A BID FOR FREEDOM.

By Guy Boothby.

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(Continued.)

"My dear, please don't think of such a thing," the lady replied, with a shudder. "It is too terrible to contemplate."

So much for His Majesty the Sultan of Madrapore's visit to England. This book is concerned with the sequel. And now, after this somewhat lengthy preface, I will allow my very extraordinary acquaintance, Roger Gavesson, to tell his story in his own way. Before I do so, however, let me give you a brief description of the man, as I knew him.

I met him, for the first time, some three months after the Sultan of Madrapore's visit to England. He was the possessor of a striking personality—a handsome if somewhat rakish face, a sharp and ready wit, an ability to make himself liked by people that I have seldom known equalled, and an audacity of which the following narrative is, I think you will agree with me, an excellent specimen. What he was by profession, or where he originally hailed from, nobody ever knew. He appeared to have an intimate acquaintance with most of the out-of-the-way countries of the world, and to my certain knowledge spoke six languages as fluently as he did his own. He was an excellent shot, particularly with a revolver, and at the billiard table could hold his own with most professionals. Why he should have entrusted me with the following narrative I am at a loss to understand; since I have it, however, I intend giving it to the world, and I shall wait to see what comes of it.

CHAPTER I.

"There's Many a Slip——"

The reasons which took me to Madrapore have nothing to do with this story. As a matter of fact, I would very willingly not have gone there at all, but unfortunately, I could not help myself.

I have been a wanderer all my life. Such little education as I possess I have picked up here, there, and everywhere. I have seen life on the gilded side and on the reverse. I have known what it is to fight a loathsome greaser on the clay floor of a Mexican shack for a meal, and I have dined in vice-regal state with my lord in the state parlour of Melbourne's imitation Osborne. I have slept in the Lihama Serai in Pekin, which is more than most men can say; and I fancy I know as much of Calcutta—that is to say, of native Calcutta, Lala and Bow Bazaars—as it is possible for any European to know. I dined with the French Governor once in Tonking, and was treated during my stay in that colony with the greatest courtesy; the following year, however, he very nearly jailed me, under another name, for the sin of being hard up and wanting something to do. You can see for yourself from these confessions that I am endeavouring to be candid with you. It would be no use my trying to be otherwise, for you would, in all probability, bowl me out first time. Besides, I should gain nothing by trying to fool you; and that's a pretty strong argument, look at it as you will. I remember an old fellow in Manilla saying to me once—"Never waste a lie; tell the truth whenever you can, and you'll get a reputation. Then, when you do want to lie, you will find that folk will believe you." He ought to have known, for he had been doing business in the East for nearly forty years. And with this preamble let me begin to spin my yarn.

I was in Madrapore, and more than a little sorry for myself, I can assure you. I doubt if you, who remember me in an immaculate frock coat and a hat that you could see your face in, would have known me, as I made my way one hot morning down the narrow, tortuous, and evil-smelling street that led to the Sok, or market place, of the capital city of the kingdom. For upwards of a month I had been leading the life of a Moor, and, though it may sound like bragging, I cannot help saying that the disguise was about as perfect as any could well be. In another week's time, if all went well, my business in the city would be concluded, and I should be free to leave the country as soon as I pleased. Taken altogether, it had been rather a curious affair, with a decided flavor of danger in it. In point of fact, there had been times when I wondered whether I should come out of it alive. Had the authorities guessed for a moment what was going on, the consequences would have been disastrous in the extreme, and I would have been powerless to help myself. In the circumstances, it was impossible for me to appeal to the British consul for assistance, for in that case I should only be jumping out of the frying-pan into the fire, and could do myself no earthly sort of good. Then there were the people for whom I was working to be considered. It was part of the stipulation, or perhaps I should say of our unwritten contract, that in the event of my falling into the hands of the enemy I should neither look for, nor should expect, any help from them. However, so far everything had gone well; and in another week, if it continued to progress as smoothly, I should be able to pack my few belongings and set off for the coast, where I would discard my Djellab, and become once more a citizen of the greatest nation of the world.

The scene in the Sok, when I reached it, was an exceedingly picturesque one. The place was crowded from end to end, and in the bright morning sunlight the blaze of color was almost bewildering, while the uproar could only be described as deafening. On every side rose the white-roofed houses, and above all the old grey Kasbah, or Citadel, frowned sternly down upon the town below, as it had done for so many hundred years. There were men and women, Moors, Arabs, and Riffians, mules, camels, and donkeys. There were water-sellers, story-tellers, soldiers and beggars. Green-turbanned Hadjis strode through the market with lordly bearing, thrusting aside Jews in their gabardines and swarthy hill men with equal impartiality. A painter would have raved over it, and have cursed his inability to do it justice. But though I saw all this, and was conscious that I saw it, I paid little heed to it, for I was in a hurry, and had plenty to think of that morning. I was on my way to keep a most important appointment, and I was anxious to get it over as soon as possible. This will be more easily understood when I say that upon the success which should attend it would depend in a large measure the duration of my stay in Madrapore.

The house towards which I was making my way was situated in the Spanish quarter of the town, and its owner was one of the most prominent merchants of that nationality trading in the city. At last, after many detours, for I was anxious to make sure that I was not being followed, I reached the building in question. As I was about to enter the patio I was accosted by an old man.

"Peace be unto you," he said.

"And unto you too," I answered.

"What is your business with my master?"

My answer being satisfactory, he led me to a room on the farther side of the patio, and bade me enter. When the interview that followed was at an end I took leave of the old man—and a cunning old rascal he was—and prepared to make my way home. It was now nearly midday, and the heat in the street was terrific. I turned to my left hand on leaving the house, and strolled along in a different direction from that which I had followed on approaching. So far, I felt convinced, I had not been shadowed; but in Madrapore, as in Constantinople, you can never be too sure. I had no desire to fall into the hands of either His Majesty the Sultan or the Governor of the city, whose reputation more than equalled that of his master. In order to make sure, I turned into the first mosque that I encountered. I took off my slippers in the porch and then entered the mosque itself, where there were many men engaged in their devotions. Choosing my position, I knelt and behaved for all the world as if I were a pious Mussulman. Meanwhile, I kept a watchful eye on all who entered, but to my relief no one seemed to have any thought for men. And yet I was conscious, all the time, of a foreboding that my business in Madrapore was not destined to end as happily as I had hoped. I don't know why I should have thought so; it was a fact nevertheless. More than once in my chequered career I had had the same sort of feeling, and on each occasion I had found my dismal prognostications realized. As I left the mosque, a crippled beggar approached me and implored me alms in the name of Allah. I threw him something, and then passed on up the street towards the Sok, and, having crossed this, entered the narrow street that led to my abode. Having no desire to let him see that I was aware that he was spying on me, I continued my walk without increasing my pace. But when I had turned the first corner I put on speed, and having passed the first and second dark entrances, darted into the third, which was smaller and darker than the others, and prepared to await the course of events. A space of half a minute elapsed before I heard the sharp rap rap on his staff upon the cobbles of the street. Some ten or twelve yards farther he came to a standstill and looked up and down the street. It was evident that my sudden disappearance had disconcerted him. At last he seemed to make up his mind, for he disappeared from my sight.

Having made quite sure that he was out of sight, I once more continued my walk, and at length reached my house. It would be foolish to say that I was easy in mind. That I was being shadowed admitted of no doubt, for I had twisted and turned on my homeward journey to such an extent that there could be no sort of coincidence in the cripple's pursuit of me. The question was, what did it all mean? Had the Governor become aware of my presence in the city? Was my errand known? And if so, who had given me away, and what was the result going to be? On the other hand, was I distressing myself unnecessarily? It was within the bounds of possibility that the cripple, to whom I had given a larger sum, to whom I had given a larger sum perhaps than he had received for some time past, had been so much impressed by my generosity that he had followed me in order to discover where I lived, and thus obtain further sums in the future. But, for some reason or another, this last theory did not commend itself to me. I remembered how he had pretended to be searching for something in the road as soon as he had discovered that I was watching him. No; all things considered, I was convinced that I was being watched, and, for this reason, I did not venture outside my house that afternoon, but remained in the cool patio, playing with my landlord's olive-skinned youngster until it was time for the evening meal. When that was eaten I ascended to the housetop and, lying upon my cushions, gave myself up to thought. It was a glorious night, such an one, indeed, as is never known in northern regions. Below me lay the city with its myriad lights, overhead the stars in their thousands like diamonds sprinkled broadcast on a velvet pall. Rearing up towards them were the minarets of many mosques, and behind all the dark outline of the Citadel. As I lay there, watching the winking stars, I began to think of bygone days, of men I had known, and of the many queer adventures in which I had played a part since I had been tossed upon the sea of life, to sink or swim. I don't mind confessing that there were several episodes in it with the remembrance of which I could have dispensed, but I suppose it is the same in every man's life. I never pretended to be a saint, and I don't suppose that any one would have taken me for one if I had. After a while I began to think of England, and fell to wondering what had become of the people I had known there. Both my parents were dead. I had neither brothers nor sisters; indeed, my only near relative was an old aunt, a maiden lady, whom I had only seen on one occasion, and of whose very address I was ignorant. I am not prepared to admit that I bore her any good will, for I remember having been told that, when it had been proposed to her that she should adopt me, she declined to do anything of the sort, declaring that she hated boys of all descriptions, and my father's son in particular. Then I recalled my first going to sea, and the hardship to which I was subjected, the hazing and bullying of those older and stronger than myself, and my final desertion in Cape Town. There was a Dutch girl in the old colony with whom I had imagined myself in love, but she threw me over for a young Boer priest, and at the time I supposed my heart to be broken. It could scarcely have been so, for the reason that, less than a year later, I gave it into the keeping of one of the sweetest little Creoles that ever fluttered a fan in New Orleans. Her father refused my suit, while her brothers endeavoured to run a knife into me. I suggested an elopement, and she took the hint, and next day cleared out with a Yankee drummer, who had been my greatest rival. Then a native musician on a house near by began to play on some stringed instrument, and in a flash my thoughts flew back to a certain night in Venice when, drifting down the Grand Canal, I chanced to see, in a gondola lit up with lanterns, the face of the most beautiful girl I had ever seen in my life. She could not have been more than one or two-and-twenty, and, though some years have elapsed since that night, I could recall her face as plainly as that of my most intimate friend. I never saw her but that once, and, though I made inquiries, here, there, and everywhere, I could not discover her whereabouts, or even her name. At one time the remembrance of her beauty had filled my mind to the exclusion of aught else, but of late I had been too busily occupied to give even such a fascinating subject its proper consideration. When a man is playing for his life against desperate odds, even the prettiest face must be relegated to the background, provided always that such a face is not a counter in the game.

At last, tired of watching the stars, I rose and looked out across the city. A great longing to walk took possession of me, and, being unable to rid myself of it, I determined to sally forth, and see what adventures I might meet with. There is an unending fascination about an oriental city, particularly at night. The narrow, tortuous streets, innocent of gas lamps, have a romance that is quite their own; every house is a mystery, to which the proverbial Englishman's castle is but a mansion of cards. I had been warned repeatedly that Madrapore city is not a place to walk in alone at night, but I gave no heed to it. In my folly I fancied that I could take very good care of myself, having done so for a good many years; the sequel, however, will show upon what an unsecure basis this idea rested.

Leaving the house, I did not walk in the direction of the Sok, but, turning to my left hand, made my way towards the Jews' quarter of the city. The moon had risen by this time, and her light fell clear and full upon the housetops, sometimes illuminating half of the wider streets, and, in consequence, intensifying the darkness of the other half. But few people were abroad, and all who were seemed intent upon their own concerns. The majority of them hurried along, as if desirous of getting their business done or getting to their homes as quickly as possible. At last I reached the outer gate of the city, and then turned myself about to retrace my steps. It was past ten o'clock by this time, and already the hush of sleep had fallen upon the city. My shoes echoed upon the cobble stones of the street with a noise that they never made by day, and once, when I coughed, the whole street rang with the noise of it. I know no sensation so uncanny as that of being alone at night in a greatcity, which, for all evidence you have to the contrary, might be deserted. Leaving the thoroughfare of the great gate which led to the city, I turned to my left hand, with the intention of retracing my steps toward my lodging. I was only a few yards round the corner, when a great desire came over me for a smoke. There was no one about to discover anything strange in a Moor with a briar pipe in his mouth, so I determined to indulge myself. I had taken my pipe from my pocket and was about to light it, when a sound in the street I had just left attracted my attention. It was the rap tap of a beggar's staff upon the stones.

"Still being followed," I said to myself, for I had no doubt that it was the cripple who was pursuing me. "This is beginning to look suspicious."

Once more I followed my old tactics, and hastened to conceal myself in a dark entry. The tapping of the staff came closer, and then the man himself made his appearance, but this time he was not alone. There were two men with him, but, as they walked on the dark side of the street, it was impossible for me to discover their identity. As they passed I heard one of them say to the other—"Where is he? Had the dog given us the slip after all?" The beggar made some reply, but what it was I could not overhear. One thing at least was certain: they were after me. It behooved me to consider what I should do to escape them. It was evident that I must get back to my house as quickly as possible, collect my few belongings, and then leave the city as quietly as possible. For the time being the game I was playng must be suspended; that was a fact that admitted of no doubt. By some means or other our secret had leaked out, and the only thing that remained was for me to efface myself as quickly as I could. I don't mind confessing that I was bitterly disappointed, for I had set my heart on carrying the matter through, and it was hard luck indeed to be compelled to drop it when it was on the point of completion. But anything was better than to fall into the hands of the Sultan or his Governor. The fate of a man I had once known was still green in my memory; and I shuddered as I reflected that, unless I was very careful, it was within the bounds of possibility that my end might be similar. There are people who say that Madrapore is a civilized country, but they are the folk who have only visited it in their yachts, and whose knowledge of the country is limited to the small towns on the seaboard. If the gloomy old Kasbah, on the hilltop overlooking the city, could speak, the tales it could tell would make many folks' hair stand on end. And, as I have already said, there were reasons that prevented me from appealing to the British Consul for protection.

It did not take me long to turn the matter over in my mind and to decide what I should do. I remained in the dark entry until the three men were out of sight. Then crossing the road, I plunged into a narrow alleyway, and set off at my best speed in the direction of my house. My great desire was to reach it, and to get away again before they could forestall me. I had, however, a long detour to make, and every moment was of importance. Regardless of what any one whom I might meet would think I put my best foot forward and fairly ran for my life. The old cripple, I knew, could not hurry, and upon this circumstance I relied in a large measure for my safety. Fortune favored me, for, when I reached my dwelling, no sign of the enemy could I discover. In an agony of impatience I beat upon the door with my fists. Hours seemed to elapse before it was opened to me by my landlord. He was heavy with sleep, but even this did not prevent him from endeavoring to cross-question me regarding my reason for being out at such a late hour. I passed it off with a hint that it had to do with an affair of gallantry, and then pushed past him and went to my room. A few moments were sufficient for me to find my money, and to secrete about my person such articles as I was anxious to carry away with me. I had no papers or documents to destroy, for experience had taught me that it is safer to rely on one's memory than to run the risk of being laid by the heels on account of documents which, in spite of all the care that may be taken of them, may some time or other fall into the wrong hands. I had settled my account with my landlord that day, and what I was leaving behind me now would more than cover any further charge he might have against me. Taking my slippers in my hand, I quietly left my room, crossed the patio, and made for the street door. Once outside, I began to wonder in which direction I should proceed. Since the Governor was anxious to effect my arrest, it was quite certain the city gates would be carefully watched, and, save by them, there was no other way of leaving the place. The outlook was by no means a cheerful one; but I had been in many equally tight corners before, and on each occasion had managed to wriggle successfully out of them. So far as I could see, the only thing to be done was to keep out of the way until after daybreak, and then to endeavor to pass the gates at a time when the guards would be likely to be least observant. How it was that the cripple and his two companions were not watching the house, for they had had plenty of time to get there, was more than I could understand. But they were certainly not. Thanking my stars for this piece of good luck, I once more chose an obscure side street, and set off on my rambles. The moon was well overhead by this time, and, save for the distant howling of a dog, the city was as silent as a place of the dead. It still wanted a long time till dawn, and, being tired, I at last found a dark doorway in which I seated myself to await with what patience I could command the coming of day. Without doubt I must have fallen asleep, for when I returned to consciousness the sun was up, and people were already astir in the streets.

"Now to test my luck," I said to myself as I rose to my feet. "If I am not outside those gates within the next hour or so, there will, in all probability, be serious trouble, and serious trouble in Madrapore, Roger, my boy, is not a thing to be taken lightly."

I rearranged my headgear, adjusted my Djellab, and once more resumed my walk. It has always been a theory of mine that when one is in a position such as I was in then, the safest place is that in which the folk who are searching for you feel sure you will not have the audacity to be. Acting up to this I made my way towards the Sok, which already present[ed] a busy scene. The great gate at the farther end was open, and a constant stream of people was passing through it. I crossed to the Horse Market, and looked about for an animal which [would] make the journey to the coast. At last I saw one that seemed likely to suit my purpose, and, after the customary haggling, paid the money and secured it. He was by no means a good beast and dear at the price, even with the saddle and bridle thrown in. However, I had no time to waste, for every minute was of importance if I wished to get away before the real business of the day began. Having purchased some food to take with me, I mounted my animal and rode towards the gate. I should not be telling you the truth if I were to say that my heart did not beat a little faster as I came near to it. I could see the soldiers lounging about beside it and the stretch of sunlit plain beyond it. As I rode up, a string of charcoal-burners with their donkeys blocked the way, and I was forced to wait. I cursed them in my heart, but outwardly allowed no sign of my impatience to escape me. Fortunately, my steed was not of a description to excite attention, otherwise the men could scarcely have failed to recognize me. At last the donkeys and men were through, and I was at liberty to proceed. I urged my horse forward, and in less time than it would take to count twenty was on the other side and free.

"Good-bye, Madrapore," I said to myself; "and may it be many a long day before I set eyes on you again. It was a near thing, but my luck has come out on top after all." The distance from the capital to the coast is something like eight-five miles. It is a bleak and monotonous track, a large portion of it being sandy desert. If I could manage to reach it that day, it was my intention to spend the night in a small village halfway, always provided that I was not caught before. Whether my horse would be able to complete the distance was unfortunately a matter of some doubt. For it did not take me long to ascertain the fact that he was not going to realize even the low estimate I had at first placed upon him. But such as he was I had to make the best of him, and accordingly I jogged steadily on, thanking my stars for such good fortune as had been vouchsafed to me. To be at liberty on the poorest horse is at any rate better than to be a prisoner in a dungeon of the Kasbah. At midday I rested under a tope of palms for a couple of hours, and then pushed on once more. Certainly half of my day's journey was completed, and it did not look as if I should reach the fondak before nightfall.

It was, indeed, almost dark when I reached it, and, as you may suppose, I was by no means sorry to be there. Few people in this world of ours have been placed in such a position as I was then—torture, and very probably death, behind me, and very little to look forward to ahead. However, as I have already told you, I had been in several tight places before, and had managed to wriggle out of them by the skin of my teeth. There was no reason, therefore, why I should not do so in this case.

On reaching the village I rode into the fondak, and prepared to camp there for the night. When all is said and done, a fondak is a fondak, and one has to become accustomed to such places by long usage in order to appreciate them.

Lying as it did on the direct line to the coast, this particular one was perhaps somewhat superior to many others I have known. Having seen my horse attended to, for upon him depended any chance I might have of safety, I went in search of a meal. Fortune again favored me, for I was lucky enough to be able to dip my fingers into a bowl of succulent couscousou. Having eaten my fill and praised the name of Allah, I found my bed and, drawing my faint grey Djellab about me, settled down for what I hoped would be a good night's rest.

I have heard it said by some people that they never dream, even in the most exceptional circumstances. Unhappily for me I do, and I can only ask you to believe that on this particular occasion my imagination got the better of me, and I was far from feeling happy. I dreamt that I was back in the city, and worse than all, a prisoner in the Kasbah. I know something about the way things are managed in that institution, and a very lively sense of benefits to come lay heavy on my soul. The Governor of the city was noted for the facility of his imagination in the matter of torture. Perhaps you have never seen a man who has had his hands tied behind his back for five years with leather thongs, and who, throughout the whole of that time, was compelled to eat his food like an animal, mouth down upon the ground. Have you ever seen a man with his tongue cut at the roots, and hung like an amulet upon his breast? Has it come within the scope of your experience to know a man who has had his right arm and left leg cut off, his left eye and his right ear treated in a similar fashion, because he would not accede to an unjust demand? If you don't know Madrapore, you would scarcely be able believe that such things exist. They do, however, and in my dream I saw what might very possibly be my fate.

When I woke it was broad daylight, and the sun was just rising above the farther wall. Half dazed with sleep I looked about me. I was not alone: impassive as dummies, at least a dozen of the Governor's soldiers surrounded me. How long they had been there I could not tell, but I had sufficient wit to know that their presence boded no good for me. The game was evidently up, and, so far as I could see, I held the losing hand. I staggered to my feet.

"What means this?" I asked.

"Dog of an unbeliever,' the man replied, "we are here to take thee back to the city, where, by the will of Allah, punishment awaits thee. Nazarene dog!"

It was evident that the game was played out: they had managed to collar me after all. Seeing, that nothing else was to be done, I rose and surrendered myself to them.

CHAPTER II.

"Incorruptible Justice."

You may take my word for it that there are nicer things than being the prisoner of a Madrapore escort. An English Tommy who, having deserted, is being taken back to barracks by an escort is a prince; a Russian conspirator, escorted by a sotna of Cossacks on his way to Siberia, may be ranked as a duke; but what was my rank? To use the colloquial expression, my worthy escort would have cut my throat for two pins. As it happened, however, they had received imperative instructions to bring me, safe and sound in wind and limb, to the capital. I had at least that much to be thankful for.

"How did you know that I was here?" I asked of the leader.

"Because we followed thee," he answered. "Thy doings were watched in the city, and we rode behind, knowing that thou must stop here tonight. Mount, therefore, and ride with us."

I looked around me. The wretched fondak seemed like a palace that I was loth to leave. Through the gate I could see the track stretching away to what, to me, meant civilization and safety. A ray of morning sunshine touched a tope of palms, and I looked at them sorrowfully when I thought of what the world beyond them meant to me. As it was, I had the Kasbah with all its horrors before me, and I had the very best of reasons for knowing that the tortures would not be mitigated in my favour. However, what was done was done, and it was no use crying over spilt milk. I had ventured my all, even my life, upon a cast of the dice, and, if Fortune were against me, what right had I to complain? If you play for big stakes you must be prepared to lose generally, otherwise what is the use of playing? To be a philosopher and a gambler at one and the same time is at least something to be proud of.

(To be continued.)

The Sunlight way of washing requires little or no rubbing. You should try Sunlight Soap. Will not injure dainty fabrics.

SB

AN EXODUS WITHOUT A MOSES

Will be the Result of the New Militia Bill

According to George Elder, Passekeag, Who also Makes Prophecies Along the Same Line.

To the Editor of the Sun:

Sir—Allow me through your pages to call attention to the proposed militia act new before the parliament at Ottawa, an act by which the wheels of civilization are being rolled back a thousand years, an act by which the governor general may require all males from twelve to sixty years, capable of bearing arms, to engage in war, in what he thinks an emergency. No matter if a man has sworn allegiance to the Prince of Peace, and is practising the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount, he must when called upon take a gun and kill his fellow man.

Worse still, our children from twelve upward are to be enrolled in cadet corps and trained for war in school, and from fourteen and under eighteen be taken from parental care and placed under the mental and spiritual guidance of the colonel and drill sergeant. At an age when we are or ought to be aiding them in every way to

"Strive upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die,"

they are to be taken and thrown into the society of the Gees of the militia and taught that at the behest of the governor general their only thought should be how to kill two at a blow.

Gladstone said: "Laws should be such that it would be hard to do wrong and easy to do right." When legislation is sought for Sabbath observance, so that if for any reason a man wants to take a day off on the Lord's day, he won't lose his job, a cry is raised for liberty. When legislation is asked against cigarettes so that our boys won't present the appearance a piece of tobacco and paper, with fire at one end and a fool at the other, Laurier says: "O that belongs to parents," but I have not seen anything yet against this proposed militia law, which will surely make "jingoes" of our boys and anarchists of our citizens. By it Canada would pass from the freest country on earth to the most despotic.

We read in a recent Sun that the printed draft of the bill is full of mistakes and some sections left out. I am glad of it. Such a bill should never be printed, and will never be obeyed. If there is anything in history more despotic and anti-Christian than the proposed militia bill till we go back to the days of Pharaoh or the Israelites, I can't recall it at present. Should it be enforced there will be an exodus without a Moses.

Sherman said "war is hell," and a government that passes a law to train children for that should and will be given "short shrift" on next election day. Canadians are too enlightened to submit to so disgraceful a statute as that. "A thoroughly educated people never can be slaves."

GEO. ELDER.

Passekeag, April 2, 1904.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

QUEENS CO., April 2nd.

To the Editor of the Sun:

Sir,—Is it not time that some one made a kick about the bungling piece of legislation that our wise (?) members are about to impose on us, namely the new road law? Aside from some of its other bad features an act that would compel people to move back their fences in order to make a road four rods wide seems a very high-handed proceeding.

Such a law in fact would be nothing but legalized stealing. If such a ridiculous law was carried into effect not only fences, but buildings in hundreds of cases would have to be removed.

Farmers living along a country highway have always considered the land adjoining it as their own, especially when the road was laid out through land that was a part of their own freehold. Such an act would be an useless expense and trouble both for the government and private individuals. The extra land thrown out would simply grow up lints, weeds and bushes.

The amount of tax proposed will not keep the roads in half repair after the good party men that the government will appoint as superintendents get their pickings. The excuse that the roads should be widened to prevent drifting in winter is not worth discussing. Roads in exposed places with high fences on either side would drift if they were five rods wide.

It is only a question of time when wire will replace the old worm fences all over the country.

Can it be that our government members are irresponsible creatures and not to be taken too seriously? Is it possible that discussing the affairs of the "Provincial Hospital for the Cure of Nervous Diseases" has rattled their brains so that they are incapable of handling a problem with their usual mental activity?

WAYBACK.

BATHURST, April 6—At nine o'clock this morning the marriage of Miss Lulu Ramsay, one of our most popular young ladies, to Arthur G. Berry, of Campbellton, took place in St. George's Episcopal church here. The ceremony was performed by the rector, Rev. J. H. Hooper. The church was beautifully decorated for the occasion. The bride, who was unattended, was beautifully attired in a travelling suit of blue broad cloth, hat to match, and a handsome gray ostrich boa. She was given away by her brother-in-law, R. D. Southwood. No invitations were issued, but many friends of the contracting parties were present to witness the ceremony. The happy couple left on the local express for St. John, Portland, Me., and other places.

Could Not Sleep At Night.

Was All Run Down.

Had No Appetite.

FOOD WOULD NOT DIGEST.

Mrs. I. W. Warner, Riverdale, N.S., is glad there is such a remedy as

Burdock Blood Bitters.

IT CURED HER AND WILL CURE YOU.

She says: "I wish to add my testimony to the many others who have spoken so highly as to the unfailing virtues of Burdock Blood Bitters. I was all run down, had no appetite, lost all ambition, could not sleep much and had terrible headache and backache, and my food did not digest properly. I saw B.B.B. advertised, so concluded to give it a trial, thinking if it did no good it could do no harm. But after using one bottle I began to feel better, and by the time I had used three bottles I was feeling like a new person. I am so glad there is such a remedy provided for suffering humanity, and cannot praise it enough for I think there is no medicine like it on the market."

WOODSTOCK.

WOODSTOCK, April 4.—The usual Easter Monday meetings of the corporation and parishioners of Christ church were held this afternoon. The financial condition of the parish was shown to be excellent. The following officers were elected:

Delegates to synod—Julius T. Garden, A. J. Raymond; substitutes, T. C. L. Ketchum, C. H. Perkins.

Church wardens—J. T. Garden, F. B. Bull.

Vestrymen—J. T. D. Dibblee, A. J. Raymond, C. L. S. Raymond, D. Hopwell, C. H. L. Perkins, J. F. Smith, Wm. Dibblee, T. C. L. Ketchum, R. V. Dimock, B. Harry Smith, Burton Bedell, Sterling Peabody.

Vestry clerk—B. Harry Smith.

MUSQUASH.

POINT LEPREAUX, April 4.—Easter election was held in the parish church at Musquash today. Owing to the disastrous fire in June last many of the parishioners have had to seek homes elsewhere, and for a time it was thought the parish could not recover from the blow. The financial report today was very satisfactory, owing the parish clear of debt to the first of January, 1904, with church buildings in good repair. The new parsonage built last fall will be completed early in the summer. The following officers were elected:

Wardens—G. H. Thomas and G. M. Anderson.

Vestrymen—J. M. Anderson, Charles Spinney, Thomas Chittick, J. D. Anderson, James E. Moody, William H. McGowan, George Caffery, Fred A. Thomson, David Mawhinney, R. T. Mawhinney, Arthur J. Mawhinney.

Vestry clerk—Geo. A. Anderson.

Delegates to synod—G. H. Thomas, G. M. Anderson; substitutes, James E. Moody, Charles Spinney.

CHATHAM.

CHATHAM, April 4.—Appropriate Easter services were held in St. Paul's and St. Mary's churches here yesterday. Large congregations attended and the churches were handsomely decorated with flowers.

At the Easter Monday meeting the following were elected church wardens: Geo. Burchill, M. S. Hocken; vestrymen, Hon. J. P. Burchill, F. E. Neale, D. G. Smith, Hon. Judge Wilkinson, F. E. Danville, Jas. McLaughlin, W. H. Baldwin, Dr. J. B. Benson, V. A. Danville, G. P. Searle, A. S. Ullock, G. Stead; vestry clerk, D. G. Smith; treasurer, V. A. Danville; auditors, F. E. Neale, G. Stead; delegates to synod, Hon. J. P. Burchill, M. S. Hocken; substitutes, G. P. Earle, D. G. Smith.

TRINITY CHURCH, CANTERBURY STATION.

Election of officers resulted as follows:

Wardens — Richard H. Scott, Edmund Lindon.

Vestrymen—James English, Thomas English, John A. Hortin, Alfred Nicholson, John Furrow, Jarvis S. Law, John A. Price, Albert Osborn, Walter F. Hyman, John Boyd.

Representative to Synod—Walter F. Hyman.

Substitute—Edmund Lundon.

DENNIS McCAFFREY DEAD.

Brother of Capt. John McCaffrey Dies In Tacoma, Wash.

A telegram was received Monday by Capt. John McCaffrey, of the ferry service, conveying the sad news of the death of his brother Dennis, who left here some sixteen years ago. Captain McCaffrey inferred from the telegram that his brother must have been dangerously ill. His fears were confirmed somewhat later when he received additional information of the death of his brother. The death occured on the 3rd inst., at Tacoma, Wash., where Mr. McCaffrey has been living for some years past. The cause of death was meningitis. Dennis McCaffrey was about fifty-nine years old.

Capt. McCaffrey expects a letter in the course of a few days containing the particulars of his brother's death.

CHICAGO, April 5.—In a riot at the plant of the Diehl branch of the American Can Company today, growing out of an effort to reopen the factory and retain thirty Greek strike breakers, one man was shot.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.