

GAMBLERS GIVE POLICE AN EXCITING STRUGGLE.

Chicago Officers Determined to Prevent All Race Track Betting on Lake Michigan. --Chased Sportsmen Ten Miles in a Tug.

CHICAGO, Aug. 3.—Gamblers intent on playing the races and policemen determined to prevent all race track betting on Lake Michigan, today furnished an exciting struggle between law and sport. Police men and gamblers raced round the lake, first into Michigan waters, then close to the shores of Illinois and then into the jurisdiction of Indiana.

RECORD NUMBER PASS U.N.B. EXAMS.

Only Ten Out of 102 Fail On Entrance Test. Two St. John Girls and One St. John Boy Are Among the Ten in the First Division.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Aug. 3.—The report of examiners at university matriculation and high school leaving examinations, held July 4th, 5th, 1905, was given out today as follows: Dr. J. R. Inch, Chief Supt. of Education: We beg leave to submit our report of the matriculation and leaving examinations for July, 1905.

FORMAL PRESENTATION OF PLENIPOTENTIARIES.

Official Programme is Now Ready---M. Witte Sees Much of New York During Automobile Tour ---Received Many Callers.

SOUTHERN STATES ALMOST AT WAR.

Serious Trouble Grows Out of the Quarantine. Armed Men and Ships From Mississippi Invade Louisiana to Enforce Quarantine—Yellow Fever Increasing.

NEW ORLEANS, Aug. 3.—The controversy between the states of Louisiana and Mississippi over the invasion of Governor Vardaman's quarantine mosquito fleet and the armed guards stationed at Pearl river, was not improved by the statement given out by Governor Vardaman today in Jackson after his return from the coast, where he went to investigate the situation.

Finer Cake and biscuit are made with Royal Baking Powder than in the old-fashioned way, with cream of tartar and soda, or saleratus and sour milk.

The ingredients of Royal Baking Powder are most highly refined and absolutely pure. Royal is always uniform in strength, making the food evenly good and wholesome. No spoiled or wasted materials where it is used.

COSTIGAN FAVORS BEST ROUTE.

OTTAWA, Aug. 2.—In connection with the deputation which visited Ottawa last week to ask the government to change the route of the national transcontinental railway so that it might run down St. John valley, John Costigan says that he was not present with the deputation to support the request. When he heard that the deputation was coming to Ottawa he wrote the first minister pointing out that as his constituency would be affected by his decision that might be reached he would like to be present when the deputation met the government in order to hear what arguments they had to advance in support of their request.

M. Witte had an active day today. He has seen more of New York than most visitors see in a week. Accompanied by M. Wilkenine, Russia's financial agent at Washington, M. Witte left his hotel at nine o'clock in an automobile on a ride through Central Park, then to Grant's Tomb, where M. Witte, insisted on getting out of the car and walking into the mausoleum to stand for a few moments at the tomb of the great general. From there he went to the stock exchange, where he spent more than an hour studying its workings. From there he went to the top of one of the towering down-town buildings to get a bird's-eye view of the city. This quite charmed him. "The most magnificent view of all," he exclaimed. M. Witte then went into the subway and took an express train up town.

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FATALLY INJURED IN SERIOUS WRECK.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., Aug. 3.—The morning train from Rockwood to Johnstown over the Baltimore and Ohio railroad was wrecked today between Border and Fourstreet, seven miles from this city. One woman was fatally injured, another probably so, and half a dozen others so badly hurt that they had to be taken to the hospital. That the forty passengers on the train escaped death is little short of miraculous. Thrown from his truck by a broken rail, the only car to roll down the steep embankment was the baggage coach, which went tumbling over and over, and finally landed in the creek. The smoker and a day car were filled with the wreckage, the second car being held up by a telegraph pole on the brink of the embankment.

BORDEUAX MIXTURE For Killing Potato Bugs And Preventing Rust.

Is now becoming generally used. It is the best as well as the cheapest. Every farmer should have the recipe, which is as follows: 6 pounds Blue Vitriol, 4 pounds Unslacked Lime, 4 ounces Paris Green, 30 Imperial gallons of Water, to be thoroughly mixed and used freely. We can quote very low prices on Blue Vitriol and Paris Green W. H. Thorne & Co. Ltd

BOY LOST

NEWTONVILLE, Aug. 3.—Believed by relatives to be dead in Wawinet woods, and as the police were about to search for him, 14 year old William Miller of Lowell avenue, who had been missing from home since Monday, turned up at noon today but little the worse for his 48 hours in the thick underbrush, lying between this village and Newton Centre. While playing in the woods lost in the woods while returning from a fishing expedition, and though he knew he was near home he could not locate the path that would lead him to the highway. After satisfying his hunger with wild berries, he gathered some leaves and moss for bedding and was soon asleep under the shelter of two large pines. Early in the morning, after eating more berries and drinking from the stream again, he saw a cow and followed her to the highway.

COLUMBUS, Ga., Aug. 2.—The city council of Columbus today voted to establish a quarantine against the state of Louisiana.

WHEN THE LUNGS ARE SORE

From coughing and you don't know what to do, just inhale the soothing vapor of "Catarrhozone," it's a lung food, a strengthening and certain cure; try Catarrhozone.

THREE GREEKS DROWNED

NASHUA, N. H., Aug. 2.—Three Greeks who were returning from a boating excursion up the Nashua river were drowned within a hundred yards of the landing late this afternoon through the overturning of the boat.

TWELVE INJURED IN TROLLEY ACCIDENT.

ATTLEBORO, Mass., Aug. 3.—Twelve persons were seriously and several others slightly injured in a head-on collision between two trolley cars on the North Attleboro loop of the interstate consolidated street railway late this afternoon. The most seriously injured are: Mrs. Bernard Cannon, North Attleboro, ankle broken. Mrs. Frank Barker, North Attleboro, internally injured. Motorman Arthur Monroe, Warren, R. I., ankles crushed. Miss Annie Kirke, North Attleboro, hips and arms bruised. Mrs. Ellen Moulton, Providence, nose broken. Cyril Lafontaine, North Attleboro, arms and legs injured. Miss F. Meyer, North Attleboro, arms bruised.

A SERIOUS FIRE AT HALIFAX.

HALIFAX, Aug. 3.—The main building of the Carritte Patter-son Manufacturing Company destroyed. The main building of the Carritte Patter-son Manufacturing Company on the outskirts of the city was destroyed by fire at a late hour tonight. The fire started in the boiling department and rapidly spread over the whole place. The factory is beyond the city water service, and the I. C. R. track made it impossible to get the fire engines within reach of the harbor. A line of hose was then run to a sheet of fresh water known as Stanford's pond. This caused considerable delay in getting on a stream. The building is brick and was completed about a year ago. A. O. Saurderson, the manager, met with an accident last winter by which both legs were broken, and he has not been able to go on duty since. The company manufacture all kinds of tarred paper and by-products of tar. The two men injured were Mr. Asselin, acting manager, and Levi Crawford. The fire was caused by the explosion of a lamp, and Asselin and Crawford were burned in trying to extinguish the flames before the alarm was sent in. Crawford was burned more severely and is in the hospital. Asselin is in his own home. The property was insured.

ST. PETERSBURG, Aug. 3.—The admiralty has given orders for twelve turbine torpedo boat destroyers, ranging from 230 to 250 tons displacement for coast service.

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EASTPORT, Aug. 3.—There is a peculiar state of affairs in the sardine canning business of this city, which looks rather amusing to many, but is much to be regretted. It is a well known fact that several hundred of our Canadian cousins are every season employed in the sardine canning plants of Eastport, even if there is some kind of a United States law in regard to foreign contract labor, but several well known Eastport factory workmen, with a number of years experience in the different branches of the work, were obliged to leave this week for sardine factory work offered on Canadian shores. It would seem that a resident of this city, who has property and is obliged to pay taxes, would have difficulty in securing a position when it is considered that so many from over the border city come in and get to work in quick time and make money which is carried back to dominion soil later, but such is the fact.

HAMILTON, July 31.—Doctors have at last abandoned all hope of saving fifteen-year-old Olive Clapp's life. For five months past the girl has hovered between life and death in a hospital, and was recently sent to Guelph for treatment. While adjusting the dress of a tailor shop her scalp was torn completely off, with part of an ear. The skin was torn off from the eyebrows to the nose of the neck. Two brothers and a sister of the girl were present when she was injured, and six girls, members of St. George's Church Friendly Society, submitted to losing pieces of cuticle two months ago, in the hope of saving her life. The girl is sinking rapidly.

M. B. VAIL'S HEAVY LOSS. Arthur Vail, of the Globe laundry, received a telegram Wednesday from St. Johns, Newfoundland, informing him of the complete destruction of his brother's property and plant there by fire yesterday. The loss is estimated at about \$30,000, and the insurance is only \$5,000. M. B. Vail had a splendid laundry plant at St. Johns, and was doing a good business there, so that the loss is a particularly heavy one, as it will be some time before he can rebuild and install new machinery. The Amherst Telegram says that upon the receipt of the news Mr. Vail at once indignantly suspended the work of building at the corner of Victoria and Eddy streets, but adds: "Vail's set back we are sure will be only temporary and he may be depended on to meet his reverses manfully."

BOYS FALL and bruise themselves. Grown-up athletes sprain muscles by overdoing wholesome exercise. The aches and soreness are taken out with Perry Davis' Pinkettes. Rub 1 pill into the throbbing flesh and relief is immediate.



# The Wings of the Morning

By LOUIS TRACY  
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(Continued.)

Iris, fully dressed, was out in a moment.

"They have come!" she whispered.

"Yes," was the cheery answer, for Jenks' face to face with danger was a very different man from Jenks writing with the ladder! "Be lively! They will not be here for half an hour if they kick up such a row at the first difficulty. Still, we will take no risks. Cast down those spare lines when you reach the top and haul away like I say 'Ready!' You will find everything to hand up there."

He held the bottom of the ladder to steady it for the girl's climb. Soon her voice fell, like a message from a star: "All right! Please join me soon!"

The coiled up ropes dropped along the face of the rock. Clothes, pick, hatchet, hammer, crowbars and other useful odds and ends were swung away into the darkness, for the moon as yet did not illumine the crag. The sailor darted into Belle Vue castle and kicked their leafy beds about the floor. Then he slung all the rifles, now five in number, over his shoulders and mounted the rope ladder, which, with the spare cords, he drew up and coiled with careful method.

### CHAPTER XI.

THE sailor knew so accurately the position of his reliable signals that he could follow each phase of the imaginary conflict on the other side of the island. The first outbreak of desultory firing died away amidst a chorus of protest from every feathered inhabitant of the island. Jenks assumed that the Dyaks had gathered again on the beach after riding the scarecrows with bullets or slaying them with their heavy razor edged swords.

A hasty council was probably held, and notwithstanding their fear of the silent company, an advance was ultimately made along the beach. Within a few yards they encountered the invisible cord of the third spring gun. There was a report and another fierce outbreak of musketry. This was enough. Not a man would move a step nearer that abode of the dead. The next commotion arose on the ridge near the North cape.

"At this rate of progress," said Jenks to the girl, "they will not reach our house until daylight."

"I almost wish they were here," was the quiet reply. "I find this waiting and listening to be trying to the nerves."

They were lying on a number of ragged garments hastily spread on the ledge and peering intently into the moonlit area of Prospect park. The great rock itself was shrouded in some-thing else. Even if they stood up none could see them from the ground, so dense was the darkness enveloping them.

He turned slightly and took her hand. It was cool and moist. It no more trembled than his own.

"The Dyaks are far more scared than you," he murmured, with a laugh. "Cruel and courageous as they are, they dare not face a spook."

"Then what a pity it is we cannot conjure up a ghost for their benefit. All the spirits I have ever read about were ridiculous. Why cannot one be useful occasionally?"

The question set him thinking. Unknown to the girl the materials for a dramatic apparition were hidden amid the bushes near the well. He nudged his brains to remember the stage effects of juvenile days, but these needed limelight, blue dyes, mirrors, phosphorus.

The absurdity of hoping to devise any such accessories while perched on a ledge in a remote island, a larger reef of the thousands in the China sea, tickled him.

"What is it?" asked Iris.

He repeated his list of missing stage properties. They had nothing to do but to wait, and people in the very crux and maelstrom of existence usually discuss trivial things.

"I don't know anything about phosphorus," said the girl, "but you can obtain queer results from sulphur, and there is an old box of Norwegian matches resting at this moment on the shelf in my room. Don't you remember? They were in your pocket, and you were going to throw them away. Why, what are you doing?"

For Jenks had cast the rope ladder loose and was evidently about to descend.

"Have no fear," he said. "I will not be away five minutes."

"If you are going down I must come with you. I will not be left here alone."

"Please do not stop me," he whispered earnestly. "You must not come. I will take no risk whatever. If you remain here you can warn me instantly. With both of us on the ground we will incur real danger. I want you to keep a sharp lookout toward Turtle beach in case the Dyaks come that way. Those who are crossing the island will not reach us for a long time."

She yielded, though unwillingly. She was tremulous with anxiety on his account.

He vanished without another word. She next saw him in the moonlight near the well. He was rustling among the shrubs, and he returned to the rock with something white in his arms, which he seemingly deposited at the mouth of the cave. He went back to the well and carried another similar burden. Then he ran toward the house. The doorway was not visible from the ledge, and she passed a few horrible moments until a low hiss be-

neath eddied near ear. She could tell by the creak of the rope ladder that he was ascending. At last he reached her side, and she murmured, with a gasping sob:

"Don't go away again. I cannot stand it."

He thought it best to soothe her agitation by arousing interest. Still hanging in the ladder with one hand, he held out the other, on which luminous wisps were writhing like glowworms' ghosts.

"You are responsible," he said. "You gave me an excellent idea, and I was obliged to carry it out."

"What have you done?"

"Arranged a fearsome bogey in the cave."

"But how?"

"It was not exactly a pleasant operation, but the only laws of necessity are those which must be broken."

She understood that he did not wish her to question him further. Perhaps did not illumine the crag. The sailor darted into Belle Vue castle and kicked their leafy beds about the floor. Then he slung all the rifles, now five in number, over his shoulders and mounted the rope ladder, which, with the spare cords, he drew up and coiled with careful method.

They were coming by way of the beach, after all," whispered Jenks. He was mistaken in a sense. Another outbreak of intermittent firing among the trees on the north side of the ridge showed that some at least of the Dyaks were advancing by their former route. The appearance of the Dyak chief on the flat belt of shingle, with his right arm slung across his breast, accompanied by not more than half a dozen followers, showed that a few hardy spirits had dared to pass the valley of death, with all its nameless terrors.

They advanced cautiously enough, as though dressing a surprise. The chief carried a bright parang in his left



They advanced cautiously.

hand; the others were armed with guns, their swords being thrust through belts. Creeping forward on tiptoe, though their distant companions were making a tremendous row, they looked a murderous gang as they peered across the open space, now brilliantly illuminated by the moon.

Jenks had a sudden intuition that the right thing to do now was to shoot the whole party. He dismissed the thought at once. All his preparations were governed by the hope that the pirates might abandon their quest after hours of fruitless search. It would be most unwise, he told himself, to precipitate a conflict otherwise if that were possible, than risk the immediate discovery of his inaccessible retreat.

In other words, he made a grave mistake, which shows how a man may err when overzealous by the danger of the woman he loves. The bold course was the right one. By killing the Dyak leader he would have deprived the enemy of the dominating influence in this campaign of revenge. When the main body, already much perturbed by the unseen and intangible agencies which opened fire at them in the wood, arrived in Prospect park to find only the dead bodies of their chief and his small force, their consternation could be turned into mad panic by a vigorous bombardment from the rock.

Probably in less than an hour after their landing the whole tribe would have rushed pell-mell to the boats, cursing the folly which led them to this devil haunted island. But it serves no good purpose to say what might have been. As it was, the Dyaks, silent now and moving with the utmost caution, passed the well and were about to approach the cave when one of them saw the house.

Instantly they changed their tactics. Retreating hastily to the shade of the opposite cliff, they seemed to await the coming of reinforcements. The sailor fancied that messenger was dispatched by way of the north sands to hurry up the laggards, because the distant firing slackened, and five minutes later a fierce outbreak of yelling among the trees to the right heralded a combined rush on the Belle Vue castle.

The noise made by the savages was so great, the overheads of bewildered birds circling overhead so incessant, that Jenks was compelled to speak quite loudly when he said to Iris:

"They must think we sleep soundly, but we are not disturbed by the volleys they have fired already."

She would have answered, but he placed a restraining hand on her shoulder, for the Dyaks blantly discovering that the hut was empty, ran toward the cave and thus came in full view.

As well as Jenks could judge the foremost trio of the yelling horde were impaled on the bayonets of the cheval de frise, learning too late its formidable nature. The wounded men shrieked in agony, but their cries were drowned in a torrent of amazed shouts from their companions.

There was a stampede toward the well, the cliff, the beaches, anywhere to get away from that awesome cavern where ghosts dwelt and men fell maimed at the very threshold. The sailor, leaning as far over the edge of the rock as the girl's expostulations would permit, heard a couple of men groaning with futile and painful haste.

"What is it?" he asked, eager herself to witness the tumult. "What has happened?"

"They have been routed by a box of matches and a few dried bones," he answered.

There was no time for further speech. He was absorbed in estimating the probable number of the Dyaks. Thus far he had seen about fifty. Moreover, he did not wish to acquaint Iris with the actual details of the artifice that had been so potent. Her allusion to the box of water sodden matches had given him the notion of utilizing the poor fellow who had been so recently fallen a victim to this identical mob of cutthroats or their associates. He had gathered the principal bones from their resting place near the well, rubbed them with the ends of the matches after darning them up again and arranged them with ghostly care on the pile of rubbish at the farther end of the cave, creeping under the cheval de frise for the purpose.

Though not so vivid as he wished, the pale glimmering headless skeleton in the darkness of the interior was appalling enough in all conscience. Fortunately the fumes of the sulphur fed on the boy's substance. They endured a sufficient time to scare every Dyak who caught a glimpse of the monstrous object crouching in luminous horror within the dismal cavern.

Not even the stirring exhortations of the chief, which were raised in furious speech, could induce the infuriated Dyaks to again approach that affrighting spot. At last the daring scoundrel himself, still wielding his naked sword, strode right up to the very doorway. Stricken with sudden stupor, he gazed at the fitful gleams within, he prodded the cheval de frise with the parang. Here was something definitely solid. Then he dragged one of the wounded men out into the moonlight.

Again Jenks experienced an itching desire to send a bullet through the Dyak's head. Again he resisted the impulse. And so passed that which is vouchsafed by fate to few men—a second opportunity.

Another vehement harangue by the chief goaded some venturesome spirits into carrying their wounded comrade out of sight, presumably to the hut. Inspired by their leader's fearless example, they even removed the third injured Dyak from the vicinity of the cave, but the celerity of their retreat caused the wretch to bawl in agony.

The next undertaking was no sooner appreciated by the sailor than he hurriedly caused Iris to shelter herself beneath the tarpaulin, while he covered some of the floor of the ledge, looking to risk stilly, and carried him to the well. They kindled a fire near the well. Soon its ruddy glare lit up the dark rock with fantastic flickerings and drew scintillations from the weapons and ornaments of the hideously picturesque horde gathered in its vicinity.

They spoke a language of hard vowels and nasal resonance and ate what he judged to be dry fish, miller and strips of tough preserved meat, which they cooked on small iron skewers stuck among the glowing embers. His heart sank as he counted sixty-one, all told, assembled within forty yards of the ledge. Probably several others were guarding the beach, events proved that more than eighty men had come ashore in three large sampans, roomy and fleet craft, well fitted for piratical excursions up river estuaries or along a coast.

They were mostly barelegged rascals, wearing Malay hats, loincloths reaching to the knee and sandals. One man differed essentially from the others. He was habited in the conventional attire of an Indian Mohammedan, and his skin was brown, while the swarthy Dyaks were yellow beneath the dirt. Jenks thought from the manner in which his turban was tied that he must be a Punjabi Mussulman—very likely an escaped convict from the Andamans.

The most careful scrutiny did not reveal any arms of precision. They all carried muzzle loaders, either antiquated sixlocks or guns sufficiently modern to be fitted with nipples for percussion caps.

Each Dyak, of course, sported a parang and dagger-like creese; a few bore spears, and about a dozen shouldered a long straight piece of bamboo. The nature of this implement the sailor could not determine at the moment.

In the neighborhood of the fire an animated discussion took place. Though it was easy to see that the chief was all paramount, his fellow tribesmen exercised a democratic right of free speech and outspoken opinion.

Flashing eyes and expressive hands were turned toward the cave and hut. Once when the debate grew warm the chief snatched up a burning branch and held it over the blackened embers of the fire extinguished by Jenks. He seemed to draw some definite conclusion from an examination of the char-

red. They were scouring both sections of the island in full force.

The quiet watcher on the ledge took needless risks. Though it was impossible for any stratagem had been planned for his special benefit, an accident might betray him. With the utmost circumspection he rose on all fours and, with comprehensive glance, examined trees, plateau and both strips of beach for signs of a lurking foe. His needs have no fear. Of all places in the island the Dyaks least imagined that their quarry had lain all night within earshot of their encampment.

Jenks slid back down the ledge and gently awakened Iris. She sat up instantly and gazed at him with wondering eyes.

Fearful lest she should forget her surroundings, he placed a warning finger on his lips.

"Oh," she said in a whisper, "are they still here?"

He told her what had happened and suggested that they should have something to eat while the coast was clear beneath. She needed no second bidding, for the long night of the previous night had made her very hungry, and the two breakfasted right royally on a biscuit, cold fowl, ham and good water.

In this, the inner section of their retreat, they could be seen only by a bird or by a man standing on the distant rocky point that formed the southern extremity of the opposite cliff, and the sailor kept a close lookout in that direction.

Iris was about to throw the remains of the feast into an empty oil tin provided for refuse when Jenks restrained her.

"No," he said smilingly. "Scraps should be the first course next time. We must not waste an atom of food."

"How thoughtless of me!" she exclaimed. "Please tell me you think they will go away today?"

But the sailor flung himself flat on the ledge and grasped a rifle.

"Be still on your life!" he said. "A Dyak on the opposite cliff."

True enough, a man had climbed to that unplaced rocky table and was shouting something to a confederate high on the cliff over their heads. As yet he had not seen them nor even noticed the place where they were concealed. The sailor imagined from the Dyak's gestures that he was communicating the uselessness of further search on the western part of the island.

When the conversation ceased he hoped the long and savage would descend. But no! The scout looked into the valley, at the well, the house, the cave. Still he did not see the ledge. At that unlucky moment three birds, driven from the trees on the crest by the passage of the Dyaks, flew down the face of the cliff and began a circling quest for some safe perch on which to alight.

Jenks arose with an emphasis not the less earnest because it was mute and took steady aim at the Dyak's left breast. The birds fluttered about in ever smaller circles. Then one of them dropped easily on to the lip of the cave, instantly his bright eyes encountered those of the man, and he darted off with a scream that brought his mates after him.

The Dyak evidently noted the behavior of the birds—his only lure was the reading of such signs—and gazed intently at the ledge. Jenks could not distinguish behind the screen of grass. He might perhaps see some portion of the tarpaulin covering the ledge. Yet something puzzled him. After a steady scrutiny he turned and yelled to others on the beach.

"The crucial moment had arrived. Jenks pressed the trigger, and the Dyak hurtled through the air, falling headlong out of sight."

The sound of this, the first shot of real warfare, awoke Rainbow Island into tremendous activity. The winged life of the place filled the air with screeching cries, while shouting Dyaks scurried in all directions. Several came into the valley. Those nearest the fallen man picked him up and carried him to the well. His wife quite dead, and though amid his other injuries they soon found the bullet wound, they evicted did not know whence the shot came, for those to whom he shouted had no liking of his motive, and the slight haze from the breeze was instantly swept away by the rain.

Iris could hear the turmoil beneath, and she tremulously asked:

"Are they going to attack us?"

"Not yet," was the reassuring answer. "I killed the fellow who saw us before he could tell the others."

It was a bold risk, and he had taken it, though now the Dyak knew for certain they had not secured their prey. There was no prospect of their speedy departure. Nevertheless the position was not utterly hopeless. None of the enemy could tell how or by whom their companion had been shot. Many were excited and jabbering beneath at the cliff over and over again, yet failed to note the possibilities of the ledge, with its few tufts of grass growing where seeds had apparently been blown by the wind or dropped by passing birds.

Jenks understood, of course, that the real danger would arise when they visualized the scene of their comrade's disaster. Even then the wavering balance of chance might cast the issue in his favor. He could only wait, with ready eye, with the light of battle lowered in his eye. Of one thing at least he was certain before they con- quered him he would levy a terrible toll.

He glanced back at Iris. Her face was pale beneath its mask of sun brown.

The chief was listening intently to the words of the Dyak who saw the dead man totter to his fall. He gave some quick order. Followed by a score

of more of his men, he walked rapidly to the foot of the cliff where they found the lifeless body.

Jenks stole one more hasty glance at Iris. The chief and the greater number of his followers were out of sight behind the rocks. Some of them must now be climbing to that fatal ledge. Was this the end?

Iris bent forward sufficiently in her sheltering niche to permit her to gaze with wistful tenderness upon Jenks. She knew he would dare all for her sake. She could only pray and hope.

Suddenly a clamor of discordant yells fell upon her ears. Jenks rose to his knees. The Dyaks had discovered their refuge and were about to open fire. He offered them a target lest perchance Iris were not thoroughly screened.

"Keep close," he said. "They have found us. Lead will be flying around soon."

She flinched back into the crevice; the sailor fell prone. Four bullets spat into the ledge, of which three pierced the tarpaulin and one flattened itself against the rock.

Then Jenks took up the tale. So cautiously constituted was this man that,

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The Dyak crouched in the air.

although he ruthlessly shot the savage who first spied out their retreat, he was swayed only by the dictates of stern necessity. There was a feeble chance that further bloodshed might be averted. That chance had passed. Very well. The enemy must start the dreadful game about to be played. They had thrown the gage, and he answered them. Four times did Jenks' rifle carry death, unseen, almost un- felt, across the valley.

Ere the fourth Dyak collapsed limply where he stood there were three, firing at the little puff of smoke above the grass. They got in a few shots, most of which sprayed at various angles off the face of the cliff. But they waited for no more. When the lever of the Lee-Metford was shoved home for the fifth time the opposing force was bare of all opponents save two, and they lay motionless.

The fate of the banking attachment was either unperceived or unheeded by the Dyaks left in the vicinity of the house and well. Astounded by the fire that burst forth in midair, Jenks perceived the dangerous rock before they realized that here, above their heads, were the white man and the maid whom they sought.

With stupid zeal they blazed away furiously, only succeeding in showering fragments of splintered stone into the eagle's nest. And the sailor smiled. He quietly picked up an old cap, rolled it into a ball and pushed it into sight amidst the grass. Then he squirmed round on his stomach and took up a position ten feet away. Of course those who still carried loaded guns discharged them at the bundle of rags, whereupon Jenks thrust his rifle beyond the edge of the rock and aimed over the heads.

Three Dyaks fell before the remainder made up their minds to run. Once convinced, however, that running was good for their health, they moved with much celerity. The remaining cartridges in the magazine slackened the pace of two empty weapons. Jenks dropped the cap and sent a quick reminder after the rearmost pirate. The others had disappeared toward the locality where their leader and his diminished troop were gathered, not daring to again come within range of the whistling dum-dums. The sailor, holding his rifle as though present shooting, bent forward and sought a belated opportunity, but in vain. There was no sound save the wailing of birds, the soft sough of the sea and the yelling of the three wounded men in the house, who knew not what terrors threatened and vainly bawled for succor.

Again Jenks could look at Iris. Her face was bleeding. The sight maddened him.

"My God!" he groaned. "Are you wounded?"

She smiled bravely at him.

"It is nothing," she said—"a mere splash from the rock which cut my forehead."

He dared not go to her. He could only hope that it was no worse, so he turned to examine the valley once more for vestige of a living foe.

CHAPTER XII.

THOUGH his eyes, like live coals, glowered with sullen fire at the strip of sand and the rocks in front, his troubled brain paid the sternest duty, the ingrained force of long years of military discipline and soldierly thought, compelled him to keep watch and ward over his fortress, but he could not help asking himself what would happen if Iris were seriously wounded.

There was one enemy more potent than these skulking Dyaks, a foe more irresistible in his might, more pitiless in his strength, whose assaults would tax to the utmost the powers of resistance. In another hour the sun

would be high in the heavens, pouring his ardent rays upon them and drying the blood in their veins.

Hereto the active life of the island, the shunt of rest, hut or cave, the power of unrestricted movement and the possession of water in any desired quantity robbed the tropical heat of the day of its chief terrors. Now all was changed. Instead of working amid grateful foliage they were bound to the brown rock, which soon would glow with radiated energy and give off scorching gusts like unto the opening of a furnace door.

She had foreseen all along. The tarpaulin would yield them some degree of uneasy protection, and they both were in perfect physical condition. But—if Iris were wounded! In the extra strain brought fever in its wake! That was he saw nothing but delirium and merciful death, for him by a Berserk rush among the Dyaks and one last mad fight against overwhelming numbers.

Then the ghastly voice reached him, self reliant, almost cheerful.

"You will be glad to hear that the cut has stopped bleeding. It is only a scratch."

So a kindly Providence had spared them yet a little while. The clouds passed from his mind, the gathering mist from his eyes. But at instant he thought he detected a slight rustling among the trees where the cliff shelved up from the house. Standing as he was on the edge of the rock, this was a point he could not guard against.

When her welcome assurance reached his scattered senses he stepped back to speak to her, but at the same instant a couple of bullets crashed against the rock overhead. Iris had unwittingly saved him from a serious, perhaps fatal, wound.

He sprang to the extreme right of the ledge and boldly looked into the trees beneath. Two Dyaks were there, belated wanderers cut from the main body. They dived headlong into the undergrowth for safety, but one of them was too late. Jenks' rifle reached him, and its reverberating concussion, tossed back and forth by the echoing rocks, drowned his parting screams.

In the platitude of restored vigor the sailor waited for no counter demonstration. He turned and crouching approached the southern end of his parapet. Through his screen of grass he could discern the long black hat and yellow face of a man who lay on the sand and twisted his head around the base of the farther cliff. The distance, oft measured, was ninety yards, the target practically a six inch bullseye. Jenks took careful aim, fired, and a whiff of sand flew up.

Perhaps he had used too fine a sight and plowed a furrow beneath the Dyak's ear. He only heard a faint yell, but the surprising head vanished, and there were no more volunteers for that particular service.

He was still peering at the place when a cry of unmitigated anguish came from Iris:

"Oh, come quick! Our water! The tanks have burst!"

It was not until Jenks had torn the tarpaulin from off their stores and he was wildly striving with both hands to scoop up some precious drops collected in the small hollows of the ledge that he realized the full magnitude of the disaster which had befallen them.

During the first rapid exchange of fire before the enemy vacated the cliff several bullets had pierced the tarpaulin. By a stroke of exceeding bad fortune two of them had struck each of the water barrels and started the staves. The contents quietly ebbed away beneath the broad sheet and, flowing inward by reason of the sharp slope of the ledge, percolated through the fault. Iris and he, notwithstanding their frenzied efforts, were not able to save more than a pint of gray, discolored fluid. The rest, inimitably more valuable to them than all the diamonds of De Beers, was now oozing through the natural channel cut by centuries of storm, dripping upon the headless skeleton in the cave, soaking down to the very heart of their buried treasure.

Jenks was so paralyzed by this catastrophe that Iris became alarmed. As yet she did not grasp its awful significance. That he, her hero, so brave, so confident in the face of many dangers, should betray such sense of irreparable loss frightened her more than the incident itself.

Her lips whitened. Her words became incoherent.

"Tell me," she whispered. "I can bear anything but silence. Tell me, I implore you. Is it so bad?"

The sight of her distress sobered him. He ground his teeth together as a man does who submits to a painful operation and resolves not to flinch beneath the knife.

"It is very bad," he said; "not quite the end, but near it."

"The end," she bravely answered. "Is death? We are living and uninjured. You must fight on. If the Lord will it we shall not die."

He looked in her blue eyes and saw there the light of heaven. Her glance did not droop before his. In such moments heart speaks to heart without concealment.

"We still have a little water," she cried. "Fortunately we are not thirsty. You have not forgotten our supply of champagne and brandy?"

He could only fall in with her unreflective mood and leave the dreadful work to his own will. In truth, he took the power of the sun had not yet made itself felt. By ordinary computation it was about 9 o'clock. Long before noon they would be grilling. Throughout the next few hours they must suffer the torture of Dives with one meager pint of water to share between them. Of course the wine and spirit must be sipped like a pearl-ence. To touch either under such conditions would be courting heat, apology and death. And next day!

He tightened his jaws before he answered:

"We will console ourselves with a bottle of champagne for dinner. Meanwhile I hear our friends with their toes left on this side of the island. I must take an active interest in the conversation."

(To be continued.)

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To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain cure for hemorrhoids and every form of itching, bleeding, and painful protruding piles, I have prepared a small pamphlet, containing full directions, and a list of the names of the druggists who sell it. You can see it and get your money back if not cured. Write a box, to Dr. Chase's Ointment, Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

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SUN PRINTING COMPANY, ALFRED MARKHAM, Manager.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY SUN.

ST. JOHN, N. B., AUGUST 5, 1905.

THE ST. JOHN BY-ELECTION.

It is understood that a vacancy will be made this week in the provincial representation of St. John city, by the appointment of Mr. George Robertson to the position of registrar of probate. According to our best information the government proposes to issue the election writs at once. It is said that the attorney general has already invited Mr. A. O. Siskinner to be the candidate of the Tweedie government.

We may expect that Dr. Pugsley will once more disguise himself as a liberal leader and call upon that party to accept and support the government nominee as a liberal candidate. Some difficulty will be met in persuading the St. John liberals that it is their duty to keep the Tweedie administration in power, or to sanction its conduct. The Central Railway deals alone condemn the administration in the judgment and conscience of all serious electors of both parties.

Neither Mr. Tweedie nor Dr. Pugsley was connected with the liberal party while the conservatives were in power at Ottawa. So long as the liberals were in opposition at Ottawa and needed their personal and official support, the party did not get it. The local leaders are trying to use the liberal party now because they think that it can help them out, but when again the party has most need of their help, the support will not be forthcoming.

Without doubt a candidate will be nominated by the St. John electors opposed to the Tweedie administration. He will be entitled to the support of members of both parties who are not satisfied with the present administration. When the last appeal was made to the St. John electorate in a provincial by-election the citizens elected the candidate opposed to the ministry. That was before the Central railway scandal. Since then a fine assortment of government ministers have been broken and many confident ministerial predictions have been falsified.

probably not forgotten that the candidate whom he got into the field last year took the first opportunity after the polls closed to say that he had in all his canvass refused to declare himself a supporter of the local government. Mr. Siskinner not only took this position, but he boasted of it afterwards. The candidate knew very well that he would kill any chances he had of election by admitting a connection with the provincial government machine. But whether the connection is admitted or not, it will exist in the case of any candidate who enters the field with the approval of the attorney general and his colleagues. Under what name the candidates may appear in the coming election there will be one issue and one line of division. The single question is whether the electors of St. John desire to endorse and strengthen the Tweedie administration.

THE NEW DAY IN THE YUKON.

Mr. W. B. McInnes, the new chief commissioner of the Yukon, has begun his career by making a rather remarkable address, in which he declares that the reign of graft in that country is over. The incoming governor does not spare his predecessors, and is especially severe on the regime under which the attempt was made to manipulate the electoral lists in the interest of the corrupt liberal machine. This remarkable inaugural must have been full of interest to Mr. Congdon, now chief legal adviser to the commissioner. Mr. Congdon was commissioner when some of the frauds were perpetrated which Mr. McInnes declares shall not be repeated under his administration. Mr. Congdon was also the candidate in whose behalf the election lists were concocted and handed in such a way that the election would have been stolen if the people had not risen in their might and passion and secured their rights by open threats of physical action. Mr. Congdon did not get elected and he is back in office as legal adviser of the governor. If Mr. McInnes is serious in his professions he will do well to revise any advice that he receives from official sources. And yet he will perhaps remember that his father was removed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier from the position of lieutenant governor of British Columbia, because he was supposed to have taken too much upon himself.

HE KNOWS IT ALL NOW.

A political gentleman from England is now in Montreal. He says that he is a free trader and opposed to Mr. Chamberlain, and has come to Canada to find out whether the people here are really in favor of the scheme of imperial preference. We are willing to make a small bet that the inquirer will find that the people of Canada are precisely of his own opinion. In fact he carried to his favorite journal in London on the day of his arrival that the Canadian manufacturers would not support the Chamberlain programme.

It is related that Lord Chesterfield had been once asked his son why he went down into a coal mine. The youth replied that he did so that he might say he had been there. "You could do that without going down," was the comment. The anti-Chamberlain visitor could say without coming, all that he will say when he goes home.

NOT QUITE A MONOPOLY.

The United States Steel Corporation, which is the largest industrial organization in the world, with its \$608,000,000 of common stock, \$360,000,000 of preferred, and \$772,000,000 of bonds, declared net earnings during the June quarter of the year of \$30,305,000. This would pay a fair dividend on the whole capitalization, which is heavily saturated. But the administration is pursuing a conservative policy and evidently preparing for stringent times. It deducts over \$5,000,000 for depreciation and reserve, in the place of \$3,000,000 during the corresponding quarter last year. The sum of \$1,000,000 is set aside for special improvements, and \$7,500,000 for new property construction. When these appropriations are made, and bond interest and preferred dividends paid, there is only \$3,000,000 left for common stock. No dividend has, we believe, been paid on the common stock of this corporation since 1903.

Not only is this corporation the largest in the United States, but within the range of its business its operations are about as large as those of all the other United States concerns taken together. Its shipments of Lake Superior ore in 1904 were one-fifth greater than those of all other companies and individuals, though it may be worth noting that in 1902 they were one-half greater than the aggregate of all others. In 1904 the United States Corporation produced 38 per cent. of the total output of the United States, which was a falling off from the 45 per cent. in 1902. In production of pig iron and spiegel Eisen the corporation has held its own, making 45 per cent. of the whole in 1902 and 1904 and 40 per cent. in 1903. Of steel ingots and castings made in the United States, the U. S. Steel Corporation turned out 61 per cent., which may be compared with 63 per cent. in 1903 and 66 per cent. in 1904. This corporation is making about 60 per cent. of the Bessemer rails, 55 per cent. of the structural shapes, 53 per cent. of the plates other than nail plate, 71 per cent. of the wire rods, but only 29 per cent. of the bars and nail plate. Of all the finished rolled products, almost half, or 49 per cent., of the output of the mills is made in this organization. The concern produced last year 67 per cent. of the wire nails made in the United States. It will be gathered that the corporation is a large purchaser of iron ore, and a considerable buyer of pig iron. The relative decline in the sale of steel rails is said to be due to the competition of the independent Lackawanna Steel Company, which has established large new plants. On the whole, the developments of the short period since the corporation was formed go to show that the independent concerns have been fully able to hold their own in good times against the larger organization.

THE MOB SPIRIT IN CRITICISM.

A thoughtful writer in one of the few magazines that have not yet run to pictures and to frenzied finance articles recently discussed the mob spirit in literature. He showed how a gregarious reading public was allowing itself to be led hither and thither by wild and unreasoning clamor after new books of no intrinsic value, only to forget each volume in the excitement of the next chase.

There is much truth in the good natured protest of this complainant, as any one will admit who remembers what feeble books have had phenomenal sales and still more astonishing though fleeting fame during the last five or six years. But there is a fashion also in a class of literature which does not profess to be fiction. Just now it is the custom to trace all the sorrows and offenses of earth to the monopolist. Against him in the person of one individual are poured out treatises, critical, biographical, political, economical, cynical, humorous, vindictive, didactic, and pessimistic. Instead of "having art a brick" at the aristocrat, the modern magazine mob flings it at a man whom it calls a monopolist. Millionaire Hearst, who for financial consideration is doing his best to corrupt and destroy what is left of the national taste, is just now making this campaign his other chief business. It is the trade of a large and somewhat monotonous colony of writers for the weekly and monthly periodicals. These contributors seem to say the same things over and over again. They agree in striking the personal note, and in striking the same person. One finds in what they say little suggestion of a remedy for the troubles they describe. They are best in assault. Rockefeller cartoons follow each other with the solemn iteration of a stage army.

For it appears that most of the lurid writers in the popular magazines on this theme have not originally enough to get away from John D. Rockefeller. All other offenders escape under cover of the fire on this man, who so far as one can see is a rather commonplace sample of a large class of sharp business people. In every community there are traders and financiers, who, according to their gifts and opportunities, are conducting their affairs very much as Mr. Rockefeller carries on the oil business. If the average man in the grain exchange can corner wheat he does it. When the small trader can gather in the last few crates of strawberries and hold them for an advance he is likely to use his opportunity. Mr. Rockefeller exercises his gifts in a larger field. It may be necessary for a page or two to the wrinkles on Mr. Standard Oil Company. The story began again and is repeating the story as the history of John D. Rockefeller. The first article in the last series is largely devoted to a personal attack on his father, in whose early life it seems there were incidents which have been hitherto concealed, or at least left unexplained. The second article devotes a page or two to the wrinkles on Mr. Rockefeller's face. It also deals extensively with the loss of his eyebrows, and moralizes at great length, with curious minuteness of detail and singular intrusiveness and want of delicacy, on any physical peculiarities and afflictions which the lady has been able to discover. The reader is informed that when Mr. Rockefeller sits in church he is always gazing unseeingly about and that he prefers a place with his back to the wall, so that no one can be behind him.

This writing exhibits the mob spirit. It has no point. It does not help, it is a source to escape from the evils of the monopoly. It does not suppress Mr. Rockefeller and certainly does not interfere with the monopolies created by others of his kind. It is a sort of fashionable man-hunt, which will go on until the people are tired of it, when it will be succeeded by some other chase. But it does not arrive at anything practical, and so far as it separates the victim from other men of his class, and marks him out for special and select vituperation, it is useful. If Mr. Rockefeller were to die today there would be the same monopoly to take action, he had never incurred the animosity of the frenzied finance writers by making large gifts to educational, charitable and religious uses. But they are equally responsible for the standard oil methods, and according to Mr. Lawson one of these associates is the inventor and the chief operator of the mechanism. If the purpose of the Rockefeller articles were to bring about a reformation one could suggest a more practical line of study and discourse. If the writers are trying to supply a mob market they probably know their business.

GET THE FACTS.

Mr. Fielding makes the cautious statement that the route of the transcontinental railway through the province is a matter for the engineers to decide. The engineers would doubtless feel oppressed with this responsibility if they took the statement seriously. But they know that they will not have the last word to say. It is not their business to determine questions of policy, but it is their duty to furnish all the facts within their line of inquiry. This has not yet been done. The report of surveys made by the commissioners is admittedly preliminary. As yet there are no exact data to show whether the central route with equal grades would be longer or shorter than the valley route. There are large variations in the central route, propositions of which the one favored by the chief of the survey

runs some twelve miles east of Chipman. It is hardly worth while to discuss the question of routes at this time. The St. John is anxious to bring about a thorough examination of the alternative routes. The rapid and general survey already made shows some fourteen miles difference between the lengths of the valley and central routes, with the latter grades on the valley route. What may be the result of a survey which will fix the exact location with suitable grades no one knows. If it should be found that a satisfactory central route is twelve or fifteen miles longer than the engineers now suppose the error would not be without precedent in railway construction in eastern Canada.

ST. JOHN SCHOLARS.

Two St. John boys have recently been appointed to important college professorships. Professor DeBury of the Royal Military College has had valuable active experience as an officer in the imperial army, and has already held positions of considerable responsibility. Professor Clawson of the State University of Ohio has been for a short time on the staff of the provincial university, but is only at the beginning of his career as a teacher.

It is not at all true that St. John elected opposition members to condemn the central route or any other route for the transcontinental railway. The St. John people condemned the contract with the Grand Trunk Pacific, and took the ground that since the country was to pay for the railway the country should own it. And the St. John people were right.

Prospectuses are out for two additional banks with head offices in Toronto. The capital proposed is \$1,000,000 for one bank, and \$2,000,000 for the other. The larger institution proposes something new in Canadian banking. Business will be done day and night. The bank is to be open twenty-four hours a day all the week except Sundays.

On the last day of July at Winnipeg contracts were made for delivery of wheat in October at 85 cents per bushel. For August wheat the price was \$1 to \$1.02. But all the wheat bought that day for immediate delivery cost \$1.30 to \$1.37. The difference represents the effect of the corner in wheat. One concern bought over 80,000 bushels in the Winnipeg grain exchange at the high figure during Monday morning.

By the death of Mr. James E. Price the Intercolonial has lost an able and popular officer. Mr. Price had given the public some forty years of capable and faithful service.

Milltown.

MILLTOWN, N. B., Aug. 3.—The funeral of Mrs. M. C. McDonald took place from her late residence, Main street, being attended by the Rev. Mr. Cripp and Lavers. The floral tributes and expressions of sympathy were many.

Mrs. Almond has been very sick for the past few weeks, but is improving at present.

John Ripley, Elm street, is seriously ill with pneumonia.

Mrs. Charles McAllister of New York is the guest of ex-Mayor John L. Ray and family.

Miss Margaret Byrns and brother Joseph of Boston, who have been the guests of J. Byrns during the month of July, returned to their home today, accompanied by Miss Margaret and Miss Mae, who will take a short vacation.

Mrs. Florence Lewis and daughter are the guests of Mrs. George Frost, Main street.

Mrs. Margaret Farnham and Henry Wilson arrived from Eastport Monday night, after a pleasant visit with relatives in change at the hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Cameron are receiving congratulations on the arrival of a little daughter at their home.

Miss Jennie Mahar left for Massachusetts today, accompanied by her sister Lizzy, who is in poor health.

Rev. E. Doyle returned from Memramook the last of the week.

Miss Grace Graham arrived home today, and is the guest of her father, Wm. Graham.

The Thistles will hold their fifth annual excursion at Grand Manan, Aug. 10. The Aurora has been chartered for the occasion.

Dr. J. M. Deacon, who lies very ill at his home, Main street, with typhoid fever, is resting comfortably today.

Mrs. G. Ellison is the guest of Mrs. Bert Jackson, Main street.

Mr. Sharp, who has been the guest of his brother, Frank Sharp, returned to his home in St. John this morning.

There will be a lawn party and ice cream sale at the Methodist parsonage next Saturday evening if the weather is fair.

Mrs. Jessie Graham entertained a number of friends in honor of her sister, Mrs. Grace, and friends of Massachusetts.

Half-Sick People.

The world is full of them. Just sick enough to be lazy and listless; to have no appetite; to sleep poorly. Quite often you're half sick yourself. Chances are the trouble is in the stomach and bowels. Best prescription is Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They clean up the entire system, strengthen the stomach, elevate your spirits, and make you well in one night. Dr. Hamilton's Pills work wonders with people in your condition. Buy in action, effective and easy to take. Get Dr. Hamilton's Pills today, 25c per box at all dealers in medicine.

NEW ADDITION.

As old Charon was piloting his ferry boat across the Styx the timid passenger inquired as to the cause of smoke emanating from the bow. "Don't be alarmed," assured Charon. "That is the new smoking cabin." "And who smokes down here?" "Why, the cigarette fiends who were driven out of Indiana."

SALT WATER SWIMMING.

The utmost luxury for the swimmer would be always to have freedom of choice as to where he would swim—whether in pond or lake or ocean. Then he would be able each day to adapt his swim to his mood. For swimming may be variously operative on a man; desiring one remedy, he may find himself refused it by the pervasiveness of the element—served with the wrong prescription. He would like a swim as relaxing as a Turkish bath, and he is in for a boxing match. For instance, it is a hot, oppressive day; you have been doing concentrated mental labor for some hours, and you wish to turn, not to vigorous exercise, but to a soothing employment, a languid, indolent use of the muscles which will leave you in a mood for sleep. But your available swimming tank is the Atlantic Ocean, in a latitude where the temperature of the water never rises above fifty-eight degrees; and the day is windy and overcast; you put on your bathing suit and stand on the beach looking reluctantly at the breaking waves. The wind chills you a little, and although nothing is more distasteful than to nerve yourself for an effort, you do it; you take a breath and look into the water—and oh, the torture of the entrance! The cold waves drag at your ankles, and then at your knees, and then, while you are reeling, they grip you as if you were a fish. You are a shuddering relief. You go under, lips compressed, eyes shut, and about up again to the air, crying to yourself, "That's better, that's over!" Then you kick out an angry stroke, and you are round in the waves in a furious effort to get warm; you can't do it swimming on your breast, and you turn on your side, and you draw up your knees and you lunge out and gasp, and then a wave cuffs you in the head and gives you a stinging earful, and you leap up in angry, sputtering remonstrance. You do not grow appreciably warmer, violent as is your endeavor, rough as is your buffeting; you are bounded up and down, and pitched into the smoother of breaking waves, and slapped and doused, and insouciantly abused, until you are glad to turn and be helped ashore by the waves that are breaking and plough through the turbulent surf with venomous puffs that might be translated: "You will, will you! You will, will you! Take that, now—take that—take that!" At this the provoked swimmer, to an insane contention and excitement, when a few moments before your whole inclination had been toward a meditative floating upon a sea of milk. But for all your furious bravado, for all your mighty exercise, your teeth are already chattering with cold, your vigor is stiffening in your veins; and you are glad to turn and be helped ashore by the waves that are breaking and plough through the turbulent surf with venomous puffs that might be translated: "You will, will you! You will, will you! 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PROVINCIAL NEWS

ST. MARTINS, July 31.—In the absence of the pastor, the pulpit of the Baptist church Sunday was occupied in the morning by Michael Kelly and in the evening by Edward Lockhart, a native of this place, but who for a number of years has resided in Boston.

Miss Grace Carson, who has finished her course at a St. John business college, has returned home. Frank Tilton and Robert Murdoch of St. John are at the Brown House.

Mrs. H. Mott of St. John, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. A. Titus. Mrs. W. H. Moran is in St. John visiting her daughter, Mrs. Metz.

Mrs. James Ingram and children, of Boston, are guests of Mrs. (Capt.) Gough.

Miss Jennie Gough of Boston, is home visiting her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. John Ross are being congratulated upon the arrival of a little son in their home.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fiewelling and family, of Hampton, are guests of Mrs. Samuel A. Fownes.

HOPEWELL HILL, July 30.—Downey Bros. of Curryville have the contract for building the new Methodist church at that place, the contract price being in the vicinity of \$1,900.

Considerable indignation was felt by the residents of Curryville and Cape Station over the recent setting of a number of brush fires in that locality by some party, who, it is thought, had no good end in view.

In all nine fires were started, which fortunately were discovered in time to prevent material damage. The people of the settlement think there should be a strict investigation.

J. D. Moore, who has been visiting relatives here, left by yesterday's train on his return to Boston.

H. L. Brewer of the I. C. R. treasurer's office, Moncton, returned to the railway town yesterday after spending two weeks' vacation at his home here.

C. S. Hickman of Dorchester, with a party composed of Land Surveyor C. E. Lund of Sackville, Henry Cope of Harvey and an Indian guide, were here this week cruising the lumber area of Jaa. C. Wright which has been offered for sale.

Several other parties have been seen in the vicinity of the property, which consists of some 600 acres in the Memel settlement.

BURTON, Aug. 1.—On Saturday last Mrs. Samuel Chaworth, daughter of her residence, Shirley, aged 69. She had been subject to heart trouble for a long time. Her funeral took place on Monday, July 31st, when Rev. W. J. Kirby preached in the Oromocto Methodist church to a large congregation.

Interment was in the Oromocto cemetery. Mrs. Crawford was a lady very much esteemed and beloved by all who knew her. She was a member of the Methodist church. One son and one daughter, Mrs. Handford Allen, survive her.

James Logue of Upper Burton and Miss Flossie Hubble, daughter of Geo. Hubble of Oromocto, were married at the bride's home by Father McDermott. They will reside at Burton.

E. A. Hoben of Upper Gagetown has been elected a member of the Ennack Bros. of Fredericton are mounting it. It is said to be a very fine specimen.

The line men have finished putting in new telephone posts for the present. The line is changed at the lower end of Upper Gagetown, and instead of going over the interval as formerly, the line will go around the road at the head of Duck Lake.

A strange freak of nature is freely commented upon around Oromocto. Thomas McGrath has a black mare which had a colt a short time ago, which was most peculiarly marked. It had a red mane, pure white tail, forelegs white to the shoulders, white face, white rings around the eyes, white belt extending round the body, while the remainder was bright bay color. It was sired by Kearsarge, Jr. Unfortunately it only lived a few days.

The Swan Creek bridge has received a much needed plank covering.

Dr. A. M. Scott of the I. N. B. preached very acceptably Sunday in the Shirley and Oromocto Methodist churches. Mrs. Scott accompanied her husband, and were entertained at Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Wade's.

SUSSEX, Aug. 1.—A committee representing different Sunday schools of the place, met in the office of E. A. White last evening to reconsider plans for the annual picnic to be held on the picnic. The picnic will be held on Aug. 15th at the Cedars, going by rail to Rothesay and taking the str. May Queen for the sail up the river.

Miss Bessie Parker of Millerton, N. B., has been appointed teacher of the

Pond's Extract The Old Family Doctor CURES—Rheum, neuralgia, bruis, cuts, sprains, wounds, lacerations, hemorrhoids, hemorrhages, skin eruptions, scalds, burns, and all pains.

primary department in the grammar school to succeed Miss Ada Allen of Elgin, who resigned in May. R. D. Fungley and wife, who have been spending some months with relatives in Penobscot, left yesterday for their home in Missoula, Mont. On their way they expect to visit Toronto, Niagara Falls and other points of interest in Ontario.

J. Herbert Jamieson, who left here a few months ago for Calgary, Alberta, is now travelling in different parts of the Northwest Territories in the interest of the Farmers' Advocate of London, Ont.

CHIPMAN, N. B., Aug. 1.—The L. O. G. T. is rapidly gaining members in this section. The following are the officers elected for the incoming quarter by some of the lodges which have recently been organized:

Regina Lodge at Cumberland Bay—Officers elected July 28th: Lemuel Barton, C. T.; James Mercer, P. C. T.; Annie Gale, V. C. T.; Loren Gale, Sec.; Chas. Clay, A. Sec.; Mary Barton, Chap.; Walter Colwell, Mar.; Jennie Gale, D. M.; Rosebud Branscombe, Fin. Sec.; Robert Hutchins, P. C. T.; Smith, Guard; Perley Gale, L. D.; Myrtle Barton, S. J. T.

The Range Lodge at The Range—Officers elected July 28th: Nina Small, C. T.; Herbert Branscombe, P. C. T.; Cora Barton, V. C. T.; Beatrice Hawkes, Sec.; Peter Barton, A. Sec.; Mrs. A. F. Barton, Chap.; Ida Barton, Mar.; William Barton, D. M.; Mrs. Wananaker, Fin. Sec.; Elva Branscombe, Treas.; Della Branscombe, Guard; A. F. Barton, Sen.; Cynthia Barton, L. D.

Chipman Lodge at Chipman—Officers elected July 28th: Alfred Stillwell, C. T.; R. H. Fiewelling, P. C. T.; Hetherington, V. C. T.; Arthur Bishop, Sec.; Annie Henderson, A. Sec.; Mrs. Branscombe, Chap.; Charles Morrison, Mar.; Mamie Day, D. M.; Harry Day, Fin. Sec.; Laura Barr, Treas.; A. Branscombe, Guard; Flossie Bishop, Sen.; Bertha Morrison, S. J. T.; W. J. Darrach, L. D.

A juvenile temple, I. O. G. T. was organized at Cumberland Bay on Friday evening, July 28th, by Mrs. Hetherington, grand vice templar, and the following officers were appointed: Myrtle Barton, S. J. T.; George Mercer, C. T.; Reuben Hutchins, P. C. T.; Goldie Lackey, V. C. T.; Hulda J. Barton, Sec.; Sybil Branscombe, A. Sec.; Birdie Barton, Chap.; Emery Barton, Mar.; Theodosia Kelly, Fin. Sec.; Cecil Carter, Guard; Mary Barton, Asst. S. J. T.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Aug. 1.—The preliminary examination of young McCatherine, charged with assaulting the Police Magistrate March, took place on Monday and on yesterday the court room was crowded with spectators.

Two witnesses, James Toner and Harry Roberts, were examined when the sitting adjourned until tomorrow morning. The crown, it is understood, has yet considerable testimony to produce. Toner in his evidence said that on the night of the assault he was sitting near the railway track in Regent street when three men came along whom he recognized as being McSorley and the two McCatherines. This was about 9 o'clock.

After a few words with them, the three proceeded up Maryland Hill. The next day three men standing near the Randolph fence, it was half an hour after that he heard a scuffle in that vicinity and a voice saying: 'You'd better stop boys.' About five minutes after, Toner saw a man coming down the hill, groaning considerably, and he thought he was hatless as he passed him. He did not see the three young men again. Adams' evidence was to the effect that he was on Maryland Hill on the evening in question. He heard a man groaning and as he came down the hill he saw three persons run away, but he was not able to recognize any one of them.

Some time ago P. B. Carvell, M. P., acting on behalf of County Council, H. F. Grosvenor, of Southampton, made application before the York Co. probate court to have the latter appointed for the annual administration of the estate of the late Vesta Forrester, formerly Miss Temple of this city. Judge Barry granted a citation. On its return today E. H. McAlpine of St. John, appeared on behalf of the heirs of the late Vesta Forrester and opposed the petition in which the application for Mr. Grosvenor's appointment is based set out among other things that the estate of the late Mrs. Forrester as yet undistributed amounts to about \$9,000.

Prof. C. G. D. Roberts with his two sons and accompanied by the veteran guide, Adam Moore, left this evening on a two weeks' hunting and fishing trip along the headwaters of the Tobique and Nepisiquit rivers.

The trustees of Victoria Hospital have decided to equip a diet kitchen in connection with the institution.

Ald. H. B. Ames, M. P., of Montreal, who arrived in the city last evening, took a trip out on the I. C. R. this morning returning at noon. This afternoon he was shown about the city by York's popular representative.

ST. ANDREWS, Aug. 1.—Warry L. C. P. R. stationmaster here, last night sprained his left wrist and fractured the principal bone of the forearm by falling down stairs. He is to-day attending to his customary duty at the station.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy is at his residence, Fort Tipperary, where he intends to remain until the week end. Sir William Vanhorne has returned here Thursday, accompanied by guests.

The march of improvement in St. Andrews continues. The latest in the field is the new firm of Coakley & DeLong, who recently purchased from

Theodore Holmes the house known as the Lansdowne, in which they are having alterations and improvements made to fit it for occupation at a first class hotel, and will have in connection therewith a roomy and well lighted sample room for the accommodation of commercial men, and a livery stable. McWha and Topping of St. Stephen have secured the contract for supplying the furniture and carpets. The proprietors expect to be open for business the first of September.

Dr. M. A. Morris, Charlestown, Mass., and Dr. R. H. Morris of Everett, Mass., drove into town at two o'clock a. m. yesterday with their automobile on which they started from Boston for St. John on Friday last. They started from St. Stephen at seven-thirty p. m. Sunday. They made a mistake in the road near Dyers at Elmville and thus got into St. Andrews.

MILLTOWN, N. B., July 31.—The funeral of Miss Helen Mahar took place from her father's home, Spring street, on Saturday afternoon, July 30th, at 10 o'clock. High Mass was celebrated by Rev. E. Doyle at the St. Stephen Catholic church. Miss Ollie Mahar rendered a solo during the services in a very affecting manner. The floral offerings were profuse and testified to the esteem in which she was held. The pall bearers were George Heffernan, Frank John, James Ryan, James Purrell, Michael Welch and Bernard Casey.

Mrs. Foss of Marysville, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. John Norton, Spring street.

Frank Slipp and family are guests of Mrs. Morrison, Queen street. Mr. Slipp will take the position of overseer in the dress room of St. Croix cotton mill for several years.

George Gay left for St. John Saturday night on business in connection with his establishment.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas and Misses Margaret and Annie, of the Woodville, Sullivan are guests in town, called by the death of Miss Helen Mahar.

Roy Gilman, who was kicked recently by R. L. Todd's horse, has recovered and is to be about with the assistance of a cane.

Mrs. Mary C. McDonald died very suddenly about 8 o'clock last evening. Her daughter, Miss Georgia, left her home for church, and on arriving home noticed that her mother was not there. She found her in the back part of the house. Mrs. McDonald leaves one son, Alfred, and one daughter, Georgia, who have been very attentive to her and have never allowed her to be in want of anything. Much sympathy was shown to the bereaved ones. Mrs. McDonald was 65 years of age.

SACKVILLE, N. B., Aug. 2.—The regular monthly meeting of the Town Council took place last evening, with Mayor Wood in the chair. An application for position of town marshal from Purpe Estabrook was referred to the Police Committee. Aid. Dixon, as chairman of the street committee, reported on the road work since May at an expenditure of \$1,027.24. The motion was carried that the treasurer be authorized to carry out the work of the committee at the rate of 25 cents an hour. It was decided to hold an investigation into the origin of the fire. Mayor Wood referred to the difficulty that had arisen re Stephen O'Brien's v. Town Marshal, he being a non-ratepayer. This would not be the case if the town were moved to Sackville. It was moved and carried that a special constable be appointed till such time as a marshal is in office. The report of the financial statement for the year ending March 31st was read and approved. The increase over last year of \$1,390 is explained by the fact that fire debentures of \$200 become due this year; maintenance of fire alarm requires \$150, also new expenditure; the poor relief fund of \$100-5 amounts to \$500; the remaining \$270 is made up of legal expenses and the discount on taxes. For school purposes the increase this year over last is \$500, making a total of \$1,800. The sum of \$7,345 was ordered to be paid to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. James.

Mr. and Mrs. Hewins of Haverhill, Mass., and Mrs. Ribar of Westport, Newburyport, Mass. are the guests for the warm weather of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Farquharson, Cape Tormentine.

Miss May Wells, who is at the hospital, makes a recovery. She arrived home yesterday for her vacation.

WHITE'S COVE, QUEENS CO., Aug. 1.—Miss Iva Springer, who has been in poor health for the past year, is now lying seriously ill at Harry Orchard's. Dr. J. A. Casswell of Gagetown has been attending her.

John F. Wright of the schooner J. L. DeWolf spent Sunday at his home. His vessel has been loading lumber in Fredericton for New York.

Capt. Fred Colwell, of the schooner Peris A. Colwell, is reported as lying ill with fever at a Matine hospital.

The strawberry season is now ended. The crop was a good one, and berries sold well. The blueberry and raspberry crop promises fair. Some of these kinds are now going to market and are bringing a good figure.

The many friends of Rev. Charles Comben, who had the pastorate of the Methodist Churches on the Grand Lake circuit some eighteen years ago, were pleased to again have a visit from him after so long an absence.

On Tuesday, Aug. 2nd, Rev. H. H. Gillies of the Church of England, will hold his annual picnic on the shore of C. H. Mott, Waterborough, and on the 10th of August will run his annual excursion from Cole's Island to Fredericton. This excursion has always been most popular and as a result the proceeds, which go for church purposes, are large.

The Baptists will hold a picnic at Farley's Point on Wednesday, August 2nd. The proceeds will go towards the repairs now being put on Mill Cove Baptist Church.

There were no services in any of the churches yesterday.

An accident occurred at the wharf here. On Saturday last just as the May Queen was coming to wharf, an old gentleman, Abijah Coakley of Douglas Harbor, was walking down the wharf to go on board the boat, when S. B. Orchard's horse, attached to a light carriage and driven by his son Ott, ran into Mr. Coakley, knocking him down, the wagon running over

John W. Clawson Appointed to Chair of Physics in Ohio University. John W. Clawson son of Joshua Clawson, manager of West End branch of the Bank of New Brunswick, has accepted the chair of physics in the State University of Ohio at Columbus.

Baby's Own Soap Pure, Fragrant, Cleansing. The best for delicate skins. Albert Toilet Soap Co., Ltd. MONTREAL.

his body. The old gentleman was badly hurt.

Miss Bessie Comben of St. John is spending a few days with Hon. L. P. Farris. Miss Ida Reardon came home on Saturday to spend a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Reardon. F. B. Reardon, who has been working in St. John for some time, came home on Friday last.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Wright of Upper Burton spent Sunday with L. E. Wright. Capt. Hiram Farris of the steamer Flushing, wife and children, have been visiting friends here and at Waterborough.

The new building of this place has been erected a handsome monument in the Church of England cemetery to the memory of his wife and children.

Mrs. Charlotte Farris of Robertson's Point scalded her foot badly one day last week.

B. L. White of White's Cove is building the new bridge at the school house at White's Cove.

SUSSEX, Aug. 2.—This morning Dr. Daly caught a splendid salmon in the river here. It was a beautiful fish, weighing over eleven pounds, and gave the doctor rare sport for half an hour. This is the second salmon he has caught in the Kennebec within the last few weeks, and from the reports of some of our other anglers it is evident that the salmon are on the increase in this river, and it is possible that in a few years the upper waters of the Kennebec may offer good sport for the fisherman.

The funeral of Mrs. Jane Carten, widow of Michael Carten of Waterford, will take place from her residence on Thursday at 10 o'clock. Mrs. Carten was 83 years of age.

Mrs. Hugh Maclean and daughter Rebecca, formerly of Chipman, are visiting Rev. and Mrs. Baird at the Presbyterian manse. In September Mrs. MacLean with her daughter and son, Calvin, who recently graduated at Rothesay, will leave for Paris, where she will spend the winter so as to give her children the advantages of a French school. They will travel extensively and expect to be gone about a year.

Annie Clark of Rexton has accepted a position on the teaching staff of the grammar school here.

Miss Files of Boston is visiting Miss Louise White here.

ST. MARTINS, Aug. 1.—Walter Paterson, son of George Paterson, met with a painful accident Monday in the O'Neil Lumber Co.'s mill. While working the saw he was struck by the cut and mangled. Dr. Gillmor attended to the young man's injuries. He will be laid up for some time.

Mrs. Geo. W. Clark and family from St. Stephen are spending a few weeks here.

Mrs. J. B. Hodsmythe entertained a number of friends socially Monday evening. Whist and dancing were the chief attractions. A pleasant time was enjoyed.

E. Barnorel is spending a few days at the Kennedy House.

Mrs. Robert De Cue at the 'seminar' entertained a few friends Tuesday evening.

MAUGERVILLE, Aug. 1.—Mrs. Chas. Shields entertained a few of her young friends last evening to an ice cream social. A very pleasant time was spent. The gathering was in honor of her friend, Miss Gertrude March, who left for her home the following day.

Committees have been appointed in both divisions for the conducting of their annual temperance picnic, which will be held in the near future.

Mr. Mabel Brent returned on Saturday from a pleasant trip to St. John. Miss Nellie Strange is spending a few days in the city. The Misses Gertrude and Sussie Sharkey are visiting friends in St. John. Miss Hattie Brown is spending part of her vacation at Robinson's Point, Queens Co.

Mrs. Herbert Miles and Mrs. Henry Clark attended the funeral of Mrs. E. Little niece at Clark's Corner last Sunday. The deceased was the ten year old daughter of Allison Chase of that place, and her death was caused from a fall down stairs on the previous Friday.

A party from Gibson drove down to the residence of John Harding last evening, where a very enjoyable time was spent. Quite a number of the young people from around here were present, and all thoroughly enjoyed themselves. The party broke up about half-past one o'clock.

The Misses Josephine and Helen Spense of New York are visiting the Misses Mary and Annie Magee.

The Upper Baptist Sunday school have organized a mission band.

AMHERST, Aug. 2.—Mrs. Froggatt, after a visit of several weeks with her son, the manager of the Amherst News, leaves today for Quebec to sail for her home in Lancashire, Eng. Miss Froggatt will probably spend the winter here.

Mrs. Hewson and daughter, Mrs. Garnet Chapman, left yesterday to spend a little time in 'Brodericks'.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry D. Bent and the Misses Bent left yesterday to spend a week in Pugwash.

R. B. Moffat of the civil service, Ottawa, and his brother, E. Inglis Moffat, of the dead letter office, Halifax, are spending part of their holidays in Pugwash.

JOHN W. CLAWSON Appointed to Chair of Physics in Ohio University. John W. Clawson son of Joshua Clawson, manager of West End branch of the Bank of New Brunswick, has accepted the chair of physics in the State University of Ohio at Columbus.

The appointment is a great honor to Mr. Clawson as the university is one of the largest of the western universities having about 2,000 students in attendance. Mr. Clawson will take up his work in the fall.

The new professor was born in this city and studied at Leinster street school and the High school in this city. In 1901 he graduated from U. N. B. having made a good all round standing and with first class honors in mathematics and physics. He also obtained distinction in chemistry. In his junior year he won the Brydson-Jack scholarship. During his course he took a great deal of interest in astronomy.

He next took up post graduate work at Queen's College, Cambridge, where he graduated with honors in mathematics. Mr. Colpitts reports that in the year he lectured at his Alma Mater at Fredericton on astronomy and also obtained his M. A. at the close of the term.

Mr. Clawson has always taken a great deal of interest in athletics and while in Cambridge he took a number of cups in rowing contests. He has travelled quite extensively on the continent and has a fluent command of French. His many friends here will wish him all success in his new position.

ALBERT COUNTY MAN HOME FROM WEST. Explained Increase Recently Made in Royal Arcanum—New Engine for Electric Works.

MONCTON, N. B., Aug. 2.—W. H. Colpitts, a former Albert county man, now in Winnipeg, is home on a vacation. Mr. Colpitts reports that many former New Brunswickers doing well in the west, including Howard Lynch, formerly of Moncton, who is now running a C. P. R. engine out of Brandon, N. B. Colpitts is a member of the former an engineer, the latter a conductor; S. W. McKinnon, who formerly ran between Moncton and Campbellton, and is now taking the Imperial Express, formerly of Chipman, are visiting Rev. and Mrs. Baird at the Presbyterian manse. In September Mrs. MacLean with her daughter and son, Calvin, who recently graduated at Rothesay, will leave for Paris, where she will spend the winter so as to give her children the advantages of a French school. They will travel extensively and expect to be gone about a year.

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T. W. BOYD & SON, MONTREAL. SPORTING GOODS CATALOGUE. We send our 300 page illustrated catalogue free on receipt of 10c. in stamps to help pay postage. No matter what your sport if you should have a copy.

NARROW ESCAPE FROM DROWNING SUNDAY. Three Young Men of Waterville, Me., Have Close Call—One Overturned Boat—Exhausted When Rescued. WATERTVILLE, Me., July 31.—Fred Tozier, John Atwood and H. W. Wilson of this city narrowly escaped death by drowning in Fette's Pond Sunday. The men were in two boats, and Wilson, who was the woolen mill employe, had gone to the lake Saturday night to stay over Sunday. Yesterday morning the three men were out on the lake in two boats. Atwood and Wilson in one and Tozier in another. In attempting to net a fish from a strike made by Wilson, Tozier stumbled and the light craft was overturned, throwing both men into the lake. Wilson can swim and Atwood can not. By hard work Wilson managed to get his friend to the side of the boat, which had righted but was half full of water. Wilson then attempted to swim toward the shore, drawing the boat. A stiff breeze was on at the time and no headway could be made, although Atwood, who had his head clear and a firm hold on the gunwale of the craft, assisted as best he could. Wilson was soon taken with cramps and Atwood seized him. Wilson became sick and suffered great pain. The men remained thus for many minutes, the wind increasing and waves almost entirely submerging both men at times.

After a considerable time, Tozier, who was some distance up the lake, went to the assistance of his friends in sight, and after carefully scanning the surface he noticed the bobbing end of a boat. Tozier was in a small duck boat and possessed of but a single paddle. He went to the assistance of his friends, and found Atwood, who, although unable to swim, manfully hanging on to the boat with one hand and holding Wilson on the other arm. Tozier's boat was overturned, and as Atwood was fast becoming faint with exhaustion, Tozier pulled the unconscious form of Wilson into the boat, jumped overboard and assisted Atwood to get into the boat. Tozier attempted to make shoreward by swimming, clinging to the small boat chain. He struggled hard and manfully but failed to gain headway. The boat and Wilson were slowly drifting out into the lake and Tozier soon began to weaken. This condition continued for more than half an hour. There were many boats on the water, but they were all nearly across the lake. Men and women could be seen bathing, but they were all too far away to hear the calls of the endangered men.

Warren Crosby, a farmer, delivering milk at several of the cottages, was passing along that portion of the turnpike which skirts the shore of the lake and he saw the predicament of the shipwrecked men. Mr. Crosby, who had but little time in securing a boat and putting out to the rescue. Tozier was too weak to assist himself and was pulled into the boat by main strength by Crosby. Wilson was taken to a farmhouse, where he was cared for. He remained there all day, and when he returned to the city he was still suffering from the attack of cramps.

The reports persist that the hope may break his seclusion in the Vatican and go to another part of Italy for his health.

TEST THE KIDNEYS. Allow the urine to stand in a glass vessel for twenty-four hours and if at the end of that it is clouded or has left a sediment in the bottom of the vessel you may be sure that your kidneys are diseased. As a means of investigating the action of the kidneys and making them strong and healthy, there is no preparation so prompt and none so thorough as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

A. D. C. TO THE KING. TORONTO, Aug. 2.—Captain John Denison, R. N., brother of Col. Denison, police magistrate, has been appointed an A. D. C. to the King. Captain Denison is a member of the Pembroke Dock Yards in Wales. He is an officer who commanded the Niobe, one of the ships which escorted the Prince of Wales out here. He was for three years commander of the royal yacht.

FEARS FOR MAYOR. PATTERSON, N. J., Aug. 2.—Mayor Belcher of this city has not been heard of since yesterday afternoon and his friends fear he may have committed suicide. The mayor has been much worried by the investigation of certain collateral he had given for loans and the report by the state banking department that signatures on the part of the collateral had been forged.

A WOMAN'S SYMPATHY. Are you discouraged? Is your doctor's bills a heavy financial burden? Do you feel that your health is being ruined by a heavy physical burden? I know what a relief it is to your pain and how you can get relief. I have been discouraged, too; but learned how to cure myself. I want to relieve your burdens. Why not end the pain and suffering? I can do this for you, and will, if you will, send me a free box of the remedy, which has been placed in my hands to be given away. Perhaps this one box will cure you. It has done so for others, so, I shall be happy, and you will be cured for 2c. (the cost of a postage stamp). Your letters held confidentially. Write to-day for my free treatment. MRS. F. R. CURRIE, Windsor, Ont.

A WOMAN'S ORDEAL. DREADS DOCTOR'S QUESTIONS. Thousands Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and Receive Valuable Advice Absolutely Confidential and Free. There can be no more terrible ordeal to a delicate, sensitive, refined woman than to be obliged to answer certain questions in regard to her private illness, even when those questions are asked by her family physician, and many

continue to suffer rather than submit to examinations which so many physicians propose in order to intelligently treat the disease; and this is the reason why so many physicians fail to cure female disease.

This is also the reason why thousands upon thousands of women are corresponding with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. To her they can confide every detail of their illness, and from her great knowledge, obtained from years of experience in treating female illness, Mrs. Pinkham can advise women more wisely than the local physician.

Della Emmerette Moncreul, of 114 Latourville St., Quebec, Que., writes: Dear Mrs. Pinkham: I suffered for eight months with what the doctors called prostrations, which caused great weakness all over my system. I tried many spells. I kept growing weaker and weaker. I tried several medicines which they claimed would cure my trouble, but nothing was the least benefit until I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and this helped me so rapidly that I could hardly believe my good fortune. I would gladly have paid \$5.00 for this first bottle, for it started me on the road to health, and I have since bought several more. I am most grateful for my splendid, robust health, and shall certainly recommend the Vegetable Compound in glowing terms to all my friends and acquaintances. It is so serving of all the praise I can give it.

Mountains of proof establish the fact that no medicine in the world equals Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for restoring women's health.

RESULTS OF THE LICENSE EXAMINATIONS. FREDERICTON, N. B., July 29.—The result of the recent examination for teachers' licenses are as follows: There were sixteen candidates for grammar school licenses, eight for superior school, fifty-six for class I and 137 for class 2, a total of 219.

The successful candidates for grammar school licenses were Robert C. Colwell, Fredericton; Lloyd Dixon



Makes the Bread That Makes Us Strong. There's nothing like good homemade bread for children. Made of the right kind of flour—baked right—a loaf of bread contains all the food qualities of wheat, in their most appetizing and digestible form.

Beaver Flour is a blend of Manitoba Spring Wheat and Ontario Fall Wheat. It makes the whitest, lightest, most delicious bread, biscuits, cake and pastry—it makes the most nourishing and healthful bread—and it yields MORE bread to the barrel.

Try it—test it—any way you like. Beaver Flour proves its quality, by never disappointing. At Grocers Everywhere.

W. V. BARBOUR, ST. JOHN, N. B. New Brunswick Selling Agents.

WILL BORROW HALF A MILLION.

Provincial Government Getting Loan From Quebec Corporation.

Expect to Save Money by the Plan—Bonds Will be Issued Later—Govt. Meeting at Capital.

A regular meeting of the provincial government was held last evening in Fredericton and was adjourned until today. Nothing but routine business was transacted. No appointment of registrar of probate was made, nor was the report of Engineers Wetmore and Brown on the Central railway presented.

It is announced that the government is now negotiating a loan of half a million dollars from the Credit Foncier, Franco Canadian. This amount will be received into the provincial treasury within a very short time. Part of it will be used in retiring debentures now falling due, while the remainder will be applied to the construction of permanent highway bridges. It is stated officially that this loan has nothing whatever to do with the Central railway, as was mentioned in an evening paper.

APPENDICITIS.

The Most Dreaded Disease of Civilization

is the condition known as appendicitis. Once fully established, nothing will remedy but the knife. It is a disease which is caused by inflammation of the appendix, but this theory is long exploded.

- Constipation in Every Form. Biliousness. Enlargement of Liver. Foul Breath. Bad Taste in Mouth. Constipated Tongue. Pain in Abdomen. Pain in Bowels. Boredom in Liver. Cutting Pains in Stomach. Headache. Sickness at Stomach. Fainting Spells. Irregular Movements. Smith's Pineapple and Buttered Pills sold by all dealers 25 cents. A cure at the People's Pharmacy, 183 St. James St., Montreal.

SMITH'S BUCHU LITHIA PILLS. A POSITIVE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM AND ALL FORMS OF KIDNEY AND URINARY AFFECTIONS. AT ALL DRUGGISTS. CURE AT THE PEOPLE'S PHARMACY.

BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW.

The fourteenth dominion convention of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew will be held in the city of Ottawa from Oct. 5th to 8th next, inclusive.

SAW POLAR BEAR 1,000 MILES AT SEA.

Big Liner Caronia Ran into Electrical Storm—Passengers Took Snapshots of Bruin.

NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—Captain Warr of the steamship Caronia, in port from Liverpool today, reports that on Sunday, when 1,000 miles out at sea, the Caronia passed through the greatest electrical storm he has ever witnessed. An iceberg, which had been passing close to the ship, was struck by lightning and was plainly seen on its edge and passengers made snapshots of him with cameras.

Y. M. C. A. BOYS HAD A GOOD TIME.

WHITE'S COVE, Aug. 2.—The Y. M. C. A. boys who are camping at Robertsons Point gave an entertainment to a large audience on Friday evening last. Many features of the entertainment were good, particularly the dramatic performances. An admission fee of 10 cents was charged.

SET HIM AG'IN.

The following was a favorite story of my grandmother's. She said that when she was young her home was on a large plantation—was slavery times there—three miles from the old town of Cahaba, Alabama, and that a short distance from there, down what was called Black Creek, there lived a worthy old couple generally known as Aunt Pattie and Uncle Sam.

A PAPER HUSBAND.

The late Mary A. Livermore liked to tell a story of a young lady friend of hers in Melrose, for she believed that in this story lay a lesson for husbands. Mrs. Livermore's friend was passing a month alone, her mate having been summoned to Europe on a business matter.

RUNNING THEM.

"So you are used to running automobiles, eh?" interrogated the chance acquaintance on the back platform. "Yes, sir," replied the tall man. "Licensed chauffeur, I suppose." "No, mounted policeman," "Yes, was talking."

FROM P. E. ISLAND.

Barn and Horse Burned in Incendiary Fire.

Sir Louis Davies Mixed up in a Lawsuit—Preparations for Earl Grey's Visit.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., Aug. 1.—Earl Grey is to arrive here on Thursday and will remain here until Saturday.

Prof. J. N. Robertson of Ottawa, is now here and has visited the consolidated school at Hazelbrook. No pretensions were made of the parade of school children to Victoria Park. And nothing in that parade was more unique than the children from the consolidated school, situated some six miles from Charlottetown, being driven in their covered vans along the streets. These vans were provided by Sir William McDonald and Prof. Robertson. Great interest was taken in the vans, alive with the faces of the children, and it is hoped that this experiment of mobilization may prove highly successful.

St. Anne's Sunday was celebrated by the Lennox Island Indians on the 30th inst. Gov. McKinnon and his aide-de-camp and a guard of honor were present.

Charles W. McLeod of Honolulu, left yesterday on return to his work after a pleasant visit to his former home in Bonaventure.

A barn belonging to James Yatchers, Kent street, was burned on Sunday night. A horse was so badly burned before being taken out that it had to be killed. The fire is thought to have been an incendiary work.

Hector McKenzie, son of Finlay McKenzie, is visiting his home at Flat River. Mr. McKenzie has been for several years in Tonopah, Nevada. He was one of the discoverers and part owner of the Bulkley mine and is worth an independent fortune.

Rev. J. F. Jenkins, late of Lot 49, and Dow of the First Baptist church at California, has been appointed chairman of the board of control of the Baptist denomination in California.

Frank McGuigan of St. Mary's road was seriously injured by a blow on the forehead Saturday while working on Connolly's wharf.

L. N. Fowler of Bedouque has gone to Atlantic City, N. J., to attend the annual convention of the Foresters.

Joseph Blanchard and Theodore Peters of Rustico are under arrest, charged with breaking into Wedlock's store at Stanley. A cash register costing eighty dollars was carried away and destroyed.

The following have been elected officers of the P. E. I. Dental Association: President, J. H. Ayers; vice-president, E. Green; secretary-treasurer, J. S. Bagnall. Drs. Small and Smallwood were appointed representatives to the Dominion Dental Council.

Charles McEachern, son of Finlay McEachern of Belfast, will arrive home shortly from Honolulu. He has had a severe attack of appendicitis.

W. H. Tupper and wife have returned to Chatham after a visit to friends in Georgetown.

A valuable horse belonging to R. J. McDonald was found dead on Sunday a few days ago. This is the third horse Mr. McDonald has lost in eight months.

The Sons of England held their decoration service here on Sunday. The parade was a creditable one. Nearly twenty graves were decorated.

W. E. Reddin, druggist, has been convicted of a second offense against the prohibition law.

Dr. Chas. Davies and his sister, Catherine, wife of Walter Deblola, only children of the late George Davies of Charlottetown, have been guests of Charlottetown. Daniel Davies and Catherine H. Davies, an executor of the late George Davies, are executors of the late George Davies, who died in 1883, which fell to her grandchildren, the said Dr. Chas. Davies and his sister. George Davies had been appointed guardian of his children during their minority, but never paid over their shares from the grandmother's estate, so it is alleged. Evidence has been taken and the vice chancellor has received judgment.

The bench along the north shore of P. E. Island, being well patronized by American tourists. These stretches of beach excel in many respects the most desirable of the United States. Surf bathing is being greatly sought after and here found in its reality.

Dr. B. Cameron of Dorchester, Ontario, and his daughter, Mrs. E. R. Chapman of St. John, N.B., have been the guests of Mrs. John A. McDonald of Summers. The doctor has been absent from his native island for thirty years.

ELMSDALE, P. E. I., July 31.—Thomas Henderson, one of the most respected citizens in this community, is dead. Deceased was 63 years of age, and was thought to be some time ill. It was thought that his case was serious until he gradually grew worse until death ended his sufferings on the 25th inst. A widow, one son and four daughters are left to mourn besides a host of friends and relatives. A consignment of about sixty carriages conveyed the body to its last resting place in the Presbyterian cemetery at Elmsdale.

Miss Clara Ellsworth has arrived home after spending the winter and spring in Lowell, Mass., visiting her sister, Mrs. F. A. Boyle.

The store of Wedlock Bros., Stanley Bridge, was burglarized a few nights ago and the cash register, valued at \$200, was stolen. The register was broken open and left in a useless condition minus a small amount of cash which it contained.

Between fifty and sixty men are at present employed at the Hillsboro bridge working at the swing span and laying the woodwork. More men are yet required. The work of placing the bridge will be commenced.

Thomas Murray has arrived home from the Charlottetown hospital, where he underwent a successful operation for appendicitis.

Owing to the scarcity of bait there has been a dearth of mackerel. It is practically impossible to catch at Mimitingas. Good catches of mackerel are reported from Alberton.



SUNLIGHT SOAP

is made of pure fats and oils and contains no dangerous ingredient. It is pure soap that gives absolute satisfaction.

THE ROMANCE OF URIAH BELYEVA.

Former St. John Letter Carrier Marries a Woman Whose Life He Saved at Niagara.

The first scenes of a romance in which a former St. John letter carrier and a fair resident of Buffalo were the participants, were enacted recently. The romance culminated in a wedding, when Uriah Belyeva, formerly of West End, led to the altar the woman whose life he saved and who subsequently returned him with her heart and hand. A letter received a few days ago by a friend in this city conveyed the intelligence.

A few years ago Mr. Belyeva, who was a letter carrier in the Carlton district, was superannuated, and being a widower, started on a visit to his children, some of whom are in various parts of Canada and some in the United States.

A few weeks ago in the course of his travels he visited Niagara Falls, and while enjoying the scenery, his attention was attracted by a lady who swooned and fell off the seat where she was sitting to the rocks below. Mr. Belyeva rushed to her rescue, and after bearing her to a place of safety, he, with the assistance of two ladies, restored her to consciousness. The lady was very grateful to Mr. Belyeva, and insisted that he had saved her life.

They dined together that day and the lady then took Mr. Belyeva in her automobile to Buffalo. The friendship ripened into love and they were married. They go to Washington on a honeymoon trip and expect to visit St. John some time next month.

The lady's name is not given, but it is understood that she is a widow with a considerable fortune.

THE NEW PROVINCIAL ROAD ACT.

To the Editor of the Sun: Sir—The people of this section have been patiently waiting the results from the operation of the act which was to do so much towards giving us good roads. So far the only action taken has been the prompt collection of the money. In other years our roads have been repaired early in the season, but this year up to the present there has been no systematic effort made to put the roads in condition for summer travel.

When we compare the present condition with the persuasive forecasts made by servile advocates of the new Road Act we must conclude that if the said act ever was intended to improve our highways someone must be grossly negligent in its operation.

Good roads are a most important factor in the progress of the business of the country, especially of agriculture, and now when the farmers are forced to contribute in dollars and cents, without any option or without having a say in the management of the roads, it is only a reasonable business proposition for them to expect the government to carry out their pledges to the people.

However, as the present administration is principally noted for its unfulfilled promises, it seems pretty certain that the only redress in the matter of roads and many other things is to effect a change of government, when we may expect that the municipalities will again have some of their rights restored to them, among others the expenditure of the money which they raise for road purposes.

Canterbury, N. B. A. SUFFERER.

OVER THE LIMIT.

(Boston Herald.)—Chaplain E. A. Horton, of the Massachusetts Legislature, told a story about a long-winded member of that body. The legislator was delivering a political address in a town not far from Boston, and the village folk gathered in the town hall to hold a "He had been speaking quite a while," said Dr. Horton, "when finally a Scotchman arose and walked out of the hall. At the door one of his countrymen was waiting with his hand on the door to the orator to the station."

"Is he done yet, Sandy?" asked the Scot on the box. "The old man turned about. 'Aye, said he, 'he's done lang ago, but he will na stop.'"

AN ABSURD PROPOSITION.

(Boston Herald.)—Professor C. T. Copeland, of Harvard University, has a matter-of-fact way with him which occasionally is deadly. An altercation had arisen between Mr. Copeland and another gentleman in regard to the social position of Harvard. Mr. Copeland insisted vigorously that negroes should stand on exactly the same social level as other students.

"Well, now, Mr. Copeland," said his companion, "how would you like to have a negro marry your sister?" "Not at all," replied Mr. Copeland, promptly, "my sister is married."

HEIGHT OF AMBITION. Hilda—But why wouldn't girls make good census workers? Couldn't they collect names? Helen—Well, you see, most girls are satisfied to collect one name and stop.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of J. C. Watson.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, of Sept. 26, 1886, says: "If I were asked which single medicine I should prefer to take generally, I should say CHLORODYNE. I never travel without it, and its general applicability to the relief of a large number of single ailments forms its best recommendation."

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE

IS THE GREAT SPECIFIC FOR Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera.

CAUTION—Genuine Chlorodyne. Every bottle of this well known remedy for DIARRHOEA, etc., bears on the Government Stamp the name of the Government.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE. Sold by all Chemists at 1s. 1/6d. 2s. 6d. and 5s. 6d. Sole manufacturers—J. T. DAVENPORT, Limited LONDON. Wholesale Agents: Lyman Bros. & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

NOTICE.

The Canvassers and Collectors for the SEMI-WEEKLY SUN are now making their rounds as mentioned below. The Manager hopes that all subscribers in arrears will pay when called on.

EDGAR CANNING in Albert and Westmorland Counties, N. B. F. S. CHAPMAN in Kings Co. N. B. J. E. AUSTIN, in Sunbury & Queens

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That is the question which will be considered by many within the next few months. If all the advantages to be gained by attending

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were fully known it would not be difficult to decide. Send at once for catalogue. Address:—

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Is just out. It gives our terms, courses of study and general information regarding the college. Send name and address today for free copy.

The Sun S. KERR & SON Oddfellows' Hall

FELL DOWN STAIRS; DIED SOON AFTER

DOUGLAS HARBOR, Queens Co., July 31.—On July 28th, Vivian Glenn, the ten year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Albert C. Chase of Clarke's Corner, while visiting at the home of a friend accidentally fell against a fire escape, sustaining injuries from which she died within a few hours.

The funeral took place on Sunday, 30th inst., at 2 P. M. in her father's residence. Rev. W. H. Peppercorn officiated at the house and grave, interment being made at Lakeville Corner.

The sad fatality has cast a gloom over the entire community. Mr. and Mrs. Chase have the heartfelt sympathy of a large circle of friends and acquaintances in their sad and unexpected bereavement.

HALIFAX MAN SUICIDES.

HALIFAX, N. S., Aug. 1.—Alexander Currie, a hostler, aged about 36 years, committed suicide tonight when on a visit to a friend's home. He had spent the evening there and appeared to be all right. He said good-bye and stepped out from the front door as if going home. A few moments later the family heard a fall. They opened the door and found Currie on the floor. A small amount of carbolic acid showed what he had taken. A physician was sent for, but when he arrived the young man was dead. No cause can be assigned for the act.

SEA GULL SURPRISES CIGARETTE SMOKER.

While a number of people were recently watching the antics of the sea-gulls, which rise continually to the prospect of London Bridge, in search of food which several of the spectators were throwing to them, one gentleman gave a large bag of sprats to the gulls, who eagerly took the fish from his fingers one at a time. Standing close by was another spectator, who held an unlighted cigarette to his lips. Judge of the latter's surprise when one daring bird, finding no sprat awaiting him, suddenly swooped down on the cigarette and deftly removed it from the owner's mouth. The seagull evidently knew that the smoker was using a sweet Caporal cigarette, which, according to the Lancet, is "the purest form in which tobacco can be smoked."

WORK AND WORRY.

Wearily Walker—Dis paper says dat worry kills more fellers dan work. Tired Tatters—I reckon dat's right, but dey ain't nothin' wor worries me like work.

EGG MEMBRANE A HEALER.

Valuable When Used in Cases of Burning or Ulceration.

At a recent session of the Therapeutic association of Paris Dr. Arnst lectured on the use of the membrane of eggs in the treatment of wounds. He has observed for some time the good results of placing these membranes upon the surface of wounds and reports two new cases, that of a young girl suffering from a burn on her foot, and a man, 40 years old, with a large ulcer on his leg. Both wounds were in process of healing and were covered with healthy granulations.

The surgeon overspread them with six or eight pieces of the membrane of eggs, which was covered with tin foil and fastened with dry antiseptic bandages. After four days the bandages and tin foil were removed and it was shown that the membrane of the egg had partly grown into the good skin. That the egg membrane had contributed much to the healing process was demonstrated in the further course of treatment.

It seems, however, that the membrane does not always adhere. The process of calcification is not only hastened, but the wound heals exceptionally well and leaves but few perceptible traces.

ONE TOO MANY.

(Washington Post.) A correspondent tells of the experience of a literary friend into whose family a seventh child came last summer.

The family were at their country house, and for a time a good deal of the care of the other six children devolved upon the father, who has Spartan ideas as to the upbringing of his sons. One morning he carried his two-year-old to the creek near his home, to give him a cold plunge. The child objected lustily to this proceeding, but was firmly held and ducked, notwithstanding.

At this instant of the ducking, however, a branny hand seized the Spartan father by the shoulder and flung him back, while the angry voice of the farmer, who was his nearest neighbor, roared in his ears: "You've done it wrong. Here, none of that! I'll have the law on you for this!"

"And," said the literary man, "it took me half an hour to convince that man that I was not trying to drown that child. Even then he wasn't wholly convinced. To the very last minute he kept on shaking his head skeptically, and saying: 'Wal, I dunno about that. I dunno. You got six besides this.'"

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

(Chicago Chronicle.)—Will Payne, that gentle writer of strenuous fiction, has moved to a peach farm at Pawpaw, Mich.

"You got up at five," he says, "and work till dark for eleven months of the year. Then Mr. Armour sends a refrigerator car along and takes all you have. This is the simple life."

LET THE BABY SLEEP. USE WILSON'S FLY PADS. Illustration of a baby sleeping peacefully.

HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

"When I was 21 years of age," said the scanty-haired passenger, "I thought if I wasn't rich enough to retire at 20 I would be too old to enjoy wealth."

"How old are you now?" queried a knight of the sample case. "Twenty-two," was the reply. "And you are a millionaire, I suppose," said the drummer.

"No," answered the old man, "I am as poor as Job's turkey. But I've got a scheme on tap now that will make Carnegie's pile look like 30 cents by the time I am 35, and then I propose to settle down and enjoy life."

SPECIFIED THE GROUND. Jack—I love the very ground that girl walks on. Tom—Which girl? Jack—The one in the blue suit. Tom—What's her name? Jack—Don't know. Never saw her before.

Tom—Then what do you mean by saying you love the ground she walks on? Jack—Why, the ground she walks on is worth all of \$5,000 a front foot. That's the answer.

AN EFFORT THAT FELL SHORT.

(Boston Herald.) Lieut. Gov. Bruce says a small headstone in a cemetery in the western part of the state is pointed out to visitors as one of the sights of the neighborhood. It was placed over the grave by a widower, who while not lacking in love for the departed one, was nervous to a degree. He ordered a small stone because it was cheap, and told the mason to engrave on it this inscription: "Sarah Hackett, Aged Ninety Years—Lord, she was too much inscribed for so small a surface, but was told to go ahead and 'squeeze it on somehow.'"

"Sarah Hackett, Aged 90. Lord, she was thin."

BLEEDING, PROTRUDING FILES.

Mrs. James Brown, Hintonburgh, Carleton Co., Ont., writes: "I suffer from nearly every form of piles for twenty years, both here and in the Old Country, and have tried nearly every remedy. I am only doing justice to Dr. Chase's Ointment when I say that I believe it to be the best remedy obtainable for bleeding and protruding piles, of which it has cured me."

DOING NOTHING.

"We all have our burdens to bear," remarked the minister. "Life at best is but a series of trials." "Perhaps you are right, parson," rejoined the unsuccessful lawyer, "but some how I don't seem to have much luck in getting mixed up in the trials of others."

BETWEEN FRIENDS.

The Doctor—I have just returned from week's shooting trip up north. The Druggist—Kill anything? The Doctor—No, not a thing. The Druggist—Huh! You could have done better than that by staying at home and attending to your regular business.

USUAL PERFORMANCE.

"Them so far as you are aware," said the lawyer who was doing a cross-examining stunt, "your wife was performing her usual household duties when the accident occurred?" "Yes," answered the witness; "she was talking."

SAW POLAR BEAR 1,000 MILES AT SEA.

Big Liner Caronia Ran into Electrical Storm—Passengers Took Snapshots of Bruin.

NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—Captain Warr of the steamship Caronia, in port from Liverpool today, reports that on Sunday, when 1,000 miles out at sea, the Caronia passed through the greatest electrical storm he has ever witnessed. An iceberg, which had been passing close to the ship, was struck by lightning and was plainly seen on its edge and passengers made snapshots of him with cameras.

Y. M. C. A. BOYS HAD A GOOD TIME.

WHITE'S COVE, Aug. 2.—The Y. M. C. A. boys who are camping at Robertsons Point gave an entertainment to a large audience on Friday evening last. Many features of the entertainment were good, particularly the dramatic performances. An admission fee of 10 cents was charged.

The following was a favorite story of my grandmother's. She said that when she was young her home was on a large plantation—was slavery times there—three miles from the old town of Cahaba, Alabama, and that a short distance from there, down what was called Black Creek, there lived a worthy old couple generally known as Aunt Pattie and Uncle Sam.

One day the old woman was sent for to set up with an ill child. On her return next morning she could find no trace of her husband, and when she blew the old horn in vain—a summons to which he always promptly responded—she immediately decided that he had been drowned in the creek, and so gave the alarm.

Being Sunday, the men were all at home, so she soon had quite a crowd around her, all excited over the news of her husband's death. She was alternating down to the creek, accompanied by Aunt Pattie, who insisted on going, they went to work.

The search went on for some time, the old woman standing with arms akimbo, watching proceedings with great interest. At last they found the poor old man and, drawing him out of the water, the men were horrified to see the body covered with eels.

Aunt Patty, with an exclamation of astonishment, strode forward, and, waving the men off, went vigorously to work to dislodge the slimy little fish, carefully depositing each one in a rusty tin. Finally, when the last one was removed, and the men again advanced to her assistance, she arose and cried out: "Stop, boys, stop! Let's set him ag'in."—August Lippincott's.

A SHOOTING GALLERY.

A shooting gallery is part of the equipment of the naval branch of the Y. M. C. A. in Brooklyn. When President Roosevelt recently visited this institution he expressed a special interest in this feature of the work.

GOVERNOR HIGGINS.

Governor Higgins, of New York, has promised to visit the Protestant Episcopal summer conference at Richfield Springs, which meets the latter part of July and throughout the month of August.

FERROVIM. A TONIC FOR ALL. It makes new blood. It invigorates. It strengthens. It builds. BONE AND MUSCLE. Used with the greatest advantage by all weak people. Makes healthy, makes strong. Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal.

