"JUSTICE."

A Christmas Story by Rev. Frank Baird of Sussex.

"Goin' to law! Alec an' Sam Duncan! An' them brothers! Why, Andy, ye must be mistaken. Sure Alec's an elder in the Kirk an' Sam's a Baptist deacon."

"Makes no difference it seems. They're both Scotch, ye know Henry—both dour an' set in ways. Alec was down to the village yesterday an' took out the papers. It's to come up in the January court. But I must be gettin' on, Henry. I'm late today. Here's yer mail."

For thirty-two years Andy Upjohn had driven the Mortonville weekly mail. Governments came and went—so did many government officials—but Andy Upjohn went on forever. Once a generation ago a petition for his removal had been daringly put in circulation, but instead of it reaching Ottawa, for which it was intended, it got only as far as the third house in the settlement. Here a certain John Hunter—a Derry man—it all came out afterwards— had read it, and taking it in his hand as though to seek a pen to sign it, without a word to the man who had brought it, the document had been committed to the open fireplace. No more had been heard of opposition to Andy Upjohn as mail-carrier.

But the secret of Andy's grip upon his position was not, however, as some might conclude, to be found in the fact that he did his duty, but in this—he did more than his duty. The quarterly Ottawa check covered the delivery of the mail at the post office, but almost without exception Andy left it at every man's door. And, again, what the paper contained was generally of small moment compared with the news Andy gave in delivering it. On the day in question what to Mortonville was the printed record of the defeat of armies, the birth of princes, or the dethroning of kings, compared with Andy's news that Alec and Sam Duncan were to go to law?

Henry Ford started back from the road to his house deep in thought. Once he stood and looked after Andy whose old rheumatic mare was slowly making her way up a long hill, tacking back and forth on the slope like a ship working up against a head wind. At each house farmer Fred noticed that Andy stopped a little longer than usual. The explanation of this was not difficult. Andy was revealing his great "scoop" of news and incidentally making his position more secure, if that were possible. The thing of prime importance in Mortonville was news—real, genuine, throbbing Mortonville news.

Mrs. Ford listened with much interest as her husband related what he had heard from the mail carrier.

"Did you recall, as Andy was telling ye the story," she said when her husband had finished, "that Sam Duncan was one o' the two who signed the petition long ago in faviour o' a new mail man?"

"I didn't. Never thought of it. But he was, wasn't he?"

"Which of the two was Andy blamin' 'bout the law, do ye think? An' what was the law to be about?"

"I don't min' he blamed either. Alec, he said, had took out the papers, an' really before I could get particulars he was off."

A few hours later Henry Ford was on his way to the corner blacksmith shop, where he had seen Andy's rheumatic mare stand almost half an hour. On entering he was surprised to hear the voices of Rev. Mr. Minton, Baptist clergyman, and Alec Duncan.

Alec was speaking.

"Nay, Mr. Minton. A man canna give up his rights under the British flag. It's writ in my father's will that the family Bible was to go to me. It's mine by right an' I must hae it. It would naw be just to my dead father to let Samuel hae the Bible ony longer."

"But, Alexander," the minister protested as mildly as possible, "there's the contention of your brother, which is supported by an elder and two women of good standing, regarding what your father said the night before he died. Haven't you heard, John"—he turned to the blacksmith—"and you also, Mr. Ford—haven't you both heard that while the will gives the book to Alexander, the word of mouth testimony is in favor of Samuel? Wouldn't it be better now, Mr. Duncan, in the interests of peace, and the cause of religion, since Samuel really has the book and since——"

"I care nothin' for word o' mouth," Alec broke in hotly. "A man must hae his rights, peace or no peace, an' religion or no religion. It's writ in my father's will that the book was to come to me. Sam had no right to take it out o' the house anyway before the will was read. But if the law—if the law gives it to him—if the court rules that in justice"—he laid great emphasis on the word—"Samuel's entitled to the book, I'll say no more. I'll be thinkin' though, no matter how it turns, that me father's Bible, which came frae Scotland, would be much more in place in the home of a Presbyterian than in that of a Baptist."

He shot a look at the Rev. Mr. Minton; then he was gone.

When the minister, saddened and disappointed, had left, Henry Ford and the blacksmith reverted to the threatened law-suit.

"That was a shot at Sam for leavin' the Kirk, you know—that about the book bein' more in place in a Presbyterian house," said the blacksmith.

"I supposed so," Henry added. "There's really a lot of bitterness, isn't there? An' to think that it should be about a Bible? Did anyone ever hear o' the likes? They're not speaking now, I hear."

"No, not since October, when Sam's three-year-old bull beat Alec's at the fair. It may be that if it hadn't been for that this would never have come up. It seems, too, that at the fair one o' Sam's girls had a mat that took first over one o' Mrs. Alec's; my woman was telling me this."

"Too bad, too bad, isn't it? Then they're on different sides in politics. But this quarrel about the Bible! Nothin' could be worse than that. It'll ruin both churches, won't it?"

"It'll hurt both, certainly. Wonder if something couldn't be done? What about Mr. Matheson, the Kirk minister? Could he do anything? Or Andy? He's friends with both—he is now, anyway."

More than three weeks passed. Christmas was only five days away. All Mortonville was looking anxiously forward to the happy reunions of the greatest festival of the year. Enough snow had fallen to make excellent sledding; the year had been prosperous for both farmers and lumbermen, and the coming Christmas gave promise of being a particularly happy one. There had been little sickness in the community; there was no poverty; three weddings were already announced for the holidays, and there were good prospects of at least two more.

But there was one note that jarred. The Duncan brothers, whose splendid farms and buildings looked across the river at each other, were soon to go to law. The thought of this coming event threw forward an ominous shadow, the intensity of which was greatly strengthened by the fact that the object of dispute was a Bible. Almost everything that could be thought of had been tried. Both ministers had done their utmost in order that a great scandal to religion might be avoided. But so far nothing had been accomplished; all negotiations looking toward a peaceful settlement of the unfortunate dispute between the brothers had been fruitless of results. oth men were of the highest character; both passed as religious men; each, however, claimed that right was on his side—and both were Scots.

"I want justice, Mr. Matheson—justice only," Alec had said at the end of a long interview with his minister. "There it is in the will: 'The family Bible I leave to my son Alexander.'" Then the minister had gone silently away. He had hoped for a public reconciliation between the brothers at the church service the coming Sabbath—which was also Christmas day—but now there appeared to be no hope. It seemed the suit must go on.

When the Friday before Christmas came the situation was unchanged. Andy Upjohn on that day had handed Mr. Matheson his mail and was preparing to drive off when the minister stopped him.

"Wait, Andrew," he said. He went forward to the sleigh. There was a look of deep anxiety on his face as he began to speak.

"I am told, Andrew, that you are the one man in Mortonville who might be able to effect a settlement between the Duncan brothers. Are you aware of the fact that over twenty years ago Samuel Duncan signed the petition to have you removed from your office?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are friends now?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you know that for years he has been waiting to show you how he regrets his act? He told me once he would do almost anything you asked him if he could put himself right before you."

"No, I didn't know that."

"You, Andrew, may and must settle this dispute. Go you tomorrow evening—it will be Saturday night and Christmas eve—and urge upon Samuel Duncan to take the book across the river and give it into his brother's hands. That will save both our churches and the good name of the community; that, and only that, will prevent the lawsuit. I know Alexander Duncan. You have the name of doing your duty and more; go now and do this."

With a wave of the minister's hand Andy was off. As he drove along the settlement he thought deeply and seriously. Was it true that he might do what all others had failed to do? True, for years he had delivered Samuel Duncan's mail at his door; but he had done that for all. He had never felt that he had less right to be obliging to him than to others. If he had been heaping coals of fire upon a former enemy's head—if these had been burning—he had not known it. But he concluded to use the opportunity which the minister said was his, and his alone.

As he drew up to the door of Samuel Duncan's house on the evening of Christmas eve, just before lifting the latch he caught the sound of a voice that was low but even and reverent. Stepping to one side of the path, in the light that came through a window he saw the whole family kneeling. The light fell full on the face of the praying father, Samuel Duncan. He alone knelt at the table, the others were bowed before their chairs. In front of the father lay a large open book. The pages were somewhat yellowed, the cover was of leather and very old, but the book was strong and well preserved.

When the prayer was over and the children had gone to bed Andy entered. Two hours later the victory had been won.

"I'll no gie it into his han' but I'll carry it to his doorstep an' there leave it. I hope he'll hae a happy Christmas."

He got up and went to the mantel from which he brought a pen and a bottle of red ink. When he had found a particular verse Andy saw him draw a line of red about it; then he closed the book and lifted it on his side.

"Ye'd better go to bed, mother," he said, turning as he went out; "I'll be an hour—perhaps more."

Andy followed him. The night had turned bitterly cold. The river ice, polished with recent rain, glowed brilliant in the moonlight and looked hard like steel. The two men walked in silence to the point where their paths diversed. Then they said good night. Andy took the road toward home; Sam kept on toward the river.

* * * *

The next morning while the sun was rising gloriously bright as if to do honor to the day that was Christmas and the Sabbath in one, a number of figures could be seen moving about the ice in toward a point on the river that was near to Alexander Duncan's. Andy Upjohn was hurrying across the river. As he neared the shore he saw the figures gather quickly to one spot. When he came up to where they stood and looked down he saw through the ice lying upon the white sand of the river bottom, in water less than a fathom deep, the body of a man. Beside him, partly beneath his breast—he lay face downward—and lying open, was a large book bound in leather. Some ten rods directly up the river, there were evidences to show that the thin ice had treacherously broken in the night.

They cut the ice, and, shivering in the bitter cold, with scarce a word spoken, they drew both the man and the book to the surface. As they brought them into the air the book fell from the dead man's arm and lay upon the ice.

When efforts to restore life were found to be useless, the men considered a moment.

"We never could take him home now," one said; "it's thirty below. We'd freeze crossin' the river. We'll have to carry him up to Alec's."

When they were almost ready to go, one glanced at the open book: "Here's blood," he said; "look on the leaf here—and—and why this is a Bible!"

Andy and two others bent low and looked. The red lines had run a little and made a scarlet blotch over a single verse. But the words showed through. Andy brought his face close to the page and read them. He drew back suddenly as though he had been dealt a blow. He made a quick attempt to close the book. But it was frozen open. He raised it from the ice, but it was rigid as iron in his hand. It could not be closed.

Behind the body of the dead man they bore the open book to the shore, then up the hill to the house, and into the cold parlor where both were laid. When Alexander Duncan was later brought in by the minister he looked long and silently, but unmoved, on the face of his dead brother. As he turned to leave the room, the book, upon the table, lying still frozen open, with the red blotch upon it, caught his eye. He stooped and through the thin pale scarlet he made ou the words:

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

He stood a moment dazed and dumb. Then he staggered, and, throwing up his arm, with a groan he swayed backward and sank upon the coffin. A little later, when it came upon him that justice had been done—not the justice of the law, but of God—the fountain of feeling in the strong Scot's breast was broken up and he wept like a little child.

* * * * *

After all, to those who saw beneath the surface of things, it was a Christmas of great happiness in Mortonville. The churches had been saved, brother and brother had been reconciled, justice had been done, and a week later, when the January court met, the case of Duncan versus Duncan was not called.

FARMER ARRESTED.

Was Going to Elope With Married Woman.

McADAM, N. B., Dec. 23.—A farmer named George W. Day was arrested at Houlton, Me., on Dec. 22nd, charged with adultery with Mrs. E. Rooney. The parties have lived on adjoining farms for some years past, and for some considerable time Mrs. Day has been suspicious that her husband was on terms of intimacy with Mrs. Rooney.

The climax came on the 21st instant, when a letter addressed to her husband fell into the hands of Mrs. Day. The letter, which was couched in most affectionate terms, dispelled any doubts Mrs. Day may have entertained, and she at once consulted her solicitor, with the result that Constable Monson of Houlton received instructions to arrest Day. This he succeeded in doing at 2.30 p. m. on the 22nd on the above charge, and Day was taken to the Houlton jail.

In the meantime the vigilance of Constable Gardiner of McAdam was rewarded by locating Mrs. Rooney at the C. P. Hotel at that place, where she had taken rooms. As soon as it was ascertained where Mrs. Rooney was staying, Constable Monson came over to McAdam, accompanied by Mrs. Day. It then transpired that Day had arranged to meet Mrs. Rooney there and elope with her, taking his four-year-old child with them. Constable Monson, who acted with great tact, persuaded Mrs. Day to await his return and proceeded to the C. P. Hotel to take charge of the little boy, which Mrs. Day claimed. The poor little fellow, who said he had been crying for his mamma, was taken to his mother at the station, and the party returned to Houlton by the evening train.

Day was brought up for examination yesterday (23rd).

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Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

TRAIN ACCIDENT.

Presque Isle Man Seriously Injured.

PRESQUE ISLE, Me., Dec. 23.—Olin Swain of Presque Isle was seriously injured today by a rear end collision on the Bangor & Aroostook freight trains while a passenger in a caboose. The train on which he was riding was being backed toward Caribou when a semaphore warning a freight train from Caribou not to approach the station refused to work and the train telescoped the caboose. Swain's face was cut, his nose broken and one shoulder badly dislocated. The engineer and fireman jumped and were not injured. Swain was starting out to take charge of a line potato car.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Sad Death of Fred. Galbraith.

Young Carleton Man Had His Head Crushed Between Two Cars on Rodney Wharf.

Fred Galbraith, one of the best known and most popular young men on the west side, met death in a horrible manner last evening. He was in the employ of the C. P. R. as yard brakeman, and between five and six o'clock was working on North Rodney wharf, where some cars were being shunted.

A box car standing on the track was to be attached to another car loaded with deals, and Mr. Galbraith was on hand to make the connection. He stood at the end of the box car, waited until the other came, and made the coupling. But he did not step back from between the cars in time, and the projecting ends of the deals caught him. One stick struck him on the right side of the head just about the eye, and forced him against the box car. The momentum of the car was such that the whole upper portion of Mr. Galbraith's head was crushed to a jelly, portions of the bone and brain being left on the deals. He was dragged along in this position, by the moving cars, for some six or eight feet.

Attending to the cars with him at the time were brakemen George Kingston and Merryweather. Mr. Kingston, who noticed the accident, at once ran to Mr. Galbraith's assistance and took him out from between the cars, thus preventing him from falling between the wheeels.

Mr. Galbraith was carried to the office of the St. John Milling Co., only a short distance away, and Dr. Kenney was hurriedly summoned. Dr. Kenney was, however, unable to do anything for the injured man, in whom the only sign of life was the breathing. In spite of his terrible injuries he lived for an hour and seven minutes after the accident occurred.

Mr. Galbraith was the second son of Samuel F. Galbraith, corner of Union and Rodney streets. His parents are both living and he is also survived by two brothers, James, a fireman on the Shore Line, and Arthur, at home, and by two young sisters living at home. Mr. Galbraith had been at railway work for some years. During the past summer he was in the C. P. R. employ at Toronto Junction, and was during previous summers with the Shore Line. For several winters he has been working for the C. P. R. on the west side.

The deals on the car which caused the death of Mr. Galbraith projected over the end fully two feet, or so far at least that when the coupling was made only a couple of inches' space remained between the deal ends and the next car. The load looked as though it had been put on properly, but had shifted during transit. It is the opinion of some that Mr. Galbraith knew of these projecting deals, but was either unable to get clear in time or took too many chances.

After Coroner Berryman had viewed the body, it was removed to Beatty's undertaking rooms and later was taken to his home.

Mr. Galbraith was twenty-three years of age and had for some years been an active member of No. 2 Co., R. C. A.

PROVINCIAL AUTONOMY

Federal Government Hesitating Because of Difficulty Presented By the Educucational Question.

Richard B. Bennett of Calgary, corporation lawyer, politician and man of affairs, arrived in the city yesterday and is registered at the Royal. Mr. Bennett is no stranger to the people of St. John, as he makes an annual visit to his old home at Hopewell Cape, Albert Co. Mr. Bennett is in legal partnership with Senator Loughead and Henry Allison, a son of Dr. Allison of Sackville. Mr. Allison joined the firm about a year ago.

Since leaving Calgary on the twelfth Mr. Bennett has travelled five thousand seven hundred miles. During his trip he visited St. Paul, Chicago, St. Louis, Montreal, Toronto and Galveston, Texas. While in the latter city he saw his brother Ronald, who at twenty-eight years of age is captain of one of the North American liners running between Galveston and Havre. The brothers had not met for ten years. Mr. Bennett expected to have been joined at Montreal by his brother George of the Bank of Montreal, Winnipeg, who is also coming home to spend Christmas, but the train from the west was fifteen hours late.

Fifteen months after his advent into the west Mr. Bennett was elected a member of the local legislature of the territories, and has sat continuously ever since. He declined the federal nomination which was tendered him last January, on account of pressure of private business. The candidate nominated was elected by a handsome majority in the recent federal elections, being one of the three conservatives successful in the territories.

Mr. Bennett told a reporter of the Sun last evening that the conservatives labored under great disadvantages in the recent elections. Manhood suffrage prevails, and a residence of twelve months in the territories and three months in the electoral district are all the qualifications required to secure the voting privileges. Under present conditions, with an English speaking population, this means that the government practically controls the situation. Then the people were greatly interested in having more railways, and felt that the government would be sustained, so that the real merits or demerits of the government's railway scheme were not given great consideration.

"It is the impression among the people of the Territories that the eastern section of the Grand Trunk Pacific will never be built."

Speaking about the possibilities of the Territories, Mr. Bennett said that according to a conservative estimate there were about one hundred and seventy millions of acres of land capable of producing wheat, not yet under cultivation. The wheat crop this year was hardly up to the average, but the prices have been higher than usual.

There has been stagnation in the cattle market, though, and a large number will be held over until next season. Experiments have demonstrated that good crops of fall wheat can be grown in the Territories.

Replying to a question with reference to the progress of the movement for provincial autonomy, Mr. Bennett said it was the largest question that ever confronted the Territories. The dominion government has invited the territorial legislature to a conference on the question, to be held in January. The legislature has submitted a definite proposition as to terms upon which autonomy is desired. They ask for the control of their lands, minerals and timber, just as the other provinces enjoy. At present, of course, the dominion government administer these services. "We also ask for a representation at Ottawa commensurate with our population. This would give us half as many more representatives as we have now. We ask for a subsidy based upon the same terms as the older provinces, and compensation for lands alienated for federal purposes."

Mr. Bennett has been a firm and unswerving advocate of provincial autonomy since his entrance into the legislature, and it is a matter of common knowledge, that his addresses on the question have very materially forwarded the movement. During his first campaign he announced himself strongly in favor of the change.

Mr. Bennett says the people are divided on the question as to whether there shall be one or more provinces. Many think there should be two provinces between Ontario and the mountains. This would mean the extension westward of the boundaries of Manitoba, in order to make its area the same as the new province that would be created. There is a strong feeling in the eastern part of the Territories against annexation to Manitoba. "Personally, I believe that unless the people in the Territories agree, the government will not make such annexation. A small group believe there should be three provinces, but a much larger number are in favor of two. The final responsibility, however, rests with the federal government, and, before long we shall learn their determination as to our future."

The legislatures since 1900 have declared unanimously in favor of the granting of provincial institutions.

The opinion prevails that the neglect of the federal government to deal with the repeated demands of the legislature for autonomy has been owing to the difficulties that surround the solution of the educational problem. Whether separate schools shall exist by law, or whether they shall be prohibited, is the first question calling for decision, and shall the new province or provinces be given full powers to deal with the matter without any limitations whatever. At the present time separate schools exist, but the teachers must possess the same qualifications as those in the public schools. The same text books are used, and a system of uniform inspection prevails. It will be remembered that the premier on the eve of the general elections communicated with Premier Haultain of the Territories, stating that if his government was returned to power, the question of autonomy would be at once taken up, so that before long the Territories will know their fate.

Mr. Bennett will leave today for his home, and expects to be in St. John again on the 31st, on his return west.

Mr. Bennett referred to the success of Clifford Jones, one of the leading members of the Calgary bar, whose old home is in Wolfville. Mr. Jones is a graduate of Acadia College, and went west some years ago. He has built up a large practice, and a few days ago was elected an alderman of the city. His brother, Stanley Jones, is also practising in Calgary.

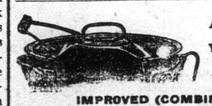
A FATAL FIGHT.

After Midnight Mass Crowd Paraded the Streets With Red Flags.

RAZOM, Russian Poland, Dec. 25.—After the midnight mass at the Roman Catholic cathedral, a crowd composed of workmen, paraded the streets carrying red flags. The military authorities in trying to disperse it were received with shots and a serious fight followed, in which the commander of the 26th Regiment was killed and a gendarme was wounded. One of the demonstrators was killed.

POPE RECEIVED THE CARDINALS

ROME, Dec. 24.—The cardinals were received this morning by the pope and offered their Christmas greetings. The pontiff thanked the prelates and conversed familiarly with them for half an hour, avoiding any illusion to politics.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EVENLY DIVIDED.

Nan Patterson's Counsel Does Not Think There Will Be A New Trial—Nan Is Disappointed.

NEW YORK, Dec. 23.—Following a day of intense nervous strain, Nan Patterson tonight is in the Toms, ill and perhaps on the verge of a breakdown, but with constant attendance.

The former show girl, expecting acquittal at the hands of the jury which has listened to the evidence of her trial for the murder of Caesar Young last June, went into court this noon to learn that the twelve men chosen to decide as to her innocence or guilt had been unable to reach an agreement—in fact had divided evenly over the question as to whether or not she held the revolver which ended Young's life.

The jury stood six to six—half for acquittal, the other for conviction. Although no official announcement was made further than this, court house talk had it that of the six deciding against Miss Patterson none was for conviction of murder in the first degree, that one held out for murder in the second degree, two for manslaughter in the first degree and three for manslaughter in the second degree.

Immediately the announcement of the verdict was made Miss Patterson broke into a fit of weeping, which continued even after she was led from the court room to a retiring chamber, where physicians were called and restoratives administered.

The demonstration in the court after the announcement of the disagreement was somewhat remarkable, many pressing forward to express sympathy for the young woman.

Abraham Levy, chief counsel for Miss Patterson, called on his client in the Tombs late this afternoon and remained with her an hour. He was ill in bed when the court convened, but when he learned of the action of the jury he went to the jail to cheer his client.

"The girl is in a very bad mental condition," he said, after he left her. "She is almost constanly hysterical, but I don't think she will collapse. I hope I left her in a somewhat better frame of mind. I, of course, cannot tell what we will do for her yet. The counsel for the defence will have a consultation, and will then do the best we can for her. If the re-trial is not right away, I am going to make a desperate effort to get bail for her. I will plead with Mr. Jerome to reduce the bail to $15,000, and I will be able, I think, to arrange for that amount and thus let her have her freedom while again awaiting the long nerve-wrecking ordeal she will have to face."

Interest tonight centred in what the district attorney will do in the case. District Attorney Jerome has not said what he will do, but it was intimated that the way the jury stood would influence him in favor of a new trial.

The jury took but one ballot, according to the foreman, and devoted the remainder of the time to discussion. From first to last the division was even. One juror is quoted tonight as saying that one of those who stood for acquittal tried on the coat which Young wore at the time of his death and with a revolver attempted to demonstrate that suicide was possible.

The interest in the case was so intense that the crowds which had stood outside the court building all the morning pursued Foreman Harmer of the jury when he left the court after the final adjournment. He boarded a car, but men chased this to his business office and mounted policemen were called upon to disperse the throng.

Abraham Levy tonight issued a statement in the course of which he said:

"From our understanding of the law applicable to it, and a careful analysis of the material proofs, which could be regarded as having any legal or logical relation to the case, we felt confident that the trial would result in the girl's acquittal; and we are disappointed at the outcome.

"We are more convinced than ever that a verdict of 'guilty' never will be reached in the case. Whether or not there is to be a third trial, is a matter largely resting in the official judgment of the district attorney, whose conclusion on that subject, necessarily, will be affected by his legal judgment as to the probability of conviction, and his more purely official judgment whether or not the country should be subjected to the enormous expense which another trial of such a case entails."

After expressing his appreciation of the work of Judge Davis and reviewing the fact that there was no coroner's inquest, and that the defense did not have the minutes of the grand jury which indicted Miss Patterson, Mr. Levy continued:

"The defendant is wholly without means. When counsel assumed the defense of her case it was with the understanding and with the expecation that the defendant would be sufficiently equipped with means, if not to properly compensate them, at least to meet the actual expenses which were bound to arise. This she has never been able to do, so that during the progress of the trial we did not even have the stenographer's minutes of the testimony, but were obliged to depend upon our own notes as to proofs given through a trial spreading over three weeks."

WHY SHE CAN'T LOVE HIM.

Mrs. De Swift—I could love my husband but for one thing.

Mrs. Homer—And what is that?

Mrs. De Swift—The fact that I am married to him.

WILL THEY?

The Halifax Chronicle over a despatch from St. John announcing that both parties have agreed to use no money in the present compaign for the local house places this headline "Will Rely on Booze."

MEN WANTED.
We have a position open for one good man in each locality, local or travelling, at $840 a year and expenses $2.50 per day tacking up show-cards and generally advertising a New Discovery. No experience necessary. Write for particulars,
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Oddfellows' Hall

SMALLPOX UP COUNTRY.

Bangor Hears That it is Spreading in the Lumber Camps.

(Bangor News.)

According to the reports that are coming into the office of the state board of health, the smallpox in the northern part of the state seems to be on the increase, and is, as usual, located in the lumber camps. It was only Tuesday that the presence of the disease in a lumber camp in the Chesuncook region, where four men were affected with it, was reported to the secretary of the state board of health, but on Thursday that was followed by a second report, that the disease had been discovered in a lumber camp belonging to the St. John Lumber Co., in the Seven Islands region, near the province of Quebec. This makes three camps where smallpox has been found to exist this fall.

The report was sent to Dr. Young, the secretary of the board, by Dr. Flynt, of Fort Kent, one of the inspectors appointed by the board, who has taken charge of the matter, and who will use all available means to keep the disease confined within its present limits. Dr. Flynt has been employed by the lumber company to look after the work, and the camp will be quarantined and other necessary measures taken. In accordance with a regulation of the state board of health, the company will be expected to look after the matter of preventing any further spread of the disease in the camp.

As to the origin of the outbreak of smallpox, there is no doubt that it came from over the border. The region where the disease exists is in the extreme northern section of the state, between the province of Quebec and the province of New Brunswick, in the vicinity of the St. John river, which forms the northern boundary, and as the majority of the men employed in the lumber camps come from the other side of the line, it is easily seen how the disease might be brought into the state.

Why Do Women Worry
AND
Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.
The worry habit is an unmitigated evil.
Worry is by far the most frequent cause of nervous disease.
Because of the multitude of household and family cares, and because of the nature of their employment, women are especially liable to give way to worry and anxiety.
The result is wasted nerve force, weakness and disease.
It may be nervous headaches, sleeplessness irritability, indigestion, discouragement and melancholy, or weakness and irregularities peculiarly feminine.
The only way to restore health and strength is by increasing the nerve force in the body, and this is best accomplished by the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.
Make a test of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food by noting your increase in weight from week to week while using it.
Notice the improvement in your appetite, and how much better you rest and sleep.
The healthful appearance of women who have used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the best proof of what it will do in the way of steadying and strengthening the nerves, rounding out the form and replacing weakness and disease with new strength and spirits.
Mrs. Felix Michaud, Edmundston, N. B., writes: "You are at liberty to publish a report of my case as I was cured by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. For five years I was troubled with nervous headache and sleeplessness. I would get up in the morning feeling as tired as when I went to bed at nights. I had no appetite and no energy or ambition. In vain I had tried all sorts of medicine, but when I began the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food a change in my condition came about as if by a miracle, and I have steadily improved until I am strong and well again."
Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. The portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

BAIL FURNISHED.

TORONTO, Dec. 25.—Police Magistrate Harryette of Bancroft, who has been in jail over a fortnight in connection with the West Hastings election frauds, is ot be released on a twenty thousand dollar bail.

YARD MASTER KILLED.

LONDON, Dec. 26.—A Grand Trunk yard master was run over and beheaded by a train today.