POOR DOCUMENT

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WANTED

**Complete History of the War**

Between Russia and Japan, by the renowned war correspondent, Hon. Murat Holstead, is now ready and we want Agents to handle this book in every locality. It is a large volume of over 700 pages and covers the whole field of conflict ,ending with the signing of the peace terms on the 5th September. An honest comparison of this superb volume with any other war book published will show its great superiority. We will guarantee agents who act at once extra special terms. Full particulars on application to R. A. H. Morrow, 59 Garden street, St. John, N. B.

WANTED—A first or second class male or female teacher for Lancaster School District No. 3, St. John. Apply at once to Amador W. Anderson, Secretary to Trustees, Fairville.

WANTED—The wife of Anthony Hatly, peddler, who left St. John two weeks before Christmas, for Kings and Albert counties, intending to return Christmas, desires to hear from him.

WANTED—A first or second class female teacher, or second class male teacher, to teach in School District No. 2, Wilson's Beach, Campobello. Apply to James L. Savage, secretary to trustees, stating terms. James L. Savage, Wilson's Beach, Campobello (N. B.)

WANTED—Female teacher, first or second class, for school district No. 12, parish of Lancaster. Apply at once to David McCavour, secretary school trustees, Lorneville, St. John county, N. B.

WANTED—A second class female teacher, for coming term. Apply, stating salary, to Geo. T. Nutter, secretary, Upper Greenwich, Kings county (N. B.)

WANTED—A first class male teacher for school district No. 13, La Tete, St. George, Charlotte county N. B. Apply, stating salary, to W. R. Wentworth, secretary to trustees, La Tete, St. George, Charlotte county, N. B. 12-6-sw.

SALESMEN WANTED—For "Canada's Greatest Nurseries." Largest List of Hardy Specialties in Fruit and Ornamental Stock, suited for New Brunswick. Spring season now starting. Liberal inducements. Pay weekly. Exclusive Territory. Write for terms and catalogue. Stone & Wellington, Toronto, Ont. 11-18-26i-sw

WANTED—A good respectable girl for general housework; references required. Apply to S. J. McGowan, Daily Telegraph. w-tf

WANTED—A second or third class teacher for school district No. 7, parish of Duequash. Apply, stating salary wanted, to Bristall Hargrave, Dipper Harbor, West St. John county, N. B. 7-2-sw.

WANTED—Gentlemen or ladies, $300 per year and expenses; permanent position; experience unnecessary. M. A. O'Keefe, 157 Bay street, Toronto. 2-1-1yr—w.

WANTED—A Second or Third Class Female Teacher at the beginning of the next term for District No. 6, Pennfield. District poor. Apply, stating salary, to Matthew Harding, Secretary, Seeley's Cove, Pennfield, Charlotte County (N. B.) w

MEN WANTED—Reliable men in every locality throughout Canada to advertise our goods, tack up show cards on trees, fences, along roads and all conspicuous places; also distribute small advertising matter. Salary $900 per year or $75 per month and expenses $3 per day. Steady employment to good reliable men. No experience necessary. Write for particulars . Empire Medicine Co., London, Ont. 12-10 1 yr -d eoa d&w.

Ambitious young men for large Insurance Company as agents. Experience not necessary. Men of character,energy and push can make big money and position. A few good country districts open for the right parties. Address at once. "AGENT," P. O. Box 13, St. John, N. B.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—A two story building and lot, situated in the village of Norton; also the undertaking business connected with the same. Apply to T. H. Cassidy, Norton.

FOR SALE—Dominion Orchestral Organ. Two Manual Cabinet (Swell Organ and Great Organ). Made at Bowmanville, Ontario. In good order. Cost about $275. Will be sold cheap. Apply Carleton Methodist church, St. John West (N. B.) 1-13-1mo-w

FARM help supplied free of charge. Grant's Employment Agency, West St. John. 1-10-1mo s w

FOR SALE—Property belonging to Rev. R. W. J. Clements, about one and a half miles from Norton Station, consisting of half an acre of land, on which there is a good dwelling-house. Will be sold cheap. Apply to R. T. Hayes, 12 King street, St. John, N. B. sw-8w

FOR SALE—Gelding Horse five years old; also stallion, French and Clyde breed, seven years old. Both black, of good appearance. Sound and kind, weigh 1,300 pounds. Apply John A. Dibblee, 45 Golding street, St. John, N. B. 1-9-2i-w

Notice

FARMS for Sale in a good location on the Tobique River, with buildings and improvements. Intending purchasers will do well to communcate with the undersigned.
JOHN RYAN,
Three Brooks, Vic. Co., N. B.
1-24 2 mon w

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made by the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers, incorporated by Act of the Dominion Parliament, for the passage of an Act defining the status of Civil Engineers in the Province of New Brunswick and regulating the practice of their profession.
J. S. ARMSTRONG,
1-24-nw-1m For Applicants.

**A DIPLOMA**

May be harder to get at the Fredericton Business College than at some business colleges, but it is EASIER to GET and HOLD a good position after you get it. Send for free catalogue of this large, well equipped, well conducted,up-to-date school. Address.
W. J. OSBORNE, Principal,
Fredericton, N. B.

## MONCTON NEWS

**Society of Canadian Artisans in Session—Sudden Death of I. C. R. Station Agent.**

MONCTON, N. B., Jan. 29 (Special)—The Society of Canadian Artisans are holding their convention with jurisdiction in the Maritime Provinces in Moncton today. About 35 delegates from Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and P. E. I. have arrived. A banquet will be held at the Leblanc Hotel tonight.

W. J. Lockhart, I. C. R. trackmaster here, has received word of the death of John Forshner, which occurred yesterday at Manning, Iowa. The deceased left here last Tuesday night with his wife and daughter for California, where they intended making their home in the future. Mr. Forshner was then in good health. He had been I. C. R. station master at Greenville, N. S., ever since the road opened, but resigned from the service last fall. Three sons and two daughters live at Los Angeles, California. Another son, J. G. Forshner, is employed on the Montreal Star. The deceased was 75 years old.

The remains of the late J. B. Smith, m-in-law of Alex. Willis of the I. C. R, ri d here this morning from Chicago ment.

## DEATHS

CUSACK—In this city, at 29 Marsh road, on Jan. 27, Gregory, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Cusack, aged three years.

KILPATRICK—At Upham, on the 25th inst., Joseph S. Kilpatrick, of inflammatory rheumatism.

DALTON—At Rutland (Mass.), on Sunday, Jan. 28th, Mr. W. Allan Dalton, son of H. C. Dalton, of this city, aged 27 years.

KEARNS—In Boston, Jan. 28th, Mary Jane, wife of Alex. Kearns, of St. John, and daughter of the late Frank Crawford, leaving one son besides her husband to mourn their loss.

## SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.

Arrived.

Friday, Jan. 26.

Stmr Corinthian, 4,018, Pickering, from Liverpool via Halifax, Wm Thomson & Co, mdse and pass.

Stmr Lake Erie, Carey, from Liverpool, C P R.

Stmr Tritonia, Black, from Glasgow, Schofield & Co.

Stmr Orinoco, Saunders, from Demerera and West India ports via Halifax, Schofield & Co.

Coastwise—Schrs Rex, 57, Walsh, from St Martins; Adella, 59, Faulkner, from Parrsboro; Viola Pearl, 32, Wadlin, from Beaver Harbor.

Saturday, Jan. 27.

Schr Norman (Am), 299, Kelson, from Boston, R C Elkin, bal.

Coastwise—Stmr Flushing, Farris, with barge No 1, from Parrsboro; schr Fred and Norman, Cheney, from Grand Harbor; Clara A Beemner, 37, Phinney, from Back Bay, and cld; Nellie D, 32, Dickson, from Beaver Harbor; Clifford C, 69, Golding, from St Martins; G & E Givan, 98, Melvin, from St Martins.

Sunday, Jan. 28.

Schr Wm L Elkins, Dickson, from New Bedford (Mass), J Willard Smith.

Monday, Jan. 29.

Stmr Parisian, 3,355, Johnston, Liverpool via Halifax, Wm Thomson & Co, mdse and pass.

Schr Walter Miller, 118, Tower, New York, N C Scott, cement.

Coastwise—Stmr Centerville, 32, Thompson, Sandy Cove; schrs Happy Home, 23, Thompson, Beaver Harbor; Lady Aberdeen, 17, Brown, Grand Manan; Hattie McKay, 74, Card, Parrsboro; Ariadne, 48, Outhouse, Tiverton.

Cleared.

Friday, Jan. 26.

Stmr Bonavista, Masters, for Louisburg.

Schr Morancy, Atkinson, for Fall River, Donald Fraser & Co.

Coastwise—Schr Viola Pearl, Wadlin, for Beaver Harbor.

Saturday, Jan. 27.

Coastwise—Schrs Swallow, Ells, for St Martins; Nellie D, Dickson, for Beaver Harbor; Ruby, O'Donnell, for Musquash; Virginia, McLellan, for Fort Greville; tug Flushing, Farris, for Parrsboro.

Monday, Jan. 29.

Schr Hustler, Thompson, Lubec; J R Warner & Co.

Coastwise—Schrs Ariadne, Outhouse, Tiverton; Hattie McKay, Card, Lord's Cove.

Sailed.

Saturday, Jan. 27.

Stmr Concordia, Black, for Glasgow, Schofield & Co.

Stmr Montfort, Evans, for Bristol, C P R.

Stmr Ocamo, Buchanan, for West Indies.

Sunday, Jan. 28.

Stmr Corinthian, Pickering, for Liverpool via Halifax, Wm Thomson & Co.

CANADIAN PORTS.

Halifax, Jan 26—Ard, stmr Veritas, from Jamaica via St John.

Sld—Stmr Ocamo, Buchanan, for St John.

Halifax, Jan 27—Ard, stmrs Parisian, from Liverpool; Senlac, from St John and portus.

Sld—Stmrs Sarmatian, Rennie, for Havre and London; Europa, Smidt, for Brow Head for orders.

Halifax, N S, Jan 29—Ard stmrs Corinthian, from St John; Ocamo, do; St John City, do; Aranmore, from Boston; brigt Ohio, from Musquodoboit for New York—to land mate, sick.

Sld—Stmr Senlac, for St John via ports.

BRITISH PORTS.

Queenstown, Jan 26—Ard, stmr Lucania, from New York for Liverpool, and proceeded.

Moville, Jan 26—Sld, stmr Sicilian, for Halifax and St John.

Glasgow, Jan 25—Ard, stmr Alcides, from St John.

Liverpool, Jan 25—Ard, stmr Dahome, from Halifax and St John's (Nfld).

Glasson Dock, Jan 26—Ard, bk August Leflier, from Dalhousie via Preston.

Liverpool, Jan 29—Ard stmr Monmouth, St John.

Brisbane, Jan 29—Ard stmr Miowera, from Vancouver.

London, Jan 29—Ard stmr Evangeline, from Halifax.

FOREIGN PORTS.

Boston, Jan 26—Ard, stmrs Mystic, from Louisburg (C B); Catalone, from Louisburg.

Sld—Stmr Canadian, for Liverpool.

New York, Jan 26—Ard, stmr Campania, from Liverpool.

Portsmouth, N H, Jan 26—Sld, schr Wm L Elkins, for St John.

Saunderstown, R I, Jan 26—Sld, schr Grace Darling, from St John for Fall River.

New York, Jan 26—Cld, stmr Umbria, for Liverpool.

City Island, Jan 26—Bound south, stmr Lady Eileen, from St John; schrs Cartagena, from Liverpool (N S); R Bowers, from St John; Hunter, from St John; R D Spear, from St John via Stamford (Conn); Phoenix, from Amherst (N S); Freddie Eaton, from Calais (Me).

Bound east—Bark F B Lovett, from New York for Yarmouth (N S), anchored.

Vineyard Haven, Mass, Jan 26—Sld, schr Cora May, from Dorchester (N B) for New Rochelle.

Portland, Me, Jan 26—Ard, stmr St Croix, Thompson, from St John for Boston, and sailed; schr Orozimbo, from St John for New York; Julia & Martha, from Calais for New York; Nellie C Davis, from Campobello (N B).

Boston, Jan 28—Ard, stmr Boston, from Yarmouth (N S); schrs Collector, from Montague (P E I); Cyril, Richard, from Souris (P E I); Campania, from Souris (P E I); Moran, from Cardigan (P E I).

27th, cld—Schr Mariner, for La Have (N S).

Vineyard Haven, Mass, Jan 27—Passed, stmr Rosalind, from Halifax for New York.

Boston, Jan 29—Ard stmrs Dalton Hall, from Fowey (Eng); Unique, from Louisburg (C B); Dominion, do; schr W S Wynot,from Montague (P E I.)

Cld—Stmr Unique (Nor), for Louisburg.

Sld—Stmr Catalone, for Louisburg; Fred A Small, for Satilla (Ga); Woodward Abraham, for Fernandina.

Vineyard Haven, Mass, Jan 29—Ard schrs Freddie A Higgins, from Weehawken for Grand Manan (N B); John G Walker, Tremley, for St Andrews (N B.)

New London, Conn, Jan 29—Sld schr J L Colwell, from New York for St John.

New York, Jan 29—Cld stmr Cevic, for Liverpool; schr Wandrian, for Walton (N S.)

Portland, Me, Jan 29—Ard stmr Nanna (Nor), from Parrsboro (N S.)

Cld—Stmr Nanna (Nor), for Parrsboro (N S.)

Sld—Schr Orozimbo, from St John for New York.

## SUSSEX CARNIVAL A GREAT SUCCESS

Sussex, N. B., Jan. 29.—(Special)—The first carnival of the season was held in Alhambra Rink this evening, a large number of skaters in costume were present and about 150 spectators. The costumes were of the first order and showed a great amount of taste and care in their makeup. The Citizens Band was present and added greatly to the evening's enjoyment. The judges were Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Rossborough, and C. D. Davis. The prize winners were as follows:

Most original, Italian musicians, Dr. and Mrs. J. J. Daly, and Miss Grace McKay, ladies' best; Ladies of Auld Lang Syne, Miss Alice Howes and Dollie Harrison; gents' best, Knight of the 19th Century, Gordon McKay; girls' best, Shepherd, Annie Heustis; boys' best, Red Indian Chief, George Morrison.

Capt. McMurray, who is to assume command of the dredge Beaver, is in the city. He will enter on his new duties about the first of the month.

## DENMARK'S KING DIED SUDDENLY

(Continued from page 1.)

luncheon with the members of his family, among them being the Dowager Empress of Russia and his brother, General Prince Hans. During the meal his majesty complained of indisposition and was assisted to his bedroom by the dowager empress and Prince Hans. A court physician was quickly summoned but by the time he arrived the king had collapsed. The physician used prompt restoratives but his efforts were useless and King Christian expired almost without uttering a word in the arms of the dowager empress and in the presence of the court physician and Prince Hans.

Just as the king breathed his last, Crown Prince Frederick, who had been summoned, entered the room and the other members of the royal family arrived shortly afterwards.

Telegrams and cablegrams of condolence are pouring in tonight, including messages from all the sovereigns of Europe and the Danish colonies.

Premier Christensen tonight tendered the resignation of the cabinet to the new king, who expressed a wish that the present ministry should continue to carry on the affairs of the government.

Both houses of parliament will assemble tomorrow when their respective presidents will formally announce the death of King Christian. At 3 o'clock the members will assemble in the hall of the Folksthing to receive the royal message announcing the accession of Frederick the Eighth.

It had been known for some time that King Christian's health was failing. His physicians recommended a change of air and the king decided to take their advice. It was his intention to go south in the near future, accompanied by the Dowager Empress of Russia.

[King Christian IX was born April 8, 1818, and was therefore nearly 88 years of age. He was the fourth son of the late Duke Wilhelm of Schleswig-Holstein. He was appointed to the succession of the crown of Denmark by the treaty of London, May 8, 1852, and by the Danish law on July 31, 1853. He succeeded to the throne on November 15, 1863, and has therefore reigned forty-three years. In 1842 he married Louise, the daughter of Landgrave Wilhelm of Hesse Cessel, who died Sept. 29, 1898. Their children are Prince Frederick, who now becomes king; Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, wife of King Edward VII.; Prince Wilhelm, now King George of Greece; the Empress Maria, wife of the late Czar of Russia; Princess Thyre, wife of the Duke of Cumberland, and Prince Waldemar.

**Most of Europe's Royal Houses in Mourning.**

London, Jan. 29.—The sudden death of King Christian, of Denmark, called (father-in-law of Europe), will place the majority of the royal houses of Europe in mourning. The rulers of Russia, Great Britain, Greece, Sweden and Norway are directly related to the dead monarch either personally or through their consorts.. His sons and daughters were preparing for their annual trip to Copenhagen for the purpose of celebrating his eighty-eighth birthday.

Queen Alexandra received the news of the death of her father at Windsor. It came as a great shock to her as apparently there had been no previous intimation of any indisposition.

In view of the death of the King of Denmark the official and other engagements in which the British court is concerned, will be postponed or cancelled although nothing affecting the arrangements has yet been given out. It is said that the opening of parliament cannot take place before February 19, according to the original programme, but it may be opened by a royal commission as in the later years of Queen Victoria's reign. One of the earliest functions on the return of the court to London was to have been the launching of the monster battleship Dreadnaught, February 10, which probably will be indefinitely postponed. The holding of a court at Buckingham Palace had been fixed for February 16 and levees had been arranged for February 20 and February 26, but they also will be put off.

It is expected that a memorial service in honor of the late King Christian will be held in the chapel royal, St. James Palace, simultaneously with the funeral services held in Denmark. King Edward has arranged to come to London Jan. 30, and Queen Alexandra was to leave Sandringham at the same time. It is not yet known what changes in their plans have been decided upon.

**The New King.**

The new king of Denmark, who will ascend the throne in his 62nd year, bears the weight of his years lightly and is almost as popular with the people of Denmark as was his father. By the wish of his parents he was brought up with great simplicity and his earlier education was obtained at the town grammar school. It was Frederick's curious fate to see his younger brother and his own son become reigning monarchs of Greece and Norway respectively while he himself was still an heir apparent.

The new king has been highly popular since his earliest youth. His bearing is stately and his manner quiet. He is noted for his culture and possesses many foreign distinctions. While seldom openly identified with political questions, he has taken an active part in all public movements and is a constant attendant at all important debates in the Rigsdag. He is chancellor of the Copenhagen University and head of the Freemasons of Denmark and is well known as a promoter of all philanthropic objects. His interest in the army of which he is inspector-general, is keen and he has introduced several reforms which have improved the lot of the private soldiers, as the result of which he is extremely popular with the troops.

The new queen, Louise, is reported to be the tallest and richest Princess in Europe. She is a handsome woman of the blonde type, and reflects the beauty of her famous grandmother, Desiree Clary, the tradesman's daughter who captivated Bonaparte and married Marshal Bernadotte, who subsequently became King of Sweden and Norway. She and her husband have adhered to the plainness and simplicity characteristic of the Danish court, showing the nation the happy spectacle of a united couple living on terms of the closest affection and sympathy with their eight children.

Frederick is credited with having a less determined character than his father, while it is whispered that the new queen possesses the stronger character of the two and positively this latter fact will have considerable influence on the policy of the new king.

A French botanical explorer has discovered in Central America a new coffee plant, with fruit of superior quality, to which he has given the name coffea excelsa. The tree grows wild and attains a great height. At five years specimens are twenty five feet high, and older trees have been discovered that were sixty feet high. The coffee seeds are small, rounded, and according to analysis and expert opinion, are among the best sorts known.

## NOEL BEAR, INDIAN

**Now 104 Years Old--Hunted and Trapped in New Brunswick in Old and Stirring Days.**

Famed from the waters of the Kennebec along the entire course of the Aroostook and to the headwaters of the St. John is Noel Bear, Indian and old-time hunter of moose and other wild animals. At the lowest figure he is 104 years old, while more extravagant estimates put the mark up to 116.

The old man is still sturdy and hearty, and he is favorably regarded wherever he seeks to sell his baskets, making which is his chief source of gaining a living. His mental condition is nothing short of marvellous, in view of his great age, and he is still capable of accomplishing what to the average white man are remarkable physical feats.

Among sportsmen he is a particular favorite, and many a deer and moose have been trailed and shot through the advice and information given by the expert old Indian. During the summer and fall he has been making his home in a grove of woods about eight miles from Fort Fairfield, where there was ample opportunity for him to find the ash saplings needed in his work.

When a representative of the Boston Herald visited his camp recently the old man was calmly trimming a bundle of basket weaves as he sat on a stump before his campfire, occasionally lifting his eyes from his work to see that a crawling papoose did not get too close to the glowing embers. Peace with the world and contentment with his lot seemed portrayed in his placid features.

Barring the modern cut of his well-worn trousers and shirt, the scene resembled one of 200 years ago, when, probably, the old man's ancestors gathered about campfires in that same vicinity and occupied themselves as he did. Even the twentieth century style of the garments could not entirely dissociate the idea that the picture presented was in aboriginal times, and that the methods and manners were those of the days before the white man had journeyed to the western hemisphere.

In front of his rough workshop was a tent made by throwing a piece of canvas over a cross-piece. His hearing was slightly defective for an Indian. He could not detect the musical invitation of a ground squirrel to its mate in the woods. His command of the English language is fairly good, and his voice is clear and resonant. The knotted muscles in his huge arms and hands are yet firm and hard, and it is no task for him to walk all day through the different towns with a load of baskets, moccasins or axe handles on his back. Physically and mentally he is the equal of any white man of 60.

He is somewhat mixed when he comes to figure his age, in one respect, however. It is in regard to the birth of his son. The Herald representative asked him how old the son is. "Oh, about 70," replied Noel.

"And how old were you when he was born?"

"Oh, I guess about 50," he replied. As a matter of fact, the son, Peter, a quite well-to-do farmer of Maple Grove, near Fort Fairfield, is nearly 80, and he was born when Noel was about 25.

If it was not for the corroborative testimony of so many of the older inhabitants of the county it would perhaps be difficult to find people ready to accept his statements in regard to his age, but the positive declarations made leave no room for doubt that he passed the century mark several years ago. Noel figures from four to six years. It may have been more; it does not seem probable that it could have been any less.

The old Indian is a well-known figure throughout the northern and northeastern portions of the state. Wherever he goes he is well liked. He was never known to do an unfair thing or an act of unkindness. His word has been scrupulously kept throughout his life, and forty or fifty years ago, when he made a good living in the woods by hunting and trapping, before the march of civilization drove many of the fur-bearing animals to the north and the laws of the state protecting its forest charges became so stringent as to practically prohibit obtaining them as a means of livelihood, the storekeepers at the little trading posts would give him credit for any amount he desired. It was Noel's habit to saunter into one of the trading shanties at the times when his means of getting a living were at the lowest ebb. "I want some flour, some pork, some bacon, some molasses," he would say.

When the goods were ready the trader would inquire, as if he expected all the time to be paid at once in cash, "Well, how do I know when I will get my money, if ever, Noel?"

"In two months I bring in some good furs and pay all up," he would reply.

At the time specified the old man would appear at the store with his bundle of furs and announce that he was in readiness to liquidate his obligation. There was no occasion for the trader to examine his books. Noel knew to a cent what he had had, and he exacted an absolutely correct accounting, but he never went beyond the time when he said he would call around and settle.

To the question if there was not some event by which he could fix his exact age, Noel replied to the Herald representative: "I have not education like you. I have no way to tell like the white man. I think I am about 104 years old, but it may be 106. Some people say that I am older than that, but I do not think so. I am very old; over a hundred.

"When I first came around here in this country, along the Aroostook and St. John rivers, there were no white men and houses. There was only one house at Tobique Point, some miles off. My father came here and hunted moose and fished in the rivers. Why, right here in this little grove where I have my camp I have killed the moose, but now I have to go a long way into the woods to get one.

"Ah, the white man, he has made the laws which keep the Indian from getting the moose and deer. The white men have not been good to the Indians. Let me tell you how they are: You and I, we sit down on a log. Little while you shove along. I move toward the end to give you some room. Pretty soon you shove along again. Then I move along some more. Bime-by you shove a little closer to me, and I keep going on toward the end. In another little while you begin to push, and I have to snudge further along. When I get close to the edge, then you give a big shove and I—the Indian—where am I? Off the log. I have no seat except on the ground. I have to sit there or else get up and walk away off. You have the whole log, and it is more than you know what to do with, but I—the Indian—I have nothing. I must go find another log, and then pretty soon, just when I get to like it, you come along and push me off that too.

"That's the way the white men do to the Indian. They don't care. It is only the Indian who cares, and he can do nothing but what the white man tells him he can do. I think and think for days about it. The Indians have no power. My sons have no strength. I and my brothers are weak. In the days when we could fight the white men were like the leaves of the trees. If they were taken off others would grow again—sometimes two grew where ther was only one before. The Indian is like the branches on the trees. Break one off and it never comes again.

"The Indian young men do not want civilization—it is not for them to live like the white men. They want to go through the woods and hunt and fish—live as their fathers lived. The white man says no. The Indian obeys. Then our young men will not live like the white men and they drink the whiskey and gin. They forget the woods and the streams; no more do they want the moose and the saimon; they just lie and sleep. Pretty soon they are no good. The white man has pushed the Indian off the log again.

"I was happy with my father when we hunted and fished. The laws you white men make keep us huddled over the fire and working with our hands. We must do it to get enough to eat. The law will not let us seek the deer and fish that we want except for two or three months in a year. So I work at the camp fire and then sell my baskets and axe handles. That is not what I call the happiness. I want to get out in the woods and hunt—be free. This is no happiness; this is only work to get food. The white men do not know what the Indian knows. We want no houses in place of our tepees. What good are the cities against the great forests? What use is all the noise and bustle against the calm and peace of the woods. There is the happiness for us. We are willing the white men shall have what they want; we shall never bother them in their cities, but why can't they let us have the woods? No; they drive us further and further away, and we go and want nothing but to be left free, and then come the white men again and say we shall not do this and we shall not do that, and laws are made that are unfair to the Indian. The Great Father gave the Indians the woods and the streams, and the white men have taken them away. It is not right to the Indian. The Great Father knows it is not right.

"When I was a boy we had our chance to fish and hunt the moose and deer. We went far north in the summer and far south in the winter. Where the animals went we followed after, and at the lodges the women kept the corn growing for us, so it was ripe when we came back from the hunting. The Indian did not get drunk then. He had his family and his wigwam, and the woods and the streams were his. Now it is all gone.

"I see the white men today can walk only a few miles and they are tired out. When I was younger I would go 100 miles in a sun and run or trot all the time. It did not tire me. I am not so strong now. I can walk all day without feeling it much, but not like I could in the time when I had the wild meat to eat. That is what makes an Indian strong and able to go through the woods—the moose and the deer and the salmon right from the rivers. This soft meat the white men eat today—that is not what makes men hard and healthy. They are women; that is all. The fresh meat from the woods for an Indian; but the white men say no; we cannot have it. We must eat what they eat; live as they live. The Indian never can be strong and well again as long as he does the way the white man does.

"When my father and I hunted and fished we used to go all through the eastern part of Maine and up into Canada and across to New Brunswick. We did not care where we went so long as the hunting and fishing were good. Then, when the winter came, we got enough deer and moose to last us through the deepest snows, and we would go back to the southern part and wait for spring. Those were the days that made us strong and well and healthy. They made me what I am today—over 100 years old and able to take care of myself. I work every day. I make my baskets and my axe-handles, and sometimes my moccasins, and go out and sell them. I can then catch salmon in the spring, and in the fall I go to the woods after moose. I got one last fall and I will get another one this year, but it is not what it used to be. We have to hunt long and far to find when the law says we can kill it.

"It's a strange thing about moose. In the spring and summer I often see them a few miles from the towns as I go from one place to another, but as soon as the hunting time comes and the law is off you have to go way back in the woods before you can see one. I think the moose knows the smell of the powder, and when he notices it in the woods in the fall he goes back as far as he knows and tries to keep out of the way. Perhaps that is not it, but I know I shall have to go 100 miles or more to find one. That would not trouble me in the days when I went in the woods with my father. I could have found the moose and killed it and come back and told about it in two days, but now it is different. I think if I went twenty-five miles through the wood today I would get tired.

"Could any of the old white men who have grown up on soft meat be as I am? Could they live in the woods and earn their own living and make the clothes, as I do now—I am over 100 years old? No! They are feeble when they are sixty or seventy; they become children when they should be learning to command. When their power should be greatest, and their children should bow to their wills, they are weak and can do nothing but wait to die. Yes, they have the education and their brain is great. They can fight the Indian, and drive him from the land, but they do not know how to live. The Indian old men do not sit down and wait for death until they get to be very old—85, 90 or 100.

"The Indian knows how to live, and his life is happy and long. What use is the big brain and education if you know not how to make yourself happy in life and contented in old age. The white man is like the great, big, beautiful rose. It blossoms for a few days and then dies away, leaving nothing but a withered flower at the end of the branch. The Indian is like the field flower that nods its head gently all through the summer, not so beautiful as the rose, but living in the air and sunshine long after the pretty rose has drooped and been wasted in the ground. So the Indian lived in his own woods. He did not want to go all through the world taking what belonged to other men and dying before his right time had come; he only wished to stay quietly where he was and live where his fathers lived and as they did. Ours is the happy life, and men only live for happiness."

In making basket weaves the old Indian takes infinite pains with his work. His camp is located where tall young ash grow freely in a slight depression, and he cuts trees about six inches thick, hauling them to the place where his tepee is pitched. Modern methods shave the ash in strips, but Noel adopts the old-fashioned Indian method. After the bark is peeled the trunk is allowed to soak in water until the wood is well softened. Then it is pounded its whole length for hour after hour, until the fibres of the wood become separated and strips of weave about one-sixteenth of an inch thick can be pulled from the entire length of the log. The weave thus secured is very pliable and tough, and can be worked into almost any desired shape without splitting or breaking. Year by year, however, so extensive is the forest cut, the little groves where the ash flourishes are becoming scarcer, and the Indian constantly has to go further back from the towns to find material for his work, so that it is now seldom that a good place for operations can be fixed nearer than fifteen or twenty miles to any community where there would be a profitable market for the wares of the forest workers.

"See," said Noel Bear, indignantly, "the white man takes our forest home to make into houses in the city. He leaves us nothing to work with, even after he tells us the law will not let us get the fish and moose. But does he build any better houses for himself than the grand trees in the woods made for us? Even the little ash I want for my baskets and axe handles I have to go further and further away to get. It is all fast being cut down, and then there is nothing left for us to earn a living. But the white men do not care. They tell us to go to work on the farms and raise crops. As if that was life; the Indian knows better how to live than that."

It is apparent that Noel's father was one of the wandering Indians of the Maine woods, who cared little or tribal conditions and who preferred choosing his own way in the woods to following after any body of his brethren or remaining with the lodges where the red men settled down to community life. When the Herald representative asked Noel what tribe he belonged to, he declared he did not know.

"My mother," said he, "came from the Kennebec River country, up near the head-waters of the river. She left her people and went with my father, and came over to this part of the state and New Brunswick, where he was born and where his people lived. We had no regular place where we stopped, except near Oldtown. That was a sort of cold weather headquarters for us, and my mother used to have some corn ready for us there. But my father and I were there only when we had to be. We were usually out in the woods, hunting and fishing.

"Are you a Passemaquody Indian?" he was asked.

"I do not think so," he replied. "You have the education; you should know what tribe my mother came from over at the Kennebec headwaters. There are Indian lands over there now, I think, and she came from the people who have them."

"Perhaps you are a Micmac, Noel," was suggested by the customs officer.

"No," answered the old man, indignantly, "I am no Micmac. No blood of that tribe runs in me. I do not know my tribe, but I do know that it is not Micmac. There may be some of the people who belong with mine around here, but I do not know them."

There is an Indian reservation across the line in New Brunswick, about twelve miles from Fort Fairfield. It is located on what is known as "the point," and Noel was asked if the people there were of his same tribe.

"No," said he. "I know the people at the point, and I go over there and stay when I want to. I was over there only a little while ago, but they are not my people. They have farms and they treat me well, but it is not my tribe. I cannot tell what it is. My father did not know many people here; he did not have many close friends among the Indians. My cousin was Lolo Bear, who used to be about here, and I also had an uncle in Maine. My father's name was Peter Bear. I do not think of any others and I believe I never saw any of my mother's people. So I cannot tell the tribe.

"My mother lived to be 116 years old, and my father did not die until he was 118. I think if I had plenty of wild meat I would live as long as they did, but I do not know now. I would be stronger than I am, and if I could go out and fish and trap and hunt it would make me a happy old man. Sure, I could not do much harm in all the wild woods in Maine, but the white men say the law will not let me, and so I must stay here and make baskets and cut out axe handles. Even that cannot last much longer.

"If I cannot go into the woods, I should like, before I come to the last river, to go once more to Boston. I have been down there, and I would like to go again. Perhaps some day I can do that. It would help to make me happy. I would like to show the white men what wild meat and a happy life in the woods will do to make a man live long and keep strong, and tell them they ought to let the few Indians that are left go into the woods and live as their fathers lived. Perhaps if I talked with them they might do something that would help my sons and the sons of other Indians. They could not help believe me, because I would not lie to them."

Noel has a warm place in the hearts of hundreds of Aroostook county residents. He has always lived properly and has never been engaged in any brawls. Willing to earn his own living, he has invariably paid his bills and only occasionally has he found it necessary to ask for favors. Unlike many other Indians, he can drink a little firewater and then stop. As he wanders through the different towns with his wares on his back he is greeted on all sides by friends and he always gives and receives a pleasant word of greeting. He knew many of the present fathers and grandfathers when they were children, and he addresses them by their first name, as he did when he first became acquainted with them as they played when children about the frontier settlement of Fort Fairfield.

At the time of the Aroostook war,which arose out of the boundary dispute between Maine and New Brunswick, he was engaged by the soldiers garrisoned in Fort Fairfield to bring moose meat for them out of the woods, and he made many acquaintances then from all over the States, as well as among the regular army officers. Many members of the militia became fond of the sturdy representative of a dying race. He likes today to revert to the remarkable fondness some of the soldiers, especially Western and Southern officers, felt for moose meat when properly prepared for them.—Boston Herald.

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### Harcourt Notes.

Harcourt, Jan. 29.—Owing to continued ill health, Rev. J. B. Champion's services were again cancelled yesterday.

Yesterday the Presbyterian services were conducted by Rev. Finlay G. MacIntosh of Sackville, who exchanged pulpits with Rev. R. H. Stavert.

Mrs. L. J. Wathen, after several days' illness, is convalescent.

Some two dozen of Mrs. Jabez McArthur's friends gave her a surprise party on the 25th inst., the anniversary of her birthday. They brought many useful presents.

Mrs. P. C. Smith is recovering from her recent illness of over two weeks from la grippe.

James E. Buckley returned to Pictou (N. S.) on Thursday last.

Mrs. G. L. Freeborn returned to her home in Waterford, Kings county, today.

Miss Ethel Cail, teacher at Trout Brook, spent Sunday here.

### A Golden Wedding.

About forty friends of Capt. and Mrs. Charles Morrell, of Brooklyn, assembled at their home in that place on Wednesday evening, it being the golden anniversary of their wedding. Several relatives and friends from Boston and St. John were among the number. The rooms were decorated in appropriate colors for the occasion. Readings, music, original poems and addresses by Revs. J. E. Wilson and R. M. Jost fully occupied the time till a late hour. A purse of gold and other gifts were presented to the happy couple amid much enthusiasm. A number of waitresses, dressed in white, with yellow trimmings, served an excellent collation, and the company broke up by singing "Auld Lang Sync."—Yarmouth Telegram.