## THE CHAMPION.

Kid McCoy Knocks Out Dan Creedon in Fifteen Rounds.

A Desperate Battle Fought at Long Island Athletic Club Last Night.

Some Additional Particulars of the Fight Between Connolly and Hawkins.

NEW YORK, Dec. 17.-Norman Selby of Rush county, Indiana, better known in pugilistic circles as Kid weight champion of the world. He met Dan Creedon of New Zealand tonight in the arena of the Long Island City Athletic club, and after fighting fifteen hard rounds made the for eigner throw up the sponge and acknowledge the "Hoosier's" superior-

Long before the big event took place the frame building in which it was held was crowded to excess, and bets were freely made with McCoy the favorite at 10 to 8. The Kid's wonderful science and self-posse were always in evidence, and these combined with the advantage of height and reach enabled him to outnt his more stockily built antag-

From the moment the men put up their hands in the opening round was boosted so rapidly that at the end of the sixth round McCoy's back-ers were offering 3 to 1 on their man. Reserved seats were at a premium tonight. Although the original cost of box seats was \$10 each, as much as thrice that price was freely given. There was plenty of Creedon money in the house, and no lack of takers on McCoy's part. It was estimated that the amount of money which changed hands on the outcome of the fout would exceed \$100,000.

The ring, which was perched in the centre of the out house, was 20 feet

had been wound up, Mayor Gleason walked up the main alse and was received with obsers. When he reached the ring there were loud cries for a The mayor said in part: can assure you that any person who came here tonight to see a prize fight had better go now to the box office and get his money back. This ring will only be occupied by men who take part in a box in contest."

e mayor left the ring and Jim ett stepped in. He said in part: hose who never saw a contest in anest, best and hardest ever ught, and those who are acquainted the such contests will agree with ery word I have said."

The curtain raiser was a six round affair, in which Steve Flamagan of Philadelphia and George Ross of this in at a lively pace, Ross being the aggressor, and in the first round he landed a hard left on the Philadeleye badly. It was give and take in the next three rounds. In the fifth Flanagan landed a hard right on the nose and Ross bled profusely. Flan-agan played for the body, and at the end had his man pretty well worked out. Flanagan got the decision

The next pair were Jack McKeck of New York and Jack Ward of Newark, N. J., eight rounds at 115 pounds. The men merely sparred around for sevrun up, and in the sixth Ward lnaded a couple of good swings on the law, and continued to force the fight-ing throughout the next two. He He oked McKeok up aginst the ropes in the seventh, but McKeck got back at thim in the last round, when he olted Ward's jaw two or three times and got in a good left occasionally The referee declared the bout a draw.

Dan Creedon entered the ring at 9.53. He was accompanied by Joe Choyneki, Tom Tracey and Benny Murphy. Creedon was in excellent tion and looked very confident. through the ropes. His seconds were Homer Selby (McCoy's brother), Doc Payne and Tommy West.

Very little time was lost in putting on the gloves, and the men shook hands at 10.10 o'clock. When they did so McCoy's advantage in height and edon was four inches

n McCoy, but he was stockily built and every muscle was clearly developed. McCoy was in excelent shape, and nodded in confidence to nds in the seats and the ring

fight twenty-five rounds, and if at the end of the twenty-fifth round Re-Sam Austin could not pick a winner the men would continue fighting until the referee could give a de-He also said that the contest plonship of the world. The fighting

Round 1—After some light sparring Creedon jabbed a light left on the chest. Both swung rights but missed and clinched. McCcy led a left on the mouth, and Creedon tried a return, but fell short. They clinched near the ropes, after which Creedon put his right on the head. McCcy looked to the referee for a claim of foul and Creedon took advantage of his adversary and put a left swing on Mac's face. They resumed sparring, and Mac jabbed right and left on the body, while Creedon landed a hard left upper-cut on the face.

Round 2-McCcy opened with a left on the face, and skipped back from a swing of Creedon's left. In two clinches Creedon smothered McCcy's face with his left hand glove, Mac jabbed a stiff right on the ribs without a return, and missed a left swing for the jaw. They were sparring when the gong sounded.

and a right on the ribs, while Creedon swung a light left on the head.

Round 4—McCoy landed a Dixon double blow on the ribs and head with his left very cleverly, and stepped away without a return. Creedon landed right and left on body. After some sparring, during which McCoy was far the quicker, the Indiana boxer sent in a hard left jab on the mouth. Creedon became very cautions and waited for an opening. When it came he landed a right on the ribs and brought it up to the head, forcing Mac to the ropes at the call of time.

Round 5—They got into a clitch early, and Creedon shoved his right hard over Mac's heart. In close quarters Mac jabbed two hard rights on the ribs and another on the head. Creedon tried very hard to reach Mac's body, but was unsuccessful, while Mac frequently jabbed light lefts on the stomach.

Mac frequently jabbed light lefts on the stomach.

Round 6—Both men came up very fresh, Creedon landing a left on the head and Mac countering. Mac then sent his left lightly on the face. Creedon landed a nice left on the neck after Mac made two ineffectual attempts for the wind. Mac then feinted with his left for the face and brought the back of his glove smartly on Creedon's jaw. Creedon rushed and missed two left swings as Mac jumped out of harm's way very cleverly.

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Round 7—Both led lefts and missed after a long spell of sparring. Creedon sent at left to the head, and Mac in a half clinch rut in two lefts on the ribs. Two lefts on the jaw and a swing on the head were Mac's next contributions, to which Creedon failed to make any return. He upper-cut Creedon with his left and swung right to the head. Mac then rushed and swung right and left on the head, and Creedon jabbed a light right on the head.

Round 8—Spurring for an opening, Mac succeeded in getting his left lightly to Creedon's head. Creedon did likewise, but was immediately sent to the roops from the effects of a stiff left swing on the face. Mac followed up his advantage with a light left on the estomach and a heard right swing on the head. Mac's long reach seemed too much for Creedon, and the youngster always wore a self-satisfied smile on his face.

Round 8—Creedon led he left for the head, tut was neatly stopped. He then tried to force fighting, but McCoy clinched, and they landed in a neutral corner. When they hroke away Mac sent two left jabs on the face and crossed his right on the head, mad then side-stepped and landed three left swings on the head. The last of these opened Creedon's right eyebrow, which bled freely, and Mac kept jabbing his left on the mouth, and Mac missed a light left for the mouth, and Mac missed a light left for the head. Creedon forced matters, but Mac was too foxy, and waited for an opening. Creedon gave him one, and Mac swung his left on the damaged eye and started the blood again. Creedon forced matters, but Mac was too foxy, and waited for an opening. Creedon to the force of a silp than a knock-down. Creedon took his time in getting up, and as he arcse the gong sounded.

Round 11—Mac opened with three lefts on the damage and the content of the face.

Round 13—Creedon opened with his plant, and son the head.

Round is Creedon's eye was fixed up with a plaster and he looked anything but hand-some when he came from his corner. Macket jabbirg his left on the stomach, occasionally varying his tactics with jabs on the face. His advance actions with jabs on the

sionally varying his tactics with jabs on the face. His advantage of reach was too great a handicap for Dan. Mac in a rush uppergut with his left on the face and hooked his right on the jaw, flooring Creedon in his cwn corne. Dan took the ruir limit of 10 seconds to get up, and then clinched. Greedon was very weak when he went is his corner and was unable to respond to the clerg of the gong when It rang for the begirning of the 18th round.

Choyreki seeing that his man was beaten, threw up the sponge, and as he did so the spectatora broke into cheers and tried to jump into the ring to hug McCoy. The latter's brother threw his arms around the

jump into the ring to hug McCoy. The latter's brother threw his arms around the Kid's neck and kissed him. McCoy playfully resented this salutation with a slap on the back. McCoy, as soon as the announcer cried out "McCoy wins," jumped across the ring and shook hards with Creedon, who acknowledged his defeat good naturedly. When Creedon left the ring he was greeted with many good wishes, but Mac held a reception for fully ten minutes before he retired to his dressing 100m.

THE CONNOLLY-HAWKINS FIGHT.

A San Francisco despatch gives the following additional particulars of the

Connolly-Hawkins fight:

About a thousaned people were present at the Knickerbocker club when Hawkins and Connolly appeared. The contest opened at a fast clip, with Connolly on the aggressive. In the second round Hawkins went to his corner groggy, while Connolly had a very bad eye from Dal's left hook. From this point up to the seventh honors were easy. Both men seemed willing to mix it up, and the infighting usually ended in Hawkins' favor. At the end of the seventh Hawkins was groggy from a smash on the jaw. He came up strong for the eighth, however, and went after his opponent. He forced Ccanolly about the ring as he pleased. In the thirteenth Connolly rallied and forced Hawkins about the ring in a desperate attempt to end the fight, but the round ended with a hard left on Connolly's face, which staggered him. In the fourteenth round Ccanolly rushed, but was met with a stiff left. In a hot rally Hawkins sent in a smashing right on the jaw and Connolly went down and out.

MORE GOLD DISCOVERIES James P. Conway of Sydney and John MacMillan of East Bay, who are at the Carleton house, are of the opinon that they have struck a very rich thing in the island of Cape Breton. Yesterday Mr. Conway took up a gold district, embracing 80 acres, at the called upon to sell the overplus, and realized a handsome sum for church

purposes Justices Smith and Creighton were again busy with Scott act matters esterday afternoon, and adjourned their court to one day next week. R. L. Bert Tweedle, referee in equity vas in Sussex today in the matter of the Boles estate. The proceedings were adjourned until some day nex week owing to the absence of Attorney General White and others, who are altrending the funeral of the late Solicitor General Mitchell. Affred Moorehouse of the Sussex

Record office, just returned from England, whither he had been on a risit to his parents, and who returned by s. s. Lake Ontario, now in your port, is relating some of the reminis ces of his visit, which are proving very interesting to those who never had the pleasure of a stormy trip across the Atlantic or visiting the old world. He speaks of the accommodations of the Lake Ontario as being nost excellent. The passage out was

## A MURDERER'S FATE

"Well, of all the days this has been the worst I over saw, grumbled Campbell, the city editor, as he gave the copy boy a "padded" story of a cable car smash up, and wheeled about in his desk chair and addressed the office in general and no one in particular. "Ten o'clock and only two dis play heads up, and neither of them worth its place. How much'll that shipping story make, Harris?"

"I can fill it out to half a column," answered the person spoken to, looking up from his desk. "Make all you can of it. We'll reed every bit we can get." It was just then that Marsh came

"Got a good story here, Mr. Campbell; how much space can I have?" he said, stripping off his coat.

"All you want," returned the city editor, a half smile replacing the frown his face had worn. "Now, that's what I call luck!" he added. "What's it

about? "You remember the Kremer mur

"Yes, well enough."
"Well, they've got them: at least, they think they have. The police in the Twenty-third precinct arrested a fellow today, who turned out to be Boch, the German who was with Kremer the night the murder occurred and the circumstancial evidence is strong, they say. Let's see; how long ago was it that the murder happened

Twelve years, I think."
"Just about," said Campbell, men-tally checking off the time. "It ought to make a good yarn. Do your best with 4t' Marsh nodded and fell to work.

For a time only the scratching of a ren broke the silence in the room Then the city editor suddenly said: "I say, Marsh. s'pose you see the Sphinx about that story. he has something filed away about it. If he has and can give a good history of the crime, let him do it. You do the story of the arrest, and make see if we can't save that front page

from stagnation, somehow. "All right," answered Marsh, as h dropped his pen and rose from his seat. "Perhaps the old man can give us a beat on the story," he jokingly added, as he turned to go.

The city editor laughed. The idea

of the Sphinx supplying such a thing as a "beat" was too absurd to take seriously; for he had never been anytining but a machine, grinding out addenda and obituary notices in nonparell type since he became a member of the staff, three years before. He was, a cording to his fellow-laborers, a "queer lot." None of them professed to know him better after that lapse of time than when he first came among them and was given charge of the newspaper olippings, which were filed away daily, and made use of again whenever a new event recalled an old subject.

Spiritless and silent, always faithfully executing what was given him to do, but never offering a suggestion, ance mingling in the amusements or conversation of his companions, he had been dubbed the Sphinx before he was in the office a eek, and the sobriquet had clurg to him and seemed thoroughly to fit him, John Hardin was the way he was entered on the pay roll, and the most that anyone knew of him was that he lived by himself in a bare room near the Globe building and took his meals at a neighboring eating house. He seemed to have no relatives and no acquaintances, except of the nodding

which figure in many newspaper offices-"superannuated veterans" are generally called, and their thin. gray hair, pallid faces, eyes strained by close application to newspaper printing, and shrunken fingers, which eemed afflicted with a continual paralysis, explain their classification. The expression of his eyes hinted at teen mental suffering, the secret of which, if there was a secret, his lips

never told. Marsh walked over to the little cubby-hole of a room the Sphinx occupied, quietly opened the door and stepped inside. For all the jokes they poked at Hardin behind his back, there was a certain something about him which compelled respect when they were in his presence. Marsh, when this man looked from some clippings over which he was bending, said, almost in the same tone he used when addressing the dreaded managing editor: "Mr. Hardin, I have the story of an arrest

here which Mr. Campbell thought you might have some information upon." "What is it, Mr. Marsh?" asked Hardin, reaching for his register, wherein he had, alphabetically arranged, the titles of the subjects with which his bureau of clippings dealt

"It's murder," answered Marsh; "the Kremer murder." Hardin had raised the book from the table. It fell with a bang on the floor. But he instantly stooped and picked it up, and began to fumble over the pages. "The Kremer mur-der?' he said, in his quiet tones. "Yes, I must have something about

He continued to run over the pages, and Marsh noticed that he twice stop ped short of the letter K, under which ne should have sought for the information wanted. Marsh was impa-tient to get back to his own work. "Well, if you're pretty sure you have

something about it, Mr. Hardin," he said. "Mr. Campbell would like you to furnish half a column, or a column if you can, on the history of the crime must go back to my own story. They've arrested Boch, the fellow who did the murder, they say, and they'll circumstantial evidence is strong. The Kremer murder, remember! It occurred about twelve years ago, did-

"Yes, I understand," Hardin answered, slowly. 'The Kremer murder." He bent has head again, and fell to running over the pages of the book. Then, suddenly realizing that Marsh was still standing there and had asked

## "Oh, yes; you asked me a question. I beg your pardon, what was it?" "The murder occurred about twelve years ago, didn't it?"

"No," replied Hardin, "not twelve; eleven years ago tonight. That is, I think it was tonight, eleven years ago. The murder made a great impression on my mind. It was a hellish crime; "Bad as murders go, I guess," replied Marsh lightly, wondering at this

sudden spurt of loquacity on the other's part. "Well, I'll leave you." Hardin did not reply. He was fumbling over the book again. Marsh walked up to the city editor's desk. "The Sphinx must have something wrong in his head tonight," he remarked, "or else he's sapidly going into his dotage."

"Can he furnish the history of the murder?" Campbell interrupted impatiently. He was engaged in bluepencilling a story of the meeting. "He thinks he can," answered

Marsh.

"Then don't bother yourself about "and take a brace on that story of your own. It's close to 11 o'clock Marsh returned to his place and resumed his scribbling industriously.
The Sphinx in his room was still going over the pages of his register. But he was not looking among the K's. It was through the long list of names beginnig with H that he hunt-ed. "It must be here," he kept mur-

muring to himself. "It ought to be here! Why can't I find it?" Then he ran the pages over again. gers-winding sheets on which written the names of those dead and gone, of events recollection of which of most men. But they did not yield the name he sought. "It's strange, Why can't I find it? They must have known about it when it happened." Then, all at once, one of his hands slipped from the book and his head

them flat; and tears ran between the thin fingers outspread there.

He remained there for some time Only the clicking of the telegraph instruments in the newsroom, a dull num of voices from the rooms beyond swered in the local room, came to his ears, and even those he did not hear. and mechanically he counted

dropped among the leaves, crushing

atrokea Eleven o'clock! The fact, duly impressed on his mind, awoke him to a udden sense of the work before him. He raised his head. His face was swollen, and his eyes, swollen as have sunk in their sockets. He sat for a moment, looking at the book before him. The leaf that was uppermost was one that he had scanned many times before. At its top was printed the letter H.

He picked up a pen, and dipping it n ink wrote with trembling fingers beneath. It was his own name he wrote, and after he had finished it, he started to write another word in the column opposite it. But he got no farther than the letter M. There over the wet writing, closed the book and laid it aside. A minute later he had drawn a large bundle of copy paper toward him and was writing on it. He wrote slowly at first, almost laboriously. But soon his pen moved more quickly and sheet arter sheet of the paper was covered and

pushed to one side. An hour went by and still he wrote. But once was he interrupted. Then it was Marsh who came in to tell him that Campbell was busy and wished him to send up his copy to the composing room direct. the reporter went back to the room he repeated his assertion that

the Sphinx had gone luny. "But he must be turning out a wonderful history of the murder," he added, "for he's piling up copy at a great rate, and when I asked him how much it would make he said a couple

"Well, let him do it," answered Campbell; "the story's worth it and I guess he has got the facts all straight. Luny or not, he's generally all there when it comes to writing old stuff."

Hardin's pen moved unceasingly. When midnight struck he was working with a fierce energy which told of a purpose that defied fatigue. But he sent up no "copy" to the compos ing room as he wrote, the pages accumulated on his desk in a careless

It was after half-past twelve when he dropped his pen and sank back in his chair for a minute. But it was only for a minute. Then he picked up the bundle of copy, roughly re-arranged it, wrote "Use all-Rush" at the top of the first sheet and sent it upstairs by a boy.

He put on his overcoat, turned off the incandescent light and walked into the local room and to the city editor's desk. "Mr. Campbell," he in a low voice, "I've got to go out. I guess you won't need me any

"No, not tonight," replied Campbell. "You've sent up a great story of that Kremer murder, Marsh tells me. Is it a beat?"

Yes, it's a-a beat," said the other. There was mingled sadnes sand bitterness in his tones. "Good-night," Campbell answered.

not noticing anything. "Good-night," repeated Hardin Then he turned and slowly walked toward the door. But in the doorway he paused, and then came back to Campbell's desk. "Mr. Campbell," he said earnestly,

"I have never lied to you?" "Why, no!" exclaimed Campbell in sur rise. "Well, and I'm not lying now. Remember, whatever you may think of nie I have told the truth."

"Of course!" said the city editor, Marsh's words recurring to him. Hardin certainly was losing his grip. The Sphinx turned away, and this time walked out the door and down the sidewalk to the street.

Half an hour later there was great xcitement in the office. The proof reader sent down gally proofs covered with query marks, and along with it Hardin's copy. Campbell ooked over it all and could not believe the evidence of his eyes. He book the proof and copy in to the nanaging editor, and they had a con-

Then, just when they had decided would be best to "kill" the whole of the story which Hardin had ritten, Marsh came in in a state of new excitement, to call Campbell to the 'phone. Someone wished to speak to him from police headquarters. What the city editor heard from there determined him to publish the

article as it stood. The account of the Kremer murder which the paper presented on its first rage that morning was the talk of the town. But it was not the story of the arrest of Boch, the supposed murderer, that riveted attention That much was common property among the dailies. It was the two columns in which was set forth the confession of a man who, for twelve years had borne the burden of his guilt and striven to live down a recolection that only grew more clear and would not be forgotten. And then, at last, when it could not be endured any onger, and to tell it to others was the one relief, the Sphinx had unsealed

But Campbell, who out of pity for the old man, went to police headquarters that same morning to see him, found he was too late. Hardin's drawn face was more peaceful than had ever been in life, and fear no nger looked from his eyes. A forgiving God had looked the Sphinx's lips again, and this time they were locked forever.

A REMARKABLE CHANGE.

From a Spring Day the Weather Changes Into the Depth of Winter.

(From Monday's Daily Sun.) Saturday morning people were wearing waterproofs and the weawas springlike; Saturday g furs were in demand. evening furs At, an early hour Sunday mor ning the thermometer was within eight degrees of zero, with a high wind. It was a most disagreeable day yesterday and few people ventured out doors unless to church or on spe

About the harbor and in the bay the seas ran mountains high, but no accidents of importance are reported.

No. 5 pilot boat, the Howard D. Troop, returned to port yesterday afternoon, having put pliots on board the Maiden City and Low Wood. The

Troop was badly iced up.
Tug Springhill towed two empty barges down to the Beacon eddy yesterday afternoon. While on the way down the rear barge struck the sch. Sovereign a glancing blow, carrying away a part of the schooner's starboard channels. No further damage

While returning from the Low Wood yesterday afternoon, the tug Springhill picked up the Calais schooner L. A. Boardman, which, after being blown out of West Quaco-drifted about the bay all Saturday might and the greater part of Sunday. The Boardman lost her outer jibs and had her main boom broken. She was going up the how like a

Bark Maiden City, Capt. Humphrey which arrived Saturday evening from Sydney with a cargo of coal, came to anchor in the stream. Yesterday morning the outer anchor was let go, but the gale was so fierce that both chains parted about 10 o'clock and the vessel drifted down the harbor stern first. She brought up on the mud bank at the foul ground. It was almost low water at the time and the bank listed off and was at one time almost on he beam ends. As the tide rose the vessel righted and about 3 o'clock in the afternoon the tugs Dirigo and Neptune went down to her and towed her up to Lawton's wharf. The bark does not seem to have suffered any serious injury. She shows no indication of having been strained and is making no water. The Maiden City was seven days coming over from Sydney. She and the Low Wood were in company

down the bay. Saturday afternoon the sch. Amy D., Capt. King, while at anchor in the harbor, lost her anchor and drifted down the harbor, fetching up on the mud flats. As it was flood tide and the water was comparatively smooth, the schooner floated and swung to her second anchor. Later the tug Neptune towed her up to Walker's slip, absolutely uninjured. The statement that she went on the reef at Cour-

tenay Bay is untrue. Bark Low Wood, Capt. Utley, from Sydney with coal, arrived off Patrridge Island yesterday afternoon and came to an anchor. The tug Springtill went out to her with a gang of tidesmen, it being felt that she might need assistance. The sea was running too high to permit of the steamer going alongside, so she returned to port. It was learned by those on board the Springhill, however, that the bark had a hard time of it in the bay. Her crew were frost bitten. The Lew Wood will be brought up today.

SURE AND QUICK RELIEF.

In the case of a bruise, scald, burn, sprain or toothache, freedom from pain is the first thing desired, and "Quickcure" gives both instant relief and Everyone who has used it cures. speaks highly of it. Try it and you will always use it.

A NEWSPAPER "SCOOP."

(Fredericton Herald.) The Telegraph claims to be "the ewsiest paper in the maritime provinces," but it got badly scooped Thursday by the Sun, Halifax Chronicle and Halifax Herald, all of which had the announcement of Hon. Mr. Mitchell's death, while the Telegraph came out without having heard of the sad event. There must have been some serious thinking around the Telegraph office when it was discovered how badly that paper had been scooped.

"When does the last mail close for Boston?" asked a lady at a suburban post office in the middle of the afterncon. "It's just gone," answered the attendant; "but there's another at 6 o'cleck."-Youth's Companion.

A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN. Have you heard the cry of the children, In the midst of the city's hum, Their voices in pleading accents, Calling that help may come.

We are cold, and hungry, and naked: So wretched, forsaken, forlorn, With no one to care how badly we fare, No love, no friends, and no home.

The world is so cold and distant, And does not regard our tears; wonder if God loves children, Or when we pray, if He hears? Dear mother told us that Jesus said,

Let the children come to Me; Fhat if we ask Him He'll send us bread, And bade us to trust and see. But we plead 'n vain from day to day And the days lengthen out into years Has Jesus grown deaf to our pleadings Or can He not hear our prayers?

They say there's a Friend for the children Above the bright blue sky; They must mean for the rich and the happy, Or else He would hear our cry.

Oh, ye men and women and children, Who have homes full of warmth and light, To whom God has sent such fullness Of blessings, and all things bright;— Will you list to the cry of the children Will you list to the cry of the enildren
Of want, and sorrow, and care;
Who are homeless, and hungry, and needing
your aid,
Who have more than enough and to spare?

And remembering the Babe of the Manger, Let us tenderly go in His name, Who to shelter the lambs in His bosom, From His Kingdom in glory He came. To succor the poor and the needy.

To rescue the world from its sin,

To can the door of the kingdom

And bid the poor wanderer come in

Hear the Master's own words, as in meckness He sought
To teach us His gospel of love:
Except ye become as this little child,
Ye shall not gain an entrance above

I gave up My life as a ransom.

I've redeemed them at infinite cost, And it is not the will of your Father That one of His lambs should be Then list to the cry of the children, The children of sorrow and care; Let us shelter them in from the hun In from the sin and despair.

And on that blessed morn when our eyes shall behold

The Lamb in the midst of the throne, With prophers and martyrs and saints gone We shall hear the glad welcome, "Well

Infants' Home, St. John, N. H.

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Thomas Gorman.

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Tariff and Customs—W. H. Thorne, G. W.

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Thorne, Jos. Allison, W. C. Phifield, W. F.
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James Jack
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Schofield, J. A. Likely, J. T. Knight, John
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Tourist Matters—W. S. Fisher, O. H.Warwick, Geo. F. Baird, C. E. Laechler, A. D.
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Warson, A. Macaulay, A. O. Skhiner, Jos.
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D. W. McCormack,
All the above committees have power to

Robinson-"Your baby is a widewake little fellow." Walker-"Shucks! That's nothing to what he is at night. -Boston Herald.

D. W. McCormack.

All the above committees have power to add to their number.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen!" shouted the man in the ticket office to the impatient crowd in line at a Brooklyn theatre. "Stop pushing! Remember you are not out with your baby carriages now!"-Youkers Statesman.

NEW HI **Building Form** to the Ci

Large Attendance Speeches Made

Presentation of Med -Brief Progra The popular int

ly centred in the mas transferred new high school street, where both sembled for the r ceding the Christm The day was al the occasion on was an school trustees for to the city the new mished a complete

it cost. There were also entel, and of thes three, and the prompted an enth ooys to exclaim with the boys?"

From nine till were reviews or ot twelve class room and many visitors have a look througally or to visit sor At eleven o'clock marched to the s did assembly room They filled the pretty well, but t served on all sid whom a large m On the elevated was a large crowd

Judge Trueman exercises, and with form were Chief J Robertson, Trustee H. Nase, M. Coll, Mrs. Dever, Mrs. crae, Robinson, S Recorder Skinner, A. A. Stockton, M. nay, S. D. Scott, mond, Rev. L. G. Bruce, Rev. Job Simpson, Rev. J. Haley, Dr. Travers Inspector Carter, Secretary Manning The long blackbo platform had on 1 Christmas carol at the middle Christm mounted by bells prettily executed and they comprise the visitors, who he this splendid asse

appointments and The first number called off by Dr. 1 mirably rendered young performers ly appleaded for the lowing brief prog-carried out, and aff ure to the visitors sembled pupils: Recitation—In the Sc March.
Recitation—The Time I of Christ—Henry Simultaneous Recitation the Nativity—Grad Solo-Come Ver Letter Scio-Come, Ye Lofty, Olive Golding. Recitation—The New Y —John Burke. Rucitation — Recessiona

lighted with it, as

Judge Trueman o were now two plea dedication of the school purposes, the entation of medals that there were no present Referring need of a high scho erection of this one, the difference of op isted with referen members of the there was no questi sult of the experim clusive of its wisd itself, with its twelve assembly hall, so ad in Canada in the mat ventilation. The air changed every twel schools. It was a sl should place their d est objects of their hands of entire stra latter and encour school room. The h sympathy and co-or ents and citizens. The a high tribute to the board, and to school. He then pres the building to Mayor ing him to accept the half of the corpora Mayor Robertson,

through the south so dear to the civic spired to make a ! building, compliment highly, compared facilities of today w boyhood, paid a hig teachers and Princip the girls and boys counsel, reminding them lay the future in conclusion form structure dedicated He returned the ke Trueman, assuring 1 ence the citizens board.

The chairman ther Bridges, and after sp of the warmest pro as a teacher in St. for the principalship observed that they take in their choice was now placed the