

# THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1904.



### CHAPTER XXXI. Charles the Red.

Charles the Red. I pressed my shoulder against the door and it swung slowly backwards, revealing nothing but darkness. Someone thrust a torch into my hand, and I saw a wide bare chamber and a narrow flight of stone steps disappearing in the gloom above. They jutted out from the interior walt of the keep, and were w thout a rail of any kind. A single man at the top of them could have held his own against a hundred swordsmen, though one good shot from a bow or rifle would have brought him crashing down on to the floor below. It was a nasty place to climb in single flie, and there was at least one living man to give us welcome when we reached the sum-mit. I hesitated a moment at the foot of the stairs, peering into the blackness. A tall figure in armor pushed through the crowd of sailors behind me and came to to the stairs, beering into the blackness. A tall figure in armor pushed through the crowd of sailors behind me and came to the other with fierce looks of passionate low. Then he suddinly sank back in his chair with a crash, and buried his face in his hands. was a nasty place to ckmb in single file, and there was at least one living man to give us welcome when we reached the sum-mit. I hesitated a moment at the foot of the stairs, peering into the blackness. A tall figure in armor pushed through the crowd of sailors behind me and came to my side. It was Sir Thule de Brie. "This is my business," he said abruptly. "I have a long account to settle. If there is any living sond in this tower, it is

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A tall figure in armor pushed through the crowd of sailors behind me and came to my side. It was Sir Thule de Brie.
"This is my business," he said abruptly.
"I have a long account to settle. If there is any living soul in this tower, it is Charles the Red; for no one else would stay to meet us. I have waited for six years to meet him face to face. I have much to avenge."
"I, too, have wrongs to avenge," I answered, placing my foot on the first step.

"I, too, have wrongs to avenge," I ans-wered, placing my foot on the first step, and holding the torch above my head. For answer Sir Thule took me by the arm and, swinging me back, snatched the torch from my hand. "I ask your pardon, Sir Edward," he said, "but you do not know what man you have to meet—nor do you know this castle as I do," and he be gan to mount the steps with his eyes fixed upwards, and his right hand grasp-fixed upwards, and his right hand grasp-ing his sword.

gan to mount the steps with his eyes fixed upwards, and his right hand grasp-ing his sword. I was annoyed, for no one likes to be thrust from the post of honor; but in my heart I knew that he had acted rightly. He was best fitted to take the lead, and no one save the Princess herself had more to avenge than Sir Thule de Brie. I followed him up the stone steps, my revolver in my right hand, and with my left touching the ragged wall of stone. The steps were hardly three feet in width, and we could only advance in single nile. Behind me came Captain Edwards, then half a dozen sailors, rifle in hand. Count Guy of warmorel watched us with a grim half a dozen sailors, rifle in hand. Count Guy of warmorel watched us with a grim abjured his knightly oath, it is hard to

of the combat. Perhaps, too, he had other thoughts in his mind, and was calculat-ing the strength of either combatant. If Thule de Brie fell, he would have to meet Charles the Red. If Charles the Red fell-well, as I have said before, Asturnia was hardly large enough to hold Sir Thule de Brie and Count Guy of Mar-

I watched the fight with less outward mposure than either of the other two knights, to whom such contests were a familiar spectacle. I was fascinated with

continued; "but your companions—your sons—they do not seem eager for the com-

knights, to whom such contests where a familiar spectacle. I was fascinated with the gleam and glance of the swords in the flaring lamplight, and could scarcely take my eye from the blades. But every now and then it wandered to the icy wall beyond, to the rigid faces of the dead men watching the combat with wide open eyes, to the great heap of gold and silver vessels that the king had hurled to the floor, and to the face of Count Guy of Marmorel. The noise of the fight was like the con-tinuous clang of an anvil, but now and again other sounds would come to my ens. Burnes of langhter and merriment from the courtyard below. The clink and rattle of large bodies of menat-arms. Triumghant shouts for the Princess and Count Guy. "God save the Queen!" sung by two hundred lusty throats, and then three British cheers. And through all these sounds the loud whistling and shrick of the wind, which appeared to be fast of the wind, which appeared to be fast

rising into a gale. Then it seemed to me that I heard another sound, indistinct but persistent-a loud rumbling murmur such as a distant sea makes on a rocky shore, and then the rsh scraping and rasping of something against the castle walls. Count Guy heard it too, for his eyes glanced swiftly to the window, and he said something to Sir Hugh de La Perche. Then for a moment all the sounds died away, and I could hear nothing but the clash of steel.

The combat was terrific in its intensity The two figures, one crimson and the other white and gold, moved round and forward, beating one another to and for hacking and hewing with enough force to beat down a wall of stone. Yet neither faltered or tired. The fight was almost nechanical in its swiftness and regular-

ity. Then I began to imagine that the whole room trembled with the shock of the con-test, and that I could feel the quiver of the stone floor thorough my body and beneath my feet. I looked at the walls, and that the oil lamp swayed to and fro. A moment later I heard a distant roar like thunder, and saw the sky ablaze through the loopholes, and I fancied that the whole tower was shaken to its

the whole tower was shaken to its foundations.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Waters of Death.

whole step had disappeared. It was a descent, but we and when we emerged into the open air, a great shout went up from the searching multitude. They had been looking for our dead bodies among the piles of fallen

We worked unceasingly by the torchlight among the debris, for many of those selow had been overwhelmed in the fall, and had been overwhelmed in the fall, and there was a chance of saving some maim-ed and broken body in which the life was not yet extinct. We found many corpses, and among them that of the Red King, crushed beyond all recognition—a mere mass of crimson armor and flesh. It so chanced that the dead bodies of his two more had here hunded beside him and even

sons had been hurled beside him, and even in death these three were not divided.

When this work was done, we turned to a consideration of our own position. No one seemed to know what had happened But the evidence of a great upheaval lay before us in the dim glare of the torches. Against the sky stood the jagged outline of half a tower. The walls of the castle were cracked in a hundred places, and

leaned out towards the ice. The ver ground beneath our feet was scarred with ground beneath our reet was scarred with long thin fissures from which faint jets of vapor floated into the frosty air. Though the sky above us was clear, there was a dull red glow along the southern horizon, and the wind whistled past us with all the force of a gale; and outside the walls there was still that ominous clash and

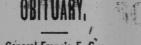
creak of grinding ice. I knew it well. We had heard it often before we reached Grant Land. The frozen surface of the lake had broken, and the wind was lash-ing it into a storm-tossed turnult of ice and

None of the Asturnians seemed to realiz what had happened. But at least two of us knew the truth. Captain Thorlassen came to my side and pointed to some dis-tant hills. I watched them, and at first aw nothing but their outline, dimly fined against the starlit sky.

Then I saw a faint red glow on their summit, and a moment later the whole sky flashed crimson and died away again into darkness. I had not spoken idly when I said that for eight hundred years the country had existed by the sufferance of God on the crust of some great volcano. When the day came, and the great fires dashed out as the single of hills we shull flashed out on the circle of hills, we saw

that we were indeed on an island, and that we were cut off from the mainland by nearly three miles of leaping waves and crashing ice floes. The peril of the posi-tion was apparent to the most ignorant and lighthearted among us. We had, in-deed discovered an emergence stock of prodeed, discovered an enormous stock of pro wisions, enough to last us with care for a month. The king must have taken all the food he could lay hands on from the wretched inhabitants of the city. But if at the end of that month we had failed to wretched any any state of the second s

foundations. Count Guy of Marmorel saw these things too, and for one brief moment the combatants paused and glanced aside.



otwithstanding at 3 o'clock

Dr. R. A. Dakin,

Frederlick Estey.

Mrs. W. B. Harmon.

Mrs. Eliza A. Harman, wife of W. B

Harman, died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. L. A. Morrell, Frederic-

Mrs. (Rev.) S. Richardson.

Mrs. James McLaughlin.

General Francis E. Cox.

News from England of the death of Gen. Francis E. Cox, R. E., has been received. Francis E. Cox, R. E., has been received. He died at Bournemouth on May 31. From 1965 to 1870, General Cox, then holding the rank of major, was a resident of St. John, and had many friends here. He was about seventy years of age, and left a wife, two sons and two daughters. The sons are officers in the army.

#### T. W. Smith.

The death occurred at his home at Maplewood, York county, on Friday last of Timothy W. Smith, a man we. known Fred of Pugwash, Warren, just graduated from Mt. Allison, and Miss Hattie a and highly respected throughout the coun-ty. For several years Mr. smith sat at the council board representing the parish of Southampton. He was seventy-nine years

of age. Four sisters, Mrs. James Golding of Millville, Mrs. Inch of Oak Point, Mrs. Harrison of Jerusalem, Mrs., Thos, Ma-chum of Jerusalem and two brothers, Thos. W. of Fredericton and Stephen of Jerueath. salem, Queens county, survive him; also his wife, who is a sister of Thos. A. Peters, deputy commissioner of agricul ure.

# James Harris.

James Harris, a well known resident of Rusiagornish, died at his home on Monday after a short illness. He was fifty-three years of age, and a widower. Five others and two sisters survive.

Charles F. Avard.

daughter, Mrs. L. A. Morrell, Frederic-tion, on Tuesday, after a few days' illness. She was 68 years of age, and is survived by a husband, now on his way home from Kamloops (B.C.), and family of three sons and three daughters. The children are Scott and Frank, of Kamloops; E. W., of Cambou (Me.); Mrs. L. A. Morrell, of this city; Mrs. C. F. King, of Portland, and Mrs. Archie Davis, of Vancouver. Moncton, June 14-The death of Charles F. Avard took place about 1 o'clock this morning at the home of his son, Ivey F. Avard, corner of Gordon and Camero About five months ago deceas streets. and Mrs. Avard came to Moncton to visit their son, and while here Mr. Avard was taken seriously ill and has not been able to leave his bed since. Deceased was born to leave his bed since. Deceased was born in the eastern end of Westmorland county, and lived the greater part of Mis life at Shemogue. He was a brother of William Avard, formerly of Shemogue, now resid-ing at Point de Bute, and also a relation of the late Angus McCueen. He was sixty-four years of age, and is survived by Mrs. Avard, two sons and one daughter. The sons are Ivey F., assistant weighing inspector of the I. C. R., and Norman, in the employ of Fraser & Torrie, Sydney. Mrs. Burgess, of this city, is a daughter of the deceased.

Mrs. A. R. Patterson.

Mrs Daniel Knowlton

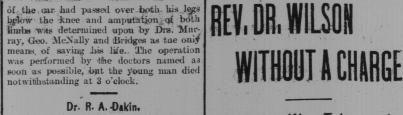
with regret. Miss M. E. Knowlton,

William Knowlton, lives in San Francisco

Philip Heffernan.

Kirk of Brewer.

Mrs. Mary McMurray. The death of Ida T. Patterson, wife of Albert R. Patterson, occurred in Brewer (Me.), Tuesday morning. She was 37 years old. She leaves besides her hus-Mrs. Mary McMurray died Thursday at he home of her daughter, Mrs. Mary Mul-



Amherst, N. S. June 15.–(Special)–Dr. R. A. Dakin died this morning at his home in Pugwash after a short illness of cancer of the stomach. He was born in Digby on Request of the Pastor of September 27th, 1836, graduated at Har-vard in 1870, when he went to Pugwash to practice. He married a Miss Dunbar of Weymouth (N. S.), who survives him. Two sons and one daughter also survive-Zion Church.

LEAVE REFUSED.

Rev. C. W. Hamilton's Application for a Year to Engage in Temperance Work Not Granted-Mr. T. J. Deinstadt Asks to Be Left Without a Circuit for a Year.

Fredericton, N. B., June 15 .- (Special)-The ministerial session of the Methodist Conference opened last evening, president Berrie in the chair. The roll was called and a good number answered to their names. The secretary of the conference

reports the following transfers: To the N. B. and P. E. I. Conference Rev. Wm. Dobson of Nova Scotia, Rev. Chas. K. Huson of Newfoundland. The following were continued on super

numerary list: Douglas Chapman, D. D., Jas. A. Duke, Douglas Chapman, D. D., Jas. A. Duke, Fletcher H. W. Pickles, Henry J. Clarke, Edwin Evans, D. D., John J. Teasdale, John A. Clarke, M. A., Geo. Harrison, John J. Colter, S. T. B., Joseph Pascoe, Stephen T. Teed, Chas. Comben, Geo. B. Payson, Elias Slackford, Charles Stewart, D. D.

D. D. The question of ministerial character The question of name was challeng-The death occurred at Wolfville on Tuesday, of Florence Elizabeth, widow of Rev. Samuel Richardson. Mrs. Richard-son was 70 years of age, and was a daugh-ter of the late William A. Haire, M. D., of Sydney. ed. Applications were received from Rev. Mr. Alder and Rev. Hartman for admission to the conference. These applications were referred to a special committee. the committee on conference relations was also The death of Mrs. James McLaughlin took place Tuesday evening at the Hotel Dieu Hospital, Chatham. A husband and three children survive.

The ministerial session continued this morning. The Sackville district recom-mended that Rev. J. Chipman be granted the supernumerary relation. Revs. Wm. Penna, Harry Rice and J.-A. Ives were excused from this session of

conference. The question, what probationers for the

inistry remain on trial, was answered as Edward J. Shanklin, B. A., Henry S.

conference. One application was refused and on another no decisive action taken.

be left without a circuit was laid over

until the station sheet should be placed

On motion the Rev. Dr. Wilson of St.

John was left without circuit at his own

The request of Rev. T. F. Deinstadt to.

from Mc. Amson, and Miss flattle at home. He was attending physician of the county asylum, a prominent Mason and Oddfellow and a member of the Methodist church. During his thirty years of resi-dence in the county, Dr. Dakin made many friends who will regret to hear of his death. Frederick Estey, of Jacksontown, died very suddenly at his home on Friday last. He was 58 years of age and leaves a widow, formerly a Miss Booker of Cum-berland Bay, Queens Co., and six children —all by a former wife.

smile. He, at any rate, had no burning desire to meet his former master. We filed up the narrow staircase till we were thirty feet above the ground. The light from Sir Thule de Bric's torch fe now on an open door at the top of the stairs. A strong man in that doorway ing to the earth like a row of ninepin but the doorway was empty. I began to wonder if there was really anyone in the tower at all, and if the light and the sounds of laughter had not been due to ome supernatural agency. I passed into a low valuted passage with

a sigh of relief. I had no fancy for that array staircase of stone, and an not ashamed to confess that I prefer to meet an enemy on level ground. The passage was about twenty feet in length, and I could see a bright light shin-ing from underneath a door at the end of the parage for a far arounds and

it. We paused for a few seconds, and again I heard the sound of laughter and the clink of glasses and the faint clash of steel. Sir Thule de Brie moved forward quickly and flung open the door. A strange sight lay before our eyes, as we

paused at the entrance. The room was a large one, and could not have been less than forty feet square. A dozen great oil lamps flared round the walls. In the centre of the stone floor there was a long oak table. It was lader with every delicacy that Asturnia could produce, and covered with jeweled goblets of gold and steel and silver, which sparkled in the flickering light. The room was horribly cold, and the reason was not far to seek. Great ice blocks were piled round all sides of it and they dittored like a all sides of it, and they glittered like a crystal wall. At the head of the table crystal wall. At the head of the table, in a large oaken throne, sat Charles XV of Asturnia, his long coppercolored beard sweeping down to the golden place in front of him. It was his grim fancy to have his armor painted crimson, and he looked like some huge stain of blood against the white ice behind him. His size and physical transful wine comprove J protoed that strength were enormous. I noticed that one side of his helmet was torn into a strength were enormous. I noticed that one side of his helmet was torn into a jagged hole, that half his red plume was shorn away, and that his armor was scar red with a hundred cuts and dents. His evil face was terrible to look upon, and I could well believe the stories I had heard this terrible to look upon, and I could well believe the stories I had heard this terrible to look upon, and I could well believe the stories I had heard this terrible to look upon, and I could well believe the stories I had heard this terrible to look upon, and I could well believe the stories I had heard this terrible to look upon, and this terrible terrible

On either side of him sat two tall knights, with their vizors down, and rigid as statues of steel. The armor of one was pierced and riddled like a sieve, and it was scarcely possible to believe that any man could have worn it and lived. The other could have worn it and lived. The other appeared to have gone through the battle scathed, save that the steel of his cuir ass was covered with a bright crimson stain. Both of the knights wore the roy i crest—a fox couchant gules—on their heimets, and I had no doubt that they were Counts Ralph and Raoul de Brie, the only surviving sons of the king. Charles the Red rose to his feet as w

advanced across the room, and I could see that he was even taller than Sir Thule de Brie. The other two knights remained motionless, and did not appear to notif our entrance. The king held a golden goblet to his lips, drained it, and resumed his seat with a loud laugh. The steel of his great sword crashed on the stone floor, e struck the oak table with his mailed hand.

"By my faith, cousin," he cried, "I have not seen you for many years, and cannot receive you as I should. This is all that is left of my army," and he pointed to the motionless figures on either side of him. "The wheel has turned," answered Sin Thule de Brie. "When I last saw you my Lord Charles, my army was as small as yours is today. Do you yield yoursel, into my hands?"

into my hands?" The Red King rose to his feet and laid his sword on the table before him. "I did not stay here to yield, Sir Thule de Brie," he said in a loud voice. "I could have fled across the ice with the curs who followed me. I.stayed here to fight-for a last good fight, Sir Thule de Brie." "You shall have it" Sir Thule de Pri-

fight, Sir Thule de Brie." "You shall have it," Sir Thule de Brie replied; then turning to the men who were crowding in the doorway: "There is no need for you here. But tell Count Guy of Marmorel and Sir Hugh de La Dave" that the kinz deriver the pre mig. men left the room,

tell for whom he is fighting-thou generally against the weakest side." Count Guy's face flushed. "You are our prisoner," he answered sternly; "there is no question of fighting now. I am here to ecept your sword."

"You shall have it, Count Guy," roared the king. "By all the saints you shall have it," and grasping the huge oaken table with both hands he flung it from his path, and sent food, plates, goblets, and chairs to the ground in one crash of destruction. Then he picked up his sword,

swung it once round his head, and strode across to Count Guy of Marmorel. The Count's sword leapt into the air like a flash of light, but before the two men could meet, Sir Thule de Brie, had

stepped between. "I am the man," he said quietly, "and

not Count Guy of Marmorel." "Stand from my path," cried the king. "It is Count Guy who desires my sword." But Sir Thule de Brie did not move, and only swung his weapon idly to and fro before him. Yet, if he had moved, he might have cut the knot of all our difficulties. Count Guy was a great warrio and a leader of men, but the king was more than his match with the sword. I could not understand this interference. The throne was won for the Princess, and

only one desire remained in my heart-the death of Count of Marmorel. But whatever Sir Thule de Brie's personal feelings in the matter were, he stood his ground, and there was a more ment's pause. I heard the sound of laughter from the courtyard below, and the wind suddenly began to moan round the tower. It sounded like the forerunn

of a storm. Then the king's face worked horribly and he sprang forward. "Out of my path," he cried hoarsely "I will glut, you with fighting when I have done my work with that traitor

Until then no man shall stand betwee him and me and live."

ppeared, and I heard the shrieks o above all I heard the roaring of the wind, and the long steady grind of ice against the castle walls

For a moment I was too dazed and deafmy sword, and by my Lady of Braban con, he shall have it through his body Stand from my path, Sir Thule de Brie." ened by the catastrophe to see or hear any thing. Then, as the thick dust whirled away in the gale, I saw the stars shinin For answer Sir Thule swung his sword in the clear heavens. The stone floor had so that the point of it grazed the king's been sliced off into the edge of a proci armour. The latter struck back with so sudden and terrific a blow that the knight pice, and forty feet below a frenzied throng of men were crouching round a mass o debris with loud cries and the flash c went staggering two paces backward. Then they both paused, and again I heard a long low moan of wind round the tower torches. I could not realize what had happened but I saw Sir Thule de Brie reddening the stones with his blood, and rushed for and the voices of the crowd in the court

yard were suddenly hushed into silence yard were suddenly hushed into silence. But the pause was only for a few sec onds. Sir Thule de Brie sprang forward ind attacked the king so furiously that I could scarcely note the swift move-ments of his sword. The room echoed with the grinding clash of steel, and the air seemed full of darting shafts and cir-cles of light. Yet so marvellous was the deform the the served both as ornament cles of light. Yet so marvellous was the defence on either side that not a single of steel, which served both as ornamen defence on either side that not a single blow struck home. Thrust, cut, and parry followed each other in bewilder-ing succession. Steel rang against steel in continuous music, and I could see the sparks glinting when blade struck blade. continuous music, and I could see the sparks glinting when blade struck blade. It seemed like an exhibition in a school of arms. Yet I had seen Sir Thule de Brie cut an iron crowbar in two with a single stroke of his sword, and knew that the terrible force of each blow would have driven in the guard of any ordinary man,

and beaten him to the ground. Count Guy of Marmorel watched the fray with a calm face, but I could see the light of battle kindling in his eyes Much as I loathed the man, I will do him the weapon from Sir Hugh's arm, and be

tween us we helped the two wounded men the justice to say that he feared nothing on God's earth, and that the clash of The whole building was still quivering us 

ble to take the of ice and water. On the other hand, it was possible that the water would once ore freeze into a solid pathway.

the combatants paused and glanced aside. But they fell-to with renewed vigor, and for a while I heard nothing but the grinding of the swords, and saw nothing but the flash of steel. Then, suddenly, I heard loud cries from the courtyard below, and the hurried rush of men; and a moment later I saw Sir Thule de Brie stagger back from the whirling ring of steel, with the blood pouring from his left shoulder. Charles the Red had struck home at last, and his sword was lifted to strike again, when There was, however, a greater and mo nediate danger than starvation. In whole country, seemed to be in the throse of some great volcanic upheaval. The out-look was sufficiently alarming for those who were in the camp. But they, at any ate, had a refuge in the surrounding coun try from any great catastrophe, and were almost certain to find firm ground some-where for their feet. But to us, penned up on a small island in the middle of a raging lake of ice and water, the situation the ked had struck nome at last, and his sword was lifted to strike again, when suddenly the whole tower rocked, the ice blocks came glittering and splintering from the walls, there was a roar like the explosion of dynamite, and the floor split between the two men like the sides of a walnut shell. was terrible indeed. At any moment the whole castle might come tumbling about our ears, or the rock itself be shattere The crack widened and widened, and I

and sunk beneath the surface of the water saw that the half of the floor on which The wind raged the whole of that day the king stood was slowly slanting upwards and a violent, snowstorm drove us int such shelter as the castle still provided. I and backwards; that the walls had cracked

and backwards; that the walls had cracked wide to the ceiling, and that the whole tower was virtually splitting in two. Our half remained upright, and the other half was falling away from it inch by inch. The Red King watched the widening gulf between him and his foe, and smiled as he saw Sir Thule sink to the ground is a real of blead. Even on the label of the source of the second se was useless to attempt to signal to our comrades on the shore. It was impossible to see across the courtyard. In any case it would have been hopeless to ask for as sistance. They knew our position, and were no more able to reach us than we were able to reach them. There was no in a pool of blood. For a moment he hesi-tated, and I thought he would jump the yawning gulf. But he only drew back were able to reach them. There was no gleam of hope in our gloomy outlook. The earthquake shocks continued, growing more violent and more frequent. Every hour some piece of masonry dropped from the tower, some fresh gap opened in the stonework of the walls. The ground befrom the crumbling edge a pace or two, and raising his sword hurled it point fore

and raising its sword hurse it point fore-most with all his might at Count Guy of Marmorel. The weapon missed its mark, but it struck Sir Hugh de La Perche with such force that at drove him two feet backward, and pinned his left arm to the oak lintel of the door. neath our feet was warm, and we had thi at least to be thankful for, as we cou find no fuel in the castle, except a sto of oil, and we required all that for light

ing purposes. The next day a fresh horror was added It was the Red King's last blow. Before Sir Hugh's cry of pain had died away, there was a roar of crumbling masonry, a to our position. The last great fire in th whole tract of the flooded valley was close to the castle walls. It was placed on a cloud of dust, the flash and flare of falling oil lamps, a glint of splintering ice, and half of the tower flang itself outwards to the ground. I saw two dead bodies sinkight eminence, and that alone had hithe o preserved it from extinction. But now t suddenly went out and we were plung g out of sight in a shower of stones and ortar and golden cups and chips of ice; in darkness. We leaned over the wall and by the light of our torches we could and a second later I saw a great crimson form clinging to a cracked wall like a fly. Then the wall parted, and sank, and dissee that the eminence had disappeared We thought that the ground must have

sunk, and that the ice and water pourin into the shaft had put out the flame. (To be Continued).

# BAILWAY EXTENSION

# Beersville Road to Be Made to Serve Two Coal Mining Properties in Kent County-

The Telegraph learns that the New York arties representing the coal interests Kent county have come to an agreeme nder which the Beersville railway is t be extended to the mines of the Canadian Coal & Manganese Company.

The provincial government has given strong encouragement to this mode of erving the two mines and saving the ex pense attendant upon another railwa Work on the extension will likely beg at once, so that both mining propertie will soon have railway facilities.

#### Summer Vacations.

The only summer vacation ever taken by the Saint John Business College, in its thirty-six years of strenuous work, was an enforced one of two weeks caused by the big fire of 1877. There is difficulty i finding time for a vacation, as there ar in my pocket. Sir Thule laughed at my always a number of students from a dis anxiety. me said it was a mere scratch tance who would be seriously inconver as sword cuts went in that country. If it had fallen two inches nearer the neck, enced by a break in their studi teachers take turns in getting theirs, and the students continue till their work is where the armor was thinner, it would have cut him down to the heart. As it completed. After all, the summer vacau was, he was highly pleased with himself. No man, he said, had ever held Charles of can very well be dispensed with in Sa John, as with our cool summer weather study can be prosecuted with comfort du ing our warmest months.

While the wedding service is proceeding in Japan the bride kindles a torch and the bridegroom lights a fire from it, and burns the wife's playthings.

years old. She leaves besides her hus-band, a father and mother-Mr. and Mrs. laney, Pleasant Point, after a lingering, follows illness. Five children survive. They are Edwar Thomas Kirk, of Brewer-three sisters-Mrs. Thomas Beckett of St. John (N.B.), Murray Bros., Fairville; Mrs. Mullaney, of Mc-Strothard, B. A., E. S. Weeks, B. A. Br. J. and James E. McMurray, of Mc-Murray Bros., Fairville; Mrs. Mullaney, John A. Sellar, four years, the year to be allowed when he has completed his studies. E. C. Hennegar, B. A., three years, Wir. Strothard, B. A., E. S. Weeks, B. A. Rogers, Pepper and Geo. Ayres, two years. Harry H. Marr, Leon H. Jewett, Geo. William F. Kirk of Rockland and Manly

## Mrs. Thomas Grady.

orris, one year. The death of Mrs. Katie Grady, wife of Thomas Grady, 369 Chesley street, oc-curred Thursday. Deceased was the daughter of the late George and Mary Wednesday morning at her home, Priness street, Mrs Knowlton, wife of Capt.

Kane, and was 30 years of age. She had been ill but a short time, and deep sym-pathy will be extended to the bereaved husband and family. There are four chil dren—the youngest but an infant. Daniel Knowlton, passed away. She was a very estimable lady and had a large circle of friends, who heard of her death the High School staff, is a daughter, and F. J. G. Knowlton a son. Another son,

# Wm. D. Sweeney.

A particularly sad event was the death William D., eldest son of Lilian and the late Thomas Sweeney, which occurred Thursday morning. Deceased, who was in

Philip Heffernan died Wednesday after a lengthy illness. Born at Youghal, Ire-land, he came to St. John with his family his twenty-first year, was an unusually bright and promising young man. About four years ago he entered Memramcook College to study for the priesthood, and about a quarter of a century ago, and was a butcher in the city market until ill health compelled him to give up work He was well known and respected. His wife, one daughter, Mrs. Ambrose Mc-Gourty-and three sons-Cornelius, Patrick and Thomas-survive.

# Harry McAfee

Moncton, June 15 .- Harry McAfee, one of Moneton's respected citizens, diel sud-denly last night. He had been out on Sunay in his usual good health. On Monda he was taken ill with la grippe. \_ecease was 52 years old, and a native of St. John He was prominent in the fraternal orders was many years treasurer of Lodge 62, L O. A., and district deputy high chief ranger of the local order of Foresters. He was a resident of Moncton for twen five years, and was employed in the I. R. shops. A widow, two daughters and son survive.

Fred Kirg.

Fredericton, June 15 .- The young ma named Fred King, aged twenty-one, who was run over by a lumber car at Magaguadavic yesterday afternoon, was brought to Victoria Hospital by the late C. P. R. In France the oxen that work in the fields train last night, accompanied by Dr. Mur-ray, of Fredericton Junction. The trucks



on the table.

DAN PATCH 1:564

Eats" In



A warrant has been issued for Fred there will be a meeting of the society at 9.30 o'clock tonight to arrange to attend Lang, night elerk of the Minto, who is charged with criminally assaulting E. J. Avery, another clerk at the same house. Lang was arrested early this morning, at the time the trouble occurred, but broke out of the lockup and escaped. The police

are often regularly sung to as an encourage-ment to exertion, and no peasant has the slightest doubt that the animals listen to him are now looking for him. SCIENTIFIC SUMMER FEEDING -3 FE FOR ONE CENT-"INTERNATIONAL STOCK FO "INTERNATIONAL STOCK Extra Pr



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W. R. Pepper, H. H. Marr, Gco. Ayres, J. A. Sellar, Geo. Morris, E. O. Henne-gar, are recommended to be sent to col-Rev. Dr. Wilson Without a Circuit-Nearly all the afternoon session was

spent in considering applications of a number of persons for admission to this

