

MANUFACTURES OF THE MISPECK MILLS, - - St. John, N. B.

ALL WOOL GOODS, viz:
HEAVY AND LIGHT GREY CLOTH; HEAVY AND LIGHT BROWN CLOTH;
HEAVY GREY FLANNEL; HEAVY SCARLET FLANNEL;
Heavy Grey Blankets.

FIRST CLASS COTTON WARPS.
The above named desirable goods are all of SUPERIOR QUALITY, manufactured from the very best materials, and warranted to give satisfaction.
Wholesale - Retail - ALL SOLICITED.
Sep 11-1904
J. L. WOODWORTH, Agent.

Steamer "Nyanza," from London:

We are now receiving by the above 50 Packages of
LONDON, PARIS AND BERLIN GOODS!

IN MILLINERY, RIBBONS, LACES, SILKS, HABERDASHERY,
MANTLES and MANTLE CLOTHES, SHAWLS, KNITTED GOODS, LADIES' FELT and STRAW HATS, DRESS GOODS, FEATHERS, FLOWERS, &c.

Our Stock is now complete in all departments. Having a large variety, and many novelties, with confidence ask the attention of wholesale buyers to examine the goods.

At Wholesale Only.

EVERITT & BUTLER,
Wholesale Warerooms 55 and 57 King Street.
Sept 23 1904

THE PERILOUS SWING;

OR,
Tom Burke's Lesson.

CONCLUDED.

Wildly I tossed my arms, and grasped a thin line, which I instantly comprehended was the top-gallant gasket—a rope which is used to wind round and hold the sail when it is furled or stowed upon the yard. Sometimes, during a gale, this rope becomes loosened, especially when the sail is not very neatly furled, by the wind getting in beneath the crosses of the canvas and puffing it out.

Such, on this occasion, was the case; but it must be understood that the gasket had not blown entirely clear, and that it was simply one of the big knots or turns which I had succeeded in grasping. The turns being all loosened, the gasket slackened beneath my grasp, causing me to be precipitated back downward.

I expected to continue my course, but in an instant my progress was arrested by a loosened head downward.

My ankles, as I fell, had caught in two turns of the line, and I was being swung about as if I were a ball of twine, coming twisted round and round by a swing of the ship, lurching, bringing my feet sharp up against the rigging, and there I lay, screaming, and so there I hung, swaying aloft, head downward, nearly a hundred feet above the deck.

A thrill of strange horror went through me—the blood surging into my brain soon confused and bewildered me.

Through the darkness, the phosphorous gleaming from the white-foam patches of roaring water remained the eyes of millions sea-devils, looking up and scolding in my painful, perilous situation!

As well as I could in my present position I shouted to make myself heard, but my voice was swallowed up in the thunder din of sea and gale.

No, no, the noise was as if hundreds of cannon were booming in my ears.

Despite seized my soul. At the mercy of the rolling, plunging ship. I was tossed higher and higher like a pendulum. Far down—down—down beneath me in the darkness, the sea by my distorted vision was seen magnified into a great yawning whirlpool, contracting with every roll of the dim deck looked like a mere chip, whirling round and round.

I would rather the rope parted and let me go down into that whirlpool, than I would thus hang longer. I could not myself be ignorant of my situation—and so there I was, that ship's living pendulum, swinging so far aloft, with burning eyeballs and brain filling with blood.

"Boom! boom! boom!" "Swing! swing! swing!" crack! whiz! whish-ah-sh! How drearily monotonous sounded these noises of the rolling ship, the swashing water, the thundering gale! How I prayed that the rope might part and thus put an end to my misery!

There was something fearfully tantalizing in being held by the mere turns of a gasket, without any prospect of my rescue. But to be made yet more of a tantalus was I doomed; for beneath me, faintly discernible in the phosphor-lighted gloom, appeared the forms of two of my shipmates, standing near the main-mast, apparently conversing in the most quiet, unobtrusive manner possible!

The gloom impalpable above them presented their seeming me; with all the rest below, were even ignorant that the royal mast had given way, tilted down, and was now drooping by the din of the tempest.

Could I do nothing to attract the attention of my two shipmates?—To make my situation known to them?

I again endeavored to shout, but now my long, unnatural downward position had almost deprived me of the power of speech. My brain was becoming more confused every moment. I felt that my senses were deserting me!

My consciousness left me, however, a sudden thought flashed into my brain! I clapped my hand to the belt in which I kept my knife, and discovered that the instrument, thanks to the tightness of the sheath, was still there!

I pulled forth the blade and whipped it, hoping that it would fall close to the two men and thus excite their curiosity enough to make them discern whence the weapon came!

"Alas! I knew, by the manner in which the knife fell, that I had not made sufficient allowance for the wind—that the weapon was therefore, whirled off into the sea!"

And so, there I still was doomed to swing, while my two shipmates so far beneath me—right beneath me—still stood calmly talking together, ignorant of my peril!

Oh! how my head throbbled! how hot became my eyeballs! A sea was surging in my brain as well as below!

Another thought! My pocket knife! I felt for it, it had round my neck by an old lanyard, which, with one jerk, I severed!

Then I dropped the knife, and then—a twinkling sound like that of a bow-string snapping upon my brain, and I knew no more.

When I came to my senses, I was in the cabin, the captain bending over me, a pair of soft eyes turned upon my face—a soft hand upon my brow!

She was by me, Minnie Whannel, and I was happier than words can express.

joining that the Maritime Bank has come to the rescue. The establishment of this bank, and the work of getting it into operation so promptly, are due to the genius of Mr. Donville, the chosen of King's County. He has shown much energy, and his labors deserve the recompense of public approbation. The thanks of the mercantile community of St. John, and the admiration of his King's County constituents, are his reward.

Public Life and Private Character.
The man who enters public life must be hardened against the attacks of calumniators, must be indifferent to a voice of detraction, or else he must expect to suffer a living martyrdom. If he is not prepared to look calmly upon while the character he has acquired in private life is torn to pieces by assailants from every side he should not seek office. The higher a man soars, and the greater his chances for achieving the object of his ambition, the more persistently he will be vilified. Before entering on public life a man should carefully review his past career, take stock of his good reputation he has acquired, and consider whether he does not risk the loss of more than he is likely to gain. He has given liberally to the construction of churches? Then let him expect to be attacked for having attempted to corrupt the very fountain of religion and virtue, the political education of himself. Has he been guilty of giving to the poor? He will learn that his alms were nothing but advance payments for votes. Did ever a building of his on which an insurance had been effected take fire? He will be charged with having been the incendiary.

The habit of fighting political battles by personal abuse and detraction is so universal that no man can enter public life in ignorance of the light in which every act of his past or future career will be held up to the gaze of the crowd, and it is this fact that keeps many of those who are fitted by education and experience for serving the State from offering their services to their country. There is no inducement except the honor of the thing, to take any man of ability from his private business, and let him devote his time to the duties of a public servant. The man who would control the destinies of his country must be able to show that they have been and are actuated by the purest motives. They may be able to dissipate the suspicion that any conspiracy has existed, but they must be able to show that the interests of those who confidently subscribed for the creation of an Academy of Music were given a building recently erected for the purpose of holding the annual meetings of the Academy of Music, and that the Academy of Music is not the property of the Government, but is the property of the public.

The Halifax Post Office Robbery.
The Chronicle complains, with appropriate good reasons for doing so, of the delay that has taken place in setting up the Post Office robbery case. It is a pity that the case is not more promptly brought before the public. The robbery was discovered nearly a year ago—the Dominion Government seized the bank of Montreal and the case has been pending for some time. The robbery was discovered nearly a year ago—the Dominion Government seized the bank of Montreal and the case has been pending for some time. The robbery was discovered nearly a year ago—the Dominion Government seized the bank of Montreal and the case has been pending for some time.

The Trial of a Sole Executor and Legatee.
THE STORY THAT WAS TOLD BY A CORPSE SIX MONTHS AFTER ITS BURIAL—\$50,000 THAT MAY SEND A MAN TO THE GALLOWS.
Frederick Heggi, a native of Switzerland, aged probably 50, was at the bar of the General Sessions yesterday to answer an indictment charging that he had murdered a fellow countryman, Frederick Joseph Siegfried, by poisoning. A jury was impaneled the day before, just prior to the adjournment, and the certainty that established of an exciting trial was sufficient to fill the court room yesterday morning with an expectant multitude.

THE SIEGFRIED POISONING.
The young man testified that his father died in August, 1898, on a Saturday, in the prisoner's house, 952 East Houston street; that the old man had been there about a week before he died, having been removed from Newark, New Jersey, by the prisoner on the day when the witness showed his knowledge of his father's being in custody of the prisoner in that city by sending Mrs. Siegfried, junior, to see her father-in-law. He saw him at Heggi's house on the day of his death, and was surprised by the dying man by a motion of the hand, speech being impossible. Previous to getting into the hands of Heggi, who had no relation to him but that of an officious friend, his father was healthy and never had any serious sickness. The elder Siegfried was a teacher in the old country, had been in the frame business in this, and for about three years before his death kept a large beer saloon, first in Harlem and later at 119 First avenue.

THE SILENCE OF HALLOWEEN.
Within twelve months before the elder Siegfried died he sold a house and lot in Newark, N. J., for \$20,000, and had the proceeds, for \$20,000, and had most of the money in the bank. He had quarreled with his wife, and she had left him in Newark, N. J., on the 1st of July, 1899, and witness did not know where he had gone until August 2, when a man named Hines informed him that his father-in-law was in Newark. Thither went witness and remained about a week, during which time he saw the old man supported on the shoulders of the prisoner, and the invalid was put into a room at the rear of the house. This was the prisoner's house, and the witness saw the prisoner's house, and the witness saw the prisoner's house, and the witness saw the prisoner's house.

THE SILENCE OF HALLOWEEN.
The body of Hegging was allowed to remain in the room for some time, but was removed to the morgue on the 10th of August. The body was covered with a sheet, and the witness saw the body of Hegging, and the witness saw the body of Hegging, and the witness saw the body of Hegging.

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LOCALS.
F. renal.
Senator Ferguson, of Gloucester, is at present stopping at the Waverley.

LOCALS.
The Intercolonial Railway Commissioners are at present inspecting the works through the Miramichi district.

LOCALS.
The Dominion dredge "Canada" is still engaged in deepening Richibouctou Bar.

LOCALS.
Mr. Beck, assisted by Messrs. Jones, Wilson, Graham, Force and Johnson, is now engaged in surveying the line for the Chatham Branch Railway.

LOCALS.
A Branch Railway to Richibouctou.
An effort is being made in Kent to get such a feeling among the people as will lead to the building of a Branch Railway from the Intercolonial to Richibouctou.

LOCALS.
The Salmon Fishery on the Miramichi has been almost a failure this season, the catch made by name of the fishermen being ruinously small.

LOCALS.
The Upper Miramichi—the Fairleys and others—are indignant at the government for permitting the River du Loup Railway Company to survey and take up the lumber lands.

LOCALS.
New Mills.
J. B. Snowball, Esq., is erecting a large steam saw mill at Chatham, and D. E. Ritchie & Co. are putting up a similar concern, just below Newcastle, on the Miramichi.

