POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2033

Mrs. Charles Newcomb Drank Two Ounces of Laudanum.

A well dressed, attractive young woman attempted suicide on Charlotte street last Friday at a time when many people were about. Sergt. James Campbell was standing near the head of the market about 8.30 o'clock when the woman came slowly along from the direction of King street. She appeared as if in a stupor and did not walk steadily. She called Sergt. Campbell to her and showed him a two-ounce vial, making the astounding announcement that she had just swallowed its contents—poison. The sergeant and Officer Killen who was near took the woman down Market street and there found that the vial was marked "laudanum." She said she was tired of this earth and wanted to lie down and die. She protested against being taken to the police station, as they suggested, but the officers took her there. Not a great many people had been attracted by the incident.

Dr. D. E. Berryman happened to be at the police station when the policemen arrived with her and he advised that she be taken at once to the hospital. The ambulance was summoned and while awaiting its arrival the men, on the physician's advice, kept her walking about the guard room. Officer Killen accompanied her to the hospital where Dr. J. F. Macaulay applied the stomach pump and soon she was out of danger.

She protested against the measures taken to save her life and repeated several times her wish to die.

Mrs. Newcomb is about 28 years of age. Her maiden name was Nettie Kimball and she belongs to this city, where she has led a somewhat gay life. She has been in Boston for some time and returned to St. John only a few days ago. Yesterday afternoon she ordered a team from a livery stable and went for a drive. At the corner of Charlotte and King streets her horse struck an elderly man named James Daley, of 112 Charlotte street. He was knocked down but escaped with only slight injury. People say she appeared then as if she had been drinking. However, she did not stop when Daley was knocked down. Capt. Jenkins was near and thought the matter should be investigated as it looked like careless driving. He overtook the sleigh and had the woman accompany him to central station where she was held till enquiries were made. She gave her name as Marie Newcomb. The investigation showed the officer that the accident had been due more to the woman's inability to control the horse than she had been careless and so she was released.

It appears that she then went to her boarding house and paid her bill. The next seen of her was about 7.15 o'clock when she spoke to an officer on Charlotte street and told him she was tired of living and might be dead before morning. A little later she was on King street talking to a man. Then, about 8.30 o'clock she came along to where Sergt. Campbell was on Charlotte street as described.

To Replace the Theatre Francais.

Paris, March 9.—The fire at the Theatre Francais yesterday was brought up in the Chamber of Deputies this evening and M. Leygues, minister of public instruction, replying to questioners, said the outbreak was not due to the heating apparatus, because the latter was found to be uninjured and no blame attached to the management, who took all the precautions possible. The theatre, he added, would be promptly rebuilt, a temporary theatre would be secured for the Comedie Francaise Company in a week's time and in the meanwhile the Comedie Francaise people would use the Opera House on off days. The new theatre, the minister also asserted, would be ready before the end of the exposition.

Treason Nipped in the Bud.

A clergyman in the county sends us the following: "My parish is a bad place for Boer sympathizers. A stalwart parishioner was lately astounded and sorely disturbed to hear the young man just returned from abroad airing his wisdom in re British injustice in Africa; but the philosophical youth's eloquent efforts in behalf of the Boers was abruptly silenced, at least for a space. The man of stalwart arm, descendant of a German loyalist family, saw that this was an occasion for deeds not words, and with nature's weapon dealt the source of treason a blow that was as effective as it was sudden. Exit sapiens adolescens.—[Halifax Herald.

"Good-Luck Box" Man Arrested.

Boston, March 9—Henry Parker of this city, who is wanted by the United States authorities on a charge of using the mails in a scheme to defraud in selling mysterious boxes, said to have wonderful good luck qualities, had not been found up to a late hour this afternoon. An official who was on duty at Parker's place of business was kept busy answering calls from customers who desired to purchase boxes and Postmaster Hibbard said that 20,000 letters addressed to Parker had accumulated at the post office during the past two days. As the price of the boxes is 99 cents each, it appears that a considerable sum of money is involved in the case.

Masters and Bricklayers Agree.

Boston, March 9.—Without any semblance of friction the Union bricklayers of this vicinity have arranged a wage schedule with the master builders association, which provides for the eight hour day, a minimum wage of 45 cents an hour and preference to Union workmen in giving employment.

Chatham News.

Chatham, March 9—Thursday evening will long be remembered by the large number of St. Andrew's congregation who attended a most enjoyable at-home held in the Masonic hall. The hall was prettily decorated for the occasion, the national colors being conspicuous everywhere. An exceptionally good musical and literary programme was provided and refreshments were served during the intermission. Great credit is due the members of the Ladies' Aid Society under whose auspices the entertainment was given, for the manner in which the many details necessary for the success of such a gathering were arranged.

Mr. Jack Anderson, of Dundas, Ontario, is renewing old acquaintances in Chatham. He is the guest of his uncle, Mr. A. A. Anderson.

Exciting games are being played at the curling rink this week for the handsome silver cup donated by Mr. Jas. Robinson, M. P.

Newfoundland Sealers.

There will be a larger fleet of Newfoundland sealers out this year than last. Monday the steamers leave the St. John's and Harbor Grace ports. The steamers Newfoundland and Harlaw have cleared from Halifax for Newfoundland. The Harlaw has undergone considerable repairs before leaving. Between decks and below great beams have been fastened all around the steamer with staunch cross beams at intervals to prevent her being crushed among the ice floes. The cross beams below serve as supports for partitions which divide the steamer into many compartments in which the fat is stored. Explosives have been taken for the use when the steamer becomes fast in the ice, for breaking it up, and long poles are to be used for prying the blocks of ice apart.

DOWN" STATE calls for a general tonic to the system. Such is The D. & L. Emulsion. Builds you up, increases your weight, gives health. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Beef $1.50 a Pound.

A Cape Bretonian, writing from Dawson, says the winter there has been milder than the last three winters. Those who have claims to work are doing fairly well, but there is a large proportion who are in very straightened circumstances, owing to the high price of food. For instance, eggs have advanced $120 a case. The price ran up in six weeks from $30 to $120 a case. Eggs, potatoes, meat and a few other staples are the only articles in demand in the Klondike market. Beef is $1.50 per pound; mutton, $1.25; pork, $1.50; potatoes, 75c.; onions, 55c., etc. Every man, woman and child talks Nome, and the exodus will surely come. Travel to Nome is on already over the ice with dog teams.—[North Sydney Herald.

CHILDREN WILL GO SLEIGHING. They return covered with snow. Half a teaspoonful of Pain-Killer in hot water will prevent ill effects. Avoid substitutes, there's but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

The Greatest Whisky Business in Scotland

Recent trade advices show that Sanderson's Whiskies maintain their hold upon public favor throughout the World. Last year again Robertson, Sanderson & Co., Ltd., did the largest business in England of any Scotch Whisky house, and their trade in Canada and the other Colonies is constantly growing. Unlike many of the Scotch Whiskies upon the Canadian market, Sanderson's Whiskies are known in Scotland where for more than half a Century they have been the favorites for home consumption.

IF TAKEN IN TIME The D. & L. Emulsion will surely cure the most serious affections of the lungs. That "run down" condition, the after effects of a heavy cold is quickly counteracted. Manfactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

WE CLAIM THAT The D. & L. Menthol Plaster will cure lumbago, backache, sciatica, or neuralgic pains quicker than any other remedy. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

The town of Maros Ujvar, Hungary, with 3,500 population, is without a single piano.

THE STRENGTH OF TWENTY MEN. When Shakespeare employed this phrase he referred, of course, to healthy, able-bodied men. If he had lived in these days he would have known that men and women who are not healthy may become so by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine, by making the blood rich and pure and giving good appetite and perfect digestion, imparts vitality and strength to the system.

"Safe bind, safe find." Fortify yourself by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla now and be sure of good health for months to come.

Red Tape.

The London correspondent of the Manchester Courier tells a story about the British war office which seems almost incredible. He declares that a rich and well-known manufacturer of a certain food wrote to Pall Mall and offered to forward to Cape Town free of all charge several hundred cases of the article he makes. Having waited a considerable time without receiving even a bare acknowledgment, he called at the war office, and was then informed by a subordinate official—in the absence of the person to whom his communication had been addressed—that the matter in question would receive attention "in due course." Again a tedious interval elapsed, and the victim of red tape, becoming naturally impatient, and thinking that a mistake must have occurred, wrote renewing his offer, which represented a gift in kind of the value of not less than $100,000. To his astonishment and indignation, he received an answer couched in these terms: "Sir: In reply to your communication of the —th, the authorities have duly considered your estimate and are not in a position to accept it!"

"The Thorn Comes Forth With Point Forward."

The thorn point of disease is an ache or pain. But the blood is the feeder of the whole body. Purify it with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Kidneys, liver and stomach will at once respond? No thorn in this point.

Severe Pains—"I had severe pains in my stomach, a form of neuralgia. My mother urged me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and it made me well and strong. I have also given it to my baby with satisfactory results. I am glad to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to others." MRS. JOHN LA PAGE, 240 Church St., Toronto, Ont.

Complete Exhaustion—"After treatment in hospital, I was weak, hardly able to walk. My blood was thin. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla until well and gained 20 lbs. It also benefited my wife." ARTHUR MILLS, Dresden, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A Sea Yarn that May Be Believed and May Not, by Frank T. Buller, Author of "The Cruise of the Cachalot," etc.

While the whaler to which I belonged was lying at Honolulu I one day went ashore for a long ramble out of sight and hearing of the numerous questionable amusements of the town, and late in the afternoon found myself several miles to the southward of it. Emerging from the tangled pathway through which I had been struggling with the luxuriant greenery, I struck the sand of a lovely little bight that commanded an uninterrupted view to seaward. Less than a mile out a reef of black rocks occasionally broke their ugly fangs for breef space midst the sleek waters until the sleepily advancing swell, finding its progress thus hindred, rose high over their grim summits in a league-long fleece of dazzling foam, whose spray glittered like jewels in the diagonal rays of the declining sun.

Upon a little knoll left by the receding tide sat a man staring stolidly out to sea As I drew near, my approaching making no noise upon the yielding sand, I saw that he was white. By his rig—a shirt and trousers, big grass hat, and bare feet—I took him for a beach-comber. These characters are not often desirable companions—humans weeds cast ashore in such places, and getting a precarious living in dark and devious ways without work. But I felt inclined for company and a rest after my long tramp, so I made for him direct. He raised his head at my nearing him, showed a grizzled beard framing a weather-beaten face as of a man some sixty years old. There was a peculiar boiled look about his face, too, as if he had once been drowned, by no means pleasant to see.

He gave me "good evening!" cheerfully enough as I sat down beside him and offered my plug of tobacco. Cutting himself a liberal quid, he returned it with the query, "B'long ter wun er the spouters, I presoom." "Yes," I replied; "boat-header in the Cachalot." "Ah," he replied, instantly, "but yew're no Yank, neow, air ye?" "No, I'm a Cockney—little as you may think that likely," said I; "but it's a fact." "Well, I don'no," he drawled, "I've a-met Cockneys good 's I want ter know; 'n' why not?"

The conversation then drifted desultorily from topic to topic in an aimless, time killing fashion, till at last, feeling better acquainted, I ventured to ask him what had given him that glazy, soaked appearance, so strange and ghastly to see. "Look a-heah, young feller," said he abruptly, "heouw old ye rekon I mout be?" Without the slightest hesitation I replied, "sixty, or thereabouts." He gave a quiet chuckle, and then said slowly, "Wall, I doan' blame ye, nuther; 'n' as to feelin'—wall, sumtimes I feel's if I'd ben a livin' right on frum the beginnin' ov things. My age, which 's about the one solid fact I kin freeze onter now'days, is thutty two. Yew won't b'lieve it, of course; but thet's nothin' ter what ye will hear, ef yew wait awhile.

"What I'm goin' ter tell ye happened—lemme see—wall, I doan'no—mebbe two mebbe four er five year sence. I wuz mate of a pearlin' schooner b'longin' ter Sevuka, lyin' daouwn to Rotumah. Ware we'd ben workin' the reef wuz middlin' deep—deep 'nuf ter make eour b'ys fal on deck when they come up with a load 'n' liethere like dead uns fer 'bout ten minnits befor' they k'd move ag'in. 'Twuz slaughterin' divin'; but the shell wuz thick, 'n' no mistake; 'n' eour ole man wuz a 'hustler—s'long's he got shell he didn't vally a few dern Kanakers peggin eout ncow 'n' then. We'd alost three with sharks, 'n' ef 'twan't thet th' b'ys wuz more skeered of old Hardhead than they wuz of anythin' else I doan reckon we sh'd a-got any more stuff thet trip 't all. But 'z he warn't the kind er blossom to play any games on, they kep' at it 'n' we 'uz fillin' up fast. The land wuz 'bout ten miles off, an' they wuz 'bout fifty, er mebbe sixty fathom water b'tween the reef we wuz fishin' on 'n' the nearest p'int. Wall, long 'bout eight bells in the afternoon, I uz a-standin' by the galley door watchin' a Kanaker crawlin' in board very slow, bein' 'most done up Five er six ov 'em uz hangin' roun' 'bout ter start below agen 'n' th' ole man uz a-blarsfemin' gashly at 'em fer bein' so slow. Right in the middle ov his sermon I seed 'im go green in the face, 'n' make a step back from the rail, with both hands helt up in front ov 'im 's if he uz skeered 'most ter de'th. 'N' he wuz, too. There cum lickin' inboard after him a long gray slitherin' thing like a snake 'ith no head but a lot uv saucers stuck onto it bottom up. 'N' befor' I'd time ter move, bein 'most sort e rparalized, several more ov the dern things uz a-sneakin' around all over the deck. The fust one got the skipper good 'n' tight 'ith a round turn above his arms, 'n' I saw him a-slidin' away The schooner wuz a-rollin' 's if in a big swell—which ther warn't a sign of, 's I c'd see. But them snaky gray things went quicker, 'n' thinkin' all over her, 'n' befo' yew c'd say 'knife' every galoot, including me, wuz a-goin' with 'em back to where they'd come from.

"Say, d'yew ever wake up all alive, 'cep' yew couldn't move ner speak, only know all wuz goin' on, 'n' do the pow'flst thinkin' 'bout things yew ever did in yer life? Yes, 'n' that's haow I wuz then. When thet cold gristly strpint cum cuddlin' roun me, 'n' the saucers got on to me 's if they'd suck out me very bow'ls, I'd a-gi'n Mount Morgan ter died; but I couldn't ev'n get mad. I saw the head ov the thing then arms b'longed ter, 'n' 'twuz wuss 'n the horrors, 'cause I wuz black 'n' a foot or more across, 'n' when I looked into 'em I see meself a-comin'."

He was silent for a minute, but shaking as if with palsy. I laid my hand on his arm, not knowing what to say, and he looked up wistfully, saying. "Thenks shipmate; thet's good." Then he went on again:—

"The whole thing went back'ards, takin' us along; 'n' I remember thinkin' ez we went of the other Kanakers below that hedn't come back. I he'd the bubbles 's each of us left the sunshine, but never a cry, never another soun'. The las' thing I remember seein' 'bove me wuz the eene of the schooner's main-boom which wuz guyed out to larberd some 'n' looked like a big arm struck stiff an' helpless, though wishful to save. Down I went, that clingin' snaky coil round me tighter 'n' my skin. But wut wuz strangest ter me wuz the fact that not only I didn't drown, but I felt no sort er disconvenience frum bein' below the water. 'N' at last, when I reached the coral, though I dessay I looked corpse enough, 'twuz only my looks fur I felt, lackin' my not bein' able ter thet's trew's Gospel fer all thet."

I politely deprecated his assumption of my disbelief in his yarn, but my face belied me, I know; so, bidding him "S'long," with a parting present of my plug of eyes 'n' that berryin'-groun' ov a mouth. I doan'no but wut I might ha' been a'most happy. But I lay thar, with the rest uv my late shipmates, sort er ready for consumpshun, like the flies in the corner of a spider's web; 'n' thet guv me a pow'ful heap ov a bad time.

"After a while the quiet of the place begun ter breed strange noshuns in my 'n' I felt more confiddent ter speak, 'n' I felt more confiddent, 'n' ef I speak, bretthe er speak, ez peart 'n' fresh ez I dew nuow. The clutch thet had ben on me so allfired tight begun ter move, bretthe er speak, ez peart 'n' fresh though wide awake 's ever I wuz in all my life. I jest 'peared to be 'way back at the beginnin' uv things, befo' they wuz anythin' else but water, 'n' wut life there wuz in them early days hed ter dew 'ithout air er sum er light. I'd read the Bible some—not ter say frequent, 'n', bein' but a poor skollar, Jenersez wuz 'bout 's fur 'as I got. But onct a Blue-nose I uz shipmates with wuz pow'ful fond uv one er the Bible yarns he called the Book uv Jobe, 'n' he use' ter read thet off ter me 'twell I nearly got it through my he'd solid. Anyway, much ov it kem back ter me neow—bits 'beout the foundayshons ov the world, 'n' the boun's ov the sea, 'n' such like.

"'N' all the time overright me in the mouth ov a gre't cave, with them res'less thutty-foot feelers ever a-twistin' 'n' wriggilin' around', wuz the Thing itself, them awful eyes jest a-showin' like moons made of polished jet, in the dimness. Some ov my shipmates wuz gone, the skipper amqng 'em; but some, like me, wuz layin' quiet 'n' straight; while all about us the fish, ov every shape 'n' size, wuz a-glidin' slow 'n' stealthy like, as if ever on the watch 'gainst some enemy er anuther.

"It seemed so long I laid thar thet I felt able to remember evry bush 'n' bough ov coral, very boulder, that in queerest shapes yew ever see lay scattered aroun'. At last, never havin' quite los' sight of thet horrible ungodly Thing in the cave yander, I see it kem eout. I never knowed thar wuz a God till then. Sence thet time, whenever I hear some mouthy critter provin', ez he calls it, poor child! thet ther ain't, 'n' cain't be, any God, I feel thet sorry fer him I c'd jest sail right in 'n' lam' the foggy blether out'n his foolskull. But, ez I wuz a-sayin', eout kem the Thing, till I see the hull gre't carcass ov It, bigger 'n' the bigges' sparm whale I ever see, jest a-haulin' 'n' a-warpin' along them wanderin' arms over the hills 'n' hallers ov the reef to'rds me. It floated between me 'n' wut light ther wuz, which wuz suthin' ter be thankful fer, fer I'd a-gin my life ter be able to shet my eyes from it 'n' wut wuz comin'. It hung right over me, 'n' I felt the clingin' suckers closin' all aroun' me, when all of a sudden they left me ag'in. The gre't black shadder moved ter one side 'n' daown through thet clear water cum a sparm whale, graceful 'n' easy's as an albacore. I never thought much of old squar'head's looks before, but, I'm tellin' ye, then he looked like a shore-'nough angel 'longside thet frightful crawlin', calammy bundle of sea-searpients.

"But I hedn't much time ter reflect, fer thet whale had come on biziness, 'n' ther wa'n't any percastination 'bout him. When he got putty cluss up to the Thing that wuz backin' oneasily away, he sorter rounded to like a boat gomin' 'longside, only 'sted ov comin' roun' he come over, clar he'd over flukes. His jaw wuz hangin' daown, baout twenty foot with all the big teeth a shinin', 'n' next I knew he'd got thet gol-durned Thing in his mouth with a grip right behin' them awful Eyes. Roun' come the tangle of arms like the sails of a windmill lacin', clutchin', tearin' at the whale's head. But they might so well hev hugged the Solander Rock. It made no sorter diffrunce ter him, 'n' his jaw kep' on workin' fer all it wuz worth a-sawin' off the tremenjus he'd of the Thing. Then the light went eout. My gosh! thet water wuz jest turned inter ink, 'n' though yew c'd feel the sway 'n' swirl ov some big liner they wa'nt nothin' ter be seen. So I reckon the Thing I'd been puzzlin' ter fine a name fer wuz jest the Gret Mogul ov all the cuttle-fish, 'n' bein' kinder hard prest wuz a-shellin' in the hull contents ov his ink-tank.

"Wall, I wuz sorter int'rested in this mush 'n' very much wanted ter see it through, but thet satisfacshun wuz denied me. All the churnin' 'n' thrashin' went on jest above me in pitch-dark 'n' gravequiet. Bimeby the water ceased to bile aroun' 'n' got clearer, till after a while I c'd see gret shadders above movin' swiffly. The sea took on anuther color quite fermiliar ter me, sorter yaller, a mixin' ov red 'n' blue. Funniest thing wuz the arm way I wuz a-takin' ov it all, jest like a man lookin' out'n a b'loon at a big fight, er a spectayter in a g'lanty show hevin' no pusnal concern in the matter 't all. Presently sneakin' along comes a white streak cluss ter me. Long befo' it touched me I knew it fer wut it wuz, 'n' then I wuz in de'dly fear less the hope uv life after all sh'd rouse me eout uv this yer trance or whatever it wuz. 'Twuz a whale-line from some whale-ship's boat a-fishin' overhe'd. It kem right to me. It teched me 'n' I felt 's if I must come to 'n' die right there 'n' then. But it swep' right under me, 'n' then settled daown, coil after coil, till I wuz fair snarled up in it. By this time the water'd got so soupy thet I couldn't see nothin', but wa'n't long befo' I felt myself a-risin'—eout uv the belly uv Hell ez Jonah sez.

"Up I kem at a good lick til all uv a sudden I sees God's light, smells His air 'n' hears voices uv men. Gosh, but wa'n't they gallied when they see me. Blame ef I didnt half think they'd lemme go ag'in. The fust one ter git his brains ter work wuz the bow oarsman, a nigger, who leaned over the gunnel, his face greeny-gray with fright, 'n' grabbed me by the hair. Thet roused the rest, 'n' I wuz hauled in like a whiz. Then their tongues got ter waggin', 'n' yew never heard so many fool things said in five minutes outside of congress.

"It didn' seem ter strike any ov 'em thet I mouldn't beso very dead after all, though fortnitly fer me they conclooded ter take me aboard with 'em. So I laid thar in the bottom uv the boat while they finished haulin' line. Ther wuz a clumsy feller among 'em thet made a slip, hittin' me an ugly welt on the nose as he wuz fallin'. Nobody took any notice till presently one uv 'em hollers, 'Why, dog my cats ef that corpse ain't got a nose-bleed.' This startled 'em all, fer I never met a gloot so loony ez ter think a de'd man c'd bleed. Homs'ever they jest lit out fer the ship like sixty 'n' h'isted me aboard. 'Twuz er long time befo' they got my works a-tickin' ag'in, but they done it at last, 'n' once more I wuz a livin' man amon' livin' men.

"Naow, ov course, yew doan' b'lieve my yarn—yew caint, taint in nacher, but young feller, thar's an allfired heap o' things in the world that caint be belieft in 'twell yew've 'speriunced 'em yerself tobacco (it was all I had to give), I left him, and by the falling light made all speed I could back to my ship.—[Cornhill Magazine.

DEMOCRATS LOOKING FOR BEDS.

The Washington correspondent of the Boston Transcript says: The democrats in this neighborhood are beginning to realize that they were "buncoed," in the selection of Kansas City as the place of holding their national convention. The boomers of that town came on here and distributed widely a pamphlet containing cuts of the hotels of the city, which were said to number sixty. As the great question concerning Kansas City's eligibility was whether she could accommodate the guests of the national convention, this argument presented in pictorial form seemed to satisfy the national committeemen who had the question to settle. It has now turned out that instead of having sixty hotels, Kansas City has just three hotels, in the ordinary acceptance of the term. By something of a stretch of courtesy, two more establishments may be included, one of which is over the line in Kansas and has long been a resort for Kansas politicians. The boomers, it seems, included in their list, a lot of apartment houses, which responded to the camera as a hotel would have done, and in that way swelled out their total, for Kansas City is quite an apartment house town. The [illegible] of the Victoria was especially effective. The committeemen looked at it with wondering awe, saying: "What a magnificent hotel! I am surprised that Kansas City has come to have such great houses." This Victoria, it seems, is a regulation apartment house with every suite rented, and offers no accommodations to speak of to the delegates. The rest of the booklet on Kansas City hotels seems to have been got up in about the same way.

Tangible evidence of this fraud is now coming in the shape of responses to applications for quarters which the Eastern Democrats are making. One of the three large hotels is sending out replies to the effect that no bookings will yet be made, but that when they are all present applicants will be duly considered. Another hotel proprietor writes that his engagements so far have averaged five persons [illegible] room at five dollars per day each. But these terms are better than those proposed by another of the returned boomers, who replies to an application for quarters: "We expect you to pay for the full rooming capacity of the rooms which we have reserved for you at the rate of five dollars per day a person, and a minimum-size room will be sufficient to accommodate six persons, making each room of this minimum size $30 a day, whether occupied by one persons or six persons." this contract is for not fewer than five days. It indicates that the Kansas City hotel proprietors intend to do some business. The solid men of the town, it is said, did not want the convention to come there because they realized fully how unsuited the town was for it. But the saloon men and the hotel men like to have their accommodations crowded, and so, with their large auditorium as a basis for argument, have made the fight.

In The Book.

[Lewiston (Me.) Journal.]

This is Moulton's story—Moulton, of Standish. Moulton is a Democrat. Being a Democrat, he allows that the other side will swallow anything that the party leaders mix up for them. That is always a favorite allegation for the other side—on both sides.

Moulton says there was once an old minister of his acquaintance who believed every word there was in the Bible, and everything that appeared in print with the sanction of the church. Especially did he tie to "Gospel Songs, Selected, No. 2," The choir would have liked to get something a bit more up to date, but the aged minister wouldn't have it. He said that those songs had been good enough for the brothers and the sisters of the church before that day, and he guessed they were good enough for the present generation.

So he continued to sing" Gospel Songs, No. 2."

One day some young scapegrace in the church pasted into that copy of the hymns devoted to the pulpit desk a printed slip of very secular song. But so deftly was the pasting done that it would have taken a keener eye than the dim vision of the old parson to have detected the fraud.

On Sunday he opened the singing book to read the first hymn. He always opened by chance and took the first one that came to hand. He opened on the page of deceit. He set his specs on his nose and commenced to read in a sonorous voice:—

"I'm a double-jointed huckleberry aching for a fight."

The aged parson read the first line through. So sure was he of "Gospel Songs, No. 2," that he had never stopped to think that there could be anything wrong.

But there was snickering from the back pews—and he stopped. He looked at the line more closely. He shut the book on his finger and scrutinized the cover.

"Twas all right. The cover bore the words "Gospel Songs, No. 2." It was surely his book. There were the marks of his usage. He opened again, and setting his glasses more firmly, read the second line.

"I can eat a pound of liver raw or fried."

The old parson stopped again. Judging by the laughter, muffled, but none the less distinct, there was something wrong with the hymn.

He looked at the line again.

"Brethren," said he, in a puzzled way, "that doesn't read just right for the sacred songs of a holy day. I don't seem ever to have seen that hymn in this book before, though I thought I knew every word of it. It is strange—very strange. But"—and here his voice grew firmer and his tone louder—"there is a doubt about this being 'Gospel Songs, No. 2'—this book that I hold in my hand. This book has been tried and tested in the church. I will therefore read the other two lines of the first stanza:—

"I can lick a brace of catamounts and eat 'em when I'm tight.

"I'm a ripper-snorter-tearer, blast my hide!"

"Now, brethren and sisters, all sing Hymn No. 25, page 23."

For Attending to Business.

Quebec, March 9.—W. A. Scharwtz, consul general for Sweeden and Norway, at this port, has received from his sovereign the first class order of knighthood of the honorable Order of St. Olaf for meritorious conduct and strict attention to official duties.

"Alsaco-Lorraine is a border country. Our neighbors are excitable. In many districts of the Reichsland the inhabitants have connections with their former fellow-countrymen, and it is always possible that we may some time or another have complications with our neighbors acros the bordetr. It is true that our relations with the French government are as good as they could possibly be, but there is no security that this will be permanent. We must, therefore, be prepared for all eventualties, and must not lay aside the weapons which we need for the security of our possessions. We acquired Alsaco Lorraine not by a plebiscite, but by force of arms. We mean to retain the land we have regained possession of, for that is our right."

A Ferry Purchased.

Chatham, March 10—(Special)—The Miramichi Steam Navigation Company today purchased the Hartland ferry for the sum of $3,000.

Mr. Henry Johnston, postmaster of Welsford, who has for some days been under treatment for abcess of the eye, is improving.

The man who is not true to himself will never be true to others.

Deaths and Burials.

There was a very large attendance of citizens at the funeral of the late Mr. J. R. Ruel Saturday afternoon. A service had been conducted at 11 o'clock in the morning at his late residence and the funeral procession left the house at 2.30 p. m. The mayor and Common Council, customs house employes and vestrymen of St. John's church preceded the hearse, and the mourners and a large line of citizens followed. Among them was a deputation of the salvorps, Mr. Ruel having been one of the old St. John fire police. The body was escorted to St. John's church where the rector, Rev. J. de Soyres conducted an impressive service and the choir sang several hymns. Rev. Mr. de Soyres also read the service at Fernhill, where the body was laid in the receiving vault.

Resolutions of sorrow and condolence have been passed by the vestry of St. John's church and the customs house staff.

The Rev. J. de Soyres referred in his sermon Sunday evening to the late Mr. Ruel, who for more than sixty years had been connected with the church. He mentioned that his text, "A workman that needeth not to be ashamed" (2 Timothy, ii. 15), had been chosen several weeks ago in connection with the subject appointed for the Sunday evenings in Lent. They little knew then how marked an illustration would confront them that day in considering the "Proof of Work"—the topic now before them. Funeral sermons too often tended to become conventional and artificial, and very rarely was it right to preach them. But when he looked back upon the few previous occasions in his ministry there, the memories of his predecessor Mr. Armstrong, of Mr. Daniel, of Bishop Medley, and of Sir Leonard Tilley, all would agree with him that an equally notable personage filled their memories today, and one whose life presented lessons and examples worthy of their earnest consideration.

Very often on this continent, and especially in the great neighboring republic, eminent men had wrought out their own advancement with little help from family or education. But in this instance, ancestry and education gave their aid; but were only subsidiary to the success wrought by indomitable will, by keen intelligence, and by a manysided sympathy for all good objects. The preacher dwelt upon the late Mr. Ruel's various activities, and especially on those in which he proved himself so great a benefactor to the city, the Library and the Rural Cemetery. For their church, together with his colleague for so many years, the late Mr. Daniel, he had done far more than any official title of activity could denote. He had worked for the old "Stone Church" in every capacity, and in every need; in its days of difficulty he had been a champion, and in days of steady progress a wise governor. Only three weeks ago, in a day of storm, when few ventured out, he had been in the old accustomed seat, a presence which was even a stimulus to any minister, encouraging but formidable, for woe to the logical fallacy or unscriptural statement which reached him.

It was impossible not to speak of his attitude as a Churchman. Therein, if other proofs had been wanting, he proved his direct ancestry from among the Reformers. Like Luther in his great words at Worms: "Here I stand, I can no otherwise: God help me, amen"—that was his position, and Protestant and evangelical to the core, impatient of compromise, and though courteous in expression, a witness for all his life against Roman error, Roman sympathisers and Roman imitators, of whatever position or authority. And who of those who differed from him, of those who believed rather in a wide comprehension in the admission of different schools of thought, supposed all to be loyal to the articles and the royal supremacy,—who could nowadays refrte him, with the present spectacle in England of a turbulent and disloyal society defying the bishops, and defending all the errors and superstitions against which the Reformation came into being?

As a man, one who had been first welcomed by him in coming to Canada, received into his hospitable home, treated ever since—even amid some passing differences of opinion, with unfailing kindness, would perhaps be a partial judge. But everyone in the city knew what he was, knew the stalwart dignity, that graceful old-fashioned courtesy of demeanor, that readiness to help in all good causes, that real humility as to his own powers, (causing him, for instance, to underrate his own powers of speaking)—in one word, those characteristics rather of an age which is departing from us, and which, we pray God, may leave its legacy of solid activity and persistent energy to its posterity.

They had laid him at last in that beautiful spot where so much of his heart was, ever since a tragedy which saddened his later years, in the sudden loss of a beloved son. What better monument than that place of peace which the German's call "God's acre?" "They rest from their labours and their works do follow them," said the Spirit. Might the younger generation follow such examples, so that each one might "show himself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not be ashamed."

The remains of the late Miss Mary Reardon who died Friday at the Mater Misericordiae hospital, were taken to St. George on Saturday for interment.

The funeral of the late George Little was held Saturday afternoon from 111 Mecklenburg street. Rev. George Steel conducted services and the remains were interred in Fernhill.

Mr. John J. Wright died at New York Thursday, aged 69 years. He formerly was in business here and later was a broker in New York. His wife and one son, Dr. Wright of New York, survive, as also does one sister, Miss Fanny M. Wright of Quispamsis.

The Board of Health issued 25 burial permits last week. The causes of death were: Pnuemonia, five; bronchitis, four; tubercular meningitis, three; marasmus and heart failure, two each; old age, influenza, consumption, tumor of brain, cerebral paralysis, prospatrie hypentrophy, cancer of stomach, congestion of lungs, fatty degeneration of heart, one each.

Many attended the funeral of the late Mrs. M. G. Barbour, held Saturday afternoon from 37 Richmond street. The interment was at Fernhill after services by Rev. H. F. Waring.

The funeral of Mr. Thomas Sullivan was held Saturday afternoon from his late residence, on Princess street. Rev. John Read conducted services and the remains were interred in Fernhill.

There is No Great Rush of Recruits for the Regiment to Garrison Halifax.

Toronto, March 10—There is no enthusiasm here over recruiting "C" company of the regiment intended to garrison Halifax. When the recruiting station was opened today, about 40 men, all members of the militia, presented themselves. Their names were taken and they were instructed to get certificates from commanding officers. The men are not of the same social standing as the volunteers for active service, and many seem to be without regular occupation. If the men are to be recruited for garrison duty, it is the opinion of the militia here, that the authorities will have to be content with a lower standard than that formerly sent.

CAPE COLONY IS ALL RIGHT.

Rebels are Being Driven Out and British Rule Everywhere Restored.

Cape Town, Sunday, March 11—News from Lady Grey, Herschel and Aliwal North show that the rebels are lying down their arms in large numbers, and that the Boers all along the border are in serious straits. The rebels assert that the Boers are subsisting on bread and water, and so-called coffee, made from rye. Other rebels are leaving to fight in the Free State. British rule has been restored at Lady Grey, where a big fight is reported to have occurred, many rebels being killed.

It is reported that thousands of rebels contemplate surrendering to General Brabant.

Steamer Cuvier Sank.

London, March 11—It is now learned that the British steamer Cuvier, commanded by Captain Quinton, which was reported Friday last sunk by an unknown steamer, was run down in the Straits of Dover the morning of the 9th by a steamer whose identity is not known. The three survivors, who were landed at Calais, France, shortly after the disaster, say a great hole was torn in the Cuvier, sinking her in less than five minutes. They further state that the 30 men comprising the crew were below at the time of the collision and were unable to reach the decks and man the boats, so quickly did the rammed vessel go down and that the oncoming vessel paid no heed to the cries for assistance shouted to those on board, and steamed away.

The captain and third mate were seen to jump from the bridge as their vessel went down. Two of the survivors clung to a capsized boat until picked up by the Windsor and taken to Calais. It is believed all the other members of the crew of the Cuvier are drowned.

THE STARVATION PLAN.

Of Treating Dyspepsia and Stomach Troubles is Useless and Unscientific.

The almost certain failure of the starvation plan for dyspepsia has been proven time and again, but even now a course of dieting is generally the first thing recommended for a case of indigestion or any stomach trouble.

Many people with weak digestion, as well as some physicians, consider the first step to take in attempting to cure indigestion is to restrict the diet, either by selecting certain foods and rejecting others or to cut down the amount of food eaten to barely enough to keep soul and body together, in other words the starvation plan is by many supposed to be the first essential.

All this is radically wrong. It is foolish and unscientific to recommend dieting to a man already suffering from starvation because indigestion itself starves every organ, nerve and fibre in the body.

What people with poor digestion most need is abundant nutrition, plenty of good, wholesome, properly cooked food, and something to assist the weak stomach to digest it.

This is exactly the purpose for which Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are adapted and the true reason why they cure the worst cases of stomach trouble.

Eat a sufficient amount of wholesome food and after each meal take one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets to promptly digest it.

In this way the system is nourished and the overworked stomach rested, because the tablets will digest the food whether the stomach works or not, one grain of the active digestive principle in Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets being sufficient to digest 3,000 grains of meat, eggs or other albuminous food.

Dr. Harlandson and Dr. Redwell recommend these tablets in all cases of defective digestion because the pepsin and diastase in them are absolutely free from animal matter and other impurities and being pleasant to the taste are as safe and harmless for the child as for the adult.

All drug stores sell this excellent preparation and the daily use of them after meals will be of great benefit, not only as an immediate relief, but to permanently build up and invigorate the digestive organs.

The Offer of Peace Made to Prevent the British Being Slaughtered.

New York, March 10—"President Kruger made his offer to cease hostilities in order that Great Britain may be responsible for the slaughter which is inevitably coming to her troops," said Geo. Van Sicklen of Counsel, to the Boers in this city to-day. "The Boers have given England chance to retire gracefully," continued Mr. Van Sicklen, after recent successes, and Mr. Chamberlain in letting go the opportunity makes himself responsible for the terrific carnage among the English soldiery, which must inevitably