

# THE CHIGNICTO POST

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# CHIGNICTU POST

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VOL. 18.-NO. 11.

SACKVILLE, N. B., THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1887.

WHOLE NO. 897.

## WOMEN'S COLUMN.

Conducted by Members of Sackville W. C. T. U.

### "A Cup of Cold Water."

Matthew viii, 42.  
The Lord of the harvest walked forth one day.

Where the fields were white with the ripening wheat,  
Where the sun had sent in the early morn

Were reaping the grain in the noonday heat,  
He had chosen a place for each faithful one.

And hidden them work till the day was done,  
Apart from the others, with troubled voice,

Spoke one who had gathered no golden grain:  
"The Master has given no work to me,  
And my coming hither has been in vain;  
The reapers with gladness and song will come,  
But no sheaves will be mine in the harvest home."

He heard the complaint, and He called her name:  
"Dear child, why standest thou idle here?  
Go fill thy cup from the hillside stream,  
And bring to those who are toiling near,  
I will bless thy labor, and it shall be  
Kept in remembrance as done for Me."

'Twas a little service, but grateful hearts  
Thanked God for the water so cold and clear;  
And some who were fainting with thirst  
Went forth with new strength to the work so dear;

And many a weary soul looked up,  
Rejoiced and cheered by the little cup.  
Dear Lord, I have looked with an envious heart  
On those who were reaping the golden grain;

I have thought in my work I had no part,  
And mourned that my life was lived in vain;  
But now Thou hast opened my eyes to see  
That Thou hast some little work for me.

If only this labor of love be mine—  
To gladden the heart of some toiling saint,  
To whisper words that shall cheer the weak,  
Do something to comfort the worn and faint—

Though small be the service, I will not grieve,  
Content just a cup of cold water to give.  
And when the Lord of the harvest shall come,  
And the laborers home from the field shall call,

He will not look for my gathered sheaves,  
But his loving words on my ear will fall:  
"Thou gavest a cup of cold water to Me,  
A Heavenly home thy reward shall be."

—The Christian Observer.

### The Irish Question.

Canon Willerforce, in a recent address to an enormous audience in Tremont Temple, Boston, was interested in the Irish question.

What is the Irish question? It is the whiskey question. If the Irish were able to rise in their true majesty and conquer their appetite for drink there would be no other people. There are no more loyal hearts upon the face of the earth.

The whiskey bill of Ireland is two and a quarter millions a year more than the whole rental of the country.

Well, many men explain this unhappy Ireland, while the money that is spent for whiskey is millions more than its rents. It is not so much the cruel landlord as it is the more cruel whiskey that causes the pitiful evictions in Ireland.

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## GENERAL NEWS.

—There are said to fifty-two kinds of sheep in the world.

England imported last year 1,033,579,440 eggs from foreign countries.

—One hundred square miles of timber land have been destroyed by fire near Cow Bay, C. B.

—One half of all the potatoes that are raised in the state of Maine are grown in Aroostook.

—In one district of Algeria, 50,000 gallons of grasshoppers' eggs have been collected and burned this year.

—A Shipment of Canadian cheese to Japan via British Columbia, has been made from Belleville, Ont.

—Workers in the Michigan lumber woods are agitating against the employment of French Canadians.

—The people of Palmont, Ind., blew up a building with dynamite to prevent the proposed opening of a liquor saloon.

—The Prairie Farmer claims that the live stock business has been as much overdone as wheat raising, hence of course the low prices.

—A three year old child of Peter Dowd of Lewisville, N. B., died Wednesday from the effects of sunstroke received the previous day.

—The debt of the city of Halifax is about one and three quarters million dollars. The debt of St. John, N. B., is about a million larger.

—A little Rockland school girl told one of her playmates that she could tell a lie and go to heaven, because her father was an alderman.

—The enormous sum of two millions of dollars is said to have been offered for Senator Sanford's rich marble quarries in the North West.

—The total egg crop of the United States, or the product handled by the large cities and towns, is estimated at \$150,000,000 annually.

—One of the old almanac jokes—born nobody knows when—"Whence comes the rain of the press," and as good as an illustration of perpetual motion as we have.

—Blondin, the famous rope dancer, and the first to cross the Niagara river on a tight-rope; returns to this country next summer after an absence of over twenty years.

—Eli Parks, a prominent citizen of Charlotte, Mich., was literally torn to pieces by a mad bull. The remains were found scattered about the premises. The bull was shot.

—Mr. Baird, the member for Queens, is becoming very popular in the country at large as well as in his own district. He is a persistent backslider to which he has been subjected.

—Some people who keep bees say that the bees are making large quantities of honey, but are not sending out any swarms. Last winter was one of the hardest for bees for thirty years.

—There are serious cases of mortality among the cattle at various places in New Hampshire. Disease appears to be pneumonia and peritonitis combined, but its exact character has not yet been ascertained.

—There is a great building boom in Winnipeg at present. Buildings to the value of \$400,000 are under construction. Many new wholesale warehouses are being erected. Most of the buildings are of the most substantial character.

—Life is too short to try to get good stock in any other way than by breeding to the best sires, and get full blood females too, if you can. Don't wait ten years to get ready to make money, but breed the best stock and you will make the most money.—E.C.

—From an examination of butter from various parts of France, M. E. Duclaux learns that, contrary to general opinion, the quality of this article depends largely upon the breed of cattle and their food, the pasture, soil, influence of season, age of milk, etc.

—Maine farmers complain of a midge which is affecting the herdsgraze in one of the lower joints, and the part above soon begins to turn white and it soon falls dead from the stem. Acres of nice grass in some fields are reported as greatly injured in this way.

—The packing cases are being put together at the Portland Packing Co.'s corn canning shops in Ypsalboro. There are to be ten thousand of these boxes each holding two dozen cases. It is expected that apples will be canned at the shop this season.

—Those two celebrated preachers, the Rev. Dr. Bacon and the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, were once disputing on some religious subject, when the former accused the latter of using wit in his sermons. "Well," said Mr. Beecher, "suppose it had pleased God to give you wit what would you have done?"

—The agriculturists in the South of Ireland are having a hard time of it. The pastures are burning up and cattle are starving by the wholesale. The heat is intense and there has been no rain. The result is a complete absence of growth in the cereal and green crops, and the possibility that if no rain comes in the immediate future, of there being no harvest.

## Notin' to Say.

(From The Century Magazine.)  
Notin' to say, my daughter! Notin' to say to me!

Girls these in love, I've noticed, ginerly has their way.

Yer mother did, afore you, when her folks objected to her, and yer mother—where is she?

You look lots like yer mother: Purty much the same in size;  
And about the same completed; 'an favor about the eyes.

Like her, too, 'bout 'leven here, because 'e couldn't stay.

It'll 'most seem like you was dead like her!—but I ain't got nothin' to say!

She left you her little Bible—write yer name across the page—  
And left her car-bells for you, of ever you come of age.

I've allus kep' 'em and gyarded 'em, but I've let 'em go now.

Notin' to say, my daughter! Notin' to say to me!

(Her mother as just twenty when we two run away.)

Twenty year! and as good a girl as parnter ever found!

There's a straw ketcher out yer dress there—'I'll break it off—turn round.

(Her mother as just twenty when we two run away.)

Notin' to say, my daughter! Notin' to say to me!

—Janus Whitcomb Riley.

## OVER \$6,000 CLOTHS ALONE

Have been imported and are now being opened up

For the Spring Trade.

NEW CLOTHS!

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## A Sluggish Liver

Causes the Stomach and Bowels to become disordered, and the whole system to suffer from debility. In all such cases Ayer's Pills give prompt relief.

After much suffering from Liver and Stomach troubles, I have finally been cured by taking Ayer's Cathartic Pills. I always find them prompt and thorough in their action, and their occasional use keeps me in a perfectly healthy condition. —Ralph Weeman, Annapolis, Md.

Twenty-five years ago I suffered from a torpid liver, which was restored to healthy action by taking Ayer's Pills. Since that time I have never been without them. They regulate the bowels, assist digestion, and increase the appetite, more safely than any other medicine. —Otto Montgomery, Oakbrook, Wis.

I know of no remedy equal to Ayer's Pills for Spasms and Liver disorders. I suffered from a torpid liver, and dyspepsia, for fifteen months. My skin was yellow, and my tongue coated. I had no appetite, suffered from Head-ache, was pale and emaciated. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills, taken in moderate doses, restored me to perfect health. —Waldo Miles, Oberlin, Ohio.

Ayer's Pills are a superior family medicine. They strengthen and invigorate the digestive organs, create an appetite, and remove the horrible depression and despondency resulting from Liver Complaint. I have used these Pills, in my family, for years, and they never fail to give entire satisfaction. —Otto Montgomery, Oakbrook, Wis.

Ayer's Pills, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

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Ship Agents & Ship Brokers,  
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GEO. A. TOWNSEND, July 24

The St. John Bolt and Nut Compy,  
MANUFACTURERS OF  
Track Bolts, Car Bolts,  
Machine Bolts, Bridge Bolts, Sligh Shoe Bolts,  
Turnbuckles, Lag screws, Phillips, Washers,  
Carriage Rivets, Bolt Rivets, Wash Rivets,  
Hot Forged and Pressed Square and Hexagon Nuts.  
ALL KINDS OF  
Railway, Mining and Builders' Supplies.  
Factory ST. JOHN, N. B. NEW BRUNSWICK.  
JULY 13



## CHIGNECTO POST AND BORDERER.

SACKVILLE, N. B., AUG. 4, 1887.

The Italian Ministry has been reorganized in consequence of the death of Signor Depretis.

The Imperial Government has decided to subsidize the Canadian Pacific route for the transportation of British trans-Pacific mails.

An election for the Quebec house, took place in Laprairie on Saturday, Mr. Goyette, the Liberal candidate, was elected by a majority of eighty-eight over Brison, Conservative.

Already the Canadian Pacific Railway bridge across the St. Lawrence, at Ste. Anne's, is completed, and the first train has crossed. The solidity and durability of the structure are commended.

The contract for building the Fredericton railway bridge has been signed. It is said that the new bridge will be one of the finest structures of its kind in Canada. The entire work is to be finished May 1st, 1888.

It is stated that the Dominion Government, with a view of contributing as much as possible to the expansion of our export trade, will shortly appoint a trade commissioner to Asia. Now that the C. P. R. is running a line of steamships to the shores of the sons of the sun, every effort will be made to profit by the new market opened up.

The first meeting of the National League since the Coercion act was put in operation was held on Tuesday, and announced receipts from America since last meeting 5,200 pounds. The Lord Mayor of Dublin declared that the league if proclaimed, would continue to fight. Patrick A. Collins assured his auditors that they had the sympathy of America.

A Quebec despatch of the 1st inst. says: "Eight hundred and twenty leonid immigrants arrived from the east yesterday. Though the party is a large one, the disposal of nearly every individual is already arranged for and by the end of the week all will have employment or be settled on land. The demand for labor at present is very great on the railways and among the farmers. And yet we hear that our young men are driven to the United States for lack of employment.

Railway construction is progressing at a rapid rate in India. Last year 1025 miles of new road were built; this makes a total mileage of 13,390. There are 3200 miles more under construction, or authorized to be built. These roads pay moderately well, as those already in operation yield a return on the capital invested of 5.9 per cent. per annum. The progress of railroad development in India is of interest to Canada, as it is up on it depends in a great measure the wheat-growing capacity of the country. The official estimate of the crop of wheat grown in India was last year 236,000,000 bushels. This appears to have been a short crop, for the average for a series of years has been calculated to be 266,000,000 bushels. The average yield per acre is small, being but nine bushels to the acre.

M. Flourens, Minister of Foreign Affairs, has sent a circular to foreign agents regarding the Egyptian convention. He says that after the rejection of the convention by the Egyptian Government, a spirit of reconciliation manifested by England in conventions. Two bad points were, first, the abandonment of part of the Sultan's suzerainty to a Christian power; second, the date for the evacuation of Egypt by the British. He believed that if negotiations are renewed it will be easy to arrive at a useful result by avoiding those difficulties. He concluded by expressing the hope that Lord Salisbury will not receive himself regarding French sentiments on the subject. There is nothing hostile, he says, in his policy. France continues to desire a settlement according to the wishes of all the powers.

There are quite a number of the Rogers' highways being put into the mill dams this summer in this province. Minister Foster seems to fully appreciate the great value of this important invention and is pushing its construction. Mr. Rogers has just taken out another patent in the United States, where he is now constructing some ten or fifteen new ones—which very much enhances the value, and increases the importance of the former invention and matters look now as if he is to have the whole highway business of that country in his hands, as well as of Canada. Mr. R. is deserving of much credit for his perseverance and skill in overcoming the constant difficulty of successfully reconciling waterpower and the fisheries.—Herald.

Says the Portland, Me. Press: The American fishermen caught sailing mackerel inside of the three-mile limit must submit to the consequences of the seizure and condemnation of their vessels. There is no question about the correctness of the Canadian construction of the three-mile limit clause of the treaty. The United States Government has acknowledged it, and the fishermen themselves over and over again have assented to it. Indeed they have declared that there was nothing in it that limit that they wanted. That, however, was before the mackerel had schooled there in large numbers. The temptation to trespass now is very strong, but the fishermen must either resist it or be prepared to take the consequences without murmuring. If they are caught, they must not expect any aid from the United States.

## SOUTH RENFREW.

The reaction against the Government does not appear to be very strong in Eastern Ontario, and Commercial Union is not booming in that section to any great extent. Returns from South Renfrew indicate that Mr. Ferguson, Liberal Conservative, was returned on Tuesday by a majority of at least 130—some of the despatches make it more—against a Grit majority of 66 last February. South Renfrew has always been a Grit stronghold, and has been carried by their party sixteen times in the seven Dominion and Provincial elections which have been held since Confederation. The constituency was apparently safe for the opposition, but to make assurance doubly sure they selected Mr. Donald McIntyre, millionaire and C. P. R. magnate, to lead the party to victory. Mr. McIntyre had been denounced by the Grits as a monopolist, but political exigencies induced them to throw consistency to the winds and fix upon him as the most likely to carry the Riding, and his nomination was heartily approved by Mr. Laurier, Sir Richard Cartwright, Mr. Mackenzie and other prominent Liberals. Mr. Peter Mitchell, Mr. William MacDougall and other Grit orators took the stump in Mr. McIntyre's behalf, money was spent freely, railway subsidies were promised, Commercial Union was played for all it was worth, and in short, every means, fair or unfair, was used to defeat the Government. The result has been a disastrous defeat to the Grit party, and has demonstrated that even the repudiation of Grit principles by the Grit leaders and the adoption of policies they have long strenuously opposed will not save the party from disaster when an appeal to the people has to be made. Since the February elections the Government have carried East Brant, South Victoria, Restigouche and Digby, and now in spite of the most desperate efforts South Renfrew has been redeemed. But even in view of these facts it will not be surprising to find the Grit organs claiming that the Liberals have gained a great moral victory, and that the days of the Macdonald Government are numbered.

## Cape Tormentine Pier.

Some weeks ago, Messrs. Strachan & Perkins, contractors for the Cape Tormentine Wharf, stopped operations and returned to Ontario, and it is now announced that they have thrown up the contract on the ground that their tender was too low. When the contract price was announced over a year ago, we expressed our opinion that the contractors would be unable to complete the work for the sum named, and it is very unfortunate that it took them a year or more to reach a similar conclusion, as the course they have pursued has seriously retarded the completion of the undertaking. The contractors have been at a heavy expense, but they never pushed the work as if they meant business. One summer season have given them ample time to discover that they had made a mistake, and they should have promptly used all the means in their power to correct it as soon as the discovery was made. If they had given up their contract last fall, even if it had cost them a fortune, it might have been undertaken by other parties and pushed vigorously forward. As it is, one season has been needlessly wasted, and the building of the wharf has been correspondingly delayed. If the work had been pushed forward there would have been large disbursements for labor and material, and a considerable sum of money would have been put in circulation. This speedy completion of the wharf is of great importance to the County through the stoppage of the work, and the suspension has been the cause of serious loss and inconvenience to many persons who have been thrown out of employment, when it was too late to seek it elsewhere. It is not supposed that the contractors have been guilty of intentional wrong, but the course they have followed has proved very unfortunate for themselves and others. The speedy completion of the wharf is a matter of great importance to the people on both sides of the Strait, and nothing short of insurmountable obstacles should be permitted to retard its construction. It is, therefore, earnestly to be hoped that the Government in rejecting the contract will see that it is awarded to persons who have the means, the ability and the determination to push the work rapidly forward to a successful conclusion.

An Ottawa despatch to the St. John Telegraph is as follows:—A contractor of this city is in urgent need of 475 men to work on the St. Lawrence River. The wages are \$1.25 per day, but only 195 have been engaged thus far. Farm laborers of Western Ontario are receiving \$1.50 per day. The man who recently tramped from Nova Scotia to St. John in search of work, as reported by a St. John paper, will do well to keep going west, if it is to him he is looking after. According to the despatch there does not appear to be very great difficulty in obtaining employment in Canada even under the N. P.

New rules restricting the importation of cattle from the United States, into Manitoba and the North-West, have been embodied in an order in Council. All previous orders on the subject are rescinded; and except for stock-breeding purposes and passing in transit, the importation of neat cattle is prohibited. All animals that come in are to be inspected and, if necessary, quarantined for twenty-one days. This new precaution against the importation of disease, coming as it does so soon after another measure having the same object in view, implies that some new necessity for it has recently arisen.—Monetary Times.

Mr. Lovitt, the Liberal member for Yarmouth, N. S., has been unseated in the Electoral Court.

## Fifty Years Ago.

Mr. Editor:—I have thought it better to go back of fifty years in this letter. Our Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, as well as Ontario, are compared with the New England States quite and not. We often hear unfavorable and unjust comparisons between our provinces and the United States by our own people to our prejudice and to the disgrace of men who indulge their humor in this way. Until Canada was ceded to the English in 1763, Acadia had been a bone of contention between the English and French, and may well be called the battle ground for the contending parties. True, Acadia was ceded to the English in 1713, but the French retained possession, and the strong fortification of Louisbourg, in Cape Breton, was still a French fortress. The French and Indians held the territory, recognized no English authority; indeed there was no government until the attempt to colonize Halifax in 1749. At that time Acadia was almost an unbroken forest, and in its original state, except the marks of the boundary line between Acadia and the French possessions at the north was in dispute. The French claimed Chignecto; the English the St. Lawrence. This dispute, and the occupancy of the country by the French and Indians, rendered it impossible for English immigrants to make headway, even after a strong Government was established at Halifax. So dangerous had they become and so determined not to take the oath of this time, although it was to the English, that the English were driven to the terrible expedient of an entire eradication of the unfortunate people in 1755. The English and French colonies were at war at this time, although a formal declaration of war at home was not made until some time after. This driving out of the French has been the theme of poets and sentimentalists, but perhaps if they had been placed as the English settlers, never certain, when they went to sleep at night, that the scalps of their wives and children would be dangling from the belts of blood-thirsty Indians before morning, they would have been less sentimental. In justice to Acadia French it may be said, if left to themselves, they were a harmless Christian people, but they were enemies of the English and friends of the treacherous Indians. The English settlers were afraid of them. The English colonies of the Atlantic slope were one hundred years ahead of Acadia. In about 1680 they were in the situation that Nova Scotia was in 1749. They had a school system equal to what we now enjoy long before the colonization of Halifax, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Hampshire raised fifteen thousand men in 1758 for the last French and Indian war. This was but a few years before the English settled Halifax. Nova Scotia then comprised all New Brunswick. The province was divided in 1786. But the settlement of Nova Scotia cannot be said to have been made until the end of the war with France on the continent of America in 1763. At that time the old colonies had a population of two and one half millions, and only thirteen years after declaring their independence, gained it in 1783 and became the U. S. States of America. I am led to the foregoing facts and figures to call the attention of the many ill-natured and unpatriotic croakers that are uniformly deriding the country, its climate, its institutions, its Government, laws and all belonging to it. If they need not be told of the newness of their country and the reason why our cities and manufactures do not compare well with the older cities of the States, then are their prosecutions malicious and highly censurable. Whatever their motives, their slanders but excite the regret and pity of their loyal fellow subjects and the laughter and ridicule of the citizens of the U. S. States. They have no such people in the States. These offensive specimens of the genus imagine Uncle Sam in his claw hammer coat, his trousers in his pockets, and his boots suspended to his pantaloons, listening to one of these wrinkled faced traffickers of his own country, thus smilingly answer with a tap on the shoulder, "we're the best country in the world, no frosts, no snow, no hurricanes, no tornadoes, no snakes,—come along." Greeny packs his box. They part at the station in Boston, Uncle Sam utters this homely injunction, "root hog or die," and is gone.

## Progress in the North-West.

Barrett, N. W. T., July 31.—The Minister of the Interior has been here yesterday. He stopped over a day at Calgary and visited the Chipman ranch, where there are 700 or 800 horses. The five days' rain has done a great amount of good all through the country. At Calgary, the distance, three miles distant from here, he found the Anthracite Coal company in full blast taking out two thousand tons of coal for San Francisco, the first train load, of which he saw the train. The company are enlarging their works so that the output within a few weeks will be 500 tons per day. The Minister of the Interior is very much gratified with the progress of the work on the national park, and thinks that the settlement work has been grand. Hon. Mr. Mackenzie expresses himself in the warmest terms over the beauties of the place and the excellent work being done here. His health improving and he daily makes a visit to the leading point in the park. He proposes visiting Anthracite tomorrow. The Canadian Pacific Railway line is nearing completion. Mr. White was surprised at the marvelous change that has taken place within twelve months.

The result of the experiment of purchasing horses for the British army in Canada has not been successful. The supply of suitable animals was limited and the prices too high, the charges for ocean transportation materially enhancing the net cost landed in England. We are now told that no further shipments will be made. Altogether, about a hundred animals were purchased, but this does not represent all the benefit this country will receive, as the visit of Col. Ravenhill was productive of a good deal of criticism wherein the weak points of the average Canadian horse were brought out. Steps taken by the Agricultural department served to make these generally known, and if due heed is paid to the remarks seen in the future in an improvement in horses for the home market which is steadily increasing in extent. Great Britain will henceforth have to depend on her own resources for the supply of horses, as they cannot be imported from Canada, certainly none of the more distant colonies need be looked to, and the European market is so subject to embargoes as not to be permanently relied on.

Fully half the fishery season passed over before a single capture for infraction of the fishery laws was made by our cruisers in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, though the protective service has been well maintained. Two seine boats and seines, belonging to the Col. J. French and the Argonaut, were caught shore fishing off East Point, P. E. I. The seines were full of mackerel at the time of the capture. The schooners to which they belonged got away.

A special cable to the Toronto Globe says:—In the House of Commons to-night Sir James Ferguson, replying to Mr. Gourlay said negotiations were now in progress which, he hoped, would lead to a satisfactory settlement of the fisheries question at no distant date. At present there was no further official correspondence to present to parliament, as none had taken place.

Two very sick with bowel complaint. Two physicians did me no good. I tried other medicines but all was no use until I tried Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry. The next day I was a different man.

## The Chignecto Ship Railway.

(St. John Sun.)

A few days ago the Sun, referring to the Chignecto marine railway, showed that the scheme was unquestionably practicable, inasmuch as it contained no features that are novel or untested. Such hydraulic lifts as are proposed are in operation in a hundred docks, and the conveyance of vessels along horizontal lines of railway is no new thing. So far as the engineering difficulties go, they are not insurmountable, and the endorsement by so eminent an engineer as Mr. John Fowler, and by the fact that experienced engineering firms have agreed to undertake the construction and operation of both the lifting and transportation apparatus, and guarantee the mechanical success of the enterprise for a year after completion.

It may not be generally known that Mr. Ketchum's company has received a grant of land from the Government, a strong London firm, who agree for a specified sum to furnish, and erect the lifting machinery required for raising a vessel of 1,000 tons the register for her cargo, and to operate the same for one year. Another London firm, Catbells, De Lango and company, tender for the construction of the railway line itself and the required docks in accordance with the terms of the grant. The firm also offer to operate its machinery and guarantee the practicability of the enterprise. So far as the construction and operation of the transport railway is concerned all is gone well.

Of the importance of the work there is no need of argument. This part of the scheme has been thoroughly enquired into by business men. The St. John board of trade has twice and again affirmed the desirability of the lifting and transportation machinery. The English colonies of the three provinces have no divided opinion on this question. They may not profess to know what the lifting and transportation machinery is, but they know that this communication is by canal of Mr. Ketchum's scheme, but they know that it would be a great thing to have this short passage for shipping. The county of Cumberland was surprised at the managers and this has shown in a practical way its interest in the project.

## Ranching and Coal Mining at Calgary.

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## Crushed on the Rail.

Fatal Accident at Sackville Station.

One of the saddest accidents that has ever happened on the I. C. R. took place near Sackville Station yesterday morning, and resulted in the death of Charles Hoar, aged thirteen, son of Mr. Miles Hoar, Section Foreman. It appears that deceased, who was a bright, intelligent boy, universally liked by all who knew him, fell from a ballast train which was shunting and had one leg nearly severed from his body. The train was stopped as soon as possible, and the boy from the station carried to the station Medical aid was speedily summoned, but nothing could be done to relieve the sufferer, and he died about an hour after the accident happened. In the afternoon a jury was empaneled at Sackville, and after viewing the body, which had been removed to Mr. Hoar's house, an inquest was held in the ladies' waiting room at the station. The following are the names of the jurors:—C. E. Lund, Ed. R. Alex. Ford, T. J. Hensley, I. N. Evans, H. B. Allison, H. Patterson, Mr. Jarvis appeared on behalf of the I. C. R. The evidence taken was as follows:—

Walter Wellings, sworn.—An employee on I. C. R. in charge of ballast trains. Came in here about 9 this morning and coupled with another train. Most of my train was ahead of the other train. I set it on the siding and as soon as the other train left I told the men to get the train and put it on the siding and take a box car which was on the siding and put it on the branch. I then walked to the station to get orders. When I was in the station I heard some one yelling. I looked to see what was the matter. I saw a boy was yelling at some boy who was on the car putting on brakes, to take off the brake and get off. Saw the boy let the brake off. Didn't see him get off the train. I started to walk up the track, just as the train was backing out from the siding. I got up as far as the cattle pen when I heard yelling, and I ran and saw a boy under the car wheels and a couple of men just taking him off. (To Juror)—Am not in the habit of letting boys get on the train. Generally order them off when I see them. John Devine, sworn.—An driver of ballast train. Came in here this morning about 9 o'clock, and after putting our train on the siding was backing out from the siding when I saw a boy under the car wheels and a couple of men just taking him off. (To Juror)—Am not in the habit of letting boys get on the train. Generally order them off when I see them. John Devine, sworn.—An driver of ballast train. Came in here this morning about 9 o'clock, and after putting our train on the siding was backing out from the siding when I saw a boy under the car wheels and a couple of men just taking him off. (To Juror)—Am not in the habit of letting boys get on the train. Generally order them off when I see them.

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said yes. I told one of my men to take my jacket off and wrap it around the wound. My three men assisted me to carry him to the station. I then went and told his mother and brought his little brother back to see him.

The jury returned a verdict "That the deceased was accidentally killed by falling from a car." No blame is attached to the train hands, and the safe fate of young Hoar should be a warning to boys who are fond of getting on passing trains. Much sympathy is felt for the bereaved family in their sorrow. The funeral takes place this afternoon, leaving the house at three o'clock, local time.

Personal.

—Jas. Foutner, book-keeper of the Toronto International Grain and Stock Exchange, has been arrested on a charge of embezzlement. It is alleged that he is \$10,000 short.

—It is reported that Mr. Gould Northrup, of Scotch Village, N. S., has struck a good seam of gold near Rawdon Church. Several men are working the claim at present.

A reward of \$2,500 is offered for the capture of J. W. McGarrigle, ex-Chief of Police and ex-County Hospital Warden for Chicago, who escaped from jail on the 23rd July.

—Sir John Pope Hennessy, who was recently reinstated as governor-general of Mauritius, after several months' suspension, has had a writ issued against the London Times for libel, laying damages at £20,000.

—Lord Salisbury, speaking at Norwich last Friday, warned the Opposition that he was prepared for an early termination when his life seemed unendangered.

The Minister of Marine and Fisheries was in St. John last Saturday and Sunday. He sailed from that port in the Government steamer Lansdowne, which has been engaged in supplying lighthouses, on a tour of inspection around the coast of Nova Scotia.

—A party of a dozen Bostonians, accompanied by the Secretary for Agriculture, Mayor Jones, of Woodstock, and two or three other Provincialists, are to leave in a few days for the Temiscouche lake region, proceeding by the way of Edmundston and Squam Lake.

—Rev. A. J. Mowatt, pastor of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Fredericton, has declined the offer of the pastorate of St. Andrew's Church of Halifax, with a salary of \$2,000 and a free manse. His present salary is \$1,400 and a free manse.

—Grit papers are charging Minister Foster with inconsistency because he did not report the depredations of American poachers before they took place. They are not inclined to give the Minister of Marine and Fisheries much honor in his own country, but they evidently expect him to be a prophet.

Adjusted—Hall, of Halifax division of the Salvation Army, was married in St. John on Thursday night to Captain Jennie Langtry, of Toronto. About 4,000 persons witnessed the ceremony, and showed great enthusiasm. The happy couple, after a brief time, will resume work in Halifax.

—McGarrigle, the Chicago hoodler, is safe in Canadian territory. He was suspected of loaning the Canadian ship "Edward Blake," and when detectives climbed on board the schooner at Sarnia, Ontario, McGarrigle climbed down the side at the other end into a yawl and was quickly taken to Canadian waters and landed at Point Edward.

—Dr. William Bayard, of St. John, was banqueting by the medical fraternity of that city last Monday evening, on the occasion of his completing a half century as a medical practitioner. Dr. Bayard, who is one of St. John's most esteemed citizens, was born at Kentville, N. S., and was a son of the late Dr. Bayard, of that place.

—The United States Attorney for Utah, on Saturday last filed a suit against the trustees and managers of the Mormon Church in behalf of the United States, to disincorporate the said church and wind up its business. The petition alleges that the property is valued at three million dollars, \$2,000,000 real estate and \$1,000,000 personal property. It sets forth the law of Congress prohibiting any church from owing more than \$50,000, and that the church has violated the law of the Edmunds-Tucker law of 1887, providing for the disincorporation of the Church of Jesus Christ Latter Day Saints by proceeding as it has, and sequestering its property to the use of the common school funds of the territory. The court will sit on the 15th September for the hearing of the case.

It is reported that the P. E. Island government have employed the services of a detective to endeavor to get at the bottom of the Margate horror. From the tone of the Charlottetown press, there seems to be considerable doubt as to the guilt of Millman, the accused prisoner.

—The Summerside Journal points out that there is no deposit in Charlottetown and Summerside branches of the Government Savings Bank combined, the sum of more than three and a quarter million dollars, or about \$20 for every man, woman and child on the island.

—Some of the leading Ottawa forwarders have stated that, during the present season, since the opening of navigation, there have been shipped from that city by boat some 150,000,000 feet of sawn lumber.

## New Advertisements.

WANTED.

20 HEIFERS, 3 years old and upwards, not in calf, for which I will pay cash.

One Draft Horse, weight about 1,200 lbs., not over 7 years old, sound and true to haul.

J. L. BLACK.

## CEDAR SHINGLES.

165 M. Saw Cedar Shingles No. 1,

Clear and Extra Clear Quality.

PRICE LOW! CALL AND SEE!

J. L. BLACK.

## FLOUR

350 BBLs. (Pure Patent, Stockwell, Gold Coin, Phago),

Barrels Oatmeal, Tons Wheat Middlings.

LOWEST MARKET RATES.

J. L. BLACK.

## OATS

300 Bushels P. E. I. Oats,

FOR SALE AT RETAIL.

J. L. BLACK.

## SALT--IN STORE!

1500 Bags Liverpool Salt,

150 Bags Dairy Salt.

Wholesale, very low; Retail, \$1 per Bag.

J. L. BLACK.

## SUGAR

4 Tons Porto Rico Sugar,

Choice Quality.

3 Tons Halifax Refin'g Sugar.

The P. E. Sugar is worthy of special attention.

J. L. BLACK.

## NEW GOODS!

MAY 10TH, 1887.

We have now in Store

A Complete Stock of New Goods in all Departments,

And would especially invite the attention of the Ladies to the following Lines:

PLAIN WOOL DRESS GOODS,

Checked and Striped Wool Dress Goods,

Black Cashmeres, Colored Cashmeres,

Fancy Dress Muslins, Swiss

Checked and Spotted Muslins, Victoria Lawns.

Cream & Fancy Seersuckers,

Checked Gingham—full Assortment,

Hamburgs, Laces, Edgings, Fringes,

Jet Trimmings and Laces, Black and Cream Lace Edgings,

CHUDDA SHAWLS—ALL SHADES,

Black and Fancy Shawls, Gloves—all kinds, Corsets, Buttons, Trimmings, Black and Gold Silks and Satins,

3 dozen Trimmed Hats,

Handsome and Cheap!







**"The Representative House of the Maritime Provinces."**

W. H. JOHNSON, - HALIFAX, N. S.

**Pianos and Organs**

By the leading American and Canadian Manufacturers.

Prices the lowest consistent with quality of instruments for cash or easy payment system.

Write to Office, 121 and 123 Hollis St., for prices and terms.

**RHODES, CURRY & Co.,**

AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA,

Manufacturers and Builders.



SCHOOL, OFFICE, CHURCH AND HOUSE FURNITURE.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in all kinds of Builders' Materials.

Send for Estimates.

**SUMMER GOODS!**

WE HAVE NOW THE

**Best Assortment of Dress Muslins**

We Have Ever Shown.

PRINTED INDIA LINES, NEW LAMA CLOTHS, CASHMERE FINISHED

PRINTS, WORKED SPOTTED MUSLINS, FRENCH MUSLINS,

FRENCH SATENS, CHAMBRAYS, ZEPHYRS.

**EMBROIDERED DRESSES.**

Special Reduction - PRINT COTTONS For Next Thirty Days.

300 Pieces to Select From.

Silk and Lisle Gloves, Dents' Kid Gloves.

Children's and Ladies' Hosiery.

The Largest Stock and LOWEST Prices in Amherst.

**F. A. WILSON.****New Goods. New Goods.**

WE HAVE ON HAND A FULL ASSORTMENT OF

Ladies' Jerseys,

Ladies' and Gents' Furnishings,

Dress Goods in every variety,

Plushes, Velvets and Satins.

AN INSPECTION OF GOODS AND PRICES IS ALL WE ASK.

F. A. WILSON, Successor to W. D. Main &amp; Co.

Amherst, Mar. 9, 1887.

**For Sale and To Let.****To Rent.**

THE house and grounds formerly the residence of the late Reuben Chase, Esq., Upper Sackville. There is a vegetable garden and flower garden. The house is commodious and comfortable, with good hay and outbuildings. Also a number of good trees for sale. Possession given immediately. Apply to

MRS. REUBEN CHASE, Upper Sackville, April 12th, 1887.

**House and Lot**

For Sale or to Let.

THIS desirable property formerly owned by Alex. Johnston, is situated at Upper Sackville, convenient to School, Church, Store and Post Office, and is a very pleasant locality. The house is new and very convenient; Outbuildings are in good repair. There is also a Blacksmith Shop and Carpenter Shop on the premises, and plenty of good wood.

Terms very favorable. Apply to

CHARLES FAWCETT, Sackville, N. B.

**For Sale.**

THE PREMISES occupied by me in

Bale Verte, consisting of a Dwelling House, Shop, Office, Outbuildings and Wharf. The location is one of the most convenient and desirable in town, and only a few minutes' walk from the Barrade road, or Station.

If not sold within a short time, the Shop, with Office, suitable for any kind of business, can be let separately.

Title undoubted. Apply to

T. A. WELLING, Bale Verte, May 25th, 1887.

**FOR SALE.**

TWENTY LOTS IN PORT ELGIN.

THE undersigned offers at private sale on liberal terms, 12 Building Lots with a front of 100 feet each on the Port Elgin river, and extending to the Timber River road, with an equal width on said road, and within five minutes walk of railway accommodation and shipping; also 8 lots fronting on the Barrade road, width of each as aforesaid, and about fifteen minutes walk to the business part of the town. Being an elevated situation, would be a desirable place for private dwellings.

JAMES HAMILTON, Port Elgin, Jan. 5th, 1887.

**Salt. Salt.**

Landing ship from Liverpool:

3000 bags Coarse Salt.

300 do F. F. Fine Salt.

GEO. S. DOUGLASS, 13 South Wharf, ST. JOHN, N. B.

ap21

**Notice. Notice.**

Just Received: The following

**GOODS**

Which I will sell at the lowest living prices for cash or its equivalent.

TEAS, Sugar, Molasses, Tobacco, Oil, Raisins, Currants, Apples;

Onions, Ginger, Cloves, Cassia;

Alspice, Macs, Summer savory;

Pepper, Mustard, Pickles;

Corn Starch, Cream Tartar, Soda;

Rice, Candy in abundance; Tapioca;

Coffee, fresh ground or by package;

Broma, Prepared Dried Coconut;

Gelatin, Hops, Sage, Split Peas;

Beans, Cranberries, 1/2 lbs. Shad;

1/2 lbs. Herring, Soap, Stove Polish;

Canned Fruits, Canned Mackerel;

Canned Beef, Canned Blueberries;

Canned Squash, Macaroni, Tamarins;

Frosting Sugar, and other small articles too numerous to mention.

Useful Articles for Every Day Use:

Coal Hods, Oil Cans, from 1 gal. to 4 gal.

Jugs, Wash Basins, Pans, all sizes;

Coffee Pots, Tea Pots, Pans, Dippers,

Brooms, Fills, Brushes, in Stone,

Wares and Scrub, Hay and Manure Forks,

The celebrated "A. H. Hine Axe, and other makes,

Hinges, Tacks, and other small wares.

C. W. KNAPP.

MENS and Boys' Hard and Soft HATS

AND CAPS of all kinds at cost.

C. W. KNAPP.

WANTED—Eggs, Butter, Pork, Tur-

keys, Geese, Chickens and Ducks, for which I will give the highest price.

dec6 C. W. KNAPP.

**Spring Trade.****NEW GOODS.**

WHITE COTTONS, every grade and

price; WHITE SHEETINGS;

TONS; plain and figured; COTTON-

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Beef, Pork, Poultry of all kinds,

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**Tenders for Debentures.**

TENDERS (marked "Tenders for Debentures") will be received at the Office of the Company, Sackville, up to 6 o'clock P. M. on 15th August next, for the whole or any part of \$100,000 of Bonds of the Company, payable in 10 years, bearing interest at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually, at the Merchants Bank of Halifax, Halifax, and at its Agencies at Sackville and St. John.

These Debentures are in sums of \$500 each, and are authorized by Act of Assembly of N. B. (45 Vic.), and are equally secured by a first Mortgage to Trustees covering the entire Railway of the said Company, and all its Lands, Rolling Stock, Equipments, etc.

The Company is not bound to accept the highest or any tender.

Dated Sackville, N. B., July 20th, 1887.

By order of the Directors,

JOSIAH WOOD, President.

W. C. MILLER, Secretary.

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(Continued from first page.)

For a moment there was an ominous silence as the two men looked into each other's eyes, where each saw determination. Harold's

obstinacy arose within him, increased by the desire to see the foolish heart

of Emily speaking through her eyes.

"Humph?" he ejaculated; "so you're jealous, my fine young beach

comber, are you?"

"Yes, I'm jealous, if you like to put it that way. I love Em Wardell, and I was going to try to get her

to be my wife; but you come down here with you York ways and your

pretty close on your fine talk, and you turned her head. She keeps

more for your finger now 'n she does for the bell of me."

"I'm glad you take it to me humbly a spirit."

"Don't you talk to me like that, Mr. Lethbridge," exclaimed Slocum

fiercely, "or I want say you'll do."

"You shan't go to see Em Wardell, and that's on end of it."

"You are mistaken," said Harold; "I shall go and see Miss Wardell. I am very fond of her and I believe she is fond of me, and neither of us will ask you permission to be friends. Let me pass."

"No, I'll kill you first."

The next moment the two men were linked in a deadly embrace.

Suddenly a deep voice sounded on the air.

"Stop! Are you men or dogs?"

The struggling men sprang apart, and old John Wardell, bareheaded and barefooted, with the collar of his red flannel shirt wide open, showing his rugged bosom, strode between them.

"What are you two lads doin' here wrestlin' on the beach?"

"I'll tell you," said Slocum; "I swore this here Yorker had got to stop goin' to see Em, an—"

"An' so he shan't," said the old man.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Wardell," began Harold, "I don't think—"

"That'll do!" exclaimed Wardell, stretching out his arm with a gesture full of rough dignity; "answer a question for me. How my daughter promised to marry either on you?"

"No," answered both.

"Then neither on you haint got naughtin' to say. So you'll hef to listen to me. Come here."

He led the way silently down the beach to where the surf broke lay in orderly array on the moonlit sands.

"Set down," he said, seating himself; "wan' o you on each side o' me."

Slocum seated himself doggedly on the old man's right, and Harold, wondering at the strange mastery the old fisherman exercised over him, sat down on his left.

"In this world wot we live in the best thing the Lord bez seen fer to give us as we men, an' the man wot don't deal square by a woman haint no man at all. Harry Slocum, do you want to marry Emily Wardell?"

"Taint no use o' askin' me that; you know 's wot I do that I do."

"That don't need no more talkin'."

"Naow, Mr. Lethbridge, do you want to marry Emily Wardell?"

"Well, now, you see, Mr. Wardell, every body who pays a little kindly attention to a woman's my question; s'yes or no—"

"No; but then—"

"That's 'nuff," said the old man rising and pacing him. "If you don't want to marry her, you ain't a-reatin' her queer, Mr. Lethbridge, 'cause you're a-makin' her like you too much. If you don't want to marry her, wot do you want?"

Mr. Wardell, upon his honor as a gentleman I mean your daughter no harm," said Harold, the hot blood rushing to his cheeks.

"Wot," replied the old man slowly, "I believe you on that. But you're a-reatin' her queer. By the way, she won't be willin' to live w' her own kind o' people. She'll be on happy and unconquered an' like ez her not but her life 'll be spiled all long o' you. Now, there haint more'n wot I say for you to do, an' thet's to go 'way from here."

Harold's face was pale and his lips twitched nervously. He suddenly perceived the wrong he had been doing as clearly as if he had caught nothing else of his life. He looked up at the moon, across whose face ragged bits of clouds were beginning to drift, took a long breath, and then said:

"You are right; I will go."

"Wen?"

In the morning."

"Now you're a-talkin' like a man," said John Wardell. "Go 'arly, 'cause there's a goin' to be bad weather here long."

And Harold set his face towards the Grand View Hotel, while the two fishermen strode up toward the dim lights of Joppa.

m.

"He's goin' away! He's goin' away!"

That was the wail that echoed through John Wardell's vine-clad cottage in the morning. Harold had written a note to Emily immediately on returning to the hotel, had carried it to her father's house late at night and placed it where other less many notes had preceded it. Then he went to the water's edge, drew a boatman's whistle from his pocket, and blew one long blast.

Anton rowed in with the yacht, dived and took his master aboard. The wind had begun to rise and the white sail was tugging at her cable. Before morning it had become dangerous to lie at anchor so near a lee shore, and at the first glimpse of dawn, under double reefed mainsail and a working jib, the white sail had begun to thrash her way through the rising gale out to windward to get an offing.

"He's goin' away! He's goin' away!"

So wailed poor Emily, her heart almost bursting with its sudden pain. Then she rushed to the window and looked out.

"Ah! He's gone!" she cried.

The next moment her experienced eyes had taken in at a glance the boiling expanse of foam-capped sea, and leader sky. She realized the presence of the dread north-east and her face turned as pale as the spoon drift that was driving across the heaving deep.

"The Lord preserve him," she murmured. Then her glance swept the horizon. Far away to the eastward she saw a white sail; then it disappeared behind a huge sea. Again it rose into sight.

"It's his!" she whispered, clasping her hands over her heart. "He's gone, an' mebbe he'll never come back no more."

Then she turned and hastened down stairs. Her father was not there. She rushed out of the house and towards the beach. In the rear of the gale and protected from the fine rain that was beginning to drive across the sea and land, she found her father and a crowd of fishermen.

"Pop!" she cried, "wot 'ye done w' him?" Look at yonder gale! This little sloop'll never weather such a gale ez this'n. He'll git drowned."

"Who're ye talkin' 'bout?" asked John Wardell.

"Ah!" cried Sammy Woodley, "taint hard to tell that. She's a talkin' 'bout the puddy Yorker wot's run away from 'er."

"Wot wot of I am?" cried the girl. "He'd never 's went off the bed w' her drow away. You did it, Harry Slocum, an' it's jist ez good ez murder."

"No," said John Wardell, stepping forward. "No, Em; I did it, an' it's better for it die then for you to be med on 'heppy for the rest o' your life."

"Ef he dies," said the girl, solemnly. "I'll cuss the day I was born. An' thet's ten chances to wan't he gets drowned. Look out yonder on the ocean!"

The men stopped out from behind the fishhouse and looked where she pointed. The fine rain was driving across the sea like a mist, but through it could be discerned the form of a white sloop, vainly struggling against the tremendous waves. And as they looked a cry of dismay went up from them for they beheld the close-reefed mainsail rent into fragments. Bravely the white sloop battled then. Her head was kept to the lowering waves, while a forestay-sail was set as a storm trysail. The little boat was hoisted, and soon they saw a drag launched from the bows. But nothing would stay the leeway of the vessel, and it was plain to all eyes that she was slowly but surely driving in towards the beach. Emily could speak no more. She bowed her head upon her hands and, crouching down upon the sand, regarded the beating of the wind, rocked backward and forward and moaned incessantly.

"I reckon he's got to get drowned," said John Wardell, with laborious utterance. "An' I sot him to goin' away this mornin'. I only done wot I thought was right."

"Satin' ort to be done for to save thet man," said Harry Slocum.

"Wot kis we do?" asked John Wardell. "The life savin' station haint open yet, an' we can't git no crew."

After that they stood silent and watched the doomed yacht as it came slowing in towards the beach. People from the Grand View hotel began to gather about the fishermen with prayers that some effort be made to rescue Harold.

"Taint no use," said Wardell gloomily; "we haint got no boat big 'nuff for to live in such breakers ez this."

"Harry, git me my spy glass."

The young man obeyed, and the old fisherman took a look at the incoming boat.

"Jist wot I t'or," he said. "He's all alone. His man must 'a' be'n washed overboard. He wot's broadside arter the masts' bust."

The little boat was soon close in to the breakers. Harold still bravely kept her head to the sea, but it was the effort of despair. In a few minutes a giant roller seized her and swept her boldly astern, and she struck heavily on the outer bar, almost in the breakers. Harold rushed forward and sprang into the sea, where he clung to another huge wave, swept over the decks of his vessel.

"I hain't goin' to stand this here!" exclaimed Harry Slocum. "Ef one man'll go w' me, I'll try to git a boat out 'nuff."

"Taint no use," was the gloomy reply.

"Ah, ye cowards!" cried Emily, springing up. "Ef none o' you'll go, I will!"

"Come on!" Harry shouted.

In a few moments one of the largest boats was pushed down to the undertow and ready to start. But when the fishermen standing close to the water's edge saw the size of the breakers, they tried to dissuade Emily. To Harry they paid no attention; it was the girl, the pride of their hamlet, they thought of.

"No, no, Em," cried her father, catching her arm; "you haint goin'." It's certain death."

"I will go!" she cried. "Push her off, Harry." The young man obeyed, and before old John Wardell well knew what had happened Emily had wrenched herself free, sprang into the water, thrown herself over the stern of the boat, seized the stroke oars, and was pulling out with her rejected lover to save the man she loved. The little surfboard rose with mighty leaps over the breaking and swelling masses of foam. Twice she was driven backward, but the stout arms of the young man and the girl never failed. At last the breakers on the outer beach held their breath, as they topped the frail craft, rise on the towering walls of water.

She lived. In another minute she was under the lee quarter of the

yacht and Harold Lethbridge had dropped into the stern sheets. A cheer went up from the guests of the hotel; but the fishermen shook their heads. Well they knew the danger of coming in through such a surf. They were not mistaken in their fears. The very first breaker rose like a mountain under the boat's stern. For a moment she was seen plunging headlong down the yellow hill of water; then she turned clear over and was buried with the three occupants under the hissing foam. It seemed an age before Harold Lethbridge's head appeared above the water far inside of the place where the boat had capsized. The little vessel came to the surface and swept close by him. He turned and looked for his companions, but could not see them. Then right manfully he turned his face towards those thundering breakers and strove to swim on to seek Harry and the girl.

It was useless. The great seas whirled him towards the beach as if he were a feather, and the fishermen, watching those thundering breakers half senseless to the beach. Harry Slocum's head appeared borne high on the crest of a huge wave. Even from the shore they could see the wild anguish in his eyes as they watched him. He was hunting for the girl. With the strength of a giant