MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

My Friend The Chauffeur.

By C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON, Authors of ..THE.. Lightning Conductor ..THE.. Princess Passes, ETC.

(Continued).

"Talking of gondolas, I forgot to tell you what a nice plan the Prince has for us," said Aunt Kathryn, with the air of breaking news. "As soon as I mentioned at what time you had arranged to leave Padua, he said he would telegraph to some dear friends of his at Venice, the Conte and Contessa Corramini, to send their beautiful gondola to meet us at Mestre (whatever that is) so that we needn't go into Venice by train across the bridge. Isn't that lovely of him?"

No one would have answered if it had n't been for Mr. Barrymore. He said that it was a very good plan indeed, and would be pleasanter for us than the one he had made, which he'd meant for a surprise. He had telegraphed from Padua to the Hotel Britannia, where he would stay, ordering gondolas to the tramway station in Mestre to save our sneaking into Venice by the back-door. Now those gondolas would do very well for our luggage, while the party of five made the journey more luxuriously.

"Party of six, you mean, unless the Prince has had an accident," amended Beechy.

"No; for I shan't be with you. I must drive the car to the garage at Mestre, and see that she's all right. Moray'll be with you to arrange everything at the Britannia, which you'll find one of the nicest places in the world, and I'll come when I can. Now, here's the turning for Mestre, and you must look for something interesting on the sky-line to the right, before long."

I couldn't help being disappointed, because I'd wanted the Chauffeulier to be with us when I saw Venice first; but I couldn't say that; and I'm afraid he thought, as everybody was silent, that nobody cared.

There was nothing to show the turning to Mestre, except a small tablet that we might easily have missed; and the road was laughably narrow, running along a causeway with a deep ditch on either hand. Aunt Kathryn was so afraid that a horse would come round one of the sharp bends walking on its hind legs, that she was miserable, but I trusted Mr. Barrymore and enjoyed the country — real country now, with no more palaces, villas, or beautiful arcaded farmhouses.

The distance was hidden by long, waving grasses, over which the blue line of the Corinthian Alps seemed to hover like a cloud. There was a pungent smell of salt and of seaweed in the air, that meant the nearness of the lagoon—and Venice. Then, suddenly, the "something" Mr. Barrymore had told us to look for, grew out of the horizon—dim and mysterious, yet not to be mistaken; hyacinth-blue streaks that were pinnacles and campanili, bubbles that were domes, floating between the gold of the sunset and the grey-green of the tall grass, for no water was visible yet.

"Venice!" I whispered; but though Beechy and Aunt Kathryn each cried: "Oh, there it is! I saw it first!" they were so absorbed in a discussion as to what the Prince's friends ought to be called, that they soon lost interest in the vision.

"Conte! It's like Condy's Fluid!" said Beechy. "I won't call him 'Conte.' I should laugh in his face. Le plain Count isn't good enough for him, and Comtess for her, I shall just say 'You'—so there!"

Soon we saw a great star-shaped fortress as we ran into a town, which was Mestre; and at the same time we lost shadow-Venice. Passing a charming villa set back behind an avenue of cypresses and plane trees that gave an effect of dappling moonlight even in full day, some one in the tall gateway waved his hand.

"By Jove, it's Leo Bari, the artist!" exclaimed Sir Ralph. "I forgot his people lived here. I know him well; he comes to the Riviera to paint. Do slow down, Terry."

So "Terry" slowed down, and a handsome, slim young man ran up, greeting Sir Ralph gaily in English. He was introduced to us, and his sister, a lovely Italian girl, with Titian hair, was invited to leave the becoming background of the gateway to make our acquaintance.

They were interested in the details of our tour, especially when they heard that, after a week in Venice, we were going into Dalmatia.

"Why, I'm going down to Ragusa to Paint," said he. "I've been before, but this time I take my sister Beatrice. She paints too. We go by the Austrian Lloyd to-morrow. Perhaps we see you there?"

"Have you ever been down as far as Cattaro?" asked Aunt Kathryn, from whose tongue the names of Dalmatian towns fall trippingly, since she "acquired" a castle and a title there.

"Oh, yes, and to Montenegro," replied the artist.

"And do you remember the houses of the neighborhood?" went on Aunt Kathryn.

"It is already but two years I was there, so a house would have to be young for me not to remember," replied the young man, unconscious of the funny little twist of his English.

"I am thinking of a very old house; Slosh—er—the Castle of Hrvoya. Have you seen it?"

"Ah, that old ruin!" exclaimed the artist. "I seen it, yes. But there is not more much Schloss Hrvoya to see, only the rock for it to stand."

Poor Aunt Kathryn! I was sorry for her. But she bore the blow well, and, after all, it's the title, not the castle for which she cares most—that, and the right to smear everything with crowns.

"Perhaps I'll ask you to paint Hrvoya for me some day," she said. But afterwards, when we had bidden the hand some brother and sister au revoir, she remarked that she was afraid Mr. Bari hadn't an artistic eye.

The good-byes said, we swept through the picturesque town to make up for lost time, and presently encountered a little electric tram running seaward on a causeway. We follower over a grass-grown road, and suddenly found Venice again, so near that we could actually distinguish one building from another. Beyond a broad stretch of water the dream city floated on the sea.

"Look; I did this for you, so that you would go into Venice in a way worthy of yourself," the Prince murmured in my ear, when the car stopped, joining his which was waiting. He waved his hand towards a wonderful gondola, with a gesture such as Aladdin's Genie might have used to indicate the magic palace. The glossy black coat of the swan-like thing brought out the full value of the rich gold ornaments. A long piece of drapery trailed into the water behind, and two gondoliers, like bronze statues dressed in dark blue, crimson and white, stood up tall and erect against a background of golden sea and sky.

They helped us in, hat in hand; and not the Chauffeulier's absence nor the Prince's presence could spoil for me the experience that followed.

Sunk deep in springy cushions, I half sat, half lay, while the bronze statues swayed against the gold, softly plying their long oars, and wafting me—me—to Venice.

I felt as if I were moving from the wings of a vast theatre onto the stage to play a heroine's part. Evening bells, chanting a paen to the sunset, floated across the wide water faint as spirit-chimes, and they were the leitmotif for my entrance.

"What a shame to be in motoring things!" I said to Beechy. "Women should have special gondola dresses; I see that already—a different one each day. I should like to have a deep crimson gown and a pale green one—lilac too, perhaps, and sunrise pink, all made picturesquely, not in any stiff modern way."

"The costume of your Sisterhood would look pretty in a gondola," Beechy answered. And again the coldness fell upon me which I always feel at a reminder, intentional or unintentional, of the future. But the chill was gone in a moment—lost in the luminous air, which had a strange brilliancy, as if reflected from a stupendous mirror. I had never seen anything even remotely resembling it before. It was as though we were diving inside a great opal, like flies in amber. And it seemed that in a world so wonderful everything one did, or looked, or thought, ought to be wonderful too, lest it should be out of tune with all surrounding beauty.

Sea and sky were of one color, except that the sea appeared to be on fire underneath its glassy surface. The violet sky was strewn with blown rose-petals and golden feathers; the tiny waves were of violet ruffled with rose and gold, and spattered with jewelled sparks which might be flashes from a Doge's vanished ring.

In the distance, sails of big ships were beaten into gold leaf by the sinking sun; and nearer, there were other sails bright as flowers—a sea picture gallery of Madonnas, of arrow-wounded hearts, of martyred saints, or bright-robed earthly ladies.

We were rowing straight into the sunset, straight into fairy-land, and I knew it; but what would happen when the rose-and-gold glory had swallowed us up?

The sparkle of the water and air got into my blood, and I felt that it must be sparkling too, like champagne. I was more alive than I had ever been when I was on earth; for of course this was not earth—this Venice to which I was going.

No other road but this water road could have consoled me for the thought that there would be no more motoring for a week. And clearly it was a road of which it was necessary for the gondoliers to know every oar-length; for it was defined by stakes, standing up out of the lagoon singly, or gathered into clusters like giant bunches of asparagus.

Turning my back to the arched railway bridge, which accompanied us too far, I looked only at sky and water, and at Venice rising from the sea.

The tide was running out, the Prince said (among other chatterings, while I wished everybody woven in a magic spell of silence) and the gondola made swift progress, rocking lightly like a shell, over the bright ripples of the lagoon.

The nearer we drew to Venice the more like a vision of enchantment did the city seem. Not a sound came to us, for the music of the bells had died. All was still as in a dream—for in dreams, does one ever hear a sound? I think I never have. And now the gold had faded from the clouds, leaving them pink and violet, transparent as gauze, through which the rising moon sifted silver dust. How could the others talk? I did not understand.

Aunt Kathryn was saying, "If I hire a gondolier, I want to get a singer." As if he were a sewing-machine, or a canary bird! And Beechy was complaining that she felt "very funny;" she believed the motion of the gondola was making her seasick, just as she used to be in her cradle, when she was too young to protest except by a howl.

It was a relief to my feelings when we turned out of the wide lagoon into a canal, for then they did at least speak of the scene around them, asking questions about the tall palaces that walled us in; who lived here; who lived there; what was the name or history of that?

The odor of seaweed was more pungent, and there was a smell of water mingling with it too; something like fresh cucumbers, and the roots of flowers when they have just been pulled out of the earth. I could not have believed that water could have such clearness and at the same time hold so many colors, as the water in this, my first canal of Venice. It was like a greenish mirror, full of lights, and wavering reflected tints from the crumbling palaces whose old bricks, mellow pink, gold, and purple, showed like veins through the skin of peeling stucco. Down underneath the shining mirror, one could see the old marble steps leading up to the shut mystery of water gates. There were shimmering gleams of pearly white and ivory yellow, under beardy trails of moss old as the marble out of which it grew. And over high walls, delicate branches of acacia and tamarisk beckoning to us, above low-hung drapery of wistaria, that dropped purple tassels to the lapping water's edge.

So we wound through one narrow, palace-walled Rio after another, until Venice began to seem like a jewelled net, with its carved precious stones intricately strung on threads of silver; and then suddenly, to my surprise, we burst into a great canal.

I saw a bridge, which I knew from many pictures must be the Rialto, but there was no disappointment, no flatness in the impression of having seen all this before, for not the greatest genius who ever lived could paint Venice at her every day best. Palace after palace; and by and by a church with a front carved in ivory by the growing moonlight, thrown up against a background of rose.

"Palladio, it must be!" I cried.

(To be continued).

The Wornout Nerves, The Weak Heart, The Tired Brain, The Wasted Strength.

What a multitude of women there are who feel that these words exactly suit their case. From early morn until late at night they have been on the go, year in and year out, attending to the daily household duties, looking after the wants of her children and spending the rest of her time attending to social and church work. Is it any wonder then that sooner or later there comes a general collapse? The action of the heart becomes weak and palpitating, the nerves become unstrung, the brain feels in a whirl half the time and the usual force of vitality is lacking.

It is at this time a woman should look after herself. If she does not, serious female disorders may set in and often cause weary months and years of helplessness and miserable suffering. What she wants is something to build up her system. For this purpose there is nothing to equal

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

They are the women's friend in every sense of the word.

They will strengthen the weak heart, tone up the shaky, starved nerves, make the brain clear, and restore the lost vitality.

Mrs. George Lohnes, Stanley Section, N.S., writes: "I was greatly troubled with weak and dizzy spells and was so run down I could not attend to my household duties. I bought two boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and after taking them I found that my trouble had all passed away. I am now strong and healthy again."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box or 3 for $1.25. If your dealer does not handle them, send direct to The Milburn Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

LAW STUDENTS ARGUE NOTED CASE

The first moot court of the St. John Law School was held in the equity court room last evening. The case argued was the noted one of the Dominion Bank vs. Ewing.

For the bank, Harold B. Robinson and Wendell B. Farris went exhaustively into the matter and claimed by the evidence that the defendants were liable.

For the defendants, J. Perley Lutney and G. Earle Logan presented a very able case, and they endeavored to prove that the bank was not careful enough in looking into the note in question and that Ewing & Company had no legal duty to notify the bank that the note was a forgery.

Dr. Silas Alward and J. King Kelley acted as judges and at the conclusion of the arguments both expressed their surprise and pleasure at the length and excellence of the arguments, as the debate lasted for more than three hours. They said that they would reserve judgment until they had time to give the case further consideration.

HAD BOMB TO KILL MOSCOW'S GOVERNOR HID IN HER HAIR

Moscow, March 5—A boldly planned attempt on the life of Vice-Admiral Doubassoff, governor-general of Moscow and member of the council of the empire, was frustrated today. As in the case of Vice-Admiral Chouknin, who on Feb. 9 of this year was the object of a terrorist attack, the would-be assassin was a woman. Representing that she came from personal friends of the governor-general, she gained admittance to the chancellery, but her agitation attracted the attention of an aide, who noticed particularly the luxuriance of the woman's hair, which was coiffed high upon her head. When she was interrogated she attempted to flee, but was seized and searched, and a small bomb was discovered concealed in her tresses. The identity of the woman has not been established.

Rheumatism

Ought to be called by its right name—Kidney Disease. Uric Acid gets in the blood, because the Kidneys are too weak to filter it out. "Blood purifiers"—"salts"—only relieve temporarily. Strengthen the kidneys to do their work, and there will be no more excruciating rheumatic pains. And until you do cure the kidneys you will suffer with Rheumatism.

GIN PILLS

cure Uric Acid Rheumatism by curing the Kidneys. They clean and purify the Kidneys—make them strong enough to do nature's work as it should be done.

We have such implicit confidence in the remarkable virtues of GIN PILLS that we authorize druggists to refund the money if they fail to cure.

At all druggists, 50c box, 6 boxes for $2.50 or we will send you a free trial box if you will write mentioning this paper.

THE BOLE DRUG CO., WINNIPEG, MAN.

POOR PACKAGE DYES MAKE Women Miserable and Cross.

Diamond Dyes

Have Made Millions of Wives, Mothers and Daughters Happy and Contented.

Women who buy and use any of the adulterated, weak and worthless package dyes put up in imitation of the reliable and never-failing DIAMOND DYES, must expect to meet with sad trials and disappointments in the home.

Crude package dyes with only fancy names to recommend them, and sold by some dealers for the sake of large profits, are the direct cause of much of the feminine bad temper and irritableness manifested in many homes.

If our women and girls would avoid trouble, loss of goods and hard cash, they must insist upon getting the DIAMOND DYES whenever home dyeing work is to be done. One ten cent package of the time-tried DIAMOND DYES will always color more goods than will two packages of other dyes, and give brighter, fuller, more brilliant and more lasting shades. Once used, DIAMOND DYES become the chosen dyes for all well regulated homes.

Send your name and address to Wells & Richardson Co., Limited, Montreal, P. Q., and you will receive free of cost new Dye Book, Card of Dyed Cloth Samples and Booklet in verse, entitled "The Longjohn's Trip to the Klondike."

LAND SURVEYORS ARE ORGANIZING

Seeking to Keep All But Good Men Out of the Work

Notice of a bill to be presented to the local legislature for the purpose of incorporating the land surveyors of New Brunswick has been given by Hon. C. N. Skinner, solicitor for the petitioners.

The object of the incorporation is the mutual protection of the provincial surveyors. The name of the new association will be the Association of New Brunswick Surveyors.

Members of the profession says it has been found that there are in the province a number working as surveyors who are not properly equipped for the work and it is claimed that these inexperienced men lower the general standard and have been the cause of a lot of trouble and several law suits.

It is the intention that none but first class men shall in future be granted registry as surveyors.

There are sixty-six sections in the bill. Among the objects is the discipline of the members, the managing of the association's property and the examination of candidates for registry, for which latter there will be a board of examiners. The age is to be fixed at 21 years. It will be necessary for the candidate to pass in geometry (the first six books of Euclid), algebra, the laying out and dividing of lands, practical astronomy, the principles of evidence (the idea being that surveyors may be in a position to make things clear in a court of law), the providing of titles, and elementary botany. The U. N. B. is the standard by which all are to be judged.

BIG ENGINES USED THE CANTILEVER

Repairs having been completed, the cantilever bridge bore the weight last evening of the heaviest type of C. P. R. passenger locomotive. Last summer repair crews commenced operations not only upon the cantilever but upon the other C. P. R. bridges between St. John and Fairville. Work on the big bridge commenced about Sept. 1 and while the contract was under way, only comparatively light engines could pass over.

Every night the big locomotive hauling the Boston express into the city would be uncoupled at Fairville and a lighter engine draw the train over the bridge and into the station. Last night, when the Montreal express pulled out, engine No. 870, one of the C. P. R.'s largest passenger locomotives, was hauling her, and a similar engine, No. 876, brought in the express from Boston.

MOTHERS EVERYWHERE IN CANADA PRAISE

LACTATED FOOD.

When a baby's life is saved, the grateful and loving mother is always ready to acknowledge the value of the agent that defeated sickness and death.

From all parts of Canada thousands of letters have been received from happy and thankful mothers, testifying strongly in favor of Lactated Food, all declaring that it saved their babies from sickness and death.

No other food offered in Canada has ever been so highly approved and endorsed by mothers and physicians. Lactated Food is now doing a grand work for weakly and ailing little ones. It quickly builds up flesh, bone and muscle, and makes the babies bright and happy. Your druggist sells it.

Work at Lake Lattmer on section three of the water extension is making good progress and P. J. Mooney said Monday he hoped to have the line into the lake completed by the middle of next month. A dyke thirty feet wide and formed of mud from the trench excavations had been constructed to keep out the water, and it would be necessary to make only a wooden coffer dam for the last fifty feet of the work. He had seventy-five men at work and nearly 200 feet of the wood stave pipe had been laid. He mentioned that the water in the lake was down about three feet but added that he did not now care whether it was lowered or not as his present method of doing the work was quite satisfactory.

At a meeting of No. 1 Salvage Corps last evening letters from Brock & Patterson, L. Isaacs and Edward Sears, expressing appreciation of the work of the corps at the Canterbury street fire, were read. Eric C. McNeil was elected a member of the corps.

TOOK HIS FORTUNE

Immigrant Drugged and Robbed in Halifax

A dapper little cockney, whose countenance indicated considerable mental suffering, was at the railway station last evening, and thereby hangs a tale.

He said that on Saturday in Halifax he had been robbed of $1,000, including a $500 bill, about all the money he had in his possession. He asserted, further, that he had also been relieved of his railway ticket, credentials and letters of introduction. The thieves, he alleges, were fellow Englishmen, with whom he had become acquainted on the voyage over from the old country in the Allan liner Laurentian, which docked at Halifax on Friday evening.

"They just appeared to be gentlemenly, middle-class chaps," observed the Londoner, who said his name is George E. Faulkner, "and I first fell in with them on board ship. When we landed at Halifax we went to a hotel there. I carried all of my valuables in a bag, marked with my initials, and this bag I put on the table in my room.

"Refreshments were ordered, and bye and bye I fell asleep. It was along in the morning when I awoke, and I didn't feel at all well. Two of the chaps—Healey and Goldsmith—were still in the room, and there was my bag just as I had left it on the table.

"When I complained of not feeling well they brought around a doctor, and he said I wanted to sleep."

Mr. Faulkner drew up his shirt sleeve, and disclosed a small puncture.

"Something was injected," he continued, "and when I at last woke up Healy and Goldsmith and the doctor had all gone. My bag and all its contents had gone, too."

Mr. Faulkner explained that he at once took steps to notify the authorities, and it was ascertained that Healey and Goldsmith had left Halifax by train that morning. Chief of Police Power, he said, did all possible to locate the suspects, but they evidently were successful in getting away from the province. Detective Carpenter, of Montreal, and officials along the C. P. R. and I. C. R. between Halifax and Quebec were also notified.

Mr. Faulkner censured one of the servants at the hotel, who, he alleges, said he saw the bag a short time before it disappeared and later noted that it had vanished, but according to the owner, did not see fit to awaken and acquaint him with what had happened.

Mr. Faulkner said he was treated with the utmost consideration by the C. P. R. authorities in Halifax, who in view of his loss saw that he was provided with transportation as far as Montreal.

"I believe," he remarked, "that a few drops of dope were put in what I had to drink, and the treatment given by the doctor just finished me off. The loss has been a lesson—a bally good one in some ways—and I won't forget it."

He maintained that he had been about to start on a trip through the dominion with a view of settling permanently in this country. He went through to Montreal last evening.

As mildew develops more rapidly under certain climatic conditions, so with Cancer in the human body. There are certain conditions that favor its development and when these conditions cease to exist the Cancer gradually disappears. Send six cents (stamps) to Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., if you are troubled with

CANCER.

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Have You Rheumatism, Kidney, Liver or Bladder Trouble?

To Prove What Swamp-Root, the Great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy, will do for YOU, all our Readers May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.

Pain or dull ache in the back is unmistakable evidence of kidney trouble. It is Nature's timely warning to show you that the track of health is not clear.

If these danger signals are unheeded, more serious results are sure to follow; Bright's disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble, may steal upon you.

The mild and the extraordinary effect of the world-famous kidney and bladder remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. A trial will convince anyone—and you may have a sample bottle free, by mail.

LAME BACK.

Lame back is only one of many symptoms of kidney trouble. Other symptoms showing that you need Swamp-Root are, being obliged to pass water often during the day and to get up many times during the night, inability to hold your urine, smarting or irritation in passing, brick-dust or sediment in the urine, catarrh of the bladder, uric acid, occasional headache, dizziness, poor digestion, sleeplessness, nervousness, sometimes the heart acts badly, rheumatism, bloating, irritability, wornout feeling, lack of ambition, loss of flesh, sallow complexion.

If your water when allowed to remain undisturbed in a glass or bottle for twenty-four hours, forms a sediment or settling, or has a cloudy appearance, it is also evidence that your kidneys and bladder need immediate attention.

In taking Swamp-Root you afford natural help to Nature, for Swamp-Root is the most perfect healer and gentle aid to the kidneys that is known to medical science.

In order to prove the wonderful merits of Swamp-Root you may have a sample bottle and a book of valuable information, both sent absolutely free by mail. The book contains many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured. The value and success of Swamp-Root is so well known that our readers are advised to send for a sample bottle. In sending your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say you read this generous offer in the St. John Evening Times. The genuineness of this offer is guaranteed.

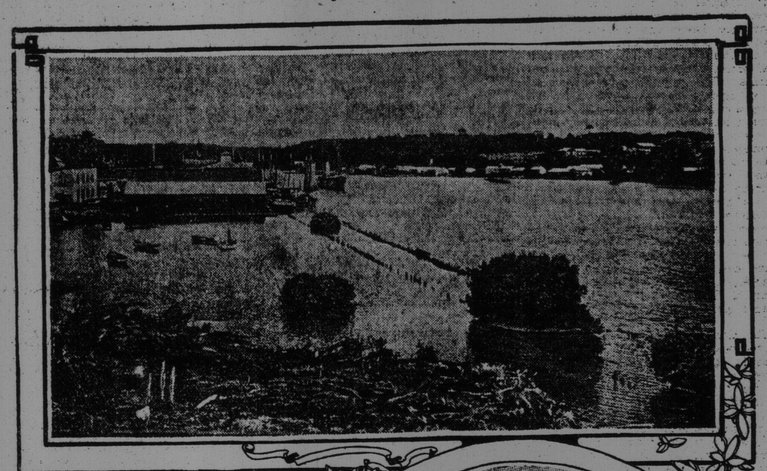
If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular 75c. and $1.25 size bottles at drug stores in Canada. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

A very interesting discussion on the grounds of our belief in immortality took place last night at the meeting of St. Andrew's church guild. Walter H. Trueman opened the discussion with a very thoughtful, carefully prepared paper. Rev. David Lang, Rev. A. H. Foster and others followed with short addresses.

D. Lingley, H. C. R., assisted by E. J. Todd as grand marshall, last night installed the following officers of Court Intercolonial, I. O. F.: W. H. Chambers, C. K.; W. J. Dunlap, V. C. R.; I. J. Northrup, P. C. R.; F. S. Hastings, secretary; Dr J. H. Scammell, treasurer and court physician; A. H. Hastings, F. S.; H. Kilpatrick, orator; H. Ingram, S. W.; J. Levine, J. W.; A. Selick, S. B.; D. Daley, J. B.; J. Beamish, court deputy. After the installation the large number present enjoyed an oyster supper.

At the semi-annual meeting of the Father Mathew Association last evening Wm. H. Toomey was elected president. The other offices are practictly filled as before.

Seat of Dominican Government Which Was Nearly Overthrown



Santo Domingo Harbor.

Government Palace in Santo Domingo City

Santo Domingo, Dominican Republic, Feb. 15—(Correspondence) — Dominicans have every reason to congratulate themselves that their capital city was not brought crumbling down over their heads as a result of the stirring times that culminated in the overthrow of President Morales and the elevation to the chief executive office of General Ramon Caceres, the former vice-president. Outside of those who played the leading parts in the chief event few persons here knew of the facts, as no publication of them has been made and the stories circulating throughout the republic do not convey an accurate idea of how serious they were.

There were three United States men of war in the harbor—the Olympia, the Des Moines, and the Scorpion, and for a time it seemed as though they would be compelled to train their guns on the city. Calm courage in the presence of an angry mob brought about a peaceful solution at a time when bloodshed seemed inevitable.