

THE MAN WHO WAS DEAD

BY ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT
Author of "In the Cause of Freedom," "When I Was Czar," Etc.

CHAPTER I
"Help! Help! Guy! Help!"

"How impetuous you always were!" I shook her hand off. "Are you afraid to answer my question?"

"No, Guy, you don't think me a coward. What I have done is for the real interest of Normia. What she told you was the truth. You must forget her. It does not seem very difficult for you to forget, I think I envy you the facility," she ended dryly.

"I knew her well enough to recognize the futility of saying any more about Normia and, after a pause, I leaned back, as if weary."

"I am very weary. I thank you for all you have done, and I have repaid the obligation. Will you think me ungrateful now if I ask to be left alone?"

"Such a wish is law to me," she said, rising at once. She paused by my side and asked wistfully: "Can't you give me one word, or even one glance, a little less cold, Guy?"

"I hesitated. 'I do thank you,' I said. 'Oh! A tone of ice!' she exclaimed. 'While I am here, breaking up the household and pressing her lips to my forehead and hurried away.'"

"As soon as I was alone I tried my strength, and found that I could walk without assistance; and when the nurse brought me I told her I wished to walk in the garden after some fresh air. She brought me my hat and coat and stick. I looked at the gates until a carriage came to pass. I stopped it, and told the name that I was going to my own rooms, and that she must make my excuses to the baronesse."

"She protested vehemently that I should risk my life, but I cut short her protestations by getting into the carriage and telling the man who to drive. I let her wringing her hands and staring helplessly after me."

"There was ample need for the cry, however. As I ran round a bend of the tangled forest path, I saw her on the rough road ahead struggling in the grasp of a couple of rough peasants. I stopped, rather, such as infect the districts round Belgrade—the Valjevo Woods, where I had been shooting, were some five or six miles from the city and the pair were so intent upon their work that they did not hear me until I was close upon them."

"With the butt of my gun I knocked the nearer fellow down, but the other jumped away and fired a revolver at me. He missed, and I sprang at him. Just as I struck, he fired a second time, and I felt a better aim. I felt the bullet like the rip of a hot knife. But my blow told, and he fell with a groan just as I myself went down."

"Normia bent over me, her face haggard with fear, and I tried to rise, but could not."

"Call your servants," I whispered—I remember her carriage must be close at hand—and then some blood came welling up to my lips and my head began to swim."

"Oh, Guy, Guy!" she wailed. "I was on the border-line of unconsciousness and I felt her wipe the blood from my lips and stoop and kiss me."

"It was a sweet memory to take into the land where nothing counts."

"When I came to myself I lay in a room where all was strange. There were two nurses, and he ordered me not to speak, saying that my life depended upon my obedience. I was to weak to wish to resist, too weak even to be curious about my surroundings, but I had no desire to die, and I surrendered myself therefore into all that I knew and those who appeared to share that desire."

"Later on I asked for Normia, and was told that all was well with her, and that she had brought me to the house in my carriage. But when I asked whose house it was, I was assured that all would be explained when I was stronger."

"Days passed, how many I did not then know nor care, before the doctor pronounced me out of danger and on the road to convalescence. I still felt nothing and my questions were always evaded."

"As my strength increased this evasion frustrated me, until one day, when I had left my bed and sat looking wonderingly over the quaint city from the deep window of the next room, I raised upon me Normia and being told everything, and declared to the nurse that otherwise I would leave the house. She went away, but Normia, as I thought, and I waited in a fever of impatience."

"Presently I heard the rustle of a dress outside the door, and turned with an expectant smile."

"But instead of Normia, it was the one woman in the world I was most unwilling to see—Stephanie, Baronesse Dolgoroff, the recent widow of a man who had been secret agent in turn to half the courts of Europe."

"I turned away sulkily. It was hateful to be under this obligation to her. We had parted last in hot anger, because after her husband's death, she had sought to hold me seriously to some silly scraps of words of a fool's flirtation on my first coming to Belgrade, long before she was by her. I believed that Normia had been driven to that 'I dare not.'"

"She crossed to my chair. 'Why do you turn from me, Guy?' she asked, her tone one of soft reproach, as though it were her right to reproach. 'I did not expect you, baronesse,' answered, like an ungracious child. But be gracious with her I could not."

"She laughed, a soft, low, indulgent, sweet laugh, as if I were but a petulant child, and she with the reins of my fate in her hands."

"(Continued on page 11, fifth column.) 'But surely I can't have offended you by saying your life?'"

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"I have lived down most of my indiscretions, perhaps," I answered, with a laugh. "No man who has to stare death so long in the face as I comes quite unshaken from such a shock."

"You are in greater peril now," she retorted. "Will you explain?"

"She was the railway engineer's proceeding, Guy?"

"The avowed suspect of my presence in Vienna was to secure some railway concessions affecting Servian interests."

"These things move slowly, of course, but I think I shall succeed," I replied, with an air of indifference.

"It is because you are succeeding too well that I have come to you. Are you, then, interested in railways?"

"She waved my words aside with a vehement gesture. 'As if I did not know your real way of life, Guy? Of course I cannot pretend to understand you, baronesse.'"

"You need not pretend to misunderstand me, Guy, of all men, been chosen to hunt us down?"

"I got used, as if the question were the 'Will you tell me frankly what you are doing here in Vienna?'"

"It is no secret, baronesse. As most people believe, my father, Lord Helmingford, is the lifelong friend of one of the ministers of state here, that statesman is, however, breaking up his affairs, and these railways, and, as I have his friendship, it is unnatural that—"

"An end to all this pretense," she cried, almost angrily. "I am not playing a game, or, if we are, it is a game in which thrones and lives are the stakes, and your life is one of them. You are here to find out for your chief all that can be discovered about the conspiracy which is to restore the throne of Servia to the right-fully and to back justice and order to that country. You have already done enough to be held dangerous, and if you set a value on your life, like my warning, you should either leave Vienna at once or—"

"She paused, and then repeated: 'Leave Vienna.'"

"An awkward alternative?"

"You would not take it. Join our order. 'You do me justice there, at least. I shall not turn traitor, nor shall I leave my father's name in dishonour. I do not lead to death, baronesse; at least, until the railways themselves have been constructed.'"

"Oh, you are mad, to treat it in this joking way!"

"I do not treat it as a jest, but I can believe I shall be frightened away. The honors of political martyrdom are of great value, and I am only an insignificant figure in the crowd. I do not take the assassin's knife too seriously.'"

"She paid me heed to this; I doubt if she heard it, indeed. She was thinking of when, like a bolt, she had flashed upon me in my rooms in Vienna to bring me this sensational warning."

"For two of the months, I had lain ill in Belgrade—the result of the relapse which followed my abrupt departure from her house—when I recovered, I learned from the minister, whose confidential secretary I was, that she had left Belgrade for the invasion of the Balkans."

"Of Normia I knew but little more. Among the papers which accumulated during my illness was the following letter to my dear Mr. Pershore—"

"What must you think of me? I have never let you have a single word to thank me for an ungrateful. I have heard of your illness, and have prayed for you night and day. I am leaving Belgrade, perhaps forever, but I shall return soon. In any case, we can never meet again. I have even the pen that has to write the words. Would that I could tell you all that I know, but I have some kindly thoughts still left for me. But I can only say, as I said that terrible day at Valjevo, I shall pray for your welfare. Your friend, NORMIA OBRENOVITZ."

"That letter, which I read and read, and which she was even alive, and although I had searched for her tirelessly, devoting every available hour to the purpose, the result was always failure."

"In my extremity I went to my chief. He was one of the real rulers of Servia, a man of few words, but decisive action, and who knew the inner working of the government of that distracted little kingdom recognized his power, and hesitated to cross his will."

"He listened very patiently, not saying a word to interrupt me. When I had finished, he fixed his eyes on me intently, but not unkindly."

"I am going to try you, boy, but you are a young fellow, and your career in life is long. I shall search for you, and if you are certain secret record."

"That was about the only time I ever doubted his advice, but I was in love, and it seemed the merest trifling discovery. I hunted up the record, and discovered his reasons. Her family had been murdered in a secret revolution, and her father had perished, and the whole family were supposed to have shared his fate. But they had escaped, and she, her mother and sister were living under assumed names, in the belief that the government was ignorant of the fact, although they were really under close observation."

"The next day the old man asked me if I had read the record, and added: 'They are safe so long as they do not trouble us, but the elder girl, Normia, is mixed up with that Baronesse Dolgoroff. She claims to be a princess, but her claim, as a Princess Obrenowitz is only by the left hand. There is the bar only two generations back. The Dolgoroff woman, I am sure, is a great rascal. Therefore, I tell you, forget her.'"

"Forget her I could not, but I could find no trace of her, and I had begun to despair of ever seeing her again, when, suddenly, Stephanie had come to me in Vienna, where I had been despatched on a secret mission to investigate a conspiracy against the government of which my wild old chief had had information. I was glad enough to see her if I could get news of Normia through her."

"Of course I expected you to scoff at my warning," she replied, "but I did not expect you to pretend pleasure at seeing me, considering that it was at your instigation I was turned out of Belgrade."

"My dear baronesse, the request came from the count, your employer," she interposed.

"The count, as you know, rules in his own way, and does not consult his secretary about the means. As a matter of fact, I lay ill in bed at the time, and knew nothing of it until some weeks afterwards."

"I know you were ill. I was denied too often at your doors not to know the result of your flight from my house."

"I behaved with scandalous ingratitude and all but paid for my act with my life."

"What a diplomatic calm you are cultivating, Guy," she said irreverently, breaking in on my confession. "The count is a good schoolmaster."

"I am not very much changed, I assure you."

"Still the same knight-errant, hot to your death in saving the fair dame!"

"The cynicism was, I know, an invitation to me to refer to Normia, and give her the name of my feelings. I did not walk into the trap. If I was to get the news I wished, I must be very quick on my feet."

"I have lived down most of my indiscretions, perhaps," I answered, with a laugh. "No man who has to stare death so long in the face as I comes quite unshaken from such a shock."

THE AGRICULTURAL COMMISSIONER NAMED

Landry, Hubbard and Geo. E. Fisher

School Book Prices Cut in Half by Arrangement Made With Gage & Company of Toronto—Another Financial Scandal in Connection With Central Railway.

Fredericton, May 31.—It is understood that the new agricultural commission will consist of Hon. D. V. Landry, commissioner of agriculture, W. W. Hubbard, of St. John, and George E. Fisher, of Chatham. The matter was decided at a meeting of the government held here Saturday. Mr. Hubbard, who will act as secretary to the commission, has devoted a great part of his life to agricultural pursuits. For eighteen years he acted as secretary of the New Brunswick Farmers' and Dairy-men's Association and for a time was editor of the Maritime Farmer.

Mr. Fisher is a dairy farmer on a large scale and is the head and centre of all agricultural movements in Northumberland county and on the north shore. He is a man of high intelligence and with a keen knowledge of agriculture. It may be remembered that when the bill was under consideration the leader of the opposition expressed the hope that the commission would partake of a non-partisan character. The appointment of Mr. Fisher may be said to meet the case. He has taken part in politics, holds moderate views and has taken an independent course in election affairs.

The commission will begin a series of meetings on Monday, June 1st, at 10 o'clock, to be followed by meetings in Victoria, Madawaska, York and Sunbury. During the laying session the work will be stopped and the members will be engaged on any meetings which had been postponed in the counties mentioned will be held and other matters of importance.

Forms of inquiries are now being prepared to send out to the farmers in order to give time for them to send in their replies. The forms are also being sent out giving the principal topics to be dealt with so that they may be as familiar as possible with the subjects.

Another Central Scandal. The attorney-general, provincial secretary and Dr. Inch, acting as a committee, are reported to have practically closed an arrangement with Gage & Company, of Toronto, by which the cost of the printing and readers used in the public schools in the eight grades below the high school will be reduced by nearly one quarter. It is also understood that the cost of the geography in use will be reduced to almost a similar amount. Neither of these reductions will be made until the government has paid the Floods a lump sum to cancel the contract. The government would have been able to reduce the price to a greater extent but for the improvident arrangement entered into some years ago with the Floods Company, which Gage & Company were compelled to pay the Floods Company a commission on the amount of the sale.

The New York Tribune has received the following despatch from Montreal, dated May 30: "The Montreal Herald, which is operated by Dr. F. Sullivan, who, while operating on Nuncio C. Chial at St. Francis' Hospital on Sunday, was killed by a patient from death by grasping the heart and squeezing it in time with its normal pulsations until it beat again in its own accord, that many lives might be saved by this method of artificial respiration. To all appearances the man was dead twice, and yet he lived again when the heart was squeezed, sending the blood coursing through the arteries."

Dr. Sullivan thinks that if a person could be operated upon in this way, the blood being taken from the water in many drowning cases life might be conserved. He advocates opening the body and removing the ribs until the heart is visible and accessible, in order that the fingers may be inserted to handle it. In many accidents life still lingers long after the person seems to have ceased to breathe."

I. C. R. MAIL TRAIN DITCHED; FOUR HURT. Campbell, May 30.—The English mail train for the Maritime provinces was ditched near here this morning. No one was killed, but the following were injured: Dr. J. H. Weldon, an aunt, \$2,000; to Kate Nevins, a cousin, \$1,000; to Fannie E. Henderson, a cousin, \$2,000; to Jessie P. Daniel, \$1,000; to Emma E. Coulthard, wife of Byron W. Coulthard, a widow of a cousin, Philip Palmer, \$500; to Stephen W. Palmer, cousin, \$300; to Emma V. Smith, a cousin, \$300; to Mary Holland, daughter of a cousin of the Women's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church, \$500, to be paid by said society, the interest arising therefrom to be used in helping to defray the expenses of the representatives of weak societies attending the branch meetings, and in such other ways as the executive may seem best; a sum to be set aside at interest out of which to be paid \$150 to Ada L. Palmer, widow of brother Chas. A. Palmer; provision is made for placing under perpetual care her lot in Perthshire Cemetery; the residue to a cousin, Kate Nevins.

The Executors are Hon. Josiah Wood of Sackville, George J. Henderson and Mrs. Jessie P. Daniel; the personal estate is \$8,000; real estate, \$13,000; E. T. C. Knowles, executor.

Only one man in the city of London outside the Tower possesses the password which enables him to answer the challenge of the sentries at any time. It is the Lord Mayor, and the password is given to him by the authority of the king.

A museum is shortly to be added to the attractions of Westminster Abbey.

will be large and fashionable, more than 100 invitations having been issued to friends and connections. The prospective bride is well known in St. John where many good wishes are expressed for a future happiness.

Mrs. Thos. Raymond has removed to Garden street.

Judge Wilrich and Mrs. Wilrich have rented a cottage in the park at Robbsey, where they will pass the summer months.

Mr. Percy Clarke, son of the late Rev. Mr. John Clarke, is visiting relatives in St. John, after spending the winter in the vicinity of Hudson Bay.

Mr. Stanley Bridges is being congratulated upon the success he achieved at the U. N. B. Another St. John student who captured honors was Mr. H. F. Bennett.

The marriage of Miss Joan Fenety and Mr. Frederick Daniel will take place in Fredericton on Tuesday, June 2nd. Mr. Daniel has engaged a suite in King street east, where the happy couple will reside upon their return to the city.

Mr. Percy W. Thomson entertained at luncheon yesterday in honor of Miss Winifred Barnaby.

The marriage of Miss Gwladys Shewen, daughter of Mr. E. T. P. Shewen, to Mr. Vicars Millidge will take place at Elmwood, Mount Pleasant, on Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock. Upon their return after their wedding tour the happy couple will occupy the handsome residence in Millidge lane, recently built by Mr. Millidge.

The Eclectic Reading Club met Tuesday evening at the residence of Mrs. E. Powell. Dr. E. D. Walker had charge of the evening's programme, which consisted of readings by Dr. Walker, Miss Eleanor Robinson, Mrs. J. West, Dr. Silas Alward, Mrs. Alfred Morrissey and Mrs. H. C. Schofield. New members elected were: Mr. and Mrs. J. West, Miss Stewart, Miss Louisa Hill and Miss Vera Robinson. Among those present were: Mrs. G. F. Smith, Mrs. Ingham, Mr. and Mrs. Eason, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, Miss Homer, Mrs. Ketcham, Mrs. James Harding, Dr. Thomas Walker, Mrs. Walker, Miss A. L. Fairweather, Mrs. Harold Schofield, Mrs. J. M. McKay at Robbsey on Monday.

Mrs. and Mrs. J. B. Travers entertained informally at luncheon on Saturday at Crescent Lake, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Coleman.

Lady Tilley and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Tilley have taken up their residence at The Grove, Robbsey, for the summer months.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Barker were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Percy W. Thomson on an automobile trip to Sussex and Loch Lomond, last week.

Miss Elizabeth Millar is the guest of Dr. and Mrs. Bailey in Fredericton this week.

Mrs. Tucker, Mrs. Herbert C. Tilley's mother, is occupying Lady Tilley's cottage in the Park, Robbsey.

Rev. Mr. Hibbard, of Montreal, who will succeed Mr. Moore as Principal of Robbsey College, was in Robbsey this week.

Dr. T. D. Walker entertained Principal Peterson of McGill College at luncheon at the Union Club on Friday.

Mrs. Furlong was hostess on Friday evening last when some friends were invited to meet Mr. and Mrs. Harold Coleman. A most enjoyable musical evening was spent.

The marriage of Miss Maude March, daughter of the late Dr. J. Edgar March, and Rev. Gordon Dickie, of St. Stephen's Church, will take place on Monday, June 1st, at 5 p. m., in Leinster street Baptist Church. Owing to the death of Dr. March, no invitations will be issued. The bride, who is charming, has numerous friends who wish her every happiness in her future life. On Saturday last a linen shower was given her by her friends.

Miss Isabel Hanington, after several years in China for the British Church Missionary Society, is in New Westminster (B.C.), on her way to London. She is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Taylor with whom her mother has been spending some time.

Mr. and Mrs. Vermer McLellan have taken rooms at Westfield for the summer.

Mr. E. C. McLeod, of the Bank of Nova Scotia, spent his holidays in the city.

Miss Blanche Rankin returned home from Yarmouth on Tuesday.

The marriage of Miss Gladys Bullock held on Wednesday for the southern states.

Mrs. Dorothy Robson is to be congratulated upon winning the \$25 prize for English Literature at Mt. Allison.

The St. John Tennis club courts were formally opened on Victoria Day for the season. It is proposed holding tournaments of handicap ladies singles to compete for the prize racket presented by Mrs. George K. McLeod.

Mr. and Mrs. William Peters of Waterloo street, celebrated on Wednesday the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding. The New York Captains Starkey and May shall accompany Mr. Robinson on the homeward trip. Mr. Robinson is to be congratulated upon being the owner of so fine a yacht.

The marriage of Miss Madeline Barker, daughter of Chief Justice Barker of Mount Pleasant, to Professor A. B. De Mill of Belmont, San Francisco, is announced to take place in the Valley church at 3 o'clock on Wednesday, June 3rd. Miss Grace Robertson and Miss Frances Sead will be bridesmaids; Miss Winifred Barker, maid of honor. A reception will be held at the residence of the bride's parents after the ceremony, for which a large number of invitations have been issued. Miss Barker was guest of honor at a luncheon given on Thursday at Robbsey by Mrs. Sherwood Skinner. The following guests were present: Miss Barker, Miss Winifred Barker, Mrs. George West Jones, Mrs. Fred E. Sayer, Mrs. J. Roy Campbell, Mrs. Harold Schofield, Mrs. Busby, Mrs. Silas Alward, Mrs. P. W. Thomson, Mrs. Eason, Mrs. Elizabeth Fairbairn, Miss Helen Smith, Miss May Harrison. Bridge was enjoyed during the afternoon, 5 o'clock tea was served, after which the guests were driven into town, having spent a most enjoyable afternoon.

Mr. Fred Robinson, of the Bank of Commerce, is expected to arrive today from the west to visit his mother, Mrs. G. Lodlow Robinson, at Robbsey.

Miss Frances Sead was the guest of the Misses David Robertson at Robbsey for the holidays.

Mrs. E. A. Smith will leave for Riverview today to be present at the marriage of her niece, Miss Rhona Scott, to the Rev. Arthur J. Vibert. The marriage will take place on June 3rd at 7 p. m. in the church of St. Michael and the Angels, which Mr. Vibert is pastor. The wedding will be a most enjoyable affair.

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TO SAVE THE DROWNING

A New Method of Artificial Respiration

Connecticut Surgeon Advocates

Outing Open the Chest and Working the Heart by Hand—Many Persons Really Alive When Pronounced Dead.

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Only one man in the city of London outside the Tower possesses the password which enables him to answer the challenge of the sentries at any time. It is the Lord Mayor, and the password is given to him by the authority of the king.

A museum is shortly to be added to the attractions of Westminster Abbey.

MISS FANNIE E. PALMER MADE MANY BEQUESTS

In the probate court yesterday the will of Fannie E. Palmer was proved. She gives her real and personal property to her executor and trustee to sell and pay the following sums: To Emma J. Weldon, an aunt, \$2,000; to Kate Nevins, a cousin, \$1,000; to Fannie E. Henderson, a cousin, \$2,000; to Jessie P. Daniel, \$1,000; to Emma E. Coulthard, wife of Byron W. Coulthard, a widow of a cousin, Philip Palmer, \$500; to Stephen W. Palmer, cousin, \$300; to Emma V. Smith, a cousin, \$300; to Mary Holland, daughter of a cousin of the Women's Missionary Society of the Methodist Church, \$500, to be paid by said society, the interest arising therefrom to be used in helping to defray the expenses of the representatives of weak societies attending the branch meetings, and in such other ways as the executive may seem best; a sum to be set aside at interest out of which to be paid \$150 to Ada L. Palmer, widow of brother Chas. A. Palmer; provision is made for placing under perpetual care her lot in Perthshire Cemetery; the residue to a cousin, Kate Nevins.

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