

THE RED YEAR

A Story of the Indian Mutiny
BY LOUIS TRACY

Author of "The Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light,"
"The Captain of the Kansas," "The King of Diamonds," etc., etc.

Copyright, 1908, by McLeod & Allen, Toronto.

CHAPTER VII—(Continued.)

Not for an instant did Frank's watchful attitude relax. While Mr. Mayne and the semindar discussed the disturbed state of the country, he snatched the opportunity to exchange a few tender words with Winifred. But his eyes and ears were alert, and he was the first to hear the advent of a large body of horses along the main road.

He stood up instantly, blew out a lantern which was placed on the ground for the benefit of himself and the others, and said quickly:

"A regiment of cavalry is approaching. We do not wish to be seen by them. Let no man stir or show a light until they have gone."

He had the military trick of putting an emphatic order in the fewest and simplest words. A threat was out of the question, after the manner in which the party had been received, but it is likely that each native present felt that his life would not be of great value if he attempted to draw the attention of the passers-by to the presence of Europeans at the door of that secluded mansion.

The tramp of horses' feet and the jingle of arms and trappings could now be distinguished plainly. At first Winifred feared that they were troops sent in pursuit of them by the Nana, and she whispered the question:

"Are they from Cawnpore, Frank?"

"No," he answered, placing a reassuring hand on her shoulder. "I cannot see them, but their horses are walking, so they cannot have come our way. They are cavalry advancing from the direction of Lucknow."

"Perhaps they are marching to the relief of Cawnpore?"

"Let us hope so. But we must not risk being seen."

"Your words are despondent, dear. Do you think the whole native army is against us?"

"I scarcely know what to think, sweet-heart. Things look black in so many directions. Once we are in Lucknow, and able to hear what has really happened elsewhere, we shall be better able to judge."

The ghostly shadows clanked past, unseen and unseeing. When the road was quiet again Winifred and her small body-guard remained. The semindar was not a man who would accept payment, so Mr. Mayne gave his servants some money. It may be that this Mohammedan gentleman wondered if he had acted rightly when the emissaries of the Nana scoured the country for news of the misdeeds and two sahibs who rode towards Lucknow in the small hours of the morning. Being a wise man he held his tongue, but did not regret it, though he little reckoned on the return it would make after many days.

Reinforced by the excellent meal, the travelers found that their horses had benefited as greatly as they themselves by the food and brief rest.

They had no more adventures on the way. Winifred did not object to riding astride while it was dark, but she did not like the experience in broad daylight, and when they met a Eurasian in a tilka-chavira, or hired conveyance, in the environs of Lucknow, she was almost as delighted to see a friendly face as that of the "rough" disturbed, was "quite safe from mutiny."

That was the man's phrase, and it was a question of faith in the genius of Henry Lawrence.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

They were standing opposite the gate of a great walled enclosure known as the Alumbagh, a summer retreat built by an old nawab for a favorite wife. And that was in June! In six short months Lucknow would be lying there in his grave, and men would be talking from pole to pole of the wondrous things done at Lucknow, both by those who held it and those who twice relieved it.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

It was high time men ceased to use that phrase in India.

CHAPTER VIII.

Wherein a Mohammedan Fraternizes With a Brahmin.

"We seem to be attracting a fair share of attention," said Malcolm, as they passed a bridge over the canal that bounded Lucknow on the south and east. "We look rather odd, don't we?" asked Winifred, cheerfully. "Three mounted men leading four horses, and a disheveled lady in a ramshackle vehicle like this, would draw the eyes of a mob anywhere. Thank goodness, though, the crowd appears to be quite peaceably inclined."

"Yes."

"Why do you agree so grudgingly?"

"Well, I have not been here before—the streets usually so crowded at this hour."

"Lucknow, like every other Indian city, is early astir. Perhaps they have heard of the fall of Cawnpore. It is one of the marvels of India how quickly news spreads. Isn't that so, uncle?"

"No man knows how rumor travels here," said Mr. Mayne. "It beats the telegraph at times. The probability is that Lucknow has surprises in store for us. While we were bottled up in Bithoor things have been happening elsewhere."

His guess was only too accurate. Not only had Nana Sahib long been in treaty with the disaffected Oudh taluqars, but Lucknow itself was in the first stages of rebellion. Although by popular reckoning the mutiny broke out at Meerut on May 10, there was a small band of irregulars from murdering their men, and again on May 3, when Lawrence's firm measures alone prevented the 7th Oudh from marching on the city. There was little reason to hope that this, the third city in India, should not yield readily to sedition-mongers. The detestable ministers, still maintained a sort of royal state in his residence at Calcutta, and his emissaries were active in the grossest and most odious propaganda, telling Hindus that the paper wrappers were dipped in the fat of cows, while, for the benefit of Mohammedans, a variant of the story was supplied by the substitution of pig's lard.

It is believed too, that the passing of a chupattis, or flat cake, from village to village in the Northwest Provinces early in January was set on foot by one of these agitators as a token that the Government was plotting to overthrow the religions of the people. The exact significance of that mysterious symbol has never been ascertained. Like the "nooball" petition of the West, once started, it took its first meaning. Many natives regarded it merely as the fulfillment of a devotee's vows, but in the majority of

instances it had an unsettling effect on the simple folk who received it, and this was precisely what its originator desired. Lucknow was not only the native pivot of a rich agricultural district, but it hummed with prosperous trade. Every type of Indian humanity gathered in its narrow streets and lofty houses, and excitement rose to fever heat when the local trouble with the sepoys was given force by the isolation of the Meerut white garrison, the seizure of Delhi and the sack of many European stations in the Northwest. On May 30, the 71st Native Infantry had the impudence to fire on the 2nd Foot, and the standard of the Prophet was raised in the bazaar and a fanatical mob rallied round it. They killed Sir Major Moore, who lived in the city, and were then dispersed by the police.

Unfortunately the 7th Cavalry deserted when Lawrence was ordered to take a route next day to punish the mutinous sepoys who had gathered there. But despite the lack of a mounted force, a number of prisoners were taken and lodged in batches on a gallows erected on the Muehse Bhowun, a fortress palace situated near the Residency.

Thus Lawrence had scotched the snake, but like Wheeler at Cawnpore and many another in India at that time, he refused to kill it by disarming the natives' weapons and placing them under his command. Nevertheless they feared him. They dared not show their fangs in Lucknow. They stole away in companies and squadrons, glitting their predatory instincts by slaughter and pillage elsewhere before they headed for Delhi in the hope of joining the main body of Nana Sahib. It was one of these rebel detachments that passed the four fugitives from Cawnpore on the outskirts of Bunnec. Scattered throughout the province they proved as merciless and terrible to wealthy natives as to the troopers whom they met in flight along the main roads.

The chaos into which the whole country fell with such extraordinary rapidity, demonstrated by the varying treatment meted out to different people. Winifred and her uncle, under Malcolm's bold leadership, Gubbins, Fincham, Commissioner of Oudh, saw a means of attaining by compromise that which he had vainly urged on Lawrence. The British Commissioner of Oudh, saw a means of attaining by compromise that which he had vainly urged on Lawrence. The British Commissioner of Oudh, saw a means of attaining by compromise that which he had vainly urged on Lawrence.

So Mr. Mayne of course had his own house in the cantonment, which was situated north of the city across the River Ganges. Malcolm, wished to see uncle and niece safely established in their bungalow before he reported himself at the Residency. The three men thought they should all go straight to the Chief Commissioner and tell him what had happened at Cawnpore.

Threading the packed bazaar towards the Bailey Guard—that gate of the Residency which was destined to become for the moment the headquarters of the British—Gould Weston, the local Superintendent of Police, and his first two subordinates, both by those who held it and those who twice relieved it.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

They were standing opposite the gate of a great walled enclosure known as the Alumbagh, a summer retreat built by an old nawab for a favorite wife. And that was in June! In six short months Lucknow would be lying there in his grave, and men would be talking from pole to pole of the wondrous things done at Lucknow, both by those who held it and those who twice relieved it.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

It was high time men ceased to use that phrase in India.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

They were standing opposite the gate of a great walled enclosure known as the Alumbagh, a summer retreat built by an old nawab for a favorite wife. And that was in June! In six short months Lucknow would be lying there in his grave, and men would be talking from pole to pole of the wondrous things done at Lucknow, both by those who held it and those who twice relieved it.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

It was high time men ceased to use that phrase in India.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

They were standing opposite the gate of a great walled enclosure known as the Alumbagh, a summer retreat built by an old nawab for a favorite wife. And that was in June! In six short months Lucknow would be lying there in his grave, and men would be talking from pole to pole of the wondrous things done at Lucknow, both by those who held it and those who twice relieved it.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

It was high time men ceased to use that phrase in India.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

They were standing opposite the gate of a great walled enclosure known as the Alumbagh, a summer retreat built by an old nawab for a favorite wife. And that was in June! In six short months Lucknow would be lying there in his grave, and men would be talking from pole to pole of the wondrous things done at Lucknow, both by those who held it and those who twice relieved it.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

It was high time men ceased to use that phrase in India.

fallen on him when the carriage swung through a gateway and she found herself inside the Residency. The breathless greetings exchanged between herself and many of her friends among the ladies of the mansion, drowned in her ears the misery she had seen in Frank's stern-set features. But the thought returned later, and she spoke of it.

Now Malcolm had already visited Sir Henry Lawrence and told him the exact circumstances. The Chief Commissioner had been called to Lucknow on a temporary matter, appointed him an extra A.D.C. on his staff. But the more frank and it was destined in due time to afford the young officer's fortunes in the most unexpected way.

Above all else he did not want Winifred to know that solicitude for her behalf had drawn him from the path of duty. So he fenced with her sympathetic inquiries, and she, womanlike, began to search for some protection for her own part to account for her lover's course. Thus, not a rift, but an absence of full and complete understanding, existed between them, and each was conscious of it, though Malcolm alone knew its cause.

But that little cloud only darkened their eyes for a moment. The clash of arms and the din of preparation for the "fortnight's siege" which Lawrence thought the Residency might withstand held resolutely. In truth, there never was a fortification, with the exception of that four-foot mud wall and the small towers, and the British were determined for the ill-planned defenses which provided the last English refuge in Oudh.

Wind soon proved that she was of good metal. The alarms and excursions of the past three weeks were naturally a good school to a girl brought up in a Devon village. But, heretofore, mostly blamed for the transmission of bad qualities, supplies good ones, too, whether in man or maid. Deceased on her father's side from a race of soldiers and diplomats, her mother was a Yorkshire Trenchmore, and it is said on the Yorkshire border there were a king in England. In spite of the terrific heat and the discomforts of the siege, she made light of difficulties, found solace herself by cheering others, and quickly attained a high place in the hearts of the devoted women whose names will live until the story of Lucknow is forgotten.

So Mr. Mayne of course had his own house in the cantonment, which was situated north of the city across the River Ganges. Malcolm, wished to see uncle and niece safely established in their bungalow before he reported himself at the Residency. The three men thought they should all go straight to the Chief Commissioner and tell him what had happened at Cawnpore.

Threading the packed bazaar towards the Bailey Guard—that gate of the Residency which was destined to become for the moment the headquarters of the British—Gould Weston, the local Superintendent of Police, and his first two subordinates, both by those who held it and those who twice relieved it.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

They were standing opposite the gate of a great walled enclosure known as the Alumbagh, a summer retreat built by an old nawab for a favorite wife. And that was in June! In six short months Lucknow would be lying there in his grave, and men would be talking from pole to pole of the wondrous things done at Lucknow, both by those who held it and those who twice relieved it.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

It was high time men ceased to use that phrase in India.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

They were standing opposite the gate of a great walled enclosure known as the Alumbagh, a summer retreat built by an old nawab for a favorite wife. And that was in June! In six short months Lucknow would be lying there in his grave, and men would be talking from pole to pole of the wondrous things done at Lucknow, both by those who held it and those who twice relieved it.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

It was high time men ceased to use that phrase in India.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

They were standing opposite the gate of a great walled enclosure known as the Alumbagh, a summer retreat built by an old nawab for a favorite wife. And that was in June! In six short months Lucknow would be lying there in his grave, and men would be talking from pole to pole of the wondrous things done at Lucknow, both by those who held it and those who twice relieved it.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

It was high time men ceased to use that phrase in India.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

They were standing opposite the gate of a great walled enclosure known as the Alumbagh, a summer retreat built by an old nawab for a favorite wife. And that was in June! In six short months Lucknow would be lying there in his grave, and men would be talking from pole to pole of the wondrous things done at Lucknow, both by those who held it and those who twice relieved it.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

It was high time men ceased to use that phrase in India.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

They were standing opposite the gate of a great walled enclosure known as the Alumbagh, a summer retreat built by an old nawab for a favorite wife. And that was in June! In six short months Lucknow would be lying there in his grave, and men would be talking from pole to pole of the wondrous things done at Lucknow, both by those who held it and those who twice relieved it.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

It was high time men ceased to use that phrase in India.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

down a chimney with a loud rattle of falling bricks—means so many minutes loss of this sort of thing."

But Winifred neither saw nor heard. Her eyes, wide-opened with tears, her brain dazed by the knowledge that her lover had undertaken alone a journey deemed impossible, from the more savagely situated station of Cawnpore many days earlier.

She managed somehow to find her uncle. Perhaps Fulton spared a moment to take her to him. She never knew. When next he ordered him to appreciate her environment that last day of June, 1857, was drawing to its close and the glare of rebel watch fires, heightened by the constant flashes of an unceasing bombardment, heretofore, the escape of Lucknow had begun.

Then she remembered that Mr. Mayne had taken her to one of the cellars in the Residency in which the women and children were secure from the leaden hail that was beating on the walls. She had a vague notion that he carried her to a carriage house, and a new panic seized her lest the Mohoc of war had devoured her only relative, for her father had been dead several months, and her mother's death, three years later, had led to her sailing for India to take charge of her uncle's household.

So Mr. Mayne of course had his own house in the cantonment, which was situated north of the city across the River Ganges. Malcolm, wished to see uncle and niece safely established in their bungalow before he reported himself at the Residency. The three men thought they should all go straight to the Chief Commissioner and tell him what had happened at Cawnpore.

Threading the packed bazaar towards the Bailey Guard—that gate of the Residency which was destined to become for the moment the headquarters of the British—Gould Weston, the local Superintendent of Police, and his first two subordinates, both by those who held it and those who twice relieved it.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

They were standing opposite the gate of a great walled enclosure known as the Alumbagh, a summer retreat built by an old nawab for a favorite wife. And that was in June! In six short months Lucknow would be lying there in his grave, and men would be talking from pole to pole of the wondrous things done at Lucknow, both by those who held it and those who twice relieved it.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

It was high time men ceased to use that phrase in India.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

They were standing opposite the gate of a great walled enclosure known as the Alumbagh, a summer retreat built by an old nawab for a favorite wife. And that was in June! In six short months Lucknow would be lying there in his grave, and men would be talking from pole to pole of the wondrous things done at Lucknow, both by those who held it and those who twice relieved it.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

It was high time men ceased to use that phrase in India.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

They were standing opposite the gate of a great walled enclosure known as the Alumbagh, a summer retreat built by an old nawab for a favorite wife. And that was in June! In six short months Lucknow would be lying there in his grave, and men would be talking from pole to pole of the wondrous things done at Lucknow, both by those who held it and those who twice relieved it.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

It was high time men ceased to use that phrase in India.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

They were standing opposite the gate of a great walled enclosure known as the Alumbagh, a summer retreat built by an old nawab for a favorite wife. And that was in June! In six short months Lucknow would be lying there in his grave, and men would be talking from pole to pole of the wondrous things done at Lucknow, both by those who held it and those who twice relieved it.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

It was high time men ceased to use that phrase in India.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

They were standing opposite the gate of a great walled enclosure known as the Alumbagh, a summer retreat built by an old nawab for a favorite wife. And that was in June! In six short months Lucknow would be lying there in his grave, and men would be talking from pole to pole of the wondrous things done at Lucknow, both by those who held it and those who twice relieved it.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

It was high time men ceased to use that phrase in India.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

They were standing opposite the gate of a great walled enclosure known as the Alumbagh, a summer retreat built by an old nawab for a favorite wife. And that was in June! In six short months Lucknow would be lying there in his grave, and men would be talking from pole to pole of the wondrous things done at Lucknow, both by those who held it and those who twice relieved it.

it. Allah smite them!—that was why he chanced being shot by his brethren rather than be slain by mistake next day when the men of Oudh took vengeance on their oppressors. He could not get away earlier because he was prisoner, locked up by the huzzars, forsooth, for a trifling matter of a few rupees left behind by one of the white dogs who fell that day at Chahul.

She managed somehow to find her uncle. Perhaps Fulton spared a moment to take her to him. She never knew. When next he ordered him to appreciate her environment that last day of June, 1857, was drawing to its close and the glare of rebel watch fires, heightened by the constant flashes of an unceasing bombardment, heretofore, the escape of Lucknow had begun.

Then she remembered that Mr. Mayne had taken her to one of the cellars in the Residency in which the women and children were secure from the leaden hail that was beating on the walls. She had a vague notion that he carried her to a carriage house, and a new panic seized her lest the Mohoc of war had devoured her only relative, for her father had been dead several months, and her mother's death, three years later, had led to her sailing for India to take charge of her uncle's household.

So Mr. Mayne of course had his own house in the cantonment, which was situated north of the city across the River Ganges. Malcolm, wished to see uncle and niece safely established in their bungalow before he reported himself at the Residency. The three men thought they should all go straight to the Chief Commissioner and tell him what had happened at Cawnpore.

Threading the packed bazaar towards the Bailey Guard—that gate of the Residency which was destined to become for the moment the headquarters of the British—Gould Weston, the local Superintendent of Police, and his first two subordinates, both by those who held it and those who twice relieved it.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

They were standing opposite the gate of a great walled enclosure known as the Alumbagh, a summer retreat built by an old nawab for a favorite wife. And that was in June! In six short months Lucknow would be lying there in his grave, and men would be talking from pole to pole of the wondrous things done at Lucknow, both by those who held it and those who twice relieved it.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

It was high time men ceased to use that phrase in India.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

They were standing opposite the gate of a great walled enclosure known as the Alumbagh, a summer retreat built by an old nawab for a favorite wife. And that was in June! In six short months Lucknow would be lying there in his grave, and men would be talking from pole to pole of the wondrous things done at Lucknow, both by those who held it and those who twice relieved it.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

It was high time men ceased to use that phrase in India.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

They were standing opposite the gate of a great walled enclosure known as the Alumbagh, a summer retreat built by an old nawab for a favorite wife. And that was in June! In six short months Lucknow would be lying there in his grave, and men would be talking from pole to pole of the wondrous things done at Lucknow, both by those who held it and those who twice relieved it.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

It was high time men ceased to use that phrase in India.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

They were standing opposite the gate of a great walled enclosure known as the Alumbagh, a summer retreat built by an old nawab for a favorite wife. And that was in June! In six short months Lucknow would be lying there in his grave, and men would be talking from pole to pole of the wondrous things done at Lucknow, both by those who held it and those who twice relieved it.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

It was high time men ceased to use that phrase in India.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

They were standing opposite the gate of a great walled enclosure known as the Alumbagh, a summer retreat built by an old nawab for a favorite wife. And that was in June! In six short months Lucknow would be lying there in his grave, and men would be talking from pole to pole of the wondrous things done at Lucknow, both by those who held it and those who twice relieved it.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

It was high time men ceased to use that phrase in India.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

They were standing opposite the gate of a great walled enclosure known as the Alumbagh, a summer retreat built by an old nawab for a favorite wife. And that was in June! In six short months Lucknow would be lying there in his grave, and men would be talking from pole to pole of the wondrous things done at Lucknow, both by those who held it and those who twice relieved it.

"Quite safe!" he assured them, though they had only escaped capture by the mere stroke of three hours earlier.

week to take a course at Kerr's Business College. The funeral of the late Mr. Elmina Elliott took place from the residence of her son-in-law, Nicholas Pearson, on Wednesday afternoon. Interment was made in Hopewell Hill cemetery. Deceased, who was a very estimable lady, had reached the advanced age of ninety-three years, and will be mourned by a large circle of friends and relatives.

RICHIBUCTO

Richibucto, Sept. 10.—Mr. and Mrs. W. H. McLeod, and daughter, Edith, left this morning for their new home in Fredericton. They take with them the good wishes of many friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Ayer, of Moncton, spent Sunday in town, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Irving. Mrs. Ayer is a sister of Mrs. Irving, who has been very seriously ill, but is now able to sit up part of each day.

Leonard Haines returned home from a short visit to his sister, Mrs. Whalen, at Kent Junction.

Henry O'Leary, who has been visiting his old home in Richibucto, returned this week to his home in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. John Johnson, of Baltimore (Maryland), are visiting relatives at Notre Dame.

The 23rd annual convention of the Kent County Sunday School Association will be held in the Methodist church, Richibucto, on Tuesday, the 15th inst.

GAGETOWN

Gagetown, N. B., Sept. 11.—The garden party under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid and Junior Branch of St. John's church, held on the grounds of T. S. Peters, Saturday evening, September 5, was a very enjoyable affair. During the evening a programme of vocal and instrumental music was much appreciated. The proceeds, which amounted to nearly \$8