

## Gouveneur Morris—"Father of the Penny"

AMONG all the framers of the Constitution of the United States none were more adept at constructive statesmanship than the "father of the American decimal system" and originator of the copper cent. The finish, style and a refinement of the Constitution fairly belong to the brilliant and eloquent Morris. From his youth to the hour of his death he was a devoted and dauntless worker for American progress. His unrivaled ability as an orator was known throughout Europe, and his funeral orations on Washington, Clinton and Hamilton are treasured American classics. Gouveneur Morris was an indomitable supporter of the Louisiana Purchase. He it was who rescued Lafayette from prison walls and aided him from his private purse. Personally he was very handsome; his nature was impulsive, but his heart was warm and generous. He loved society, and his hospitality was famous. All his life he drank the creative brews of malt and hops, and who will dare say that it weakened his will power or detracted from his success, his fame, his glory and his might? It was upon the tenets of the Constitution of the U.S.A. that Anheuser-Busch 38 years ago founded their great institution. During these 5 years they have daily brewed from the finest barley and hops beers famous for being alive with natural force and nutriment. Their great brand BUDWEISER, because of its quality, purity, mildness and exquisite flavor, exceeds the sales of any other bottled beer by millions of bottles. BUDWEISER'S popularity grows daily, and 7500 people are daily employed to keep pace with the public demand.

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## Stella Mordant:

—OR—

### The Cruise of the "Kingfisher."

CHAPTER XXXVII

"Better give in. Better surrender—we've help at hand; there are some more of us near. What's the use of killing me?" for Rath's hand was on his throat, and Rath's eyes were flashing angrily.

"Why do you attack me?" Do you want to rob me?" he demanded sternly.

At this question—which must have sounded extraordinary to his assailants—the man under him uttered an exclamation of amazement.

"Oh, come, mister, that won't do. Take your hand off my throat. What's the use of trying to get off? Better give in. There's been murder done—and we found you here, by the body."

Rath's face went white with rage and indignation, and he shook the man as a cat shakes a mouse.

"Do you dare to say that I killed her?" he said, sternly.

For answer, the man called to his mate:

"Come at him again, Fred. The fellow's choking me."

Rath released him and sprang to his feet to confront the others; but at this moment there came a rush of men from behind Rath, and he swung round to meet this new attack.

For a moment or two the silent woods resounded with the cries of angry and injured men, the trampling

of feet, the fall of heavy bodies. Rath fought with the strength of ten men, the dogged courage of an Indian.

The lantern had been overturned in the struggle, and the swaying, rushing, and inextricably confused group looked like shadows in the semi-darkness.

Suddenly from above the tumult a voice cried:

"Get a light—get a light, someone!" and at the sound of the voice Rath started and uttered an exclamation.

"Edward!" he cried. "Edward!"

"My God! Rath is it you?" responded Edward. "Keep back, men! Stop! don't strike him! I know him! A light—a light!"

Rath cleared a circle by a sweep of his iron arm, and stood in the centre waiting. One of the men recovered the lantern, and lighting it, held it above his head, and Edward and Rath gazed at each other with dumb astonishment.

Edward was the first to speak.

"Great Heaven, Rath, it is you! What are you doing here? Why are you fighting with these men?"

"Ask them," he replied, sternly. "I don't know."

The man who had first attacked him pushed his way through the edge of the circle.

"It's a lie; he knows well enough!" he said, wiping the blood from his face. "A murder has been committed. She—a woman has been killed. I found him standing over the body—caught him in the act—"

"Murder! Rath!" gasped Edward, looking in a bewildered fashion from Rath's firm face to the excited ones round him. "What—what—nonsense is this? I know this gentleman; he is a friend of mine—"

"I—I was going to marry her—we were to have been married," he said, hoarsely; then he broke out fiercely: "Why do you ask me questions? Why don't you take him and ask him why he was here?"

Edward instinctively turned to Rath, who stood with folded arms; his handsome face, bruised and bleeding, clearly seen in the light of the upheld lantern. Every eye was turned upon him. His gaze met Edward's calmly; and there was something in the pure dignity of the blood-stained face, the unconscious pose of the superb figure which, even at that moment, extorted an unwilling admiration from the men who had attacked him, even from those who had suffered

pretty severely from his Herculean blows.

"Do you know her, Rath?—but that is impossible! What am I asking? Were you standing beside her—how did you find her?"

One of the gamekeepers, with that love of fair play which an Englishman displays, even when he has been battered and bruised by his opponent, broke in hesitatingly:

"Praps it ain't fair to ask him, Master Edward. There's evidence enough, I'm thinking, without any from his lips."

Rath did not understand the interruption in the least.

"I lost my way," he said, with quiet dignity. "I heard a cry, and made for the spot. The woman was lying on the ground, as you see her. She was quite dead."

Workley and one of the gamekeepers had gone to the body, and Workley cried out:

"Stabbed! Search him for the knife!"

The circle closed round him slowly, cautiously, but Rath held up his arms.

"Do not touch me! What is it you say?"

"The knife! The knife!" said Workley, coming forward with uncertain steps.

"The knife—my knife? You think I stabbed her?" exclaimed Rath, his face flushing with indignant scorn. "I kill a woman. You are mad! I will give you my knife."

He put his hand in the left pocket of his coat, then drew it out and searched in the other pockets, a look of surprise and annoyance growing on his face.

"I can't find it. I have lost it!" he said, almost to himself.

The group murmured ominously. "Secure him!" said Workley. "I—I charge him with her murder. I—"

His voice died away, and he put his hand to his throat as if he were choking.

The circle grew smaller; but Edward, who had gradually succeeded in freeing himself from the spell of horror which had well-nigh paralyzed him, broke through, and standing beside Rath, placed a hand upon his shoulder.

"Stand back! Let no man touch him! He is my friend; he is innocent; he is incapable of such a crime. Stand back! I will be responsible for him. He will go with me quietly;

he will answer any questions to the police. Rath, my poor fellow, there is some terrible mistake; you must come with me and explain it."

"Yes," responded Rath, simply, with a simplicity and gentleness which amazed the crowd. "But I have explained. I know no more than I have told you."

"Why didn't he give in—surrender? Why did he show fight and try to get away?" growled one of the men, resentfully and suspiciously.

"They struck me," said Rath to Edward, as if that were more than sufficient explanation. "What else could I do? If I did hurt them, it is their own fault."

"Yes, yes. He did not understand!" Edward tried to explain, but feeling how futile any attempt at explanation must be before these men, well acquainted with the law of arrest. "My friend is a stranger, and does not know that one should not attempt to defend one's self under such circumstances. His showing fight proves his innocence. And he is innocent, that I know, and he will be able to prove it. The poor woman has been stabbed by some other man; and we shall find him; he cannot escape. Is that the doctor?" he broke off, as a figure passed him with a quick nod.

It was the doctor, and some of the men followed him to the body. In a few minutes, almost immediately, he came back to Edward.

"She has been dead some time," he said, gravely, as he turned down his shirt-sleeves. "She has been stabbed—there are three cuts—an ordinary knife. Who is this?" he enquired, as his eye fell upon Rath.

"The man I found beside the body," said Workley.

The doctor took the lantern and held it close to Rath, his professional eye scanning the stern face, and running up and down the stalwart figure. Suddenly he laid his hand upon Rath's coat-sleeve. There was blood upon his face, but only the blood that comes from a cut lip or a skin scratch; the deep red patch on the sleeve was of a different character. The doctor's face grew impassive.

"Let the body be taken to the nearest house. I will go with it," he said. "And I will go with my friend to the police station," said Edward. "He is innocent."

As the words left his lips, a man rushed into the group, crying agitatedly:

"The knife! the knife! I have found it!"

He held it up, and the doctor took it and flashed the lantern over it. Every one closed in and pressed round, gazing at the blood-stained knife with the fascination of horror.

"There are some initials on it," said the doctor. "Yes; 'H.R.'"

(To be Continued.)

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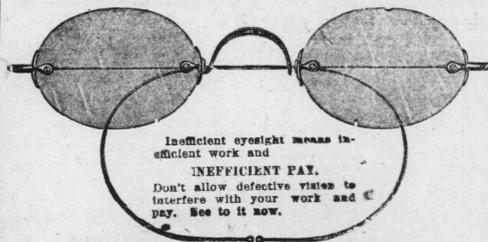
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## From Reservist

H. M. S. Diad...

Dear Father and Mother... ing here to-day I received... ters from home. One was... 16th, it followed me up... I am on this ship for a res... hardly do anything here. I... go back to the trawlers... weeks. They are good... They change us around... one a chance of the hard... only here two days when... ton came here, too. He... trawler section that I was... in the same boat. He was... to get a rest. You know... out about two months in... that you get tired. They... we did good work, so they... us a holiday. Albert told... tell Maggie that he was... yet. He gets lots of let... her. However it is, he... always meeting some who... drafted before him and... him till one morning out... when I came here I met... You said you sent a parcel... got it. I will get it all... worry about me wanting... have a bag full of cloth... for the parcel before I... parcel from St. John's, I... who sent it. There was... it, a book of poetry and... best kind I suppose. It... I have no idea who sent it... to get it but I would like... sent it. Italy is in the... It will soon be over now... few ships this week. We... to lose some. We picked... a steamer about two weeks... didn't mind it much. There... much to fear from a sub... expect the war will be over... tember. I am in no hurry... over as I am having a fine... the danger but no work. T... thing we do is to get our... must close now. I will... soon again.

## Theological Lec

Rev. F. W. W. DeBarres, of Theology at Mount Allison University, and at one time pastor of St. George's, lectured at the congregation at Conference last evening. The subject, the Intellectual aspect of St. Paul's version, which was dealt masterly manner. His discussion of the life of the great Apostle Gentiles was divided into... what St. Paul was before version; what he was after on the road to Damascus a fluency of that memorable in on his marvellous life at the Rev. W. H. Ditchburn and at the close tendered vote of thanks proposed by Curtis, seconded by Rev. T. and carried by acclamation.

## Conference Pro

TO-DAY—8.30 o'clock a.m. Conference opens; Election of officers. 11.30 a.m., Conference Meeting. 8 p.m., Open Session on the State of the Discussion of the Report of the Intellectual and Evangelical Committee.

TO-MORROW—9.30 a.m., Conference opens. 12 (noon), Spire Conference. 2.30 p.m., Sustentive Report. 4 p.m., Dr. our Educational Work. 8 p.m., Session. Discussion of the Work and Epworth League.

## W. P. A.

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COLLEGE SPORTS.—In... noon of this day week, St... ture's annual sports will be the College Campus.



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