MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

Negligee Shirts.

With such a tremendous assortment to choose from it isn't hard for a man to buy NEW SHIRTS HERE.

We never did have quite so great a variety of exclusive patterns, and we certainly have crowded more real value than ever into EVERY SHIRT.

75c., $1.00, $1.25, $1.50

Union Clothing Company

26 - 28 Charlotte St., opp. City Market

ALEX CORBET, Manager

THE LONELY GUARD,

—BY—

NORMAN INNES,

Author of "The Surge of War" (London Magazine, Eveleigh Nash, 1906); "Parson Croft" (Eveleigh Nash, 1907.)

(Continued.)

CHAPTER II.

ON HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE.

Had the garret in which the glimmer of two candles struggled with the moonlight streaming through the unshuttered window been a gallery in the Hofburg, and I, a prince of the Empire, the Spaniard could not have flung wide the crazy door with greater ceremony, or honored me with a lower bow. With all a courtier's solicitude, he motioned me to the single chair, and then seated himself upon the deal table.

"My lodging, sir, is narrow as you see," said he, with a wave of his hand, "but my stay in Vienna is of the shortest and I scarce looked for a stranger to honor me with his company."

"He paused, while I stared round the room, at the rough floor-boards, the truckle bed, broken settle and table stained and dented. His eyes followed my glance and a smile flickered about his lips, but there was no trace of mirth in his voice as, leaning forward with his hands upon his knees, he addressed me in English.

"You must wonder, Mr. Lesly, why I, a stranger, should bring thee hither at this hour of the night, in this strange city which is nigh as far from Scotland as it is from my Andalusian home. But as we, who have tasted of life's hazard can witness, in the hour of our need no chance may be left untried, the frailest plank may bridge the gulf 'twixt us and our ends. So, sir, I venture to claim your aid, for my strait is narrow indeed.

"And besides," continued he after a moment's pause, leaning sideways to set a candle upright in its socket, "as I have said, I have the ill fortune to be wounded in the shoulder."

It was the mention of this wound that had roused my misgivings, yet I was loth to appear swayed by von Wegen's tale, Heaven knows, a wounded shoulder was no rare thing in Vienna in those old days.

"A mischance of the field, sir, doubtless," I stammered, "mayhap a hurt of old standing?"

"Nay," replied my host unconcernedly. "'Tis but eight-and-forty hours old—the effect of a careless lunge that a child might have parried—but to be frank I was hampered by my surroundings, being in the act of dropping from a window with a casket beneath my sword-arm."

My jaw had fallen, wide-eyed I gaped at my host. The man's words and the coolness of his bearing left me speechless.

"Wounded?" I gasped, "dropping from a window?"

He nodded. "From a window in the Hart Inn in the village of Hollenberg. Thou canst scarce have forgotten the Bavarian's tale."

In another moment I was on my feet with my blade drawn.

"Yield," I cried—the man had unbuckled his sword on entering the room. "Would I had no hand in thy escape. By thine own confession thou art he who robbed His Highness."

Lightly laughed the Spaniard nor changed his position but sat fronting me with a smile of contempt.

"Thou hast guessed aright. I will make open confession," he replied, "and will yield to thy sword, and further will lay thee a wager that thou wilt leave this room approving my deed.

"Knave," I answered, maddened by the man's effrontery. "Thinkest thou a Scots gentleman had dealings with a Spanish robber?"

Leon de Portugas raised his hand and the dark eyes hardened, though the smile never left his lips.

"Softly, young sir, softly. Thief I may be—mayhap in my place thou wouldst have robbed as I—but I played the knave in another's behalf, and won, may the blessed saints be praised, that to which His Highness had not better title than the word of some scurvy Munich trader, which His Highness, if he be the gallant upright prince I take him for, would never have held. For the jewel I sought—a necklet of pearls—was stolen within a year from a lady who did me the high honor to charge me with the task of seeking and recovering the trinket. For above six months I have journeyed in Bavaria, Saxony, Prussia in quest of the gems, have ransacked shops, inquired of merchants, trafficked with Jews through the length and breadth of three kingdoms. And money I have spent and time, and have risked my life—lightly reck we of Andalusia of the three—aye, and have known strange shifts of carriage and apparel, sore trials to us gentlemen of Spain. But all I bore gladly, the huckster's insult, the merchant's scorn, for the sake of her in whose service I made search. And at last, when by good fortune, much toil and San Antonio's favor I learned that these pearls had been sold in Munich, I reached that city to find that, together with other gems, they had passed into the possession of the Duke of Tuscany."

He turned to snuff one of the candles that guttered upon the table beside him. The moon had set and shadows were gathering in the room, and I stood, my hand upon my rapier's hilt, thralled by the earnestness of his words. His eyes were dancing, his stern features alight as he continued in English, softly pronounced and slowly spoken.

"And I ask thee, sir, what would a cavalier from Scotland have done in a case such as mine, one of thy race, strong or arm, high of courage, whose heart was loyal to the woman of his choice?"

He swung himself from the table, a flush of triumph on his face, while I stood silent yet.

"I can't tell thee," he cried looking me in the eyes. "I can answer for thee and thy people as I answer for every true man in Christendom, Spaniard or French, German or Italian, for ever yheart that sets plighted word and lady's service before all but God's honor. As I did, so wouldst those have done, risking sentry and prison, wounds or death lightly and with soul at ease. And may any hereafter in like case fare no worse than I, for what is a wound in the shoulder so long as tears are dried and wrongs righted."

Never was there robber who gloried in his robbing as did this Spaniard since the days when Jason, as the poets of old Greece tell us, bore home his prize from the Colchian shore. In the murk of that ill-lit room he stood with the sheen of the candle-light upon him, radiant in his triumph, exulting in the success of his venture.

And there was that in his voice and bearing that gave weight to his words as he continued—

"For all his vaporing the Bavarian spoke truth. I knew the man again; and now I ask thee who played my part in the brawl that I would have avoided, to give me thy aid for a while in guarding this collar of pearls. What sayest thou, sir, wilt thou serve me in this?"

Now I have dealt with rogues, and adventurers of all conditions, and being of Scots blood had oft-times erred on the side of caution, giving some innocent no benefit of doubt but dubbing him a knave to safeguard life or pocket, but young as I was, not a doubt had I of this man's good faith. And he must have read what was passing in my mind, for his laugh rang low through the garret as he turned to the cupboard upon the wall and throwing back the door, took from the single shelf an oblong leather case.

"Here are the gems," he cried, tossing the casket upon the table. "Gems worth the revenue of a grandee of Castille."

Motionless I stood and in doubt, nor so much as touched the case, and the Spaniard leaning across the table pressed some spring and there before me lay a string of pearls, silver set and a-gleam in the candle light. Never had I seen any to match them for size and lustre as they lay upon the dark velvet lining. They were jewels worthy a queen indeed, and a fair queen and a proud; a collar that might have glistened on the throat of Egyptian Cleopatra.

But still I hesitated. They were the spoils of robbery for all the glory of their sheen, for all the man's specious argument.

"But," stammered I in my doubt, "on the morrow I am like to be sent miles hence in the service of Her Majesty. Pearls such as these can have no place in a soldier's scanty baggage. How could I answer for their safety in camp, in siege of battle?"

Leon de Portugas shrugged his shoulders. "Nay," he rejoined, "I make no condition, Guard them so far as lies in thy power and duty; the risk is mine."

"Aye, there you have it, sir," replied I, determined that on no condition should this necklet pass to my keeping. "My duty is to the Queen, to His Highness. Though I would serve thee in aught else in this matter, I can do nought."

And he, when I looked to see him upbraid me for this blank refusal, did but snap to the casket with a laugh.

"No matter, Mr. Lesly," said he, slipping the gems into an inner pocket of his coat, "Leon de Portugas can fend for himself, and besides I am already in thy debt. So until we meet again."

He bowed as he opened the door and preceded me to the narrow landing, where he stood candle in hand to light me down the stairway.

"Farewell," I replied, not a little mortified at this summary dismissal, yet mightily relieved, "life has its risks and the world is wide—"

"But we shall meet never fear; though I leave Vienna before sunset upon the morrow I look to see thee again. Farewell, Mr. Lesly, and my thanks."

Down those creaking stairs I blundered and so into the street where the grey of dawn was shimmering upon the roofs. Not a living soul was in sight; in the shadows upon the further side of the roadway a cat was creeping and from an upper window the light of a lamp shone ruddy from behind closely-drawn curtains. And then with the cool air beating fresh upon my face, I thank Heaven I had not fallen in with the man's scheme. Alone in the morning chill the glamour of the Spaniard's personality was fading. I realized with shame that I, an officer of Hussars, had been the associate of a common thief, that in a sense I was a sharer in his felony.

I was in the act of turning about to make the best of my way to my lodging when at the narrow doorway through which I had so lately passed, there appeared a figure, the figure of my late companion, booted, spurred, with a sword at his side and a cloak wrapped close about his shoulders. Up the street and down the street he peered, closed the door behind him and then advanced briskly in my direction. In a moment I had drawn back within the shelter of an archway guilty and ashamed, hot and cold for dread that he should discover me. Deeper I shrank into the shadow and as luck would have it, the Spaniard passed me by without so much as lifting eyes. I drew a deep breath as the lithe, sprucely dressed figure disappeared at the bend of the street, slipped from the shelter of the archway and hurried away in the opposite direction, intent on gaining some few hours sleep before setting out for the Hofburg to learn the nature of the commission for which it had pleased Her Majesty to select me.

The Imperial Palace was thronged. A tide of rich uniforms, costly gowns, of jewels and orders flooded saloon and anteroom to break a wave of colour upon the wide steps of the grand stairway. And in this ever-shifting sea of faces it was with no small relief that I espied the bluff features of Colonel Keith. By his good offices and after some formality and delay, a few minutes after noon I found myself in the presence of the Grand Duke.

His Highness was standing in a window recess bent above a heap of papers, and glanced up sharply, almost apprehensively, as the court official announced us—a simple kindly gentleman, whose commonplace features seemed all out of keeping with the dignity he had gained by a marriage with the heiress of the Roman Empire. Scarcely a sovereign, but an indifferent soldier, more interested in figures and finance than in court or camp, Ferdinand of Lorraine possessed that simplicity of manner which wins many hearts that had won a heart rare and steadfast, the heart of a lady who in courage and counsel rivalled Elizabeth of England, or Isabella of Aragon and Castille.

(To be Continued).

WAS A TOTAL WRECK FROM HEART FAILURE.

Heart disease is characterized by its stealthy approach and its variety of forms, yet in all its forms nature gives unmistakable signals which warn us of its presence.

One of the first danger signals announcing something wrong with the heart is the irregular beat or violent throb. Often there is only a fluttering sensation, or an "all gone" sinking feeling; or, again there may be the most violent beating, with flushings of the skin and visible pulsations of the arteries. You may experience a smothering sensation, gasp for breath and feel as though about to die. In such cases the action of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills in quieting the heart, restoring its normal beat and imparting tone to the nerve centres, is, beyond all question, marvellous. They give such prompt relief, such speedy restoration to health that no one need suffer.

Mr. Darius Carr, Geary, N.B., writes: "It is with the greatest of pleasure I write you a few lines to let you know the great blessing your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have been to me. I was a total wreck from heart failure, my wife advised me to take your pills, and, after using two boxes I was restored to perfect health. I am now sixty-two years old and feel almost as well as I did at twenty."

Price 50 cents per box or 3 for $1.25 at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

THE MICMAC MINE

(New York World.)

When news reached Halifax of the discovery of a new vein entering the main vein of the Micmac, mine at an angle at the 140-foot level W. F. Jenison, the engineer employed by the government of Nova Scotia to examine mines in the province, visited the property and made the following report: "Assuming the anticlinal comes in at the 140-foot level, one can hardly estimate what it means to your property, it is possible that you are near the dome of the anticline. If so there are possibilities for Micmac far beyond what you have so far discovered. This, I am bound to say, is my opinion based upon an accumulation of facts and personal observations. For this reason I am anxious to see you drive the crosscut you are talking of. To my mind it will increase the value of the property beyond anything we have estimated." The cross-cut above referred to has been started and the work is going on steadily.

(It is now up to the owners of the Big Five to get busy.)

N. S. TELEPHONE'S NEW ISSUE

(Halifax Chronicle)

The Nova Scotia Telephone Company have sent out circulars to shareholders announcing a new issue of $200,000 stock at par—in proportion of one new share for five old shares. This issue was authorized at the last annual meeting, and is offered at the same price at which the last issue was allotted, and readily taken up. A premium is now bid for the rights on the market. This stock is now well distributed throughout the province, the number of shareholders having increased from about 400 in 1904 to over 1,000, at present, so that the greater part of the issue will probably be taken up by the shareholders.

The March number of The Nova Scotian, the journal of the Bank of Nova Scotia, is a credit alike to the bank and to the offices having the publication directly in charge. It is well printed, planned tastefully, is nicely illustrated and contains articles of value and interest to those in the bank's service and to the financial world in general. Included in the number is a well written article on the bank's printing and stationery department by W. H. Belding, of St. John, now of the bank's Toronto office. The printing department is in charge of a former St. John man, James Mathews. Mr. Belding figures in a group picture of the bank's hockey team in Toronto.

50 Fathoms Deep

WAY down on the bottom of the sea under three hundred feet of water is the favorite home of the codfish. The ice-cold water of Norway and the North Atlantic is his joy. He has the power to grow fat under severe surroundings. The same natural power is in

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil. Nature herself put it there. This power produces new flesh and new life in those who suffer from wasting diseases.

All Druggists; 50c. and $1.00.

CONCESSIONS TO CANADA

Most of the West India Islands Are in Favor of Tariff Concessions.

Ottawa, March 10—The report of W. G. Parmalee, deputy minister of trade and commerce, and A. E. Jones, Halifax, Canada's commissioners to the trade conference at Barbados last January, among representatives of British West Indies, British Guiana and Canada was tabled in the commons today. The report reviews in considerable detail the resolutions passed at the conference and notes the difficulty of securing unanimity of action on the part of all the various West Indian colonies in respect to effecting a joint reciprocal tariff agreement, but declares that considerable progress has been made towards the consummation of a trade treaty, making for the mutual advantage and closer union of chief British possessions in the western hemisphere.

The resolutions passed by the representatives gathered at the conference declare the time is ripe for mutual tariff concessions; that improved and cheaper communications between Canada, British West Indies and British Guiana, including an all-British telegraphic system joining each colony; that Canadian transportation facilities should be improved in order to prevent present delays in the shipments of goods; that the initial step might be taken by a group of the most vitally interested colonies, jointly negotiating upon a tariff, uniform or assimilated, as regards certain specified commodities and that the United Kingdom and all British possessions should have the benefit of any concessions granted to Canada.

It is pointed out in one of the resolutions that in the arrangement for mutual trade concessions unanimity on all items is not a necessary condition, owing to the different circumstances of each colony concerned. It is also stated in reference to the proposed all-British telegraphic system "that the conference is glad to learn the Canadian government has the subject under consideration."

The proposed schedule of items on which a preferential customs tariff should be given by West Indian islands includes the following Canadian products: Flour, cheese, cordage, butter, hay, oats, peas, fish, lumber, bacon, ham, cooperage stock, shingles, bran, bread, biscuits, soap, grain, horses, boots and shoes, paper, beef, pork or such other articles as may be substituted.

"We understand," say the commissioners, "that it is understood some of the governments determined to take immediate steps to secure necessary legislation to enable them to continue without delay, such direct negotiations with the Canadian government to secure to them such concessions as may be necessary not only to retain the advantage occurring under the present Canadian preferential tariff but also to secure, if possible, such further advantages as may enable them to retain and extend the rapidly growing trade between them and Canada."

Concerning the attitude of Jamaica, the commissioners say it seemed evident the Jamaicans considered their trade with the United States more important than that with Canada and would be unlikely to make any move towards granting special concessions to Canadian products.

The rate of preference desirable for Canadian products in the West Indian markets was not specified at the conference but the commissioners state their opinion that as regards the most important item, flour, the minimum preference required to enable Canada to control the markets would be 25 cents per barrel.

Stop That Cold

To check early colds or Grippe with "Preventics" means sure defeat for Pneumonia. To stop a cold with Preventics is safer than to let it run and be obliged to cure it afterwards. To be sure, Preventics will cure even a deeply seated cold, but taken early—at the sneeze stage—they break, or head off these early colds. That's surely better. That's why they are called Preventics.

Preventics are little Candy Cold Cures. No Quinine, no physic, nothing sickening. Nice for the children—and thoroughly safe too. If you feel chilly, if you sneeze, if you ache all over, think of Preventics. Promptness may also save half your usual sickness. And don't forget your child, if there is feverishness, night or day. Herein probably lies Preventics' greatest efficiency. Sold in 25c boxes for the pocket, also in 25c boxes of 48 Preventics. Insist on your druggists giving you

Preventics

Sold by "ALL DRUGGISTS"

HAS SOLVED PROBLEM OF PERPETUAL MOTION

LOS ANGELES, Cal. March 10—Perpetual motion is apparently demonstrated at a pumping plant installed by W. J. Hollingsworth & Co., on their Lomita tract, which is located on the main road between Redondo and San Pedro. In an effort to devise a plan whereby the natural gas bubbling up through the water could be disposed of a hydraulic engineer discovered a method to utilize it for fuel. It has proven a distinct success, and the unique spectacle is presented of a huge engine pumping water and gas from a six hundred foot well and transforming the gas into units of energy.

W. H. Frost, president and general manager of a gas engine company of this city, is credited with perfecting the invention that makes it possible to pump water which is strongly impregnated with natural gas. His device, which is to be patented, is expected to render waste lands productive and add millions of dollars in value to large tracts which it has been impossible to irrigate on account of the quantity of marsh gas in the water strata.

Although the pumping plant has been in operation only a few weeks the owners have received letters of inquiry from many interested persons, and the gas engine company is overrun with orders for the installation of similar machinery.

Frost hit upon his device through accident. After demonstrating that Lomita is abundantly supplied with underground water, the Hollingsworths decided to drill a well upon a sightly knoll that was of sufficient height to send water under pressure over the entire tract.

The drill went down several hundred feet until water was struck. A powerful centrifugal pump was installed and it worked perfectly until gas began to pour into its chambers, stopping the action. All were discouraged, for it had been impossible to pump water where gas is found in any large quantity.

The problem was explained to Frost. He experimented and after several failures invented a simple apparatus for removing the gas. It worked to perfection.

He then planned a large separator which should release the gas from the water. This was also a success, although at its first trial air became mixed with the gas, causing an explosion that sent the big iron tank high into the air.

When the separator had been repaired and the pump again started the tract owners and representatives of the companies which supplied the machinery gathered to watch operations. The separator sent a stream of gas into the air, while one thousand gallons of water a minute of absolutely pure water were carried into the covered reservoir. The gas was then carried to a gasoline engine by vacuum process and supplied power.

"The pump is pumping itself," exclaimed the enthusiastic engineer, G. M. McIntosh. Although a little distillate is used in connection with the gas at the present time, later it is expected that more than enough gas will be generated to run the entire plant and furnish light as well.

The Tuberculosis Convention

What the Governor-General Said and Didn't Say

The White Plague and its Causes can be Cured by

At the Convention for studying and checking the awful ravages of Lung Troubles in Canada, held in the Royal Alexandra Theatre, Toronto, this week, Earl Grey, Governor-General of Canada, who presided, says people do not get enough fresh air. This is undoubtedly true. Much disease is caused by bad ventilation. his Excellency forgot to say, however, that tens of thousands of people whose work is largely in the open air have throat and lung troubles, brought on by Colds, Coughs, Chills, La Grippe, Pneumonia, run-down systems and exposure. His Excellency also omitted to say that

the Greatest Cure the world has ever discovered for these diseases is

Pronounced Si-KEEN

PSYCHINE

which has become world-renowned for its marvellous cures of Throat, Lung and Stomach Troubles, when all other hope has fled and physicians pronounce the cases incurable. Read the evidence of one of thousands of similar witnesses:—

Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited,—

Gentlemen:—Following an attack of typhoid fever in Toronto General Hospital, three of Toronto's best known physicians pronounced my lungs incurable and hopelessly diseased with tuberculosis. They insisted on my going to the Western Sanitarium for Advanced Cases of Consumption, and assured me that a few weeks or months at most would be my allotted span. While there I felt each day brought me one step lower into the grave. A friend visited me and told me of his wonderful recovery from lung trouble, through Psychine, and insisted on my trying it. I did, and felt so much better in a few days that I got up, said "Good-Bye" to the doctor in charge, and walked out of the institution. I continued using Psychine for some months. I gained in flesh and strength, until today I am back at my regular business in connection with the C. P. R. Telegraph Service. My life I undoubtedly owe to Psychine.

I voluntarily make this statement from a sense of my obligation to you and of my duty to similary afflicted humanity. As you do not know me and probably never before heard of me, I refer you to any of the C. P. R. Telegraph Officials for the correctness of the above statement.

Yours in lasting obligation,
R. DAVENPORT.

Toronto, Sept. 12th, 1907.

PSYCHINE truly cures La Grippe, Coughs, Colds, Chills, Night Sweats, Pneumonia, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, and all run-down conditions, which are almost invariably the forerunners of Tuberculosis, and even incipient Consumption, often when doctors and all other remedies fail. Absolute proof of this fact gladly furnished. Ask your druggist for 50c. or $1.00 bottles, or write to

DR. T. A. SLOCUM LIMITED, 179 King Street West, TORONTO

OBITUARY

John Boyd

John Boyd, one of the pioneer settlers of Johnville (N. B.), died at his home on Feb. 25 after a long, painful illness, at the age of sixty-six years and a few months. The body was interred in the R. C. cemetery at Johnville on Feb. 27. The pallbearers were his brothers William and Edward and four nephews. Rev. Fr. Coughlan celebrated high mass of requiem assisted by Rev. M. Murphy, of Debec.

Mr. Boyd was predeceased by his wife five years, and his son John and daughter Lizzie died during last March. There remain one son William and four daughters Mary, Kate, and Alice at home and Sister Nolasco of the Convent of Mercy in Calais (Me.) to mourn the loss of a kind and loving father. Sister Nolasco, accompanied by Sister Vincent, attended the funeral.

Mr. Boyd was a pioneer settler of Johnville and one of the party who assisted Surveyor Garden to lay out the farms of the Johnville Settlement. He had been postmaster of Johnville for more than thirty-two years. He was a farmer and merchant. He was highly respected by all who knew him and every one who has stayed at his home will remember his kindly face and hospitable ways. He formerly resided in St. Stephen (N. B.)

Rev. L. C. Damour

Edmunston, N. B., March 7—The funeral services of the Rev. L. C. Damour, for over thirty years parish priest, were held this morning and more than 800 people turned out to pay their respects to him whom they so dearly loved. Priests from far and near numbering twenty-two were present and took part in the service at the church. High mass was said by Monsignor Dugal and the sermon was preached by Rev. M. P. Batineau, of St. Jacques. Rev. Ernest Damour, a nephew of the late priest, at Rimouski, was one of the chief mourners.

All stores in town were closed until after the funeral services.

Father Damour had been in failing health for the past two years and for the past two months had been confined to the house but on the day of his death he was feeling much better and ate a very hearty dinner and supper.

About 10 o'clock on Tuesday evening he had a bad turn and the doctor and Rev. Fr. Lannier were summoned but ere the doctor arrived he had expired just after receiving the last rites of the church.

Joshua C. Oldfield

Sussex, March 10—Joshua C. Oldfield, one of the oldest residents of Newtown, passed away on Saturday. He was 79 years of age and was known generally throughout the county. He was a well known mill man and took a deep interest in politics, being a life-long Liberal. He is survived by a widow and twelve children. Mr. Oldfield was an uncle of the late Dr. A. A. Stockton and Robert Stockton, barrister, St. John, whose mother was a Miss Oldfield.

Miss Mary Agnes Murphy

A telegram received last night by Frank Murphy, of Broad street, brought the sad news of the death of his niece, Miss Mary Agnes Murphy, which occurred last evening in Roxbury (Mass.) She was 23 years old, daughter of Thomas Murphy, who was at one time in the bay steamship service, but is now with the Eastern Steamship Company on the Portland division. Miss Murphy spent her summer vacations here during several years and numbers in St. John many friends who will be sorry to learn of her death.

Mrs. Robert L. Ellison

Apohaqui, March 10—At an early hour this morning the community was startled by the announcement of the sudden death of Mrs. Susie E. P. Ellison, which occurred at her home here. Deceased was in her usual health till Sunday, 8th inst., when she was stricken with pneumonia, and though all that medical skill and loving friends could do the end came at 4 o'clock this morning. Her husband, Robert L. Ellison, survives her and she also leaves her mother, Mrs. William Ellison, and a brother, Robert W. Ellison, of Middleland, besides three sisters, viz., Mrs. Herbert L. Jones, of Kars, Kings county; Mrs. G. A. Holden, of St. John, and Miss Carrie Ellison, of Middeland, who have the sincere sympathy of their many friends in their great bereavement.

Mrs. Ellison was 38 years of age and of a kind and amiable disposition, and her bright and cheerful manner had won her hosts of friends who will ever miss her in the coming years.

Mrs. J. T. C. McKean

Mrs. Annie M. McKean, wife of J. T. C. McKean, architect, died early this morning at her home, 6 Richmond street, after an illness of some months. Mrs. McKean is survived by her husband and two children—J. W. McKean, of the I. C. R. and Mrs. J. Otty Sharpe.

WEDDINGS

Mallinson-McCluskey.

Miss Celia Dorothy McCluskey, youngest daughter of J. C. McCluskey, of Milledgeville, yesterday afternoon became the wife of Reginald Mallinson. The ceremony, which took place in the home of Mrs. J. S. Cooper, 382 Main street, was performed by Rev. R. P. McKim. The bride is the youngest daughter of J. C. McCluskey, while the groom, a native of England, has been a resident of the city for several years. The bride's costume was of navy blue cloth. Many beautiful gifts testified to the popularity of the young couple. Included were a handsome oak and leather chair from the groom's fellow employes in M. R. A.'s and a valuable silver service from a party of R. K. L. clubmen. They left last evening for Sherbrooke (Que.), where they will reside.

J. Douglas Black, of the Fredericton Gleaner, and his mother were in the city yesterday for the funeral of Miss Coster.

MANY LONDON, ENG., SCHOOLS DEATH TRAPS

London, March 10—The recent disaster in the Cleveland public school was mentioned before the meeting of the London county council this afternoon by Walter Reynolds, who moved the adjournment of the debate in order that a similar danger which he said threatened the pupils of London might be discussed. Mr. Reynolds declared that within the past three days he had visited many of the county council schools in London and found conditions similar to those that contributed to the heavy death roll at Cleveland.

He had seen many school buildings, the doors of which opened inward, and other dangerous conditions that required urgent attention. The committee on education promised to conduct an investigation.

In Scammell's restaurant last evening the Sydney ward opposition committee met and celebrated the victory of March 3. After an enjoyable dinner there was a programme of speeches and musical numbers. There were songs by J. H. Tonge and Thomas Markey and speeches by James Armstrong, James Lewis, J. McCarthy, William Lewis and others.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

CURES RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES

$1.00 A Year **$1.00 A Year**

The Evening Times

Three Hundred and Twelve Issues *delivered by mail* to subscribers outside of St. John, for

ONE DOLLAR.

DON'T BE WITHOUT ST. JOHN'S ENTERPRIZING EVENING PAPER.

Write your name and post office address below and mail this ad., together with a ONE DOLLAR BILL, and THE TIMES will be started at once.

*Name*_____

WRITE PLAINLY

*Address,*_____

SEND NOW

The **Evening Times,** ST. JOHN, N. B.