A QUEER ADVENTURE.

It happened about seven years ago. I had been transacting some business in London, and was returning by the afternoon mail to my house in the country. Being the only occupant of the carriage in which I rode, I broke the tedium of the journey by reading, in the dim light of the chill December day, some of the several periodicals with which I had furnished myself at the bookstall previous to my departure from the station.

The papers at that time were full of accounts of crimes committed just previously by a band of desperate nihilists, who, in their own particular manner, were levying war upon civilization in a well-known European capital. The reports were alarmingly graphic, and an air of insecurity was engendered by reading them, for rumor had it that the ramifications were well-nigh limitless, extending into other lands besides their own, and it was plainly hinted that England was shortly to receive a special share of their attentions.

I read on until the growing darkness rendered the operation too difficult to be longer indulged in, and then mused upon what I had read until, half my journey being accomplished, it became necessary for me to change my train. With a quarter of an hour to spare I entered the buffet attached to the station at which I had stopped, with the object of obtaining some needed refreshment. Having eaten nothing since breakfast, I was hungry, and looked round for something substantial wherewith to appease my appetite.

The only available thing beside the usual sandwich was a German sausage, which I began to tackle without the least compunction. Although not an edible that I usually indulged in—to be correct, I had never before tasted it—the inelegant bolony seemed to my sharpened palate quite toothsome food, and I ate vigorously, and felt, as I believed, all the better for it when the time came to resume my journey.

I had a companion this time, a man who, like myself, was closely wrapped, and who occupied the seat directly opposite to the corner one in which I placed myself. In his hand I noticed that he carried a small, oblong parcel, incased in brown paper and tied with a strip of thin string, so arranged as to form a loop for the fingers that held it.

On starting, my fellow-traveler made a few commonplace remarks about the weather, and later on, with an air of decided sociability, offered me his flask. I am aware that it is not ordinarily advisable to accept hospitality in this way from a stranger, and it is a thing I always set my face against, but in this instance, I broke through my custom and took the proffered drink, and then, drawing my wraps closely around me, snuggled into my corner, and tried to make myself comfortable for the rest of the ride.

I had not been long thus ensconced when a kind of drowsy stupor began to creep over me, which steadily increased, despite repeated efforts on my part to shade it off. As I sat in this semi-conscious state, my thoughts reverted to the nihilistic literature I had been reading, and instantly it occurred to me that the brandy I had been drinking was drugged. The thought was not a pleasant one, and somewhat alarmed by it I made a further attempt to rouse myself from the lethargy into which I was falling, but without success. Suddenly I lost consciousness entirely, and everything became a blank.

It was only for a few moments, however, for my senses returned as quickly as they had left me, although my power of action was quite gone. I seemed like a person under the influence of some mesmeric spell, from which there is no escape. In this condition my gaze instinctively turned to my companion, and I noticed, as I thought, a mysterious change in his appearance. His complexion had assumed a malignant air, his eyes wore a wild look, and round his mouth there curled a cunning smile.

As I sat watching him, he began to undo the parcel in his hands, and drawing away the paper in which it was enclosed, exposed to view a box apparently made of tin. A little hinged door on one of its sides, which he presently opened, showed that the interior was filled with a species of clockwork arrangement, and instinctively I guessed that the thing I beheld was one of those diabolical inventions which have come to be known by the term of infernal machines.

On beholding this horrible engine of destruction, which, for aught I knew, might be fused ready for its dreadful work, my first thought was to stretch out my hand for the communication cord, and stopping the train, let the authorities know the manner of man they were carrying; but, on attempting to rise, I found that my limbs utterly refused their office, and I was as helpless as though I had been bound hand and foot. My companion, evidently divining my intention, spoke:

"You are powerless to move," he said, addressing me. "The portion imbibed from my flask is a special decoction which will prevent action on your part for some time to come. So sit still and listen! You know, doubtless, what this is," he continued, pointing to the box, which he had placed on the seat beside him, "and most likely you guess what I am at the same time. In case you do not, I will tell you at once that I am one of that noble band who have for their object in life the emancipation of mankind from the tyranny of authority!"

"In other words, you are a nihilist—a dynamitard?" I suggested.

"Use those terms if you like," he replied. "There is nothing in a name. Acts are the things whereby men are judged. Hear what I have to say! The society to which I belong has decreed the immediate doom of an authoritative rule, and with that object has dispatched emissaries far and wide to carry out its behests. A big blow is shortly to be struck, and there is not a country in the whole of Europe which will escape it. Russia, Germany, Austria, France, all are condemned, and even England, the vaunted home of the free, is not to be exempt. At the present moment there are 99 picked men, armed with the most deadly bombs, in London itself, awaiting the signal to commence. One more worker is required, and I am commissioned to find some one to supply the want. I have done so, and my choice falls upon you."

I started in my seat at these words, uttered in a fiercely earnest tone. He concluded:

"You, Yes, you must become one of us; must enroll yourself under the banner of emancipation, and strike a blow for liberty!"

"And what if I refuse?" I inquired, as quietly as my excitement would allow, He leaned forward, and hissed rather than spoke in my ear:

"If you will not do this, then you yourself are doomed! Mark me, unless you join our ranks you will never leave this train alive!"

"Who will prevent me?" I asked again making a vain endeavor to rise.

"I will!" he shouted, fiercely.

"I defy you!" I exclaimed, with a firmness I did not really feel, thinking that a determined attitude might possibly overawe him, for assassins are invariably cowards. I was mistaken in my man, however, for on hearing my words he put his hand under the cloak that enveloped him and drew forth a poniard the sharp-pointed edge of which he felt critically with the tip of his finger.

"I will give you one minute in which to consider your decision," he said, "and if at the end of that time you remain obdurate, then this blade goes straightway through your heart!"

In order, I suppose, to amuse himself during the interval he pricked several holes with the point of the instrument in his arms just above the wrist, from each of which the blood spurted in small, purple jets, showing how sharp was the weapon's edge. In a little while he said:

"The time is up. What say you now?"

"What I said before," I replied 'Do your worst!"

Instantly he sprang to his feet and clutched me by the throat.

"Coward!" I cried, half choking, as I was, and struggling in his iron grasp.

The epithet seemed to madden him, for his face became livid with sudden rage, his eyes glared wildly and his breath came in thick and hurried gasps.

"You shall never say that again!" he shouted, tightening his hold until the blood swelled up in my face and my eyes seemed ready to burst from their sockets.

With the energy of despair I made one final attempt to recover my power of action, and felt that I was succeeding. The effect of the potion was evidently working off and with use returning to my limbs I realized that now was my time. Concentrating all the strength I had into one tremendious effort, I managed to free myself from his grip and immediately closed with him. We struggled violently together for a few seconds, neither gaining the mastery, and then I stumbled and we both fell to the ground, he uppermost. It seemed that my hour was come, for in his hand he held the deadly weapon. As I saw the gleaming blade descend in one swift stroke I raised my voice and shouted—

"Tickets, please! All tickets ready!"

It was the summons of the collector. I rubbed my eyes and looked around. There was my fellow traveller sitting quietly on the seat opposite, regarding me with an amused expression on his face.

"Been sleeping?" he queried as my gaze caught his.

"I suppose I have," was my hazy reply.

"And dreaming, too," he added, with a smile; "unpleasantly, I should guess, by your manner."

It was so. The substantial repast of which I had partaken had been the means of bringing on a heavy slumber which lasted right on to my journey's end, and the fearful adventure through which I had been passing was not as I had imagined it, a thing of reality, but only a horrid nightmare, engendered by the reception of a mass of indigestible food into a constitutionally dyspeptic stomach.

My companion, of course, was no more a nihilist than I was. The only fusible article inside his brown-paper parcel was a box containing a hundred choice cigars; and his flask, he assured me, held nothing more injurious to the system than a quantity of fine old Cognac.

As I related to him the experience through which I had gone he indulged in a hearty laugh, and, while I could not refrain from joining him, even at my own expense, I inwardly registered a vow to give German sausage a very wide berth for the future.—Tit-Bits.

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EXPERIENCED WATCHMAKER

has taken H. H. FALLEN'S STORE, and will open a Jewelery and Watch repairing establishment on or about the

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He is an experienced repairer of complicated watches such as repeaters chronographs, etc.

C Warmunde Sr., who has had a life-long experience at the trade in

GERMANY, UNITED STATES & CANADA,

late of Boston, Mass, brings with him all the modern machinery and tools and will give patrons entire satisfaction. Give us a trial and be convinced.

Positively First-Class Work.

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We will keep a fine line of watches, clocks, jewelery silverware, spectacles etc., new and latest styles at lowest prices.

C. WARMUNDE
Chatham B ,N.

Changing our Mourning Customs.

"One of the surest indications that, as a people, we are tearing away from barbaric custom," writes Edward W. Bok in Ladies' Home Journal, "is found in the changes which, slowly but surely, have come over our mourning customs and funeral emblems. The time is not so far back when the announcement in a funeral notice that 'friends will please omit flowers,' was an unheard of thing. When this first appeared people wondered at it. * * * Now one meets the request in numerous cases, and the effect has been good. 'Gates Ajar' and similar vulgar floral monstrosities are being discarded, and the modest laurel wreath or cross, or sheaf of wheat have in good taste supplanted them. Flowers for the dead are not to be decried so long as they have a meaning or carry a message of tender sympathy to the living, or attest a love, reverence or respect for the dead. But when offered missionless, in profusion, jammed or crammed into every imaginable made-to-order-looking design or device, the custom (or habit) of thus remembering the dead becomes offensive and is best honored in the breach." Mr. Bok also expresses hearty satisfaction that the day of big funeral corteges is passing, and that the heavy black crape at the door of the home which death has entered has been supplanted by simply unobstrusive wreaths of green or blossoms. With equal gratification he notes that the sight of young children, fairly stifling beneath the heavy folds of mourning, is becoming more and more rare. In this connection he writes: "I never thoroughly understood until recently the depth of affection and the sure, sane judgment which prompted that member of my family, who, when he was dying, asked that his wife and children should refrain from wearing anything which savored of mourning at his passing. It was difficult to do; the heart seemed to prompt otherwise. But it was done, and the wisdom of my father's dying wish has often come home to his survivors when they have seen the custom followed which has made relatives and friends sombre just to look at each other."

What it Costs to Feed Trout.

Says the New York Sun:—"A report that the Saratoga County Fish and Game Association has made a requisition upon the New York State Fisheries Game and Forest Commission for 500,000 black bass and 400,000 brook trout fry has called forth some comments from Mr. A. N. Cheney, the State Fish Culturist, on the subject of the supply of fish fry available for distribution. Mr. Cheney says that it will be impossible for the Commission to respond to the demand of the Saratoga County Association. He says that the aggregate number of black bass fry of both species, large and small mouthed, liberated by the Commission during the thirteen years of its existence was between 12,000 and 13,000. Last year it supplied 20,000 adult and fingerling black bass from 2½ to 3 inches in length, all of which were obtained by purchase. So far the attempt to hatch black bass artificially has not been successful, although it may yet be accomplished. Mr. Cheney says that to distribute 400,000 brook trout fry to any one organization will be impossible, as the capacity of the largest hatchery in the State is only about double that number. All of these establishments combined produce only between four and five millions of the fry of brown and brook trout. The demand is for between 10,000,000 and 15,000,000 in lots of from 5,000 to 15,000, so that all requisitions are scaled down to the capacity of the hatcheries. To nourish 400,000 brook trout six weeks old, Mr. Cheney says, would require a good-sized stream many miles long, and if this number grew to be yearlings, they would starve to death if confined within the same limits.

"Eighty thousand trout fed from birth to the age of one year in a hatchery consume $700 worth of liver. It may be readily calculated what it will cost to feed 400,000. This statement of facts will go far to show that the mere planting of enormous quantities of fry in streams not competent to nourish them not only is a great drain upon the resources of the Fish Commission, but of no practical value whatsoever."

The Prohibition Question.

BRITISH PRIVY COUNCIL GIVES A DECISION.

LONDON, May 9.—The Privy Council today handed down a judgement upon the appeal of the Province of Ontario against the Dominion of Canada, raising the question of the power of the Provincial Legislature to make prohibitory liquor laws. The appeal was argued August 7, 1895. Lord watson, Lord of Appeal, read the judgment; the others present were Lord Hanchel, Lord Halsbury, Lord High Chancellor, Lord Davey, Lord of Appeal, and Sir R. Couch. The judgment neither dismissed nor upheld the appeal, but consisted of answers to a series of questions put by the Governor General of Canada. The judgment advised the Queen to discharge the order of the Supreme Court of Canada made January 15, 1895, and substitute the answers to the Governor General's questions. The seventh was the most relevant answer, which held that the Ontario Legislature had jurisdiction to enact section 18, which, however, was inoperative in any district adopting the second part of the Canada Temperance Act of 1878. The other six questions were academic rather than judicial. As regards question three the answer was, that in the absence of conflicting legislation by the Parliament of Canada their lordships were of opinion that provincial legislatures had jurisdiction if it were shown that the manufacture of liquor was carried on under such conditions as to make its prohibition merely a local matter. The Council answered question five in the negative. Their lordships did not allow costs.

MONTREAL, May 9—The Star's London cable says: The three points standing out clear in the prohibition judgment of the Privy Council delivered to-day are that the Dominion Government alone has jurisdict on regarding the importation of intoxicating liquor into a province, that the local option law is inoperative where it clashes in its municipal operation with the C. T. A adopted by counties as a whole, and that the local governments have the right to pass a prohibition law without suppressing the manufacture of liquor for outside consumption, and being at the same time powerless to stop the importation of liquor into the Province, which is alone controllable by the Dominion government.

Nearly all women have good hair, though many are gray, and few are bald. Hall's Hair Renewer restores the natural color, and thickens the growth of the hair.

IT STRIKES HOME!

Chase's Ointment Cures All Skin Irritations.

GRACIE AITON.

Of the many skin diseases, eczema is one of the worst and most common. The one effective remedy so far discovered for it is Dr. Chase's Ointment. It has never been known to fail. Mr. Andrew Aiton, of Hartland, N.B., says: "My little daughter, Grace Ella, aged three and a half, was a dreadful sufferer from eczema for three years. We tried a number of alleged cures and several doctors, but all without effect. Her's was indeed a bad case. Her little body was entirely covered with rash. One day our local druggist, Mr. Wm. E. Thistle, recommended me to try Dr. Chase's Ointment. I did so, and four boxes effected a complete cure and saved our child."

Dr Chase's Ointment is just as effective for piles, salt rheum and sores of all descriptions. For sale by all dealers and Edmanson, Bates & Co., manufacturers, Toronto; price 60 cents.

There is nothing to equal Chase's Linseed and Turpentine for severe colds and lung troubles. Large bottle 25 cents.

TENDERS FOR LEASE OF FISHING PRIVILEGES,

Sealed Tenders, addressed to the undersigned, will be received at the Department of Indian Affairs, Ottawa, until Tuesday, the 19th day of May next, at noon, for the Lease of the Fishing Privileges within the boundaries of the Nipisiquit Indian Reserve, on the Nipisiquit River, New Brunswick, for five years. The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

HAYTER REED,
Deputy Superintendent General of Indian Affairs.

Department of Indian Affairs, Ottawa. 29th April, 1896.

FLOUR AND FEED DEPOT.

SHORTS,
BRAN,
CORNMEAL,
CRACKED FEED,

HAY AND OATS,

Water St., Chatham,

E. A. STRANG.

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The Best in 5 frame Brussels Carpet at	85c to	$1.75 c
The finest Tapestry	at 30c to	65c
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" " " Hemp Carpet	at 12c to	25c

Floor Oil Cloth in Handsome Patterns and 4-4 6-4 8-4 and 16-4 at 22c to 45c per sq. yd.
Lace Curtains at 25c to $5.00 per pair.
Fcy Fish Net Curtains (the latest) $1.75 to $10.00 per pair.
Fancy Muslin Curtains.
Cortain Lace, 15c per yd. and upwards. Paper Hinds, Curtain Poles, Counterpanes, Table Covers and a complete line of New House Furnishings,

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BOOTS! SHOES!

If you want a
First Class Article made to Order
come to the shop of Samuel Johnson.

The driving-boots that all the Lumbermen are looking for are made at this establishment, and a stock of them is now on hand.
All Hand-made work and Warranted.
Repairs made promptly.
Prices reasonable all round.

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WATER ST. - CHATHAM, N. B.

Not a Luxury but a necessity this time of year is a bottle of Spring Medicine.

WE HAVE THEM ALL

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA,
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PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND,
PINK PILLS.
BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.
SCOTT'S EMULSION,
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BEEF, IRON AND WINE,
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All Fine Fresh Goods.

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Now is the time to order your printed forms for Spring and Summer business. Send your orders to

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A full stock of paper, envelopes, tags and printers stationary on hand. Come or send o

THE LEADING JOB-PRINTING OFFICE,
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TWO TRIPS A WEEK

ST. JOHN AND BOSTON.

Until further notice the Steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Eastport, Lubec, Portland and Boston, every MONDAY and THURSDAY Morning, at 7.00 a. m., Standard.

Returning will leave Boston same days, at 8 a. m., and Portland at 5 p. m., for Eastport and St. John.

Connections made at Eastport with Steamers for Calais and St. Stephen.

All Agents in the east sell through tickets and check baggage through. Call on or address your nearest ticket agent.

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—AT—

THE BOUQUET.

Grand display of Easter Millinery at the Bouquet on Thursday and Friday,

APRIL 9TH AND 10TH!

The undersigned cordially invites her patrons and the public generally to the Bouquet, on the above days, to inspect the latest novelties in trimmed millinery, consisting of pattern hats and bonnets selected from the celebrated Paris, English and American Modistes, as well as a dazzling display of the latest freaks of fashion in Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons and Millinery novelties.

A SURPRISE TO ALL

will be the moderate prices at which the most stylish, the richest, the rarest, the most exclusive trimmed and untrimmed millinery ever shown in Chatham can be obtained at the Bouquet.

JOSIE NOONAN.

NOONAN BLOCK.

NOTICE TO HOLDERS OF TIMBER LICENSES

CROWN LAND OFFICE, 12 JULY, 1894.

The attention of all holders of Timber Licenses is alled to Section 19 of the Timber Regulations, which reads as follows:—

"19 No Spruce or Pine trees shall be cut by any Licensee under any License, not even for piling, which will not make a log at least 18 feet in length and ten inches at the small end; and if any such shall be cut, the Lumber shall be liable to double stumpage and the License be forfeited"

and all Licensees are hereby notified, that for the future, the provisions of this section will be rigidly nforced

L J TWEEDIE,
Surveyor General

FOR SALE.

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for elegant novelties in jewelry and an all round display of watches, clocks and silverware, you can find it in our stock. Here is a tantalising beautiful array of sparklers flashing rays, that when seen raise a desire to possess them The trade clock indicates that the buyer's hour has come, and our store shows that buyers are not neglecting the timely hint. Come to us for a dazzling display, a golden shower of temptations including 15 year filled Waltham Watch for $15.00 etc. You'll always be right on time with one of our 8 day clocks or $8 Waltham watches that are marvels of accurate timekeeping. We have, a full line of the latest jewelry. Call and see for yourselves.

OUR WATCH-REPAIRING DPART MENT

is first class in all respects. All

WATCHES, CLOCKS, AND JEWELRY,

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Chatham Oct., 3.

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A sure cure. Price 25 cts.

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The subscriber begs to inform his friends and the general public that he has reestablished himself in the business of a general

Tinsmith and Iron Worker

in the shop opposite the W. T. Harris store, Cunard Street, Chatham.

He makes a specialty of

RE-LINING STOVE-OVENS

and introduces a

DOUBLE PLATE BOTTOM

at the same price as the usual single plate is put in for elsewhere.

General repairs, as well as new work promptly executed.

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THE HEADQUARTERS FOR DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES AND TOILET ARTICLES
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We have on hand now, as usual, a

LARGE & FRESH SUPPLY

of the different Mixtures, Linaments, Cough Syrups, Tonics, Dyspepsia, Rheumatic, Kidney, Asthma and Catarrh Cures.

ALSO A LARGE STOCK OF

TOOTH BRUSHES, HAIR BRUSHES, COMBS, TOOTH POWDERS AND PASTES
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Our perfumes and soaps are the finest in town, and as we have a very large assortment of Soaps, we will offer them at special prices.

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Chatham, January 22 1896.

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WHICH I CAN FURNISH AT

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Sinks, Iron Pipe, Baths, Creamers the very best, also Japanned stamped and plain tinware in endless variety, all of the best stock which I will sell low for cash

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THEY NEVER LET GO,
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Orders filled at Factory Price, and a Freight Allowance made on lots of 10 kegs and upwards at one shipment.

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Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, and Chickens.
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Figs, Nuts, Confectionery, Cigars Etc. Etc.
Best Family Flour, Meals, Hay, Oats, feed of all kinds.
Pork, Beef, Herring, Codfish, Molasses, Sugars. Oils, Tobacco, Etc Etc
CHEAPEST STORE IN TOWN,
Don't forget the PIANO—each dollar purchase, one ticket.
Ready-Made Clothing, Dry Goods, Caps, Robes, Horse-Rugs.
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At the greatest bargains ever were known.
DONT FORGET the piano; each dollar's worth you buy you receive one ticket.
MERRY X'MAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL.

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THE LATEST SPRING NOVELTIES IN FIRST-CLASS
—DRY GOODS—
J. D. CREAGHAN,
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Are you going housekeeping—or will you furnish that room—If so dont pay 20 per cent more elsewhere for Tapestry Carpets, Brussels Carpets, Velvet Pile Carpets, Moquette 2 and 3 ply Wool Carpets, 1 to 4 yd. wide Floor Oil Cloth.

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5 March 1896.

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