



IUSTUM, ET TENACEM PROPOSITI VIRUM, NON CIVIUM ARDOR PRAVA JUBENTIUM, NON VULTUS INSTANTIS TYRANNI MENTE QUATIT SOLIDA.

VOLUME III.

PICTOU, N. S. WEDNESDAY MORNING, MAY 9, 1898.

NUMBER LI.

THE BEE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING,
BY JAMES DAWSON,

And delivered in Town at the low price of 12s. 6d per annum, if paid in advance, but 15s. if paid at the end of the year;—payments made within three months after receiving the first Paper considered in advance, whenever Papers have to be transmitted through the Post Office, 2s. 6d. additional will be charged for postage. Single copies 3d. each.

ADVERTISING.

For the first insertion of half a square, and under, 8s. 6d., each continuation 1s.; for a square and under, 5s., each continuation 1s.—All above a square, charged in proportion to the last mentioned rate.

For Advertising by the Year, if not exceeding a square, 35s. to Subscribers, 45s. to Non-Subscribers,—if more space than a square be occupied, the surplus will be charged in proportion.

PICTOU PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Apples, per bushel	Hay per ton	40s a 50s
Boards, pine, pr 50	Herrings, No 1,	30s
" hemlock - 30s a 40s	Mackerel,	none
Beef, pr lb	Mutton	
Butter, -	10d	Oatmeal pr cwt
Cheese, -	5d a 7d	16s a 18s
Coals, at Mines, pr chl	17s	Oats pr bush
" at Landing Ground	17s	2s
" at Landing Ground	17s	Pork
Coke	Salmon, smoked,	2s 6d
Codfish pr Qtl	16s a 18s	Shingles pr ar
Eggs pr doz	7d	7s a 10s
Flour, No 1	22s 6d a 25s	Tallow pr lb
" American & r	none	7d a 8d
	Veal	3d a 4s
	Wood pr cord	12s

HALIFAX PRICES.

Alewives	none	Herrings, No 1	25s
Boards, pine, M	65-	"	2
Beef, Quebec prime,	45-	Mackerel, No 1	none
" Nova Scotia	47s 6d	"	2
Codfish, merch'ble	17s 6d	"	3
Coals, Pictou,	2s-	Molasses per gal	2s 3d
" Sydney,	30s-	Pork, Irish	none
Cod oil per gal	2s 9d	" Canada prime	55s
Coffee	1s 3d	" Nova Scotia	90s
Corn, Indian	5s 3d	Potatoes	1s 3d
Flour All sup	50s	Sugar,	37s 6d a 47s 6d
" Fine	40s	Salmon No 1	70s
" Canada, fine	50s	"	2
" Nova Scotia	none	Salt	8s a 10s

R. FRASER,

DRAPER AND TAILOR,

HAVING returned from Philadelphia, respectfully announces to his friends and the public in general, that he has located himself in the store lately occupied by Mr John Crenar, where every article in his line of business will be executed in the most fashionable and workmanlike manner. He will constantly

KEEP ON HAND

A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF BROAD CLOTHS,

CASSIMERES, VESTING, AND PILOT CLOTHS;

Together with every other article usually kept in a Tailoring Establishment.

He will also make up in the neatest manner, Ladies' Cloth Cloaks and Riding Habits; also, Gentlemen's Spanish and Circular Cloaks, Boston Wrappers, New Market and Hunting Coats, &c.

R. F. would also remark, that having made arrangements with Reporters of Fashions both in New York and Philadelphia, he will be able to supply his customers in due season with the latest approved fashions. April 11.

A SCENE FROM "THE PICAROON."

We copy the following vivid and thrilling scene from "The Picaroon," (a work just published,) out of a critique in the *Morning Chronicle*. The extract is descriptive of a conference, of fatal termination, between two contraband dealers of Bristol, who met by appointment, under cover of evening, near some lime-kilns on the banks of the Avon—not without mutual suspicions:—

"I think," said Kenrick, "we made the balance two thousand five hundred?" "Yes, yes—the whole of which you will pay me now in cash." Softly, my good fellow. Now listen; I will make two thousand two hundred of the payment in a way more for your advantage. Cash would entail a needless risk on your journey; and I happen to have a claim upon a house in New York, that, when transferred, will exactly suit your purpose, and cannot admit of loss. Come nearer to the light, and I will show you names on this paper that would satisfy the bank of England. The three hundred, and in gold, my boy, are here!" As it happened, in withdrawing the sovereigns from the cash bag, the canvas, which was time-worn, gave way; and before Kenrick could avoid it, a large packet of fifty pound bank notes had fallen out, and were only rescued from rolling into the kiln by the quick eye and ready foot of Smuggleton. In the consternation of the moment, Kenrick held the American bill of exchange open and loosely in one hand, while eagerly stretching out the other to recover the fallen notes from Simon, when it was suddenly snatched by the latter. "What, villain! is it come to this?" growled Kenrick, in a voice almost inarticulate with rage; at the same time thrusting his knuckles under the cravat of Smuggleton with a fierce and throbbing violence; "Come, sir, is it your pleasure now to rub or murder? Hell, and the Fiend! Stand off the notes; let go the bill, or my gripe shall choke the life breath out of thee at once! Let go!" The mandate might have been obeyed under that instinct that makes the merely cunning man to quail and shrink into his native insignificance before another more violent and audacious, though equally unprincipled; but that in the bosom of Smuggleton, to the newly awakened lust of plunder was now added the malice of revenge, with the fearful accessories of time and opportunity. The fiery mouth of the kiln, hot, red, and glowing as the pit of Tartarus, had caught his eye; and a thought still more infernal burnt in his heart and brain. Regarding his assailant with a smile of well affected indignation, Smuggleton held the American bill of exchange over the rising flames; and intimated, with a reckless nod, that the fate of the hostage in his hand depended on his own release. Baffled with the threatened loss, Kenrick released his hold, and scarcely had he done so when his arm was palsied by a blow, and at the next moment the wily Smuggleton had thrown him off his equippage against the parapet, while, as his outstretched arms were extended convulsively in the air, in frantic efforts to catch at some neighbouring object, he found himself hoisted on the shoulders of his dwarf companion, and hurried towards the sulphurous verge of the flaming pit. The fumes of the kiln gained fresh volume—they gathered heavily (for it was a dead calm) and

hung in a suffocating fog suddenly the cloud grew overcharged, and rolled over the edge of the kiln. Caught by the stifling blast, Smuggleton staggered and instinctively retreated, while Kenrick had contrived to thrust his knee on one side of his throat with a strangling force; and presently, as the subtle vapour rose still more dense and pungent, both sunk upon the earth, half choked, overpowered, and insensible. The night was sad and strangely silent. The air hushed and motionless, grew oppressive on its stillness, not a leaf stirred, nor could the rustle of an insect, or the breaking of a ripple on the river, be heard. The stars were hid in a sullen gloom; while the smoke of the kiln, luminous in the reflected light of the lambent flames beneath, rose pale, thin, and shadowy, amidst the surrounding darkness.

"Kenrick at length, as the function of respiration strengthened, felt revived, and struggled to disengage himself from the grasp of his companion; but in vain; the weight of Smuggleton, whose arms had been crossed in falling, rendered the task beyond his strength, and escape seemed as hopeless as before.—With all his stoniness and chicanery, Kenrick was not ferocious; but as he gazed on his remorseless enemy his heart sickened at the awful alternative that self-preservation began to whisper. Smuggleton heaved a deep sigh, and quick successive shudders told that these might soon depart; a moment more, and every chance of life might be lost for ever. With a dizzy brain Kenrick took a penknife from his pocket—it was his only weapon; and his hand grew firm in the fury of despair, with half-averted eyes, he raised it over the gasping throat of the still entranced and prostrate wretch before him. "Murder!" Whence came that cry, was it an involuntary exclamation, or had the menaced deed of blood a witness? Kenrick knew not; his bewildered senses, in that sudden fear, were not self-cognizant; and "Murder! murder!" echoed from his heart and brain. Palsied, as in the hangman's gripe, his wild eyes glared on the vacant gloom of night, with a long and searching glance; but all was emptiness and overpowering silence, save, indeed, the deep breathing of Smuggleton, and the slow but audible throbs of his own heart.

"The dark and dangerous man recovered fast; his swarthy features were already convulsed with pangs of returning life, and, as if impelled by an intuitive malice, the iron grasp of his arms became more painful and resistless. Kenrick had dropped the knife, and without hope of defence, had steeled his soul to a dogged endurance of the worst: yet true to the ruling passion of his life, his glance still lingered on the scattered notes and gold that lay in heaps upon the sand. This reverie was broken by the muttered oaths of Smuggleton, who had nearly recovered, and, in rising to half a recumbent posture, had allowed Kenrick's body to fall rudely backwards, though still retaining the limbs upon his shoulders, while he steadied himself beneath the weight by clutching at the roots of a bush just within his reach. Starting with a shudder he dropped his load; his hand had passed upon a viper, which having cillon, still hung coiled round his wrist. Bruised by the fall, Kenrick arose slowly, while Smuggleton shook of the reptile, and both stood confronted, lowering, at each other with mutual dread, mingled with wary watchfulness and