POPE'S JUBILEE.

His Holiness Completed the Functions Without Undue Fatigue.

Brilliant Assemblage of Diplomats, Aristocrats of Rome, and Vatican Officials

ROME, Feb. 20.—The Pope completed the functions of his jubilee today without undue fatigue. Upon returning to his apartments the pontiff exclaimed: "This is really the happiest day of my life."

"It seems impossible that it is twenty-five years since I have been there," was the pope's exclamation as he looked from a window of his apartments this morning into the sunlit piazza of St. Peter's. This was the pontiff's only reference to his long term of self-imposed imprisonment in the vatican, during which he never has gone beyond the palace grounds and St. Peters, which is considered to be part of the vatican.

"What a glorious morning for the jubilee of my pontificate," the Pope added, as he proceeded with evident pleasure to peruse the almost innumerable telegrams, letters and addresses of congratulation which have reached the vatican from all parts of the world.

The Hall of Beatification, above the portico of St. Peters's where the pontiff held his jubilee reception, presented a brilliant scene. It was beautifully hung with antique brocades and illuminated by thousands of electric lights and wax candles. The boxes lining the long, narrow hall were filled to their capacity with members of the Roman aristocracy, diplomats, women with black veils, men in evening dress and monks and sisters in varying garb.

Here and there groups of papal guards in bright uniforms, lent color to the whole. Notable among the diplomats was Count Almodovar, head of the special mission sent to represent the King of Spain at the jubilee.

The struggle to get into the hall was terrific. People were swept off their feet and women were overcome, but no one was injured. The babel of tongues raised in protest testified to the world-wide character of the gathering. There was a long and tedious wait before the ceremony commenced and the audience was growing restless when, suddenly, a great roar of "Long live Leo," and "Long live the Pope-King" announced the arrival of the pontiff. His holiness was borne in the sedia gestatonia on the shoulders of eight men habited in red brocade. The pope himself wore georgeous robes and had the triple crown on his head. He bestowed his benediction right and left as he passed through the cheering concourse, whose enthusiasm was so great and whose desire to touch the hem of the pope's gown was so intense that the presence of the guards seemed really necessary for his protection.

GAVAN DUFFY'S LIFE HISTORY.

Death has removed the doyen of Irish agitators, in the person of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, at the age of eighty-seven years. The friend and foe of O'Connell, the intimate of Carlyle, the colleague of D'Arcy McGee, the young Irelander of Ulster, the prime minister of Victoria, this is the career brought to mind by the mention of Duffy's name. Though it cannot be said of him that he was as great as O'Connell, O'Leary, or Davis, he made up for the lack of pure genius by a streak of common sense which won for him fame and riches in a new country, while many of his friends, worn out in early middle age by their heroic struggles for the land of their birth, died in hopeless exile. Three young men working side by side in the dingy little office of the Dublin Nation; three strong-hearted Irishmen, a Canadian minister of agriculture, an American general, a Victorian premier—here are McGee, Meagher and Duffy, "the stones rejected by the builders." One of them died at the assassin's hand on the streets of Ottawa, cut off suddenly at the height of his career, the other, the inferior intellect of the three, lives to receive a knighthood from his Sovereign, as a recognition of his services to the Empire.

WORKED WITH McGEE.

Charles Gavan Duffy was born of well-to-do Roman Catholic parents, in Monaghan, in the year 1816. The grim tragedy of '98 was fresh in the minds of Irishmen in those days, and as the boy grew, he drank in hatred of English rule with every breath. An early inclination to literature pointed out his path for him. While a mere stripling he took an active part in an election against a landlord, and as a result some of his father's property was confiscated. Gavan went to Dublin, and became sub-editor of a paper when 20 years old. Five years later he was in full charge, and his name was already prominent in the seething discontent of the time. Young Duffy was a worker, and though his newspaper duties might well have kept him busy, he read for the bar during his spare hours. In 1842 he took the step upon which depended the whole of his future career. With Davis, one of the brightest names in the history of Ireland, and Dillon, the father of the present nationalist, Meagher, D'Arcy McGee, and Smith O'Brien, Duffy founded the Nation, a journal devoted heart and soul to the cause of Ireland. With O'Connell their leader and idol, they toiled at the time-honored Celtic profession of agitating. Surely the atmosphere of the little newspaper office must have been fairly electrical with genius. Then came the dark days when O'Connell, suspected of timidity by his friends, and accused of treachery by his foes, stood undecided and dumb while all Ireland waited for his call to arms. But the far-famed meeting at Clontarf was never held, and the great Liberator's sun was set. The Nation turned on him, and so did the Young Irelanders, who cried, "We'll die for Ireland!" And the "mighty, magnificent, mean old man," answered with a jest: "You and I, boys, will live for Ireland."

END OF YOUNG IRELANDERS.

When the courts pursued the gallant young Irishmen, and McGee and Meagher fled the country, the former to glorify Canadian politics, the latter to lead a brigade of Confederate thoops in the Civil War, Duffy alone escaped exile. He languished in jail for nine months, and on his release carried on the old campaign for six years, in parliament and out of it. But failure, famine, and depopulation had taken the heart out of those who dully listened to him, and then Duffy decided to shake the dust of the Emerald Isle from his shoes forever. In My Life in Two Hemispheres he says of his leaving: "I determined to quit Ireland * * I could no longer promise the suffering people relief; and to witness injustice without curb and wrong without remedy would render life too painful. An Ireland where Mr. Keogh typified patriotism and Dr. Cullen the Church, was an Ireland in which I could not live." So he went to Australia, and rose in Victoria as McGee rose in Canada. After having been prime minister, he accepted the position of speaker in the legislature, which office he held for some years, finally retiring to Nice, as Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K. C. M. G.

GOETHE WAS DUFFY'S MODEL.

Goethe became his ideal. He concluded that true philosophy was best displayed by the great German novelist when he shut his ears to the world-clamor of the French Revolution, locked himself in his study, and wrote books. So Sir Charles for the last twenty years of his life devoted himself to literature. Chief among his publications are Young Ireland, Four Years of Irish History, League of the North and South, My Life in Two Hemispheres. The best society in Europe was open to him; success in the new country had healed the wound of failure in the old. His declining years must have been the happiest in his life. Once he wrote to a friend that he was weary of new countries, and "longed for the green pastures where we wandered of old."

GLIMPSES OF GREAT MEN.

It has been said of his that he was utterly incapable of appreciating O'Connell's denunciation of slavery in the United States, that he was a niggard in his praise of the devoted men who took up his task when he laid it down, that he was, to paraphrase Orsini, "a prince in words, a beggar in action." But when Duffy founded the Irish Tenant League, when he defeated the chief secretary of Ireland, when he initiated the present system of independent opposition in the house of commons, surely he was the man of action. He has the polish of the literary man, the easy charm of the cosmopolitan. His pages abound in charming biographical tit-bits of the great men of the country. We are introduced to Bright, Browning, Carlyle, Disraeli, Gladstone, Peel, Mill, Macaulay, Forster, Newman, Manning, and Thackeray. Tom Moore went to see him one day, and described him as "A little middle-aged man, with pleasant smile and lively eyes, but of a countenance far from comely, and so elaborately dressed that the primrose gloves which he wore did not seem out of harmony with the splendor of his attire." The last of the Young Ireland

BIT OF U. S. NAVAL HISTORY

That Has Not Hitherto Been Made Generally Public.

(Wide World Magazine.)

In an old Spanish fort, back of New Orleans, stands the wreck of a boat, a reminder of one of the forlornest hope upon which men ever ventured. It is the counterpart of the David, the submarine that sank the Housatonic off Charleston harbor on Feb. 17, 1864.

The boat was being constructed secretly when New Orleans fell, and to save its design the confederates rolled it into a swamp near by, its designers barely escaping themselves.

It remained there for years—even after the war—for its builders, and all who knew of its existence, went down with its sister ship, the David.

Years after, when the channel was being deepened, it was found, raised to the surface, and set amid the ruins of the fort.

The tale of the David was only an incident in the great civil war, and finds no place in history except an occasional footnote, though it was the debut of a class of craft that today threatens to make the ironclad useless.

The David was so named because it was designed to slay the Goliaths of the northern fleet engaged in that blockade. It was 35 feet long and built of boiler iron. The crew consisted of nine men—eight to grind the propeller and one to steer. It dragged its torpedo after it.

As soon as the David was launched Lieut. Paine of the confederate navy volunteered to command her in an attack upon the fleet in Charleston harbor. The first crew had just entered the boat and had not closed down the little hatchway in the conning tower, when the swell from a passing steamer washed over and into the boat and sank it. She went down, drowning all hands except the lieutenant, who, being in the conning tower about to steer the boat, escaped.

The David was raised, and Lieut. Paine again volunteered to navigate her. While lying near Fort Sumpter, preparing for a second start, she capsized. Six of her crew who were already within were drowned.

Then Mr. Auley, one of her designers, took command of her, and went for a trial trip up Cooper river past Charleston. When submerged it is supposed at great depth, she refused to answer her rudder, and the air supply, which would last only 30 minutes, was exhausted. The boat was raised and found with nine suffocated men within.

And still a fourth crew volunteered to go aboard the ill-fated vessel.

It was just at twilight on Feb. 17 that the lookout on the Housatonic, on the outer line of the blockade, and the largest ship of the fleet, descried a small cylindrical object a few hundred yards away. He hailed it; there was no reply. Again he hailed it; still there was no reply.

He shouted to the officer of the deck. Immediately the call to quarters sounded. The mysterious object was then too close for the range of the large guns, but rifles and pistols were turned loose upon it.

A few yards from the Housatonic the thing tilted forward and disappeared. A barrel-like object rushed on in its wake. In a moment more it struck the Housatonic. Simultaneously there came a fearful explosion.

The ship reeled, pitched and sank bow on. Most of her crew were rescued from the rigging by the small boats from the rest of the fleet.

As for the David, she dived her last. She never came to the surface again, not even long enough for her crew to see that they had accomplished their desperate purpose.

THE DEATH ROLL.

LONDON, Feb. 20.—The Bishop of Southampton, Rev. Hon. Arthur Temple Lyttleton died this morning at Petersfield, Hampshire. He was born 1852.

SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 20.—Jean Clara Walters, once an actress of national fame, is dead at East Oakland. She made her debut forty-five years ago at Newark, N. J., and toured with John McCullough, Fanny Davenport and other stars.

VIENNA, Feb. 20.—Chevalier Karl Scherzer, the well known traveller, died today at Goritz. He was the author of several books of travels in the United States.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20.—James Flynn, former assistant corporation counsel, was taken ill in an elevated train today and died shortly afterward.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y., Feb. 20.—Rev. Mgr. James McDermott, for forty years rector of St. Mary's church at Glens Falls, died today. He was born in Ireland in 1836. In December, 1901, Pope Leo, in recognition of his services in the interest of the Catholic education, appointed him prothonotary apostolic, which carried with it the title of Monsigneur.

NINE CREMATED.

Deadly Fire in a Cedar Rapids Hotel.

Forty-two Other Persons More or Less Severely Injured—Several Bodies Recovered.

CEDAR RAPIDS, Ia., Feb. 20.—Fire early this morning destroyed the Clifton hotel, cremated nine of the guests and caused injuries to 42 persons who were scorched or forced to jump to the frozen street from second and third story windows. After an all day's search in the debris, four bodies were recovered. It is now believed that five more bodies remain in the ruins of the hotel, which is said to have been a flimsy structure and filled with delegates to the State Y. M. C. A. convention and the district convention of the Knights of Pythias. The hotel register was destroyed, thus making it difficult to ascertain the number of missing persons.

Forty men have been working in the rubbish all day and will continue to dig for the remains of the burned persons all night. The loss is $80,000.

The dead are: W. A. Mowery, What Cheer, Ia.; E. C. Young, Minneapolis; two unidentified men, bodies recovered. Five bodies are still in the debris.

The fire originated in the basement, presumably from an electric wire, and spread rapidly through the lower floors. Escape in the lower doors and windows was cut off entirely before the guests could be aroused. In a few moments persons could be seen at every window, clad only in their night robes, wildly calling for help.

The facilities of the fire department were meagre, and each moment's delay increased the panic that already prevailed. One after another the guests hurled themselves through the windows. The limbs of many were broken and the sidewalks were soon packed with a mass of helpless beings. Those who jumped through the third story windows had little hope of surviving, but few hesitated, as the flames came nearer and nearer. The injured were conveyed to adjoining business houses. The fire department confined its efforts to preventing the spread of the flames. Several times the National hotel caught fire, but was saved. Eentrance to the Clifton was out of the question, and the persons who had not jumped were soon suffocated.

MR. LAWSON EXPLAINS.

Electors of New Brunswick:

In my letter addressed to you of the 13th inst., published in the St. John Sun of the 17th inst., I signed myself as the Grand Secretary of the I. O. G. T., thus making it appear as coming from that body officially. I was not authorized by that body in convention held to write what I did, but from our plaform, to which we all subscribe and which is herewith appended, I deemed the body would bear me out in doing as I did. It was not intended as an I. O. G. T. appeal or solely for the temperance electors of New Brunswick, as the Sun's headline put it. As an individual member of the I. O. G. T. I stand by the letter written and published.

Yours respectfully,

A. C. M. LAWSON.

Chipman, N. B., Feb. 19, 1903.

Good Templar Platform.

1. Total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors as a beverage.

2. No license, in any form, under any circumstances, for the sale of liquor to be used as a beverage.

3. The absolute prohibition of the manufacture, importation and sale of intoxicating liquors for such purposes; prohibition by the will of the people, expressed in due form of law, with the penalties deserved for a crime of such enormity.

4. The creation of a healthy public opinion upon the subject by the active dissemination of truth in all the modes known to enlightened philanthropy.

5. The election of good, honest men to administer the laws.

6. Persistence in efforts to save individuals and communities from so dreadful a scourge, against all forms of opposition and difficulties, until our success is complete and universal.

4th REGIMENT R. C. A.

A Number of Changes in the Staff of Officers.

It is probable that in the near future quite a number of changes will be made among the officers of the 4th R. C. A.

Lt.Col. George West Jones, who has been retired has been succeeded by Lt.-Colonel, formerly Major Walter W. White, and the latter's position has been filled by captain, now Major J. B. M. Baxter.

Of the four company captains, Capt. Baxter has ben promoted and Capt. Fred A. Foster of No. 4 company has resigned. This leaves W. E. Foster and B. R. Armstrong commanding No. 1 and and 3 companies respectively, and it is quite possible that one of these two will be chosen to fill the position of adjutant, which is now provisionally held by Lieut. J. M. Robinson.

There will thus be three vacancies among the company captains and these will in ordinary course be filled by the promotions of lieutenants.

No. 1 Co. has J. M. Robinson and W. H. Harrison; No. 2 Co. J. L. Drake and W. A. Harrison and No. 4 Co. has S. L. Emerson and L. W. Barker. Of the three lieutenants in No. 3 Co. M. C. M. Shewen will retire, S. A. M. Skinner, provisional lieutenant has been retired and H. A. Porter has been transferred to Moncton.

The selection of three captains and the removal of three other subalterns leaves six vacancies to be filled by new men and the problem now confronting the commanding officer is not where to get officers but whom to select when so many good ones are available.

KILLED TWENTY-EIGHT COWS.

(Scientific American.)

A pitiable accident overtook a herd of cows during a thunderstorm near Plainfield, Ill. It would seem that the unfortunate creatures had drifted toward a wire fence, when the lightning fell upon a tree standing about 30 feet from the fence, causing the death of 28 of them.

As there are no signs whatever on the fence of the direct effect of lightning, it must be supposed that the cows killed fell victims to the so-called return stroke. It is w ll known that persons standing near a conductor occasionally receive a more or less severe electric shock when the lightning strikes some neighboring object.

This is readily explained if we remember that just before the lightning occurs, such a conductor must have been at a high electric potential, which is suddenly reduced enormously by the lightning discharge. A person standing near such a conductor, and not adequately insulated, participates in this sudden change, and the effect is evidently the same as if he received a powerful discharge.

Fatal cases of this kind have been noted fairly frequently, but it is very doubtful if such extensive loss of life has even been recorded before as the result of the phenomenon, and we are not surprised to hear the oldest settlers of the district assert that they never heard of so many cows being killed at a time.

MADE MAGIC MONEY

Mysterious Copper Box With Vari-Colored Fire in a "Green Goods" Game.

(N. Y. Herald, 18th.)

With a copper box instead of an alchemist's wand District Attorney Clarke changed a piece of tissue paper into a $1 bill, in the county court in Brooklyn yesterday, just to show the jury how it had been done by Samuel and Henry Faust, who were on trial for trying to dispose of "green goods."

It was a mysterious piece of business even when it occurred in a crowded court room. The copper box contained an electrical battery, which sputtered and flashed red and blue sparks and made a strange sound. There was a brimstone atmosphere about it—a suggestion of black art.

Then Mr. Clarke pulled the double bottom out of the box and all the mystery out of the performance with one quick jerk of his hand.

The box was two feet high. At the top was a sliding board, which was clamped close to the cover. In the bottom was a square of copper. Between the clamped board and the cover Mr. Clarke put two $1 bills. Between the bills he put an oblong sheet of tissue paper. Then he closed the cover, and turned on the electrical battery, which made all the noise and furnished all the sparks. It did not do anything else, except to prevent any one from hearing the clamped plate as it fell to the bottom with the envelope, disclosing another envelope in which were three real $1 silver certificates of the United States of America. The middle one was supposed to be the product of tissue paper and mystery.

The Fausts, according to the district attorney, had made $50,000 out of the "green goods" game in Brooklyn and Manhattan. Dadel Finkelstein was approached, it is said, by agents of the Fausts, and he told the police, who engaged him to run down the band.

The witnesses for the prosecution were Gelson Krokaway and Adam Lehman. According to their testimony they stood holding the handles of the machine for five hours while the box changed a sheet of tissue paper into a $1 bill. One of them had later taken the bill to a bank and had been told it was no good. Then they went to pay for drinks with it, but their hearts failed them before they handed the mysterious bill to the bartender, and he got his pay in silver.

The two Fausts swore that the whole business was a conspiracy. They said a man had given the box to young Faust and had put the chemicals and tissue paper in the young man's pockets. They declared they had never seen Krokaway and Lehman before in their lives. The case will go to the jury today.

WANTED AS WIVES.

Fair Bachelors of Domestic Science in Demand.

BOSTON, Feb. 20.—The second conference on The Home as a Factor in the Education of Women, held at the Women's Educational and Industrial Union, conducted by Miss Sarah L. Arnold, drew a large audience.

Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells told of the success the study of domestic science has become in the Framingham Normal School.

Mrs. Wells first spoke of the introduction of sewing and cooking into the Boston public schools by Mrs. Mary Hemmenway. In fact, said the speaker, Mrs. Hemmenway is back of all the industrial education of Boston.

Mrs. Wells gave an interesting account of the routine work of the students in domestic science in the Normal School and said that their fame as housekeepers has gone abroad to such an extent that scarcely has a girl graduated from the school until she is sought in marriage by the most eligible young men of the country. The primary aim of the graduates is to become teachers, but many of them have obtained lucrative positions as buyers, matrons and other responsible positions.

Miss Harlatt spoke of the influence the home education of a child has on his life after he goes out into the world. The habits cannot be so well fixed as at home. Then the schools should supplement this home training by a broader and higher education. The speaker told of what had been accomplished by education in household economics, or domestic science. Miss Goodrich also spoke on similar lines.

DUN & CO.'S

Weekly Review of Trade in Canada

NEW YORK, Feb. 20.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade will say tomorrow of Canadian trade:

Business is quiet at Halifax and prospects are favorable. Deep snow is reported at the interior, but at rail points in the Montreal district trade is good. Dry goods travellers are completing excellent spring trips. Groceries are quiet, but there is a brisk demand for hardware, metals and paints. Collections are well sustained. A good volume of business is reported at Quebec, men on the road are sending in fair orders and payments are up to expectations. Retail trade at Hamilton compares favorably with last year's, and leading lines of manufacture are busy. Wholesale trade is steady and payments fair. Future prospects at Toronto are considered bright. The weather has been favorable for trade in heavy dry goods and sales of spring lines are also heavy. Trade at Vancouver is reasonably good, but collections a little slow.

The young Jewish boy Gorman, who was detained by the U. S. immigration officials while on his way to his home in New York, has been allowed to continue his journey.

FITS Liebig's Fit cure for Epilepsy and kindred affections is the only successful remedy, and is now used by the best physicians and hospitals in Europe and America. It is emphatically recommended to the afflicted. If you suffer from EPILEPSY, FITS, ST. VITUS' DANCE, or have children or relatives that do so, or know a friend that is afflicted, then send for a free trial bottle and try it. It will be sent by mail prepaid. It has cured where everything else has failed. When writing mention this paper, and give full address to THE LIEBIG CO., 179 King street west, Toronto. CURED

ARBITRATION COURT NEEDED

To Settle Disputes Between Employer and Employes.

(From Cohoes Evening Dispatch, Ind.)

Supreme Court Justice Herrick of this district, to whom the people of Cohoes and vicinity need no introduction, contributed an article to the Brooklyn Eagle last Sunday, in which he outlined a plan for compulsory arbitration and award in disputes which arise between employers and employes. He advises that a court of arbitration be an addendum to the supreme court and that it be composed of retired judges of such court, together with two other persons, who shall have power to hear and determine all controversies which arise between employers and employes, to settle which strikes have been inaugurated. The manner in which the conclusions of the court shall be enforced, however, is not explained, the unfolding of such a plan at this time being, in his estimation, likely to operate to defeat the whole scheme or rather to excite so much opposition to it as to cause the scheme to die aborning, as it were.

Judge Herrick is properly regarded as one of the ablest justices on the supreme bench. He is, of course, a subject of not a little disfavor because of his persistent intermeddling in partisan politics, yet he is generally looked upon as an impartial and able judge, and his opinion on matters of a legal nature uniformly commands attention. He evidently appreciates in common with all observant persons, the great need of an effective means to settle disputes between employers and employes. The greatest danger to our institutions is strife of that character, and a civil war may be the sequel of some of those contentions.

It has been suggested that there should be in all cases contracts entered into between employers and employes in regard to employment, and that there should be stringent laws prescribing that such contracts shall be lived up to, the persons violating the same being obliged to suffer considerable penalty, either in form of mulcts or being deprived of their liberty. Contracts, too, ought to be entered into every so often, and during the existence of such contracts there should be no reduction in wages, nor should employes insist upon advanced wages. Of course redress can be secured under the law at present for violated contracts, but it is in some cases of a very intangible character and it would afford little satisfaction in labor contracts. The penalty for violating contracts in regard to labor should be one which could be imposed with effect upon all.

SACKVILLE.

Fatal Accident on the N. B. and P. E. I Railway.

SACKVILLE, Feb. 22.—Luther, son of Wesley Estabrookes, Midgic, was run over and killed by the N. B. and P. E. I. train near Midgic last night about twelve o'clock. Archie and Luther Estabrookes, employes of C. Pickard, lumber operator, were in Sackville yesterday afternoon. They were somewhat under the influence of liquor, and about ten o'clock started to walk the railway track to Midgic. On the floating canal bridge they lay down to rest, Luther lying inside and Archie outside the rails. A special train was run on the N. B. and P. E. I. to convey the crowd from nomination held in Dorchester. On the return run the accident occurred. Jack Carter, the driver, saw two black objects on the bridge, but was unable to stop the train in time. Archie was struck on the head and hurled into the river, while Luther was crushed and mangled into a shapeless heap. An inquest was held at Midgic this afternoon by Coroner J. M. Baird. A number of witnesses were examined. The jury did not attach blame to anyone.

SUDDEN DEATH

Of Principal Cameron of Yarmouth Academy—Was a Noted Astronomer and Educationalist.

HALIFAX, Feb. 22.—Last evening the janitor of the Yarmouth Academy found Principal Aeneas Cameron lying dead in his class room. The immediate cause of death was not apparent, but he had been in poor health for some time. Mr. Cameron went to Yarmouth from Pictou a quarter of a century ago, since when he has been head of the educational department in Yarmouth. His pupils fill responsible positions in many parts of the world. He leaves a widow.

The body was found lying at the foot of the hat rack, as if he had been reaching for his coat when he fell dead. The coroner's jury returned a verdict that so far as they could see, death had not been caused by violent means.

THE GIRL AWAKE.

Gladys McLean Apparently Recovering Her Normal Condition.

Gladys McLean, the young daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Douglass McLean of Grove street, Gloucester, Mass., who has been in an almost constant state of coma for many weeks, shows signs of recovery from the peculiar malady with which she is afflicted.

The child manifested a condition of sleepiness some time ago, and Dr. Quimby was called to attend her. For days she would remain in a sound sleep, waking only at brief intervals. Some time ago she was removed to the Addison Gilbert Hospital, but was still under the treatment of Dr. Quimby.

About a week ago she showed signs of improvement and for the past few days has been in a normal condition, sleeping regularly and during natural periods, and keeping awake the usual hours of the day. It is now hoped that the recovery may be permanent. —Gloucester Times.

THE SO-CALLED TOBACCO TRUST.

George Buchanan Fife, whose The So-Called Tobacco Trust is the March offering of The Century's series on The Great Business Combinations of Today, is the correspondent to whom the New York Evening Post intrusts its most brilliant and responsible assignments. Mr. Fife was hurried off on the Dixie to the scene of the Martinique disaster, and the stories he sent back are still quoted as models of clearness, force and vividness.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c. is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops dropping in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

THE DOORSTEP.

By Edmund Clarence Stedman.

The conference meeting through at last,
We boys around the vestry waited
To see the girls come tripping past,
Like snowbirds willing to be mated.

Not braver he that leaps the wall
By level musket-flashes litten,
Than I, that stepped before them all
Who longed to see me get the mitten.

But no: she blushed and took my arm!
We let the old folks have the highway,
And started toward the Maple farm
Along a kind of lovers' by-way.

I can't remember what we said,
'Twas nothing worth a song or story;
Yet that rude path by which we sped
Seemed all transformed and in a glory.

The snow was crisp beneath our feet,
The moon was full, the fields were gleaming;
By hood and tippet sheltered sweet,
Her face with youth and health was beaming.

The little hand outside her muff—
O, sculptor, if you could but mold it!—
So lightly touched my jacket cuff,
To keep it warm I had to hold it.

To have her with me there alone—
'Twas love and fear in triumph blended,
At last we reached the foot-worn stone
Where that delicious journey ended.

The old folks, too, were almost home;
Her dimpled hand the latches fingered,
We heard the voices nearer come,
Yet on the doorstep still we lingered.

She shook her ringlets from her hood,
And with a "Thank you, Ned," dissembled,
But yet I knew she understood
With what a daring wish I trembled.

A cloud passed kindly overhead,
The moon was slyly peeping through it,
Yet did its face, as it it said,
"Come, now or never! do it! do it!"

My lips till then had only known
The kiss of mother and of sister,
But, somehow, full upon her own
Sweet, rosy, darling mouth—I kissed her!

Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still—
O listless woman, weary lover!
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill
I'd give—but who can live youth over?

DEVIL ON A SHIP.

Mexican Lizard in the Hold Causes Longshoremen to Strike.

(New York Times.)

The big Mexican lizards—"devils" they are called by seamen—made things lively aboard the Munson line steamship Vittoria during her trip from Tuxpan, and Friday caused a strike among a gang of longshiremen engaged in unloading the vessel.

"We will not go down in that hold again," said the spokesman of the longshoremen, "until that 'devil' is killed."

"Bill" Kenney, a stevedore in charge of the unloading of the vessel, failed in his efforts to laugh away the fears of the men, and finally had to discharge the entire lot. It was two hours later before he succeeded in getting a new gang.

Fifty-two men were at work in the port side hold of the big steamer at 9 o'clock in the worning when one of them let forth a yell that was heard a block away. An instant later every one of the 52 men scrambled up the ladder to the deck to escape the "devil."

"The 'devil' is in the hold!" shouted one of the frightened men. "He's as big as a boa constrictor, with a scaly back, green eyes and horns as big as an elephant's tusks. He nearly took my foot off."

Kenney knew in an instant that the men had seen a lizard, but his characterization of their fears as groundless and foolish had no effect on the longshoremen.

Kenney then paid Capt. McKenzie a visit. After a talk the two went into the hold, armed with axes. Kenney found the lizard lying just beneath the last rung of the ladder. It showed its long fangs and hissed as the two men approached it.

Before it could get out of the way Kenney's axe descended on its head and in a flash it was dead. Kenney then got a new crew of workmen and the unloading continued.

The Vittoria had been out from Tuxpan, Mexico, only a few days when one of the crew discovered a lizard in a pile of lumber in the forward part of the vessel. Capt. McKenzie killed it with his revolver, and later the second lizard was discovered.

The entire crew knew of its presence, and the men were fearful that the ship was hoodooed and would meet with an accident. Not one could be induced to go down into the hold, so fearful were they that the "devil" might bite them. The one found in the ship on Friday was more than a foot in length, shaped like a crocodile and with a very large head and mouth. It had yellow eyes and a green scaly back.

THE SUN'S NEW PRESS.

(The Globe.)

The new sixteen-page press of the Sun is now in operation, and was used for the first time on Wednesday, when the Star was printed on it. In a few days the Sun will be run from it. Up to the present the press in the Globe office has been the largest type of printing machine in use in New Brunswick. The new press of the Sun will print four pages more at a single operation, should a sixteen-page paper be needed. The new machine is from the Hoes of New York, and is a splendid specimen of their workmanship. This evidence of the Sun's business prosperity must be gratifying to the community.

THE YORK CAMPAIGN.

STANLEY, York Co., Feb. 20.—An opposition meeting was held in John A. Humble's hall on Friday evening, 20th inst. The chair was occupied by Major Howe, ex-M. P. P. The meeting was enthusiastic and addressed by two of the candidates, Messrs. McLeod and Young. In spite of the bad roads upwards of seventy were present, and a strong and efficient committee was organized to look after the interests of the opposition ticket. The prospects look bright at this poll. Stanley will roll up a large vote for the party.

Large and enthusiastic meetings were held at Cross Creek and Williamsburg districts.

AFTER KIPLING, A LONG WAY.

The one-eyed steer is put aside,
The dry dock's dry talk starts again—
George doth his ancient hobby ride
And still repeats the old refrain—
Almighty voice! talk to us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

DOVER, Feb. 22.— Passed, str Florence, from Halifax for London.

KINSALE, Feb. 22.—Passed, str Manchester Trader, from St John, N B, for Manchester.

Beloved, it is Morn, is a sweet and pretty thought for the title of a song to be sung at a wedding, but it does not throw any light on the old question as to which one will get up and build the kitchen fire.