POOR DOCUMENT

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THE WEIGHT OF THE CROWN

BY F. M. WHITE

Author of "Tregarthen's Wife," "The Robe of Lucifer," "The Crimson Blind," Etc.

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CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

Jessie laughed a response to the meaningless chatter of her companion. She was going to do a foolish and most certainly a desperate thing, but there was no help for it. Back in the house again she could see a little man with a fine head and a grey beard talking to the queen. There was no need to tell Jessie that this was Doctor Varney, for she knew the great physician well by sight. She was going to speak to him presently and get an order, late as it was, for her to see a patient in the hospital. She knew quite well that it was no use her trying to get into the big establishment at that hour without a special permit, and it would be no fault of hers if that permit did not emanate from Dr. Varney.

The little man's powerful voice boomed out, but ever and again it was dropped at some quiet question from the queen. Presently the doctor moved on in the direction of Jessie. She assumed that he would probably know Miss Vera Galloway quite well, and she made up her mind to address him as a friend of the family. But there were other people first who claimed the doctor's attention—a Cabinet Minister, who had a question or two to put on the score of his personal health, so that it was some little time before Jessie obtained her chance. Even then the appearance of Lady Merehaven delayed the operation.

"Positively, my dear lady, I must apologize for being so late," the doctor said. "But there was a little matter claiming my attention at Charing Cross Hospital, an operation that one does not get every day, and one that would brook no delay. But I got here as soon as possible. Sad thing about your niece."

"Why, what is the matter with my niece?" Lady Merehaven demanded. "My niece?"

The doctor looked as surprised as his hostess. There was a grave expression on his fine face.

"Miss Vera Galloway," he said. "Managed to get run over by a cab. But you must know all about that. Nothing serious, really; but the loss of her pleasant face here, and the knowledge that she takes no part in the festivities of the evening, is rather distressing. But she seems quite cheerful."

"Dr. Varney," Lady Merehaven cried, "positively, I know nothing of what you are talking about."

Jessie crept away and hid herself discreetly behind one of the big palms in the hall. What was coming now?

CHAPTER X.

A Friend at Court.

Jessie's prevailing feeling was not one of fear; rather was she moved by an intense, overpowering curiosity. She lingered behind the palm wondering what was going to happen next. She could see between the graceful hanging leaves the puzzled expression on Lady Merehaven's face.

"But, my dear doctor, what you say is absurd," she was saying. "I saw Vera pass not five minutes ago. And if she had met with an accident and been conveyed to Charing Cross Hospital, why—But the thing is out of the question."

"And yet I feel perfectly certain of my facts," Dr. Varney persisted. "It is true that I was in a hurry, and that the young lady I allude to was fast asleep—at any rate, nearly asleep. My dear lady, seeing that I was present at Vera's birth, and that all these years I have known her so intimately—"

Jessie came leisurely into sight. It was impossible to let this matter go any further. By chance the doctor had learnt something, and his mouth must be closed if possible. She came along with a smile and a hand outstretched.

"You are very late, doctor," she said. "I have been looking forward to a chat with you."

For once in his life Dr. Varney was genuinely astonished. He looked as Jessie in a vague, dreamy kind of way, though fortunately Lady Merehaven did not glance up and notice his face.

"There, you unbelieving man!" she cried. "Vera does not look as if she had met with anything serious in the way of an accident."

Dr. Varney pulled himself together promptly and took Jessie's outstretched hand. There was a twinkle in his shrewd eyes as he held the girl's fingers.

"Extraordinary mistake of mine, wasn't it?" he said. "Could have sworn that I saw you lying half asleep in one of the wards of Charing Cross Hospital. Case of shock and injured ankle. People said the patient called herself Harcourt, but could not recollect her address. Young girls have such queer escapades nowadays that—"

"But surely you know me better than that?" Jessie forced herself to say.

"I'm not quite so sure that I do," Varney chuckled. "However, the girl was very like you. Come and give me a sandwich and a glass of claret, and we'll talk of old times."

Jessie expressed herself as delighted, but inwardly she was praying for some diversion. She was quite convinced that the doctor was by no means satisfied; she could see that he was a shrewd, clever man of the world, and that he meant to question her adroitly. If once the conversation drifted to old times, she felt that she must be discovered.

But Varney ate his sandwich and sipped his claret and water with no reference to the past. He looked at Jessie once or twice in an abstracted kind of way. She felt that she must talk, that she must say something to start a safe conversation.

"What are you thinking about, doctor?" she asked.

"I am thinking," was the startling reply, "that you are one of the finest actresses I have ever seen. The stage is the poorer for your absence."

Jessie's heart sank within her; there was no mistaking the dry significance of the speech. This man was sure of his ground; he had found her out. And yet there was a kindly look on his face, not as if he were dealing with an impostor at all.

"What do you mean?" Jessie asked. "I do not in the least understand you."

"Oh yes, you do; you understand me perfectly well. I don't know who you are, but I most assuredly know who you are not, and that is Vera Galloway. Mind, I am not accusing you of being a type of the mere vulgar impostor. I would trust you against the world."

"It is very good of you to say so," Jessie gasped. "You are not going to assume that—that—"

"That you are here for any evil purpose? With a face like yours the idea is impossible. As I was passing through the wards of the hospital just now, to my surprise I saw Vera Galloway there. I knew her not only by her face and figure, but by the dimples round her wrists. Now your wrists are very long and slender, and you have no dimples at all. Many men would have let out the whole thing, but not so me. I find that the patient has given the name of Harcourt, and that she has forgotten her address. Forgive me if I scented a scandal. That is why I led up so carefully to Lady Merehaven. But when you came on the scene I guessed exactly what had happened. You were engaged to play Vera's part when she was up to something elsewhere. I confess I am not altogether without sorrow that so charming a girl—"

"Indeed, I am quite sure that there was nothing really wrong," Jessie cried. "From what I have seen of Miss Galloway I am quite sure that she is not that class of girl. But for this unfortunate accident....Dr. Varney, you will not betray me?"

"Well, I won't," Varney cried, "though I am no doubt an old fool for my pains. It's very lucky that a clear head like mine has been imported into the business. Now, in the first place, tell me who you are and what you are doing here. I know you will be candid."

"I will tell you everything," Jessie said. She was utterly thankful that the case no worse. "My name is Jessie Harcourt, and up to a few hours ago I was a shop-girl in Bond street."

"That sounds quite romantic. A shop girl in Bond street and a lady by birth and breeding, too. Which branch of the family do you belong to?"

"The Kent Harcourts. My father was Colonel Harcourt, of the Royal Galways."

"Really now!" Varney exclaimed. "I knew your father quite well years ago. I was an army doctor myself for a long time. Your father was an extravagant man, my dear—always was. And he left you poor."

"He left my sister and myself penniless. We were fit for nothing either. And that is why I found my way into a Bond street shop. I was discharged because I was supposed to have flirted with the son of a customer. My indignant protest that the cowardly cad tried to kiss me counted for nothing. As the complaining customer was the Princess Mazaroff—"

"And her son the culprit," Varney said, with a queer gleam in his eyes. "My dear child, you have done well to confide in me. But go on, tell me everything."

Jessie proceeded to relate her story at length, from the time that she met Vera Galloway down to the existing moment. And the romantic side of the royal story was not suppressed. Nor could Jessie feel that she had not an interested listener.

"This is one of the most remarkable stories that I have ever heard," Varney said. "And as a doctor in a large way of practice, I have heard some singular ones. I fancy that I can see my way clear now. And I know what you don't know—that Vera is taking a desperate step for the sake of a man she loves. It is quite plain to me why you are here. Well, well! I am doing quite wrong, but I am going to keep your secret."

"That is indeed good of you," Jessie said gratefully. "But there is more to be done. My dear doctor, I can see my way to important information without which it is impossible for me to sustain my present role until Miss Galloway comes home again. It is imperative that I should have a few words with her. You can give me a permit for the hospital authorities. After that the rest is easy."

"I quite see your point," Varney said thoughtfully. "You are as clever as you are courageous. But how are you going to manage this without being missed?"

"I am going to make use of another," Jessie laughed. All her courage had come back to her now. "I am going to make use of a gentleman known as Pongo. He is supposed to be very fond of me as Vera Galloway. He does not seem to be a very harmful individual."

"Honorable George Lascelles," Varney muttered. "There is a good deal of good in Pongo, though he assumes the role of an ass in society. Once he marries and settles down he will be quite different. But how do you propose to enlist him in the service?"

Jessie proceeded to explain the silly business of the motor-car in the lane behind the house.

"I shall get him to take me to Charing Cross Hospital," she said. "You may be quite certain that Vera Galloway is not asleep. A few minutes with her will be quite enough for my purpose. And I shall be back again before I am missed. Do you approve?"

"I have to whether I like it or not," Varney grumbled, "though this is a nice predicament for a man in my position and my time of life. I'll go as far as the library and scribble out that permit, though what the College of Physicians would say if they only knew—"

And Varney strode off muttering as he went. But the twinkle was in his eyes still.

CHAPTER XI.

In the Garden.

Jessie slipped out into the garden and along to the back of the terrace. The absurd nonsense of the motor-car was still going on in the lane. It was late now, and no chance of a crowd gathering there. The Honorable George clamoured for Jessie's company, and asked where she had been. But she smilingly shook her head, and declared that she was not ready; and, besides, there were many before her.

"I shall be back again practically in a quarter of an hour," she said. "I can't stir till then."

So far everything promised well. Jessie hurried back to the place where she had left Varney. He was waiting there with half a sheet of note paper in his hand.

"There is the permit," he said. "You have only to show it to anybody in authority and there will be no more dificulty. Hullo! what is all this about?"

There was a disturbance in the hall—the figure of a French maid talking volubly in two languages at once; behind her a footman, accompanied by a man who was unmistakably a plain-clothes detective, and behind him the figure of a policeman, his helmet towering above the heads of the guests.

"Somebody asking for the Countess Saens," a guest replied to a question of Varney's. "As far as I can gather, there has been a buglary at the house of the countess, and her maid seems to know something about it. But we shall know presently. Here comes the countess."

The Countess Saens came smilingly into the hall, a strikingly handsome figure in yellow satin. Jessie did not fail to notice her dark, piercing eyes.

"Who is she?" she asked Varney in a whisper. "Did you ever see such black eyes?"

"Don't know," the doctor replied. "Sort of comet of a season. Mysterious antecedents, and all that, but possesses plenty of money, gives the most splendid entertainments, and goes everywhere. I understand that she is the marganatic wife of one of the Russian grand dukes."

At any rate, the woman looked a lady to her finger tips, as Jessie was bound to admit. She came with an easy smile into the little group, and immediately her magnetic presence seemed to rivet all attention. The frightened maid ceased to scold in her polyglot way and grew coherent.

"Now let us get to the bottom of this business," the countess said gaily. "There has been a burglary at my house. Where did it take place, and what has been removed from the premises?"

"It was in your room, madame," the maid said—"in your dressing-room. I was going up to put everything right for the night and I saw the thief there."

"Would you recognize him again, Annette?" the countess asked.

"Pardon me, but it was not a man; it was a woman. And she had opened the drawers of your dressing table—she had papers in her hands. I came upon her suddenly, and she heard me. Then she caught me by the throat and half strangled me. Before I could recover my senses she had fled down the stairs and out of the house. The hall porter took her for a friend of yours, and did not stop her. Then I suppose that my feelings overcame me, and—"

"And you went off in hysterics," the countess said with a contemptuous smile. "So long as you did not lose the papers—"

"But, madame, the papers are gone! The second drawer on the left-hand side is empty."

Jessie saw the dark eyes blaze and the stern face of the countess stiffen with fury. It was only for a moment, and then the face smiled once more. But that flashing insight was a revelation to Jessie.

"I hope you will be able to recognize the woman again," the countess said. "Shall you? Speak, you idiot!"

For the maid's gaze had suddenly become riveted on Jessie. The sight of her face seemed to fascinate the little Frenchwoman. It was some minutes before she found words to express her thoughts.

"But behind," she said, pointing a forefinger at Jessie as if she had been some striking picture. "Behind, she is there. Not dressed like that, but in plain black; but she stole those papers. I can feel the touch of her fingers on my throat at this moment. There is the culprit, voila!"

"Oh, this is ridiculous!" the countess cried. "How long since this has happened?"

"It is but twenty minutes ago," Annette said. "Not more than half an hour, and behold the thief—"

"Behold the congenial idiot," the countess laughed. "Miss Galloway has not been out of my sight save for a few minutes for the last hour. Let the police find out what they can, and take that poor creature home and put ice on her head. . . Perhaps I had better go along. It is a perfect nuisance, but those papers were important. Will one of you call my carriage?"

The countess departed presently, smiling gaily. But Jessie had not forgotten that flashing eye and the expression on her features. She turned eagerly to Varney.

"Very strange, is it not" she asked. "Can you see what it all means?"

"I can see perfectly well," Varney said coldly. "And I more or less hold the key to the situation. Let us assume for the moment that the countess is a spy and an intriguer. She has certain documents that somebody else badly wants. Somebody else succeeds in getting those papers by force."

"But why did the maid, Annette, pitch upon me?" Jessie asked.

"Because you were the image of the thief," Varney whispered. "Only she was dressed in black. The maid was not dreaming; she had more wits about her than we imagine. Unless I am greatly mistaken, the thief who stole those papers was no one else than Vera Galloway."

The logic was so forcible and striking that Jessie could only stand silent before it. The French maid had given Varney an important clue, though the others had been blind to it. And Vera had not disguised at the beginning of the adventure that she was engaged upon a desperate errand for the sake of the man she loved, or, at any rate, for one who was very dear to her. It had been a bold and daring thing to do, and Jessie's admiration was moved. She hoped from the bottom of her heart that Vera had the papers.

"You will know before very long," Varney said, as if reading her thoughts, "whether Vera Galloway has been successful or not. There is no question whatever in my mind that Vera was the culprit. I will give you a hint as to why she has acted in this way presently. Get a thick black wrap of some kind and conceal it as closely as possible. When you are going through the streets of London you must have something over your head."

"If I only knew where to put my hand on a wrap of that description!" Jessie said helplessly.

"Time is short, and bold measures are necessary," Varney said coolly. "There are heaps of wraps in the vestibule, and I should take the first that came to hand. If the owner wants it in the meantime it will be assumed that it has been taken by mistake."

Jessie hesitated no longer. She chose a thick black cloak and hood arrangement that folded into very little space, and then she squeezed it under her arm. Then she strolled out into the garden. It was very still and warm. London was growing quiet, so that the shrieks of the late newsboys with the evening score could be distinctly heard there. Varney laid his hand on Jessie's arm. He had grown very grave and impressive. The yelling newsboys were growing gradually nearer.

"Listen, and tell me what they are saying," Varney whispered.

Impressed by the sudden gravity of her companion's manner, Jessie gave all her ears to the call.

"Late Special! Startling case at the War Office! Suicide of Captain Lancing, and flight of Mr. Charles Maxwell! Disappearance of official documents! Special!"

"I hear," Jessie said; "but I am afraid that I don't understand quite."

"Well, there has been a scandal at the War Office. One or two officials there have been accused of selling information to foreign Governments. I heard rumors especially with regard to Asturian affairs. Late tonight Captain Lancing shot himself in the smoking-room of his club. They took him to Charing Cross, and as I happened to look into the club a little later I followed on to the hospital to see what I could do. But I was too late, for the poor fellow was dead. Now do you see how it was that I came to see Vera Galloway?"

Jessie nodded; she did not quite understand the problem yet. What had this War Office business to do with Vera Galloway and her dangerous and desperate enterprise? She looked inquiringly at her companion.

"We had better get along," he said. "I see Pongo is waiting for you. Tuck that wrap a little closer under your arm so that it may not be seen. And as soon as you get back come to me and let me know exactly what has happened. I ought to be ashamed of myself. I ought to lay all the facts of this case before my charming hostess; but there are events here beyond the usual society tenets. My dear child, don't you know who the Charles Maxwell is whose name those boys are yelling? Does not the name seem familiar to you? Come, you are quick as a rule."

"Oh, yes," Jessie gasped. "That was the name that Prince Mazaroff mentioned. Dr. Varney, it is the man to whom Vera Galloway is engaged, or practically engaged. What a dreadful business altogether."

"Yes," Varney said curtly, "the plot is thickening. Now for the motor-car."

CHAPTER XII.

A Prodigal Son.

Loth as he might have been inclined to admit it, Dr. Varney was by no means ill-pleased with his share of the adventure. He felt that a man like himself, who knew everything, would be decidedly useful. And how much he really did know Jessie would have been startled to know. For here was a man who had a great practice amongst politicians, and statesmen especially. He walked quietly back to the house now and entered the salon as if looking for somebody. His shrewd face was grave and thoughtful. He found his man at last—a tall, grizzled man, who bore some kind of likeness to a greyhound. He was in a measure a greyhound, for he had been a queen's messenger for many years.

"I thought I should find you about somewhere," the doctor said. "I want a few words with you, Lechmere. Let us go into the garden and smoke a cigarette."

"Always delighted to chat with you, Varney," Lechmere said. "Come along. Now, what is it?"

"Re the Countess Saens," Varney said. "You know the woman I mean?"

"Certainly I do. Lives in a big house in Connaught Crescent. Not her own house, by the way. Dresses magnificently, gives wonderful parties, and always has the last new thing. Handsome woman, too, and goes everywhere. But nobody knows anything about her."

"I came to you for a little information on the point, Lechmere."

"Well, as a matter of fact I can give it to you, Varney. There are very few of the foreign colony in London whose history I haven't ready for docketing. Many a useful hint have I given the Foreign Office and Scotland Yard. Ever hear of Saul Marx, the famout cosmopolitan spy—I mean the man who saved that war between France and Germany?"

"Of course I have heard of Marx. Who hasn't? But what has that to do with the business?"

"Well, he told me all about the charming countess. She began life in Warsaw in a company of strolling players. Afterwards she married one of the most noted scamps in Paris, who wanted a pretty wife as a pawn in some game of his. The fellow ill-treated her horribly, but he taught her everything in the way of the predatory life that was to be learnt. Finally, the husband died under very strange circumstances, and between ourselves, Marx says that the woman murdered him. After that she narrowly escaped a long term of imprisonment over the Malcolm-Sin diamond business, and then for a long time nothing was heard of her till she turned up as Vera Olpheut, the famous anarchist speaker. She was expelled from Russia, which was all a blind, seeing that she is one of the cleverest spies that the Russian police ever employed. Her ladyship is after a very big game now, or she would not be spending all that money. An adventuress like that never pays her trades men as a rule, but I know for a fact that the household bills are discharged regularly every week."

"You are quite sure of those facts?" Varney asked.

"My dear fellow you take them as gospel. Marx never makes a mistake. Why do you ask?"

"I am merely a seeker after information. I may be in the way of putting a spoke in the lady's wheel a little later on perhaps. Have you heard of that business at the Foreign Office?"

"I heard of it just now; in fact, I looked in here to see if Merehaven could tell me anything about it. How those newspapers got hold of these things puzzles me. But I don't suppose it is true that poor old Dick Lancing committed suicide at his club, and—"

"It's perfectly true, Lechmere. I was in the club directly after, and I followed on to Charing Cross Hospital, only to find that I was too late. What you say about the newspapers is absolutely correct. But, unless I am greatly mistaken, the newspaper containing the startling report in question will help me over this matter. I am going to make a proposal to Lord Merehaven."

"I've been trying to get at him. But the Austrian Ambassador has held him fast for the last hour."

"Well, there is plenty of time," Varney went on. "From what I can understand papers of the utmost importance have been stolen from the Foreign Office, or they have been sold by some official to the foe. On the face of it, the charge points to poor Lancing; but one never can tell. Those papers relate to a kind of understanding with Asturia, and if Russia gets to know all about it then we are done. Now, let me tell you a little thing that happened tonight. There was a burglary at Countess Saens' house, and the thief took nothing but papers. The thief was a woman, who obviously went to the countess' for the very purpose of obtaining possession of those papers. Now, it is only a theory of mine, but I feel pretty sure that the papers have to do with the Foreign Office scandal. If we get to the bottom of it, we shall find that the countess inspired the paragraph that the Evening Mercury had tonight. Do you happen to know anything about the editor of that sheet?"

"Fellow named Hunt, an American," Lechmere replied. "As a matter of fact, the Mercury is an American paper, the first start of an attempt to capture the English Press. You know how those fellows boast. I've met Hunt several times in society."

"Did you ever happen to meet him at Countess Saens' house?" Varney asked.

Lechmere turned over the question before he replied. On consideration he had seen Hunt twice at the house in question. Not that that was very material, because all sorts and conditions of men flocked to the countess' evening parties. But Varney thought otherwise.

"At any rate, the fact fits in well with my theory," he said. "I shall be greatly surprised if we fail to find a connection between the countess and that sensational story in tonight's Mercury. I shall make it my business to meet this man Hunt. Well, what is the matter?" A breathless footman stood before Varney, and stammered out something to the effect that Lord Merehaven had sent him here hot-foot in search of the doctor. A gentleman had been taken suddenly ill. The rest of the guests did not know anything about it, and the gentleman in question lay in a state of collapse in his lordship's study. Would Dr. Varney come at once. Varney was on his way to the house before the footman had finished his halting explanation.

The study door was locked, but it was opened immediately on Varney whispering his name. In a big armchair a white-haired man in evening dress was lying back in a state of collapse. By his side stood Lord Merehaven, looking anxious and bewildered, whilst Ronald Hope was trying to force a little brandy between the lips of the unconscious figure in the chair.

"Thank goodness you have come, Varney!" Lord Merehaven said shakily. "It's poor old Reggie Lancing. He simply walked into here dragging on Hope's arm, and collapsed. He said something to the effect that his boy had committed suicide, and some rubbish about missing papers. What does it mean?"

Varney was too busy to answer the question. He removed Sir Reginald's collar and turned down the neckband. Meanwhile the patient was breathing heavily.

"Put him flat on the floor," Varney said. "It's not quite so bad as it looks. A seizure from over-excitement, or something of that kind. Give me a pen and ink and paper."

Varney hastily scribbled some formula on a sheet of note paper, and directed that it should be taken to a chemist and be made up at once. Till he could administer the drug he could do nothing. There was a wait of half an hour before the footman returned. Then the drug was coaxed between the stricken man's teeth, and presently he opened his eyes once more. He was terribly white and shaky, and he seemed to have some difficulty in getting out his words.

"It's the disgrace, Merehaven," he said—"the dreadful disgrace. To think that a son of mine could have been guilty of such a thing! I would not have believed it; it came to me quite as a shock—that paragraph in the late Mercury. I went to look for my son at once, but he had paid the penalty already. He had shot himself, Merehaven—shot himself—shot himself."

The old man repeated the last words again and again in a feeble kind of way. Lord Merehaven was sympathetic enough, but utterly puzzled. He looked at the other and shrugged his shoulders.

"Is this a mere delusion?" he asked. "You don't mean to say that Asturia business—"

The speaker paused, conscious that he was perhaps saying too much. Varney hastened to explain, to Merehaven's horror and astonishment. Positively, this was the first that he had heard of it. And if Captain Lancing had shot himself that was proof positive.

"Good heavens! what a terrible business altogether!" Lord Merehaven cried. "And the mischief that may have been done here! I must see the King of Asturia at once, late as it it, though goodness knows where I am to look, seeing that the king is—"

The speaker paused, and Ronald Hope took up the thread of the conversation.

"It may be possible, my lord," he said, "that his majesty is nearer at hand than you suppose."

(To be continued.)

NEW BRUNSWICK STUDENTS AT DALHOUSIE UNIVERSITY

Ralph Burns, Milltown, received B. A. and won first class in political economy and passes in biology, history, ethics, metaphysics and constitutional history.

Burton Corey, Petitcodiac, received B. A. and won first class in political economy and passes in philosophy, Latin, history and English.

Harry C. Fraser, York county, received B. A. with honors in English and history, and won first class in nineteenth century literature and modern history.

Blanche E. Murphy, Moncton, received B. A. with honors in English and history, and won first class in Latin, English and history.

Fred D. Sinclair, St. Stephen, received B. A. and won passes in biology, history, political economy and histology.

E. B. Ross, M. A., Peel, received LL.B. and won first classes in equity, crimes and shipping, and second class in procedure.

Of the undergraduates in arts the following were successful:

W. F. Burns, Milltown, won first class in biblical literature and passes in physics, ethics and chemistry.

G. W. Irvine, St. John, won passes in Latin, Greek, English, philosophy and history.

L. J. King, Buctouche, won second-class in philosophy and passes in Latin, Greek, physics and English.

B. F. McLeod, Penobsquis, won second class in philisophy and passes in Latin, Greek, English and history.

Mabel McLeod, Penobsquis, won second class in Greek and English, and passes in Latin, mathematics and chemistry.

M. H. Manuel, York county, won second class in elementary Latin and philosophy, and passes in Latin, Greek, German and English.

Ethel Murphy, Moncton, won high first (a rare honor), in Latin; a first in Greek and passes in philosophy and Biblical literature.

W. W. Malcolm, St. John, won a first class in French, and passes in Latin, Greek, English and mathematics.

Mary Noble, Hardwicke, won passes in Biblical literature and English.

In engineering two were successful:

C. J. Mackenzie, Milltown, won first class and first place in mathematics; second class in chemistry and drawing, and passes in English and French.

E. S. Morrison, Milltown, won passes in descriptive geometry, chemistry, analytical geometry and physics.

In law the record is unusually good:

J. Barnett, B. A., Hartland, won first classes on bills and notes, equity, crimes conflict of laws, international law and shipping.

L. A. Corey, Penobsquis, was first in contracts and won passes in constitutional history and real property, and second class in torts.

E. B. Jonah, B. A., Fredericton, was first in two classes, and won first classes in torts, constitutional history and real property, a second class in crimes, and a pass in contracts.

R. C. Murphy, B. A., Andover, won second classes in partnership and companies, bills and notes, equity and passes in conflict of laws, international law and constitutional law.

A. L. Slipp, Woodstock, won first classes in torts and real property, and second classes in constitutional history, crimes and contracts.

R. M. Rive, Caraquet, won first classes in torts and contracts, and second classes in constitutional history, crimes and real property.

J. T. Legere, Richibucto, won second class in contracts and passes in real property and constitutional history.

The standing of Messrs. Rive and Legere was most commendable.

Moncton Transcript Sued for Libel.

Montreal, May 8.—B. A. McNab, managing editor of the Montreal Star, has sued the Moncton Transcript for libel, claiming an article that appeared in that paper last Thursday criticizing his conduct in the Guysboro election some years ago was libellous.

WILL APPEAL TO PRIVY COUNCIL

Cushing Sulphite Co. Not Satisfied With Decision of Supreme Court

COURT UNANIMOUS

Decide That They Have No Jurisdiction to Reverse Winding-up Order as Sum Involved is Less Than $2,000--No Costs Allowed--Fred. La Forest Loses His Case.

Ottawa, May 8—(Special)—In the supreme court today the arguments were concluded in the case of the Cushing Sulphite Fibre Company vs. Cushing, on the motion to quash the appeal. The court held that the only controversy was as to the validity of the winding up order, that there was no pecuniary amount of $2,000 involved directly, as required, to give the Supreme Court of Canada jurisdiction to hear an appeal, under the seventy-sixth section of the winding up act, from a winding up order, although indirectly hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property might be affected.

As the jurisdiction of the court, thus limited, was not objected to in the factum or notice, the appeal was quashed without costs.

The company proposes to take a further appeal from the judgment of the supreme court to the privy council.

Laforest vs. Babineau was then taken up. The plaintiff sued for money lent and joined a count on a promissory note based on the following instrument: "Received from Rev. M. Babineau $1,200 for which I am responsible with interest at seven per cent. per annum upon production of this receipt and after three months' notice. (Signed) F. Laforest."

The questions raised are whether this is a promissory note, whether proper notice was given, and whether judgments entered on the money counts, and on the instrument as a note constitutes a double condemnation against the appellant for a single cause for action; Hazen, K. C., for appellant; Currey, K. C., and Stevens, K. C., for respondent.

Appeal Dismissed.

After hearing counsel for the appellant, and upon counsel for respondent undertaking that only one judgment would be enforced, the appeal was dismissed with costs.

It was announced that no Ontario appeals would be taken up for hearing before Monday next, May 14, except by consent.

It was stated here yesterday that the action at Ottawa in the Cushing case confirms the order for liquidation made by Judge McLeod in September last, and under this order Messrs. Croom, McLean and Blair are confirmed as liquidators of the company and the company will be wound up under the winding up act.

In reference to the reported appeal to the privy council it is contended that Ottawa is the last court of appeal in this instance, and that matters must now proceed under direction of Judge McLeod. It is further stated that there was no order as to costs, as counsel for Mr. Cushing stated they made no contention as to costs, the same being considered payable out of the assets of the company—that all costs, except Ottawa, are such as the company and Captain Partington will have to pay, and it is contended by the liquidators and Mr. Cushing that a large part must be Captain Partington's personally.

The appeal from the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia in Leahy vs. the Town of North Sydney, was then argued. The action was taken against the town for interference with the waters of Pottle Lake, thereby decreasing the natural flow and injuriously affecting plaintiff's rights in Smelt Brook, running from the lake, and on which she is a riparian proprietor and operates a water power laundry.

The town claims the right of diverting this water without paying compensation under rights conferred by chapter forty-four of the Nova Scotia statutes of 1896, in connection with the installation of a system of water works. At the trial Justice Graham decided in favor of the plaintiff, and ordered damages to be assessed, but his decision was reversed by the full court, Justice Russell dubitante.

The appellant asks to have Judge Graham's order restored and for an injunction against further interference with her riparian rights. Attorney-General Drysdale, K. C., and C. J. Burchell for appellant; Newcombe, K. C., and W. F. O'Connor for respondent. The hearing will be continued tomorrow.

SISTER OF A. W. MACRAE DEAD IN NOVA SCOTIA

Mrs. J. A. McKenzie Passed Away at Thorburn, Pictou County.

A woman of exceptionally fine character and intellect passed away Tuesday, when Mrs. Elizabeth McKenzie, eldest daughter of Rev. Dr. MacRae, and sister of Dr. A. W. MacRae, of this city, died at her home in Thorburn, Pictou county (N. S.) Deceased, who succumbed to pleurisy and pneumonia, was the wife of Rev. J. A. McKenzie, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Thorburn. Seven children are left, the youngest but an infant of three months. Besides the husband and family, the father, two sisters and six brothers survive. The sisters are Mrs. O. R. Campbell, of Glace Bay, and Miss Violet MacRae. The brothers are Dr. Alexander W., of this city; Rev. Dr. Archibald, of Calgary; Rev. Donald, of Griswold; Kenneth J., of this city; John, manager for R. G. Dun, of Quebec, and Colin, of the Bank of British North America, Brandon.

Mrs. McKenzie was endowed with many gifts of a high order, and was beloved by all who had the privilege of her friendship. She studied in the Ministers' Daughters' College, Edinburgh, and matriculated from their into Girton College, Oxford.

$100 Donation.

I beg to asknowledge, with thanks, a donation of one hundred dollars ($100) to our building fund, by Mrs. Gilbert Murdoch.

A. GORDON LEAVITT,
Treasurer Natural History Society of New Brunswick.

Rev. Richard Rymer of Brixton (Eng.), has been a Methodist minister for 77 years.

SAMUEL SCHOFIELD HAS PASSED AWAY

Leading Citizen and Most Prominent in Canadian Shipping Circles

MAN OF BIG INTEREST IN CITY'S WELFARE

Took Much Pains to Bring Port Foreward--Eloquent and Able Speaker and Hard Worker in Connection With Board of Trade.

The death of Samuel Schofield, head of the shipping firm of Schofield & Co., Ltd., occurred Wednesday afternoon. Mr. Schofield had been in failing health for some months and the sad event was not unexpected. Many expressions of regret were heard at the removal of so well known and prominent a citizen from the community and universal sympathy will be extended to his family in their bereavement.

Mr. Schofield was born at Norton, Yorkshire (Eng.) on Sept. 28, 1842, and was therefore in his 64th year. His father, Rev. Geo. Schofield, left England in 1849 with his wife and family and resided for some time in Newfoundland, moving to St. John in 1857. Rev. Mr. Schofield died in 1902, some time after retiring from the rectorship of the parish of Simonds, which position he held for many years. His wife predeceased him by fourteen years. She was Miss Maria Knight, a member of a well known Yorkshire family.

Samuel Schofield entered business life in St. John as a clerk in the old Sheffield house in Market square. Later he became connected with the late Henry Wilson, who was a ship owner and lumber merchant, and on the death of Mr. Wilson the business was continued by Mr. Schofield and out of it grew the firm of Schofield & Co., Ltd.

The business rapidly developed and Mr. Schofield became agent for many prominent steamship lines, including, for a time, the Furness line, and at present the Dominion, Donaldson, Pickford & Black and other lines.

Mr. Schofield was identified with the commercial and shipping interests in a prominent way for a great many years, and no man took a keener interest in the affairs of the port. He was a mine of information relative to shipping matters affecting St. John, and was one of the most active members of the board of trade. One of his latest labors in the interests of the port was a carefully prepared statistical statement presented to the Transportaion Commission, and which was of great value in setting forth the position and claims of St. John.

In connection with the preparation of statistics and books issued by the board of trade from time to time in years past, to overcome prejudices and establish the claims of St. John to be the chief winter port of Canada, Mr. Schofield's knowledge and fine faculty of setting forth the facts in clear-cut statements were of the greatest value, and were recognised and appreciated. He was also interested in other matters relating to the affairs of the city. A clear and logical speaker, who marshalled his facts with precision, he was a formidable opponent in debate.

Mr. Schofield was a member of the council of the board of trade, chairman of the harbor and civic improvements committee and a member of several other committees.

His paper presented to the Transportation commission was embodied in the printed report of the board for last year, and was also sent to many commercial bodies in the old country.

The late Mr. Schofield married on Sept. 24, 1874, Emma Louisa, daughter of the late T. W. Daniel, of the firm of Daniel & Boyd. She died about two years ago. He is survived by one daughter, Miss Florence; and two sons, Harold C. and Henry W., all residing at home. His elder brother, George Arthur Schofield, formerly manager of the Bank of New Brunswick, predeceased him. A younger brother, John K. Schofield, is a member of the firm of Schofield & Beer, of this city. His only surviving sister is Mrs. William H. Beer, of St. John; a younger sister, Mrs. T. B. Ball, of Rochdale, Yorkshire (Eng.), died some years ago.

GOOD NEWS FROM CALIFORNIA AT ST. GEORGE

Mrs. Sarah Gillespie and Her Daughter Safe, But Lost Much by Fire.

St. George, N. B., May 7—A letter from Mrs. Sarah Gillespie, of Alameda (Cal.), gives the glad news that she is alive and well. She and her daughter, Doctor Hattie M. Gillespie, lived at 272A Guerrero street. Their house was burned the day after the earthquake and they barely escaped with their lives, saving only the clothes they wore and a few small articles.

Mrs. Gillespie is the widow of John Gillespie, of Pennfield, and a sister of the late Samuel Johnson, of St. George. She has lived in San Francisco about twenty-five years. Her daughter, Miss Hattie M. Gillespie, is a brilliant young lady, who by perseverance and hard work has climbed many rounds of the ladder of success, having graduated as an M. D. a year ago, and had already a large and rapidly growing practice.

Methodist Supernumerary Fund.

A meeting of the general committee of the supernumerary fund of the Methodist church for the maritime provinces, Newfoundland and Bermuda, was held in Centenary church Tuesday. Those present were Rev. E. E. England, of Lawrencetown, who presided; Rev. Dr. Evans, of Hampton; Rev. Dr. Paisley, of Sackville; Rev. Thos. Marshall, of St. John; Judge S. A. Chesley, of Lunenburg, and J. Hunter White, of this city.

Accounts were considered and passed. In the afternoon, proposed amendments to the rules governing the collecting and administration of the fund came up for consideration, but no action was taken, for the committee is not a legislative body, and any amendments would have to be decided by the general conference.

The resignation of John E. Irvine from the investment committee was accepted, and a resolution expressing regret at his departure, and appreciation of his services, was unanimously passed.

James Myles was elected to fill the vacancy caused by Mr. Irvine's resignation.

The Telegraph-Times fund for the relief of the San Francisco sufferers was increased Tuesday by the receipt of $5 from H. J. Gareon & Co., making a total of $5,384.35.