THE STATE OF THE S

Railway Objects to the g a Cheap Rate.

2.-F. I. Whitney. reat Northern raila statement here becommerce commisinvestigating the nadian Pacific rate

ined that the Ameren held up by the and at price of obliged to give up aking of the inought about by the Mr. Whitney declarnadian Pacific had rates, the American would not have s losses. The speag point of the fact er rate throughout een completely deresult of the action Pacific.

id that the Canadian d companies to reres from New York to one cent a mile. such a cut meant mous sums to estern points costs a mile, and where and sparsely pops even greater. Ren as to whether the affered through the Mr. Whitney said ed by railroad ofork that the loss to been appaling, deat the volume of tly increased.

H COMMONS.

in Talks About Govern-British West Indies.

2.—Speaking of the rnment aid to the es, the secretary of nies, Joseph Chamhouse of commons overnment's policy ding the result of gotiations between and the West In-

Chamberlain refound the United ery hard bargainers uncertain whether rnment would be of the terms ofling duties, he adthe West Indies y on sugar, were an understanding States was not ar-

and honor of this mberlain said, "deest Indian colonies

same subject, the cclonies remarked s government wishct communication ster the fruit trade. explained that it to employ governthe new service, but isting private firms ners in West Indian that they might be heir services. then voted by 178

RATCHFORD OF JOHN.

Mrs. E. Ratchford. ohn on July 29, were boro on Saturday the old and long where many of the nily lie buried. The the station by the rector of Parrshoro. the family met the at the station. The St. Georg's church casket was beautiith flowers. Many were from plants tivated by the deago at the family dge Island, known house. The service icted by Rev. Hannd at the grave by Mr. Johnston ds to those assemnay be allowed to which so naturally n like this. It is ble feeling when to his motherland reverently bend A feeling someprompted the resoul to look for o the place sancti-py memory and to e in the bosom of which is the last nany of her race. n of another gen taught to respect that the church to such a faithful almit her to the nt dead; it is meet en of the church, mble to do honvenerated race, he church was debowl is broken, the d, the pitcher is tain, we pray that

ray may spend more

grocer for

EMMERSON.

The publication of some extracts from the Monoton Transcript poet's great poem on the Hon, H. R. Emmerson has created a demand for the publication of the splendid eulogy in full. The Sun hastens to comply with the request. The sacred bard thus plants our premier among the immortals:

For Emmerson the people stand, Now Premier of New Bruzswick's land; With confidence he does inspire Men of the city and the shire. A man of eloquence is he, And firm in his integrity; In all his actions he is just, A gentleman whom all can trust.

A man of honesty and nerve, From duty's path he will not swerve; He is discreet and learned too, And he the right will always do.

True patriot, a statesman wise, His politics we highly prize, Beneath his wisely guiding hand Prosperity will spread the land. The farmer and the artizan

Will prosper by this able man, And commerce, too, will feel his power, Increasing every day and hour. Upright in heart and pure in soul,
'Tis right that he should things control
'Tis right that he shall premier be

Three cheers for him we all will give, And pray that long he here may live, We pray that he may happy be Through time and in eternity.

PANTOMINE AUROSS THE WAY.

Between her and me there was a great gulf, a chasm with precipitous walls of stone. We were so near towalls of stone. We were so near together that I could see the color of her eyes when the light shone fairly, but between us was the gulf, and in the bottom of it a roaring river.

In the morning the river ran south-

In the morning the river ran southward; at noon it was full of conflicting tides that clashed and surged; in the late afternoon it ran mostly northward toward Printing House square and the Brooklyn bridge. It was a river of humanity and the gulf was the canyon of Nassau street, in New York city.

She was on the western bank and on the eastern, a hundred and fifty feet above the bed of the stream. Crossing was easy, but I could not go because I had no errand. How could I invade the office of Stoughton & Bland and say: "Gentlemen, I have come to tell your secretary that I

I did not think it fitting even to ask what name she bore of such acquaint-ances as might have been able to answer. I would not have known what firm employed her but that I could read the cilt letters on the glass door of their office when there was light behind it in the hall. It was hard to make them out, for, of course, they read backward to me, being glued to the other side of the door, but I looked across so often that I could have made them out at last had they

She used to wear neat and tasteful clothes and her hair was always just right. Her desk and the typewriting table were never in disorder, and from that I inferred that she had been well brought up, a conviction reinforced by my observations of her bearing toward all who spoke with her. Busy seemed to be hurried or worried, and it seemed to me she never had un-finishd work to put aside at the close

upon her one bright morning showed me that her eyes were hazel. I had thought that they might be blue, for her hair was light. She was of slender figure, not strong enough, it seemed to me, to work so hard. I noticed that her cheeks never had in them enough color to be visible from across

The man who dictated and signed most of the letters she wrote was a ruzzling fellow. He looked not more than thirty-five, but his hair was almost white. He was always very considerate of her, in his manner, and she obviously looked up to him as a great man. I wondered why he did not see that she needed a long rest and the tonic air of the mountains. Probably he found her indispensable in his business affairs, yet I fancied he might make that plea some day and be answered by the Reaper that no mortal is indispensable.

She was very faithful in her work

and I think that the young man with the gray hair appreciated it for I often saw him praise her. It was easy enough to know when she received this commendation for it

pleased her extremely.

There were two clerks and a bookkeeper in the employ of Stoughton & Bland, and I judged that all of them were deeply conscious of t secretary's charms. The youngest them was obviously in love with and he frequently got snubbed his attentions. He was a tall handsome youth, with corn co head in a wave which he had the good sense not to spoil with a comb nd brush.

There was also a square-shouldered fellow who bristled with energy. He seemed to be employed in outside work, and it was only in the early hours that he had a chance to talk with her. She treated him with suf-ficient cordiality to cause jealous feeling on my side of the canyon—for it pleased me to fancy myself in love with her.

Lastly, there was the old book-keeper, who must have lived somewhere in the country, for he brought her such flowers as the florists do not sell, and laid them on her desk before she came down. He would be alone in the office then, and he did not know that I was watching him from across the chasm. I have seen him spend twenty minutes in arranging half a Lastly, there was the old book twenty minutes in arranging half a dozen wild flowers, and then dodge quietly away at the sound of a step in the hall. In all my days at the window I never saw him address her till she had first spoken to him.

There was a day in June when she did not correct that the state of the state of

There was a day in June when she did not come to the office. A tribute of blossoms awaited her and I could read the anxiety in the old book-keeper's back, where he stood by his desk on the far side of the room, as the minutes passed on beyond the usual time of her appearance. When

the gray haired young man came in his first glance was directed toward the desk, of which the lid was closed for the first time, at that hour, for

many months.

Immediately a messenger boy came in with a telegram, and when the head of the firm had read it he looked toward the closed desk egain, so I knew what must be in the despatch. The book-keeper was watching, over his shoulder, and by and by he plucked up courage to ask a timid question of his employer. The answer made him look very grave.

Whatever the news may have been, he communicated it to the light-haired youth and the square-shouldered fellow in the latter edge of the luncheon hour before the chief had returned. They took it very hard and the younger of them stood by the window afterward, when he should have been at work, and he looked the

Yet the girl was on hand at the usual hour next morning and was the recepient of cordial greetings, though she had to ask the book-keeper for his. In the afternoon when she stood by the window for a few minutes, I thought she looked quite ill, and worse than that she seemed ap-prehensive. The blight of melancholy was on her. I fancied her as one of told that there will be no maturity; and must grow.

Three days later she was absent again. Then I saw her on three consecutive days, leaving out of account

passed with no glimpse of her. In the latter afternoon of that last day, a man who could be known for a doctor half a mile away, made a long call upon the head of the firm. They conversed very seriously for a few minutes, and then drifted to general themes and laughed and puffed their cigars as if nothing were wrong. That fixed my estimate of the gray halled young man at a very low point in the scale.

There was no ign of her during the week. On Monday I saw unusual sights in the office across the 'ay.
First the old book-keeper came in;
while he had the office to himself be
occupied her chair and I saw him shed teats. Then the young man with the corn-colored hair appeared and upon my word I was afraid to see nim

A little latter the three clerks, the gray-haired man and an elderly | erson, whom I took to be the second member of the firm, just arrived from abroad—for I had heard a rumor that one of them had been in Europe nearly a year—assembled in confer-ence on a plane of equality which only a mutual deep sorrow could have justified. After a while the two clerks did not well command, I got a glimpse of white blossoms and green leaves.

I think these men were all sincere, but not one of them—not even the old book-keeper-felt a grief that matched

mine, Nothing just like that has mine were often open. It was then that a ray of sunshine striking down upon her one bright marrising down should have found nothing sympath-etic or attractive in that woman if I had met her face to face, but when that meeting, on this side of the grave had become impossible, I pictured her in her speech and in her heart and soul as all that her sweet face

and soul as all that her sweet labeled had promised.

I longed to share with those who had known her the privilege of expressing my sorrow at her early death; indeed, I resolved to do so, death; indeed, I' resolved to do so, even at the risk of committing an impropriety. Therefore when I saw the pasteboard boxes despatched in the castody of the "essenger boys, I hastened to intercept them on the street. It was easy enough to read the address upon the boxes, but there was no name—only a street and number in Brooklyn.

That was sufficient, however, I hastened to a florists' and gave orders for such tokens as seemed appropriate

for such tokens as seemed appropriate
And so that was the end. The sight
of her at the window day after day, a feeling of cheer from her bright presence near me, and then the sorrow for the loss of one whose very name I did not know. I missed her heartily in

those succeeding weeks.

Even so late as September, I had by no means forgotten her or the incident connected with that time of strange and fanciful sorrow. It was on the fifth day of that month when a man of familiar aspect, yet certainly not an acquaintance, walked into my office. He came slowly up to ne and office. He came slowly up to ne and laid two cards upon my desk. One was my own and the other bore the tracription: "John M. Douglass, M.D."

The name was not familiar, but the man I had cortainly seen. Ah, to be sure! He was the doctor who had come to the office across the way when the end was 'irawing near.

"That's my card and the other one is yours, isn't it?" he said.

I nodded.

"Yes," I replied they were for lear."

And I glanced across the way.
"Well, you probably have some rational explanation of it," said he, "but hang me if I know why you should have sent that cart load of funeral emblans to her on the occasion of her wedding. If you wished to intimate that marriage with me was equivalent to death, it was a bad joke, sir, and if you didn't then what in thunder did it mean. I've carried that puzzle with me 2.000 miles this summer on our wedding journey, and now, by Lucifer, you've got to sell me the answer!"

I don't want to go any further with this story. It has come to a point where the recollexions aroused are really too painful.

Beigium is the home of the rading pigeon. There the sport is the national pastime, and a good pigeon frequently wins for its owner large sums of money, the prizes being considerable, to which heavy pools are added.

QUETZAL He stood in the prow of his snake-skin craft,
He steered for the rising sun.
The tropic waters about him laughed,
The tropic heavens above him shone.
A wine warm breeze from the shore was
blown

As the God fared forth on the sea alone, His mission and duty done.

free From the wars of old, from the years of

strife, When with blood and brawls was the nation From the War-God's rule and the slaughter knife.

And the Aztec charnel-den.

"The land lies lulled with songs of peace,
The ripened corn-bloom swings,
And Aztec maidens cull the fleece
Of the cotton plant; but the wild alarms
Of the ruined towns and the ravaged farms
Call their lovers not from their brown,
round arms,
To dies for their cruel kings.

"I have labored long, but I builded well,
And my tou was not in vain;
For Artec mothers long will tell
Of the days of peace that the White God brought, Of the arts of peace that the

fraught. The God will come back again."

How in years to come, with new blessings

He shoreward turned his eyes,
And far away, where the beach-line gleam
He heard the shout of the Artec folk
Above the roar of the waves that broke,
And saw the sullen, ascending smoke
From the stone of sacrifice.

—Joseph L. Hooper in Overland Monthly.

With the Price of Bleod.

(Gwendolen Overton in the Argonaut.) Sola Vejar, simple child of a guileless race, believed in her very soul that wealth would outweigh in the heart of Antonio Mascavel, the beauty of Refuglo Garflas, great and renowner though that might be. Therefore, and for that only, did she sigh for riches and hate the poverty with which Providence had seen fit to curse her. For Sola was not beautiful, save for the beauty that some find in a firm chin and powerful mouth, a wide forehead and deep eyes overset with mighty brows-which may have their charm for the student of his kind, but

sion of San Gabriel. The fame of the presence in the States and for his expatriation; there was a priest who was eating out his wretched soul for her, and who had so far fallen from grace as to have told her so; there were innumerable Mexicans, ranchers, shopkeepers, desperadoes and gamblers. All followed tamely and suppliantly in Refugio's train.

But she loved only Massayal Sha

But she loved only Mascavel. She admitted it at last to Senor Garfias, when that wiry little creature demanded that she make a choice. The senor was aghast. The possibility of it had not occurred to him.

"Antonio Mascavel!" he said. "But

you do not know him."

she said.

"Where have you seen him?"

She was not minded to tell of the meetings in the willow-hidden bed of the arroyo, so she held her peace.

"But the man is a bad character.

He is a gambler."

Still Refugio was silent. There must

be better arguments than faults, vices or crimes to bring against the unan-swerable one that a woman loves. Of this Senor Garfias became gradu-ally aware after he had protested for hours and for days, and after finding that despite his prohibitions, despite close supervision, his fair daughter and Mascavel were in constant com-

munication. Then he hunted out Antonio him-Then he hunted out Antonio himself, where he sat playing at cards in the barroom of the Lafayette, and he pleaded with him, courteously and respectfully, for Mascavel was a big man and a desperate one. But he, too, answered that he loved, and when all was said and done, it had gone no farther than this, that they both loved, and that wisdom might stand aside. Garfias went with his baffled hopes to Senor Vejar—the brother of Sola. The house of Vejar—a two-roomed The house of Vejar—a two-roomed abode which had never been white-washed—stood several hundred yards forther north along the road than that of Garfias. It was the last one before the open country, and had no neigh-

is yours, isn't it?" he said.

I nodded.

"You sent it with some flowers to 811 De Vaux street, Brooklyn, on June 28, didn't you?"

"Yes," I replied. "they were for Per."

And I glanced across the way.

"Well, you probably have some rational explanation of it," said he, "but hang me if I know why you etta.

"Dut hang me if I know why you bors.

Senor Vejar was much younger than Garfias. He had the same mighty brow and powerful mouth that made his sister hideous to a race that loves all things gentle and gracious. He was one of those who pined for Refugio, but her father did not know this so he told him the whole story of his thwarted will and plans, and implored advice as he made a cigar-etta.

ette.

'If it were not for the cursed laws of the Gringoes, if things were as they were in my youth, I could force my own daughter to marry the man I pleased," he said.

'You sannot

pleased," he said.

Vejar shook his head. "You cannot do that," he answered.

"What then shall I do?" Garnas was moved to the point of tears. They hung on his long black lashes and dropped on his blue overalls.

The situation was too complicated to be set straight in a moment. It was not simplified by Vejar's having his own suit and chances to consider. "I cannot advise you at once", he said.

"I cannot advise you at once, he said,
"I will think and will help you, if I
can, in the morning." He took counsel with his sister when Garsas had
ridden away.

"Oh!" snarled Sola, "the love of Antonio! A thousand dollars would bury it so deep that it would never

"Yet," said her brother, not under-standing women, "you would be glad to have it." The deep eyes shone. She shrugged

her shoulders. "Yes, I would be glad to have it. And I could have it for a thousand dollars—perhaps less."

"At that cost you must be content to go without it. What advice shall give to Don Garflas?" "How should I know? Let him see

to his own troubles, and be glad that your sister is not so beautiful that you have no peace because of her." It was long after dark when a horse stopped at Vejar's abode. Vejar had been asleep. He jumped up and went to the door. He had his finger on the trigger of his revolver. A man stood under the broken down romanda. Before he spoke the Mexican had seen by the moonlight that he was a Grin-go. They talked together in low tones until Sola joined them, rubbing her eyes and moving noiselessly with her bare feet across the dirt floor.
"This man," said her brother, "is an

American. He says he has ridden all day to get into Los Angeles before night, but his horse went lame. It is so bad now that he can go no farther, and he wishes to stay here until morn-

"Let him stay," said Sola, not too graciously, "He can have my bed. I Vejar grunted in much contempt.

"Mascavel does not lie awake for you," he said.
Sola made no answer. She accept-Sola made no answer. She accepted the fact. She put the American upon the blanket covered willow boughs that she called her bed. Her brother tied the horse beside his own in the roofless adobe outhouse, and fed it some hay. He did nothing for its lame foot. The suffering of dumb brute is a matter of utter in-

difference to a Mexican, when it is not cause for laughter.

The American was a mere youth.
Sola saw that when the patch of moonlight finally worked around to where he lay he was so still that she began to think he might be dead. So she rose from where she sat upon the a Mexican lover, and, least of all, for went near to see if he were breathing. It, seemed that he slept very lightly, for he started up with his left hand upon his belt and his right hand upon his revolver.

dark Venus. And his opinion was also that of the surrounding country, of might be dead," said Sola, in her the city of Los Angeles and the misdeep placid voice, full of the Indian sion of San Gabriel. The fame of the daughter of Garfias had spread even among the Americans, and when strangers asked to be shown a beautiful Mexican they were taken to the house of Garfias, upon the outskirts of Sonora town. So it may be supposed that Refugio had lovers. They came from far and near, and from every rank of Californis life. There was an American whose fortune was vast and as generously spent as fortunes were in the early '50s; there was an Englishman with a determination to have her at any cost, even at that of a few lives—a tendency of character which accounted for her presence in the States and for his expansion; there was a priest who was many coins had clinked, as to whether sweetness of sound. He took his hand many coins had clinked, as to whether there were enough to buy Antonio Mascavel. Five hundred dollars would do it-for a time. After that he might kill her; or he might let her live and go away with Refugio—which would be worse. He was a gambler through and through, and none the less so be-cause of being luckless. A few hun-dred dollars in actual cash would present to him unlimited possibilities of the wealth that it might win. And there is always the poor chance, in a woman's mind, that the man may learn to love as she loves. He might forget Refugio, or she might marry some one else.

Some one cise.

She went slipping across the earthen floor and groped in a corner behind a string of chiles. Her hand came out from the shadow holding a knife that gleamed as she moved back through the strip of moonlight and toward the willow hough relief where the in willow-bough pallet, where the in-cautious youth lay, sleeping heavily

Fifteen minutes later she went into the room where her brother lay upon a bed like her own. She roused him with her bare foot. He turned with

"Get up and come here," she said. She was not a caparicious creature.

It was her way to do little, but that
in dogged earnest. Sa Vejar sprang
up and went with her. She stopped
teside the bed and pointed down to

"I have killed him," she said.

Vejar made no answer. He did not understand "I have killed him," she repeated.
"You take him away and bury him."
It flashed upon Vejar that what his sister said was true. He was frightened. He dropped down beside the body and dragged it into the streak

"Take care." Sola warned him; "if there is blood on the floor it can be seen. I can burn the blanket that is on the bed, and no one saw him come Vejar let the bady fall and stood up facing her. She could see the dread-tul light in his eyes, but she did not

"You can turn the horse loose, and it will never be known," she said, indifferently. He had money. There is \$800. I have counted it. Antonio will marry me for that."

Vejar struck her down with a blow on the breast. She sat upon the floor as quietly as if she were basking in the sun, dreaming the eternal Mexican dreams.

"If you hit me again, I shall say that you did it. They would believe me."

Vejar stood thinking, with the body of the woman at his feet. He knew that she was right. The Gringoes would believe a woman. It was the custom of the fools. She held his life in her hard, broad hands, and she would give it for the sake of the softeyed gambler as calmiy, as relentlessly as she had given that of the body between them. He carried out the body and buried it before dawn, far from the abode, and so skilfully that there were no tracks of the spot. Then he turned the lame horse loose, and it wandered into the town.

For the sake of the forty gold pieces that were Sola Vejar's dowry that she had come by, he did not ask how -nor care—that conjured up visions of limitless wealth to be won, Antonio Mascaval consented to take her and let the ungilded beauty of Re-

fugio Garfias go. Many Americans disappeared in those days, and were flever accounted those days, and were flever accounted for. It was so with the one who had started from the San Fernando district to Los Angeles, foolishly carrying a large amount of gold in his belt—some said more than a thousand dollars. The sheriff and a posse search ed and did not see him; that was all.

Antonic lived with Sola for a year, and she was happy, through no fault

of his. His luck turned, and he won, with her nest-egg, the fortune he had dreamed of. Having done so, he left her and went across the border.

For a long time Sola mourned, sullenly and deeply; then-Vejar having been killed at a round-up by an enraged steer-she took up her abode with Refugio, and became a devoted and patient nurse to her children. For Refugio had married the rich American, and had long since forgiv-

en the defection of Mascavel and the woman who had caused it.

FOR A PERFECT NECK.

A perfect nesk is not often seen. The shoulders may be well rounded and the skin white and fine, and yet ugly hollows and distinct shedows of collar bones completely spoil the contour.

This can all be remedied, and that easily. Let any girl who has such a neck try the effects of symmestics fifteen minutes every night and morning for a month.

The result will surprise her.

Stand with the toes turned out well, hold the knees rigid and keep the shoulders still. Now, with the neck of your dress and all bands loosened, be very deliberate and slow in all the movements, se trouble is likely to result in the way of "stitches" and strains. Let the arms hang at the sides.

Now drop the head as low upon the neck as possible, as limply as you can, without moving any part of the body below the neck. Revolve the head slowly, keeping it dropped as low as possible.

At the first symphoms of weariness or vertigo rest until relieved; then repeat the movement, turning the head as slowly as possible.

This will do mare to strengthen the unde-

movement, turning the head as slowly as possible.

This will do more to strengthen the undeveloped muscles of the neck, reduce large, ugly cords, and give the head a free, graceful poise than boxes of skin food, atthough cocoa butter slowly and patiently massaged into the flesh before and after the exercise will fielp it wonderfully in the good results. The back of the neck and upper part of the shoulders will become especially beautified, and the "salt cellars" will rapidly disappear.

Toronto Firemen Testify.

M. McCartney, Lombard Street Fire M. McCartney, Lombard Street Fire Hall, Toronto, dated March 4th, 1897, states:—"Am subject to very painful conditions of costiveness and other troubles resulting therefrom, but I am glad to say that I have found a perfect remedy in Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I trust this may be of benefit to others,"

THE KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

The Officers Elected-The Next Session to be Held in St. John.

ST. STEPHEN, N. B., Aug. 2.—No thir tuck has apparently attended the Pyd demonstration here today in connection demonstration here today in connection with the thirteenth annual session of the grant lodge. The Predericton contingent was the first to arrive, and it was not here until after 12 o'clock. Owing to an accident on the C. P. R., the St. John excursion did not arrive until 5 o'clock this afternoon. The Eastport Knights waited for the arrival of Supreme Chancellor Col. Grove, on the International sceamer and did not reach St. Stephen until 7 o'clock. The programme carefully arranged for the day was rendered useless. About 6 o'clock a fine drill exhibition was given by the Fredericton company on the Marks street school grounds, followed by a short parade through St. Stephen and Calais:

- Church avenue Baptist church is in Nussex, the guest of Mrs. John G. Smith of Elm cottage on Church avenue. Mrs. Welton has a very large number of friends glad to see her again in Sussex.

- Dr. McAlister, who has concluded to practice his profession in Sussex, put out his "shingle" in front of his office in the building occupied by J. M. McIntyre, barrister, near the Dominion building.

- ESTABROOKS-BARNES.

Calais.

This evening a public meeting was held in the Curling rink, at which addresses were delivered by Supreme Chancellor Colonel Grove, Mayor Clarke and others. A grand ball followed. The rink had been extensively decorated with flags, bunting and lanterns, presenting a really beautiful appearance. The grand lodge begins its sesion tomorrow.

J. C. Henry, grand keeper of records and seals, is confined to his bed by a severe illness.

sears, is connect to his bed by a severe illness.

ST. STEPHEN, Aug. 3.—Vary little business has been transacted by the grand lodge Knights of Pythias today. In the morning Supreme Chancellor Coldgrove eloquently addressed the assembly and exemplified the secret work of the order. H. J. Logan, M. P., G. M. of E., moved a vote of thanks, seconded by Mayor Geo. J. Clarke, which was tendered to the supreme chancellor. At the after-noon session the officers were elected

Dr. F. A. Godsoe, St. John, G. C. Geo. J. Clarke, St. Stephen, G. V. C. F. S. Merritt, St. John, G. P H. J. Logan, M. P., Amberst, G. M.

J. C. Henry, St. Stephen, G. K. R. S. Harry Cole, Hallfax, G. M. A. G. Mackey, Fredericton, G. I. G. Selden Hunter, Springhill, G. O. G. The next meeting will take place in St. John on the second Tuesday in August, 1899.

THE COPPER RIVER COUNTRY.

VICTORIA, B. C. Aug. 3. Word came from the north yesterday of a desperate stampede from the Copper river country to the coast, the statement being made that three thousand men are making their way over the Valdez glacier, and that many of them are doomed to starvation unless the United States government sends relief promptly.

Advices received from Dawson state that the dissatisfaction with the administration of mining regulations is growing very widespread.

SUSSEX NEWS.

Harold F. Charters Appointed to Position in Bank of Nova Scotia, Kingston, Ja.

He Concluded There Were Worse Places Than New Brunswick and Returned Home.

SUSSEX, Aug. 3.—Harold F. Charters, who is now at home visiting his parents here, has been appointed to a position in the Bank of Nova Scotia. agency at Kingston, Jamaica, for which place he leaves this week, sailing via New York. He has recently been filling a position in the head of-fice of the bank at Halifax, N. S., and has been receiving the congratula-tions of his many friends on his pro-

Miss Jean Williamson of Han is visiting her friend, Miss Rita Johnson, daughter of Dr. Geo. F. Johnson,

W. L. Ogle, wife and children, are taking a holiday at St. Stephen and vicinity. Mr. Ogle took part in the Knights of Pythias demonstration there, of which order he is a promin-

ent member.

William Hodgins, formerly in business at Penobsquis, closed up recently and started with the intention of going to the Klondyke. He went as far as Vancouver, but on looking the situation over concluded there were worse places than New Brunswick, and has returned and opened up busi-ness as carriage maker and painter in the shop over Wortman's blacksmith building.

F. Tahey of Toronto, recently con-nected with the Halifax Herald linetype machine staff, spent a short time in Sussex, the guest of Harold F. Charters Mr. Fahey left for Montreal on Monday evening, where he has secured a lucrative position on the Montreal Daily Star.

the Montreal Daily Star.

Alex: Drummond and wife, who have feen visiting at Jas Drummond's, left Wednesday morning for their home in the suburbs of Boston.

Mr. Brummond is a brother of Jas. Drummond, and they have not seen each other for over thirty years previous to the present visit.

Constable Harrington of Westmorland county arrived here with a warrant for the arrest of young Taylor, who figured so conspicuously here in the forcibly taking of a horse from a car of the I. C. railway a few weeks since. After the warrant was duly endorsed by the stipendiary here Taylor was arrested and taken to Moneton yesterday.

Moncton yesterday.

Ora P. King of White, Allison & King, barristers, went to Moncton on legal business today.

Rev. Scovil Neales, rector of Trinity church, wife and family, are going to take a well carned outing at Martin's

Head in a few days.

Mrs. Welton, wife of Rev. Sidney
Welton of New York, one time pastor of Church avenue Baptist church
is in Sussey the great of Mrs.

ESTABROOKS-BARNES.

The marriage of Miss I. Frank Barnes and Arthur S. Estabrooks of Rockland took place on Tuesday, July 19th, at 2 o'clock p. m., in the Free Baptist church at Rockland, Carleton county. The ceremony was performed before a large assembly by the bride's father, Rev. J. J. Barnes, assisted by Revs. J. B. Daggett and A. H. Hayward.

At the hour appointed the bridal larty entered the church and to inspiring music made their way to the aftar. Miss Barnes leaning on her father's arm, followed by her little brother, Gayton, who acted as page, go-

The bride looked very pretty, dressed in a light brown cloth travelling suit, trimmed with braid, and wearing white roses. She wore a hat matching her suit. The little page was cutely dressed in a sailor suit of white duck trimmed with light blue, and he attended to his duties very gracefully. The church was nicely decorated for the occasion. Over the front of the pulpit was erected an arch of evergreens and flowers, from which a floral bell was suspended. The back of the pulpit was a perfect bank of flowers and the organ could scarcely be seen for them.

Immediately after the ceremony and the constructions of their friends.

me the latter part of the

During the month of July the as. Boston brought to Yarmouth 1,200 passengers; the Yarmouth, 1,550; and the Prince Edward, 1,800, a total of 4,550 for the month.

Children Cry for CASTORIA