POOR DOCUMENT

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Jordan Knapp, Trader

By HENRY C. ROWLAND

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"Better chuck your duds into your kit and come along with us," said Knapp.

"Go with you where?" I asked in surprise.

"Knapp has anticipated me as usual," said the doctor. "It's like this, Mr. Brown. We've got a tight little schooner that we picked up at quite a bargain, and we've just finished fitting out for a trading cruise around the Philippine Archipelago. I have done a good deal of that sort of thing, and understand the business, and we are both old sailormen.

Knapp nodded. "Yes," he said, "and if you want to take a little share in the venture, just to give you an interest in the game, why we're perfectly agreeable—but do just as you please about that."

I looked from one to the other in much perplexity and doubt.

"Gentlemen," said I, "this is a very generous proposition, but it is so unexpected that I don't just know how to regard it—"

"Well," drawled Knapp, "let's put it on a business basis, then you can tell better how you stand. Boles and I have got this schooner, and we're going to run over to Manila and get our trading stuff, and then take a cruise around the open ports of the southern islands of the group, on the lookout for a cargo of hemp, which is way up just now—tobacco, coffee, copra, curios, pearls, silks, pino, or any darn thing we can lay hands on at a reasonable bargain. Some of the time we'll both want to go ashore, and as we don't want to leave the vessel with only the natives aboard we want another white man to take charge when we're away. Or perhaps we might want him to attend to something ashore. Afloat you can take your trick or not—just as you choose. And, as I said, if you want to take a little share in the thing, why go ahead. The rest of the time you can paint and sketch, and potter around to your heart's content."

"It sounds very attractive," said I. "Do you mind if I think it over and let you know tomorrow?"

"Not a bit; rather you would, in fact. We expect to clear in three days."

"Very well," said I; "then I'll leave you now, and meet you here in the morning."

"All right—and mind you make your plans to come," said Knapp. "Goodby!"

I left them in rather a dazed condition, and went back to my studio. At first I had no idea whatever of accepting the proposition; first, because I knew nothing of the men, but chiefly because I am of an aesthetic rather than adventurous disposition, and the thought of crossing the China sea, and cruising for an indefinite period in unknown waters, and amid hostile and savage people, was rather terrifying.

The next morning all of my misgivings returned, and a lot of new ones besides. By the time I reached the hotel I had finally made up my mind to call the thing off. Boles met me on the veranda.

"Good morning!" he said, cheerily. "Well, I see you have decided to go with us."

"Eh—yes," said I; "I've decided to go, and then I felt much better. Although I had known these two men but a day, I instinctively gave them my confidence.

Knapp came in shortly, and when he learned that I had made up my mind to go, held out his hand, but I had learned better than to put my own into that jaw-trap, so we went in and had a drink instead. Of course I had no desire to take any share in the enterprise, as I have as much money as I am ever likely to need, but I stocked our lockers well with the best bottled hardware there was to be had in Yokohama.

The fourth day out we sighted some of the Loo Choo Islands, and from that time on sighted some land almost every day. Five days later the coast of Luzon loomed up early in the morning on our port bow. From there on we had variable winds, and not until four days later did we sight Merivales Mountain, which lies at the entrance to Manila Bay, and which, for some reason or other, Boles cursed heartily. Knapp and I were glad to see it. We ran past Corregidor and up to the city, dropping our anchor behind the breakwater, and Boles immediately went in with his papers to report to the captain of the port.

Everything was all right, so the next day we had our trading stuff towed out to us in a casco, and also stocked up our commissary again, so that by evening we were ready for sea. I very much wanted to spend a few days in the place, both on account of its historic interest, and also to make a few sketches, but, of course, all delay was a matter of dollars and cents to Knapp and Boles. The latter was ashore until after dark, and when he came off I saw that he had heard something of interest.

"Come below," he said to Knapp and me. "I have just got wind of a good thing."

We went down into the cabin, and Boles hauled some charts out of his locker and spread them on the table.

"I have just learned from a friend of mine ashore, who is in a good position to know all about these things, that there is a fine, fat cargo of hemp waiting for the first comer at Mayongong, a little place in the south of Samar—ah, here it is. It seems that the port has not been opened yet, but there will be no difficulty in our getting the stuff if we can only manage to reach there before a certain little brigantine that left here yesterday on the same errand. There is a handsome commission on it if we win out, and not much lost if we don't. Now, what do you say? Shall we have a go at it? Strictly speaking, it's against the law; but the offense is only a technical one."

I looked at Knapp, who grinned.

"That seems to be our specialty, doc—to correct these fool regulations. Let's have a go at it. It'll be easy enough to pick up a little more somewhere else and change the figures on the manifest."

"No," said Boles, "we can't do that exactly, but I think I know how we can arrange it all right. Well, on the jump, boys—we're cleared and can't afford to waste any time. These little coasting coffins are slow as death and nothing like as sure, but a day's a big start, and it's only a matter of 500 miles or so. We'll have our chin when we get under way."

We rounded the end of the breakwater, and, slacking our sheets, stood away toward Corregidor, and soon the myriad lights of the Luneta twinkled dim and indistinct. Our topsails and staysail were quickly set, and the slap-slap of the little waves under her forefoot grew faster and faster as she gathered way. Soon the lights of the city faded, and by midnight we were drawing into the channel to the southeast of Corregidor.

It was not until the sixth day after we left Manila that we entered San Pedro Bay and drew near to our destination. I was down in the cabin shaving, because I always ike to keep well "polced," as Boles calls it, even at sea, when a bellow of rage from Knapp brought me flying up the companionway, under the impression that some calamity had occurred. And apparently it had.

We were rounding the point, and there just off the village, lay a schooner very much like our own!

It was certainly discouraging. To have worked and worried as we had, won our race through dangerous and unknown waters, and then to find an unlooked-for rival already on the ground was enough to make one swear. Knapp evidently thought so.

We held a little conference, and it was decided that Knapp and I should go ashore and see how the ground lay, while Boles remained on the schooner as a sort of reserve. Here I was able to be of some service to my mates, as I had spent several years studying in Europe, and could speak Spanish like a native. Boles could speak Spanish, too, but Knapp, when speaking to any foreigner, simply raised his voice to a shout, making up in volume what he lacked in intelligibility.

We dropped into out dinghy and pulled ashore in some uncertainty A few natives came down to the beach to see us land, and seemed quiet and friendly. One of them showed us to the presidente's house. He told us on the way that the presidente was in conversation with the senors from the other vessel, which had just arrived that morning from Cebu.

As we drew near, we heard the quick patter of voices raised in argument, and occasionally a staccato laugh. Then we were discovered, for the voices ceased, and the presidente himself came out to greet us.

I wished him "good-day," and for a while we talked in a circle, exchanging compliments and felicitations. He was a rather good looking Spanish Visayan mestizo, and seemed a person of breeding and poise. Soon I introduced Knapp, who crumpled his paw, and I explained that we were Englishmen and on a little trading cruise, and hearing so much of the wealth and resource of his well-known city, as well as of the great personal charm of its presidente, we had put in while passing, to give ourselves the pleasure of paying our respects and making his acquaintance, and casually to see it, perhaps, he might happen to have a few bags of coffee, a little tobacco, or possibly some hemp, which just now was of little value owing to the cursed Americanos.

He threw both hands above his head with a gesture of despair.

"Ah, amigo, why did not the blessed Virgin send you an hour earlier! It is true that the storehouse yonder is full of hemp which I have been saving for the rise in price that I thought was sure to come as a result of the interruption of the industry by these cursed Americanos. But at last I am obliged to let it go, for how otherwise can my son Emilio pursue his studies in Paris, where he has gone to become a famous artist?"

"Alas!" said I, "I can indeed feel for your anxiety as a parent, which does you infinite credit, also your solicitude concerning your son's career. I also am an artist in a poor way," and I showed him my half-filled sketch book. He turned the leaves in great delight.

"San Diego!—but the senor is a great master. Seldom has it been my fortune to gaze upon such work."

"It grieves me, senor," said I, "that Emilio might have to be disappointed in the amount of his remittance. Rather than have that happen would it not be well, perhaps, to let us have this hemp at a little higher price?"

"Ah, the English senor is indeed my friend, but it is impossible. These men are old acquaintances of mine—and desperate characters. If I were to play them false, who knows? It is possible that they might burn my village!"

I held a short conference with Knapp, in which I told him what I had learned. His mouth puckered, and he drew his great brows together in thought. Then his face expressed a sudden inspiration.

"Ask him when he's got to deliver the cargo," he said, I did so.

"Tonight," replied the Spaniard, "as soon as the coolies can bring the cascos down the river, which will be about 10 o'clock."

"Ask him if he minds telling you how much he is getting for his darn hemp," Knapp said again.

The senor hesitated a moment, but thinking no doubt that it really made no difference since the stuff was as good as sold, told me. The price was, indeed, ridiculously small. In confirmation, he showed me a roughly drafted contract from the owners of the schooner to pay the money down as soon as the hemp should be delivered on board. This I showed to Knapp, who studied it carefully.

"Now, kid," he said at length excitedly, "is the chance for you to get in your fine work. Tell this old Greaser that, although disappointed in getting our cargo, we bear no ill-will, and invite him and these other Greasers out aboard to lunch. Tell 'em we've got a bully cook, and the best booze that money can buy. They'll come—or Greasers are a lot different in this part of the world than they are anywhere else. Then we'll go back aboard and talk to Boles. I've got a plan—just listen to that!" A roar of boisterous laughter came from the house. "Said they'd burn his village, did he? We'll teach 'em—the bloodthirsty pirates."

I failed utterly to follow his train of thought, but did as he told me. The presidente was apparently delighted.

"The senor honors me; it would afford me the greatest pleasure. And if the senors will condescend to enter my poor house we will have a flask of Madeira, and you shall meet these others—the ladrones that they are. But you must not be offended if they are somewhat noisy, for they have just finished two bottles of my best."

When we were walking back to our boat I turned, my voice trembling with suppressed anger.

"Now, for Heaven's sake, will you tell me why you want that slime out on our schooner? If that kind of thing is to be my job you'd better look around for a new boy right off."

He grinned and patted me on the shoulder.

"Don't you worry, sonny, you'll have a chance to get even before you're many hours older. Your Uncle Jordan's got a plan, a little scheme to teach these gents a lesson, and get that hemp at the same time, just by way of illustration. It'll be a sort of illustrated lecture on the folly of intemperance." He laughed softly.

He didn't speak again until we got out aboard. Then we went below and told Boles of all that had happened. Before I had finished a light came into his eye and he began to grin, a Knapp was doing. But it was a grin that showed his teeth a bit.

"I showed him my half-filled sketch book."

"Savvy?" said Knapp, when I had finished.

"I think so," said Boles, "but it's a slightly dangerous game, and we've got no right to mix Brown up in it without his permission." He turned to me.

"Knapp's scheme is this, Brown: to get these two scoundrels off here and lay the keel for a jag—a seagoing jag that will last for twelve hours or so. Then, when they're well sewed up, to take 'em back aboard their schooner and leave them. In the meanwhile we'll do a little financiering with the presidente, and make it worth his while to have his shipping clerk, whoever has charge of the loading, being foully deceived by us, mistake our schooner for the Spaniards', and deliver the stuff to us. The presidente's agent will receive from me the sum agreed upon, for which he will receipt. In case there is any delay in loading, or getting out of this hole tomorrow morning, it is easily possible that we may have a little fight on our hands. Now what do you say?"

"As far as I'm concerned, go ahead," said I; "entertaining's my long suit, and if I can't beat that hairy gorilla to death as I'd like to, perhaps I can drink him to death, or into 'D. T.'s.'"

I dodged the slap on the shoulder that I saw coming from Knapp.

"That's the talk, youngster. We'll make a roaring buccaneer of you yet. Now let's unlimber for the fray."

A little after twelve we saw our guests making their way uproariously down to the beach, and a few minutes later their outrigger was alongside.

Our Chinese cook gave us a very good dinner indeed, and, from the way those two swine laid into the "chow," I began to doubt if the capture of the hemp would pay for the hole they made in the stores.

We went rather easy on the drink, as it would not do to put them out of commission too early in the day. After eight bells, however, Boles rose and told them that as a proof of the ineffable joy it gave him to meet three such distinguished men and charming companions, he was going to give himself the great pleasure of compounding a "British Navy punch" in their honor. With that he raked out a bowl and a bottle of about every different kind of liquor we had in our wine locker, and set to work.

What he put in that foul decoction I know, because I know about what we had, but the proportion will always remain a dark secret. When finished, it was a rather pleasant and harmless enough tasting prescription, but, as Knapp afterwards said. "It was sighted for 5,000 yards, and ten drops was a dose for an adult." Boles served it out in long whisky-and-soda goblets. Of course if Knapp and I had had any sense we would have gotten rid of ours over the side, but, somehow, that struck me as unsportsmanlike, and he afterward said that he felt the same way. As for Boles himself, nothing short of sulphuric acid could have ever put his steady head on the bias.

We stuck at it, drink for drink, for about four rounds, and then the blow fell. We seemed suddenly to have run into a fogbank—then it cleared a bit and I saw the two Spaniards dancing furiously up and down, locked in one another's arms—and wondered how they ever managed to do it with the schooner on her beam ends. Thereupon I was lost in admiration for their cleverness, and wanted to go over and embrace them, as they weren't such bad fellows after all! But when I got up, a swell must have gotten under her, for the deck rose with me.

I dimly overheard Boles saying to the presidente: "And then Emilio might take a course at Juliens—"

When I awoke, it seemed to me that I had just gone over Niagara Falls, and was about to enter the rapids. I rose suddenly upright, and it did not need the thump that I gave my head on the deck above to remind me that I had one. Knapp was standing beside my bunk with a grin on his face and an empty bucket in his hand. Behind was Boles, wearing a worried look.

"How do you feel?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh, not so bad; I'm more used to this kind of hardship," said I, beginning to "take notice." "What time is it?"

"Six o'clock."

"Morning or evening?"

"Morning," he answered with a bit of a smile. "Getting your bearings?"

"Yes," said I, thinking a bit. "We had a time, didn't we? How about the hemp?"

"Come on deck if you feel able," said he. "It's interesting up there."

I got to my feet, very dizzy and sick and sore. But it was always my curse to feel no after-effects to speak of; if I had, it would have been much better for me, I suppose. I never yet knew a man with a weak stomach getting "D. T.'s" The companionway was a stiff proposition, but, once up, the cool air revived me.

The schooner was still at anchor, but her main and forsails were set, and the anchor hove short up. The decks were covered with long, golden-yellow hemp fibres, seeing which my eyes came open wider still.

"For the Lord's sake—" I began in amazement, but Boles tapped me on the shoulder.

"Oh, never mind that," he said. "Look over there!"

I looked, and what I saw sobered me up like a cold plunge. Just under our stern lay the schooner of our rivals, and astern of her, not a cable's length away, there lay a newcomer, a little brigantine of about our own tonnage. Her boat lay alongside the schooner, but no one was in sight. I looked aloft, then on all sides. Not a breath of air was stirring.

"The plot thickens," said I, turning to Boles.

"Well, rather. There are four white men on that new chap, and I don't know how many natives. The worst of it is that we were taking on the last of that hemp when the brig came in. Otherwise we might slip out before they got wind of what was up."

"What's to be done?" I asked.

"It's rather hard to say, but I shouldn't wonder if Knapp had the right idea."

I looked around, and there sat Knapp on the edge of the hatch cleaning a rifle.

A noise astern of us caught our ears. We looked back and saw four men come up the aftercompanion of the schooner. Boles leveled his glass.

"There are our friends of yesterday," he remarked, "and they act as if they were vexed about something."

My ear was caught by a little flapping noise aloft. Looking up I saw the mainsail gently stirred. Outside a dark blue streak appeared on the horizon. A puff of air caught my cheek.

"Hooray!" I exclaimed, "there comes the breeze!"

"Yes," said Knapp, "and here come the greasers."

Boles waved his hand aloft, and the next moment we heard the iron rings of the jib scraping along the forestay. Slowly the schooner began to pay off. But the boat was now close alongside, and coming on as if they meant to board us. In the stern sat our gorilla-like friend and his evil-looking mate. The sight of them sent little shivers through me and down my spine, but I think that it was excitement rather than fear.

Boles halted the boat and waved them back with his hand.

"Go back, my friends," he shouted, "we cannot receive you, as we are going out. Adios."

The boat kept right on its course.

"Stop, senors!" called Boles again. "I say we cannot receive you. Another stroke at your peril!"

The boat still kept on.

"Shoot high, boys," said Boles, "about a foot over their heads. Let them feel the wind!"

Our rifles rang out, and the boat immediately held water. The gorilla rose to his feet.

"But why is this, amigo?" he called reproachfully. "I do not understand. We have but come to bid adois to our kind hosts."

"Then for what purpose are the weapons which I saw but a moment ago in the stern of the boat?" Boles replied.

The face of the gorilla underwent a change. His brows came down and his lips curled up with an expression of malignant ferocity.

"Ah—Dios!—pigs of Englishmen, you have stolen our cargo, first having poisoned us with your vile decoction."

"They're not the only ones," I said to myself.

"The senor is surely in error," answered Boles politely. "It is true that we have taken on a few bales of very poor hemp—but for all of it we have paid a good price and received a receipt. As we were stowing the last of it I learned with deep regret that our schooner had been mistaken for yours, and it is probable that the mistake has not yet been discovered. But what would you have? Business is business—is it not so?"

"Yes," replied the Spaniard, "and for that reason I will inform the senor that unless he delivers over the cargo to us, we will come and take it by force." He smiled, and his yellow teeth gleamed through his bristling mustache.

"What does he say?" demanded Knapp impatiently. "What's all this jawing about, anyway? Why don't you ask 'em what they're going to do about it?"

"He's just told us," said I. "He says that we've got to give up the hemp."

Knapp scowled. "How do you say 'go to hell' in Spanish?" he asked.

"Shut up!" I answered; "I want to hear what Boles says."

"Brown, get our boat over and tow us out a bit to clear that schooner—quick! Knapp, you keep those scoundrels covered, and if one of them reaches for a gun, nail him!"

I jumped to my feet and, running forward, hustled our Japs to the boat-falls, which consisted simply of a couple of light tackles and a jig hook, rigged from both mast heads. Boles was haranguing the Spaniards with honeyed words, and they seemed a little undecided as to what course to pursue. Then suddenly I saw the gorilla snatch a rifle from the thwart and throw it to his shoulder. Two reports came simultaneously. Boles staggered a little against the wheel, but the Spaniard fell with a crash across the gunwale of the boat, which promptly capsized, throwing all hands into the bay.

"Hurry up with that boat," sang out Boles. I started aft to get my rifle, when Boles hailed me.

"Stand by to cut that bow-line when I give the word—then get aft here as quick as you can to repel boarders! Now stand by to slack your jib-sheet!—Leggo your jib-sheet!" I cast it off the pin and let it run. The brig was not a cable's length away and coming along with a fresh puff of the breeze in her topsails. A knot of men were gathered in her eyes.

"Cut the bow-line!—hard-a-lee!—tumble aft here! Don't shoot—knock 'em overboard!"

The brig was almost on us as we luffed, and if they had guessed our design they could have easily jammed their helm down and fouled us, but as she was still paying off, and being a clumsy craft, we swung across their bows before they knew it. They tried to swing in after us, but it was too late. Her starboard run struck our port quarter a glancing blow, and, as it did so, four of the men leaped down on our deck. The first, a Spaniard, fired a pistol almost in Boles's face as he jumped, but at the same moment the bowsprit of the brig fouled the main topping-lift, though Boles had let the mainsheet run. The rope snapped, but the strain suddenly tautened the mainsheet, which flew up, knocking our captain over backward into the lee scuppers. The next moment Knapp has seized the man in both of his great hands and hurled him back against the next a halfbreed knocking both men of their feet. I had brought the capstan brake aft with me, and, slipping past Knapp, I drove the butt of it into the next man's face.

By that time Boles had climbed to his feet, and, limping across the deck, grabbed the wheel and clawed the spokes toward him as fast as he could work his arms. At the same time Knapp had gripped the Filipino who came last by the waist and swung him up over his head. The man screamed like a rabbit, thinking, no doubt, that he was about to be dashed lifeless on the deck, but the next moment a mighty heave sent him flying over the rail into the bay.

I was standing over the other three, swearing in Spanish at the top of my lungs and brandishing my capstan brake. One of them, lying almost under the wheel, started to get to his feet, but when he was almost up Boles let drive with his fist and stretched him out again.

Just then our little sailors came running aft, and, under Knapp's direction, bound our prisoners' hands behind their backs. The face of my antagonist was a mass of blood, but he was conscious and swearing vigorously.

The brig was astern of us, drifting aimlessly. A boat had put off from the schooner and had picked up the capsized party, who, from the maledictions that came up to us against the wind, were far from showing the gratitude that they should have felt. I could make out the gorilla nursing one arm in the stern Knapp afterward told me that he had shot him through the shoulder.

Knapp looked all around him, then threw back his head and laughed.

"If that lubber hadn't upset that outfit we might have been in bad shape," said he.

"Yes," I answered. "we'd not only have had them to look after, but the chap that went after them from the schooner. What if—"

I broke off, horror-stricken, and looked at Boles. He had fallen face downward across the wheel. On the deck beneath him was a great pool of blood. Knapp was beside him in one great stride.

"Boles!" he gasped—"old fellow! Oh, my God!"

As if he had been a child he picked him up in his great arms and carried him below. I put one of the Japs at the wheel, motioned to the cook to watch the prisoners and followed him.

Boles was shot in two places—one a glancing ball along the side of the head, and the other a bullet clean through the lungs. When Knapp realized that his own shot had been too late to save his friend his grief and self-reproach were pitiful to see. But it was all unnecessary, for the doctor made a good recovery from both wounds.

When we got off the end of the point, safe from all pursuit, Knapp hove the schooner up and set the prisoners ashore, as we had no earthly use for them. I suppose they made their way back along the beach. We had made Boles as comfortable as possible, and after he came out of his faint he calmly superintended our rough attempts at a surgical dressing. Strange to say, the hole through his chest healed almost immediately, but he told me that this was very apt to be the case in wounds of this description.

Knapp was a poor hand at navigatioin, but under Boles's direction we managed to find Manila again in about a week. We stopped at one little place on the way and got a little more hemp and some tobacco.

When we got back to Manila I found that I really had no desire to leave the schooner, and as they were very anxious to have me stay with them, and Knapp even offered to pay me an even share, I decided to remain for a while longer. Of course I declined, in fact, absolutely refused to accept any of the money profits of the enterprise, considering myself to be more than amply repaid in the benefit of my health and the grand impetus given to my work. For a man may study, sketch, and read; but until he has laid his naked life in the hollow of the hand of the great ocean god on his own domain, he has yet to feel the Spirit of the Sea.

The city hotels are doing a big business. The present is an unusually good tourist season, and it is still at its height. Since the beginning of August the principal hotels report they have hardly had a vacant room.

CONVENTION OF BAPTISTS ENDED

Eloquent Pleas for Better Support of Educational Institutions

CHURCH EXTENSION

Speakers Talk of a Chain of Edifices From Atlantic to Pacific—Savage Tribes Naturally Baptists, Says Rev. Mr. Stackhouse—Rockefeller's Offer.

Liverpool, N. S., Aug. 28—The Baptist convention this afternoon was opened with prayer by Rev. S. W. Cummings. The first report was from the board of governors of Acadia University by Rev. C. B. Kempton, D. D. The past has been a year of faithful and successful work. The numbers of students was 176. Of these 33 were registered in the science courses. The degree of B. A. was conferred upon eighteen students who had completed the prescribed course of study. Thirty-four of the students have the ministry in view. The sum disbursed to students from the Payzant fund is $2,828.39.

Prof. Roland P. Gray, M. A., of Rochester, has been appointed to the chair of English literature, made vacant by the retirement of Prof. Kierstead. Very complimentary reference was made to the retiring president of the university, Rev. Dr. Thos. Trotter. The successor of Dr. Trotter has not yet been appointed and in view of the probability that no president will be secured in time for the approaching college year the faculty has been re-arranged to meet these changed circumstances.

The second forward movement, which means $100,000 from subscribers and a like sum from Mr. Rockefeller, is more than half collected and the prospects are bright for the remainder. Mr. Carnegie has given $30,000 to erect a new science building on condition that $100,000 be given for the same purpose from the college funds, a purpose already decided upon.

Horton Academy is a natural feeder of the college. It had an attendance of 87 and is in a prosperous condition. The resignation of Principal Sawyer of the academy was next considered. As Mr. Sawyer has decided to devote himself entirely to temperance work his resignation was reluctantly accepted with the highest expression of appreciation of his splendid work. His successor is C. J. Mersereau. Acadia Seminary is in charge of Principal Dewolfe. The total registration was 229.

The report on the subject of a dominion convention was presented by Rev. David Hutchinson. It is likely that such an institution will finally be formed wherein all Baptists in Canada will be represented.

"Savages Naturally Baptists."

Rev. H. F. Laflame, president of the Canadian Baptist missions, made the remarkable statement that if you would give a savage tribe the Bible without note or comment and came back in three years you would find them organized into a Baptist church. Mr. Laflame claimed that this had already been accomplished in three cases. He thought this fact was the strongest argument in favor of a National Baptist Union.

Rev. W. E. Stackhouse, who is about six feet six inches tall, introduced himself as an altitudinarian. He came from the far west although a native of New Brunswick. In a free breezy way he told what had been accomplished by the Baptists in all sections of the dominion and surely they ought to be held in the bond of a general organization. Some one had defined this as the day of boneless codfish, wireless telegraph and spineless Christians. The Baptist leaders are not men of the latter class, with plenty of backbone they propose to establish a line of New Testament churches right across this country from sea to sea, and they will do it.

Rev. R. O. Morse also advocated the scheme. Other speakers advocated both sides of the question.

Rev. Lewis Parker, field secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, was invited to a seat on the platform and made a short but very interesting address. He stated that Baptists in Canada are leading in their missionary work among foreigners.

W. J. Gates, representing the International Order of Sons of Temperance, made a few earnest remarks.

The following important resolution was presented, to be acted on next year, by Rev. W. F. Parker:

"Whereas, according to article seven in the constitution of ministers' annuity fund any annuitant out in charge of any pastoral or missionary work is debarred from receiving its aid. Therefore notice is given of motion to change article seven of said constitution so as to allow said annuitant to stand in the same relation to this fund as other annuitants who may engage in other labors while still receiving their annuities."

Evening Session.

The first business was the report of the Sunday school board on Tuesday evening. It was suggested that a Sunday school specialist to go about among the churches and direct the work of the schools. Other bodies have men who give all of their time to this work and accomplish the finest results.

Very flattering words were said about the organ of the denomination, the Maritime Baptist.

The matter of a dominion convention was next taken up. Rev. Dr. Manning wanted to know if a vote in favor of such a convention committed this convention to the principle of organic union throughout Canada.

Rev. David Hutchinson thought it was only a step in that direction. Other speakers took the opposite ground.

Rev. A. Cohoon rose to give a little history on this subject. He went into the subject very carefully and thought the subject was one of such moment that we must move with the utmost caution. He favored the idea and offered a resolution that a committee be appointed to co-operate with other committees toward the desired end. The resolution passed unanimously.

Education was next taken up. The first speaker was Principal Dewolfe, who spoke about Acadia Seminary. As an educator in social efficiency, in order that society may be what it should, the individual must be developed and trained in all of his abilities, a result only attained by careful education. No school exceeds Acadia Seminary in securing these results. A special feature of this school is the training of character. We lay emphasis on Christian character and labor that the girls brought into our school may reach the highest development in this respect. We train our girls for the very best society. The highest aim of any girl is the making of a Christian home and this is an end that we constantly have in view.

C. J. Mersereau, principal of Horton Academy, advocated the claims of that school. In a very argumentative address he pleaded for a better support and larger patronage.

Dr. C. C. Jones represented the university. The speaker believed that the day is soon coming when Baptist churches can clasp hands from the Atlantic to the Pacific and there will be no break in this living chain. He believed that colleges scattered as they are at present will accomplish more than one great university standing for all interests in the maritime provinces. The ideal place to secure a classical education is a properly equipped small college. There are 600 united Baptist churches in the maritime provinces. Let each church send us two students and we will have 1,200 students, a very modest request.

Mr. Stackhouse was again called to the platform and received with hearty applause and again eloquently pleaded for measures looking to the establishing of Baptist churches all through the Northwest.

Twenty-eight thousand dollars it is estimated will be required for denominational work during the coming year.

The report on temperance, as usual, was strongly prohibitory. It was hoped that Nova Scotia and New Brunswick might soon have the prohibitory law that has proved so effective on P. E. Island. The report was presented by Rev. I. A. Corbett.

Dr. Cohoon, treasurer of Acadia University, presented his report and among other interesting items it appears that the trust fund now amounts to $241,993.27.

Rev. W. S. Cummings, of Amherst, is to preach the next annual sermon. Rev. A. A. Rideout is the alternate. S. West, treasurer of the convention, reported $79.28 collected during the sessions.

The convention adjourned shortly after midnight.

Virginia was the first British colony to have a parliament of its own.

WARNS BRITAIN TO ACT WARILY

Canada in No Mood for Repetition of Alaskan Incident Says Drummond

ENGLISH PEOPLE NOT INDIFFERENT

Country's Eyes Are Fastened on the Northwest Much to Australia's Chagrin—British Mint Official to Instal Ottawa Plant.

Montreal, Aug. 29—The Star's London correspondent cables: Sir George A. Drummond, in the course of an interview with the Star's representative here, commented on Canadian fears that the British government were dealing directly with the United States in settling outstanding Canadian questions behind the backs of the Canadian government.

He said that he hoped the British government would tread warily. Canadians were in no mood for a repetition of the Alaskan boundary incident and they were very sensitive. No questions affecting Canadian rights should be dealt with in London but rather with Canada herself.

Sir George Drummond emphatically dissents from Lieut.-Governor Clark's complaint that Canada is regarded with indifference in Britain. He said, on the contrary, that Canadians obtain every consideration and never more so than now. This is the declared experience of every Canadian statesman and public man. Especially in these days of Canadian prosperity, are English eyes fastened on the Northwest, greatly, as it seems, to the discomfiture of the Australian government, who find it almost impossible to divert the attention of British immigrants from Canada to Australia, although they are prepared to spend much money in an immigration propaganda.

The spirit in which Britain now regards Canada's acquisition of the attributes of nationhood is illustrated by a mission upon which H. W. Cleeve, of the royal mint staff, starts this week. Canada is establishing a mint at Ottawa in order to make coin formerly made at the royal mint here. Mr. Cleeve proceeds to Canada tomorrow on leave from the British government to superintend the installation of machinery at the Ottawa mint, which begins operations next spring.

TELEPHONE SITUATION

Letter from A. G. Blair and T. H. Estabrooks.

To the Editor of The Telegraph:

Sir,—The telephone has become an important public utility, and, in consequence, very great interest has of late been manifested among the people of the province, arising out of the rival operations of the Central and New Brunswick Companies. As has already been announced, these two companies have joined forces, and upon the completion of the proposed arrangements the telephone business in the province will be conducted under one management. This amalgamation has been effected under terms satisfactory to both companies, and it is confidently believed will prove of general public utility. The name of the New Brunswick Company has been retained, first, because it embraces the whole province, and secondly, because a change would have required legislative enactment, causing delay. It goes without saying that upon completion of the terms of merger the leading men in both companies will be on the new board of directors, and selections will be made from the staff of both, so as to ensure the greatest possible efficiency in development and administration. The suggestion has been made that probably since the removal of competition, an effort may be made unduly to increase rates, both as to rental and tolls. No such purpose exists. The desire and effort will be to afford the best possible service at fair and reasonable rates. In some cases there may be slight changes, but such will be made to bring about uniformity as far as practicable. A readjustment of toll rates may be made in a few cases, but if so it will not be to increase, but to lower charges. The object of the management will be, at all times, to effect sound progressive development, to give the best available service, prompt attention to the just and legitimate demands of the patrons of the company, and fair and reasonable rates.

ANDREW G. BLAIR,
T. H. ESTABROOKS.

St. John, Aug. 28, 1906.

MONTREAL BEGGAR ROBBED OF $1,000; THREE GIRLS ARRESTED

Montreal, Aug. 29—A remarkable story was told to Judge Piche yesterday afternoon of Gustave Bernard, a professional beggar, and three waitresses, the beggar a bearded unkempt, shabbily dressed man of sixty odds years, who had saved up and carried about his person $1,000 in notes and gold, and three young girls who acted as unsalaried waitresses in Mercure's saloon, which is a free and easy resort of many sailors and others on Commission street.

The three girls, Blanche Cole, Dorian Contant and Blanche Leveeque, were charged with having been concerned in robbing Gustave Bernard of his money or at any rate $400 of it. Two unknown young men are alleged to have taken the balance of $600.

The evidence was deemed sufficient to send the girls for trial.

Brothers Met After 32 Years.

After Many Years—At Nanaimo on Monday at the office of the C. P. R. a quiet well dressed stranger called on W. F. Archibald, manager of the office, and stated that he wanted to send a message back to Truro, N. S. Mr. Archibald talked some time with the stranger, looked up rates, and remarked that he once knew Truro well.

"Well," said the stranger, "I guess you did, I am your brother Richard."

The brothers had not met for 32 years. W. F. Archibald was for many years a resident of Victoria.

It is an old fact that South Africa owes three of her greatest industries to Jews. De Pass developed the whaling and guano industries, Andrade that of ostrich farming, and Mosenthal the wool and hide trades.