Mohammedans from the Punjab. The language bar proved no obstacle to the men of the rank and file. A British private would sit and smoke in solemn and friendly silence with a hook-noosed Afghan, and the two would rise cheerfully after an hour passed in that fashion with nothing in common between them save the memory of some deadly thrust averted when they fought one day in the hollow below Hindu Rao's house, or a draught of water tendered when one or other lay gasping and almost done to death in a struggle for the village of Subsee Mundee.

(To be continued.)

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WHITNEY CLARK ALIVE AND WELL

Carleton Man, Reported Murdered, Was in Montreal Last Sunday

Whitney Clark, of Carleton, who was reported to have been murdered in the west a couple of weeks ago is very much alive. The story is cleared up in a letter received from Montreal yesterday in which it is told that Mr. Clark was in that city on Sunday last and was to leave there that evening for Enniskillen (N. B.) He arrived in Montreal on Sunday from Winnipeg where he had gone on the harvesters' excursion last month.

When asked by a friend about the report that he had been killed, Mr. Clark said that on the harvesters' train westward bound were a number of Italians, including three women. A Nova Scotian named Clark, who had been drinking, he said, had become mixed up with some of the Italians over money and had wounded two of the Italians who interfered.

When he left the train he was followed by one of the Italian men and the latter's wife and the woman shot and killed Clark in a field. The body was found some days afterwards by a farmer.

Mr. Clark believes the story which reached St. John had him mixed up with the other Clark. He also reports that John Gallagher, of Carleton, was robbed of money and a gold watch and dress suit case of clothes on the way west.

Speaking of conditions in the west, Mr. Clark said work could not be had in Winnipeg, even for nothing but board and lodging. The small towns, he said, were crowded and in Edmonton men were walking the streets idle and hungry.

KEIR HARDIE REFUSES TO RISE WHEN "GOD SAVE THE KING" IS SUNG

English Labor Agitator Shocks Halifax Audience, and Toast is Omitted at Banquet.

Halifax, N. S., Sept. 27—J. Keir Hardie, socialist member of the British Parliament, who has been in Halifax for a few days, shocked the loyal sensibilities of the people of this garrison city Friday night when, at the close of a Scottish concert, he kept his seat while "God Save the King" was sung by the performers and audience.

Immediately on the first note the audience rose to its feet. People here never think of doing anything else, but Keir Hardie was conspicuous by sitting still all through the singing. Only when it was over did he rise.

Last night a big banquet was given at which Keir Hardie was one of the chief guests. The committee in framing the toast list, out of deference to him, and so as to prevent the possibility of any unpleasantness, omitted the customary toast to the King.

Mr. Hardie today visited the coal miners of Cape Breton.

FOREST FIRE RAGING AGAIN IN MAINE

Lowelltown, Me., Sept. 30.—The forest fires in this vicinity were believed to be so checked by the rain yesterday as to be practically under control, but they broke out again today. Tonight the flames lighted up the sky in various directions and seemed to be raging as seriously as ever. This village, however, was not threatened.

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Not sick enough to lay up, but you are out of sorts, blood as weak as water, nerves all strung, kidneys deranged, vitality low. You should take Ferrozone at once; it will enrich, strengthen and purify the blood, invigorate and pacify the nerves, and increase your energy, vitality and power. Ferrozone will renew your appetite and digestion, make you sleep soundly—in fact will make you well. Try Ferrozone. Price 50c per box, or 6 boxes for $2.50 at druggists, or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

TWO HANGINGS ON SAME DAY

Montreal Judge Sentences Italian to the Scaffold Nov. 27 When "Crooked Neck" Smith is to Be Executed.

Montreal, Sept. 29.—For the second within a week, the death sentence has been pronounced in the court of Kings Bench here. Today Judge Trenholme condemned Vitro Nicoli, a young Italian not yet twenty-one years of age, to die on the scaffold on November 27, the same day on which the same sentence will be carried out on "Crooked Neck" Smith the murderer of a fellow-pickpocket in an opium den.

The crime for which Nicoli, who is a handsome fellow, goes to the scaffold, was committed in a boarding house last February. Nicoli had a quarrel with a fellow Italian named Delucca and stabbed the latter through the heart.

There is no previous recorded instance when two prisoners have been condemned in a Montreal court to die on the same date. When the sentence of doom was translated to Nicoli he replied "I just wanted to have time to write to my parents in Italy."

BIG BALLOON BURST MILE IN AIR

After 2,000 Feet Drop Big Envelope Spreads and Saves Lives of Two.

Dusseldorf, Rheinish Prussia, Germany, Sept. 29.—Captain von Abercron and Lieutenant von Goltzheim well-known aeronauts had a miraculous escape from death this afternoon during the course of an ascent in a spherical balloon. Thousands of spectators had gathered to witness the ascent and they were horror-striken at the accident which occurred high in the air.

On being released from its fastenings the balloon had soared almost directly upward to an altitude of 6,000 feet when the envelope suddenly ripped open. The gas escaped in streams and the balloon shot downward. The aeronauts swiftly clambered into the network in the desperate hope of avoiding the shock of contact with the ground.

After a fall of 2,000 feet, however, the envelope spread out seemingly in a purely accidental manner, forming a sort of parachute which checked the descent. The balloon then gradually came down, taking an hour and a half to reach the earth, the two men clinging to the ropes and the basket. They suffered no injury except a few scratches.

TORONTO GLOBE BRANDS ROBLIN AS A FALSIFER

Toronto, Ont., Sept. 30 (Special).—The Globe to-day takes up Premier Roblin's second charge against that paper, to the effect that its Crow's Nest Railway agitation enabled "the Globe to secure for nothing a land grant worth anywhere from one to two millions in cash," and says: "His statement is a lie—a deliberate and downright lie, without the remotest shadow of foundation."

The Montreal Herald says:

"Mr. Roblin's explosion has served to remind people that he was one of the politico-business syndicate that did business with the Union Trust Company, and that he was in a land deal, on the instalment plan, with Mackenzie and Mann's Canadian Northern Railway, with which as Premier of Manitoba he had business relations."

Two worty deacons, discussing theological matters one day disagreed, and the argument waxed hot, when one peaceably inclined said: "Aweel, aweel, you think you're right and I think I'm right." But his friend answered: "That's no' it ava. You think you're right, but I ken I am right."

C. P. R. STRIKE NOT SETTLED

Labor Leaders Confident That Trouble Will Be Adjusted Soon

Montreal, Sept. 30.—That there is some one endeavoring to mediate between the C. P. R. strikers and the company was the statement made tonight by James O'Connell, president of the Metal Workers' Association of the International Union. The statement was that the matter was now a question of settlement between the C. P. R. and the strikers and he hoped that the dispute would be settled speedily.

Mr. O'Connell admitted frankly that he was here in connection with the strike and by his side was Mr. Morrisey, chairman of the International Brotherhood of Trainmen.

Mr. O'Connell added that he was quite sure that the negotiations now in progress would be the means of a happy settlement between the company and the strikers.

Mr. O'Connell said the strike had not been called off and he declined to say who would be the mediator between the men and the company.

FAIRVILLE HAS NUMBER OF DIPHTHERIA CASES

Board of Health Investigating—Talk of Closing the Schools.

Because of the prevalence of diphtheria in Fairville—a report says that there are sixteen cases—the matter was brought to the attention of the board of health yesterday and one of the officials was sent to investigate. Three houses in Main street and one other are placarded and it is said there are other cases.

There was talk yesterday that it might be well to close the public schools there but no action has been taken. The board of health official inspected a drain and cesspool and looked into conditions yesterday but his report was not learned last night. It was said, however, that there had been a good deal of sore throat lately and one man expressed the opinion that if it had not been for the summer school vacation Fairville would likely have had a diphtheria epidemic.

In commenting on the matter last night a resident asked what could be done in view of the fact that there was no sewerage system. A proposal to install sewerage was made some time ago and was voted down.

A SIDE STEP IN REFORM.

(Atlanta Constitution.)

The colonel had remonstrated vigorously with Uncle Eph about the old darkey's persistent excursions into the state of inebriation.

Uncle Eph, though he promised faithfully to refrain from frequent dips into the flowing bowl, failed to live up to the colonel's expectations.

On numerous occasions the colonel saw Eph under the influence of liquor but the darkey when taken to task strongly denied the accusation, affirming emphatically that he did not drink.

One evening the colonel met Uncle Eph in a condition which made it plainly evident that the darkey was "caught with the goods on."

"Eph," began the colonel, seriously, "I thought you told me that you had given up drink?"

"Ah sho' did, Massa Kern'l,; ah sho' did," replied Eph. "But lately ah dun conclude ah gib up lyin' instead."

W. H. Priest left yesterday morning for New York to enter the Red Cross Hospital to undergo an operation on his arm.

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