

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH is published every Wednesday and Saturday at \$1.00 a year...

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Semi-Weekly Telegraph ST. JOHN, N. B., JULY 19, 1905.

ANOTHER "FLAG INCIDENT"

"Flag incidents" are becoming common - too common in London (Ont.) on the Glorious Twelfth, during a visit by 800 United States Orange men...

A SWIFT PACE

A Chicago newspaper, boasting of that city's remarkable progress, incidentally demonstrates that the pace is a killing one to many and an uncomfortable one to most...

BISMARCK, WIRE-TAPPER

A curious story of the Berlin Congress, when Great Britain and Russia were on the brink of war, is related by a writer in the Nineteenth Century. It reveals Bismarck in the role of wire-tapper...

HEARST'S "BRAINS" IN TROUBLE

Mr. Hearst's "brains" - another way of speaking of Mr. Arthur Brisbane, the principal editor in the Hearst empire, the chief of yellow journalists - has been arrested for criminal libel...

JAPAN'S ADVANTAGES

The peace commissioners can scarcely begin work for six weeks yet. Japan's seizure of Sakhalin suggests that during the next month she may isolate Vladivostok and hold it in the hollow of her hand...

DIRECTORS WHO DIRECT

Civic departments, like the department of public works, should be managed by the director, who should be a competent and well-paid official...

vided authority with City Engineer Rust conditions were far from satisfactory. There would be little or no improvement in a system which required Mr. Jones to divide authority with Dr. Sheard...

peris, now here from the West, declare that the past affords no criterion of development during the next few years. They observe that not only is Europe sending over ever-increasing throngs to America, but the American swarms of migrants multiplies annually in an ever-accelerating ratio...

John will wait, having a heavy tax levy, a wretched system of assessment, and a loose method of spending civic funds without getting value for the money.

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DROPPED DEAD WHILE DRESSING FOR MASS

Amherst, July 16.-(Special)-An unusually sudden death occurred this morning when Mrs. Elizabeth Fitzgerald, wife of Thomas Fitzgerald, dropped dead while dressing for 9 o'clock mass at St. Charles church. Deceased arose this morning in apparently excellent health...

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Richard Logan, aged 11 years, of No. 110 Harrison street, son of Mrs. Alexander Logan, was instantly killed in Adelaide street about 5 o'clock Monday afternoon, and Otis Mullin, aged 15 years, son of Geo. W. Mullin, No. 143 Main street, received serious injuries. The boys, in company with several others, were riding on a heavy lime sloven driven by Peter McAllister, of Murray street...

LAD'S BODY MANGLED AND LIFE CRUSHED OUT IN HURRYING TO FIRE

Richard Logan Jolted from Sloven is Run Over and Instantly Killed

Almost Double Fatality Near Newman's Brook Bridge, Otis Mullin Escaping With Severe Bruises--Boys Jumped on Team to Get Quickly to Fire in Response to Bell Call--Sudden Start Threw Them to Roadway--Widowed Mother Brought to Side of Her Dead Boy.

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Terribly Mutilated.

As soon as the other side was reached the horses again started forward, and the sudden movement of the sloven threw both boys off. Mr. McAllister was unaware of what had happened until his attention was called to it by another of those riding on the sloven. The team was at once stopped, and it was seen that the Logan boy was dead. His head had evidently been instantaneously crushed.

The Mullin Boy Tells of the Accident.

The visitors at Geo. W. Mullin's home were, Monday night, for Otis is widely known and well liked. Early after supper he fell asleep and was not disturbed. His mother is in the country, but will be home today. He managed to tell his father some facts connected with the accident. He said he did not know young Logan, nor did he remember seeing any boy fall between the wheels. He himself jumped on the sloven when it was travelling swiftly toward the Newman's Brook bridge and already crowded with men and boys. Soon after the bridge was passed he was taken in by the chief of the team, and fully half a dozen persons fell with him. He remembered that he fell between the rear wheel and framework of the sloven. He was cut, his clothes were ripped, his face was gashed and gravel was ground into the wounds, but not one did he lose consciousness.

Bereaved Mother Sees Boy.

Among the first to learn of the accident was the dead boy's mother, and almost frantic with grief she ran to Mr. Roberts' store and was readily admitted. The last time she saw her son was about two hours previously when he informed her that he was going out to sell more tickets for an entertainment to be given under the auspices of Douglas avenue Christian church. When the news came that a boy named Logan had been killed she hoped to the fact that the unfortunate was not her boy, for the North End contains a good many youths named Logan.

Physicians Examined the Body.

The physicians who examined the body were Drs. McInerney and Pratt and with- in half an hour after the body had been brought to the store it was placed on a stretcher brought from the salvage corps quarters at No. 5 fire station, Main street, and taken to the morgue. The body was taken to No. 110 Harrison street, the boy's late home.

Funeral Services.

The funeral took place at Roundhill yesterday and was very largely attended. Services were held at the Anglican church and at the grave in Rev. Mr. Oakes and H. DeBella took part. Interment was in the cemetery at that place.

Mr. George Whitman.

Annapolis, N. S., July 17.-(Special)-The death of Mrs. Whitman, wife of Hon. George Whitman, of Roundhill, occurred at the family residence at that place on Saturday after a brief illness. Deceased, who was 70 years of age, was highly respected in the community. She and her husband had passed 33 years of married life.

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peris, now here from the West, declare that the past affords no criterion of development during the next few years. They observe that not only is Europe sending over ever-increasing throngs to America, but the American swarms of migrants multiplies annually in an ever-accelerating ratio. As a flock of sparrows to one of snowbirds in number, so were the landseers of two or three years ago to the herds today, and as a contingent of snowbirds to one of the old-time vast pigeon flights are the landseers of today to those who will be in movement two or three years hence. Tracts passed by as unattractive yesterday are now eagerly taken up, and the limit of settlement is pushed hourly farther north. As the poorer hourly laid out lands population the shunned woodlands gain just appreciation. Probably there will be no unoccupied land left ten years hence in the regions that we now think of as available. This implies early need for much more of every sort of transport and every kind of manufacturing supplies than has yet been anticipated by preparations. The continent would appear to be about the beginning of a period of activity which will make every previous one look like dull times. Canada seems in a fair way to need three new transcontinentals before the last spike has been driven in that to be operated by the G. T. P. Company. The notion that any one or port stands to gain at the expense of any other seems absurd to the optimists who believe these things. They hold that every city is about to find itself pushed hard to do the business coming to it from the imminent crowding of the continent.

This is a glowing picture, but the known facts excuse the high coloring. This is the Canadian century.

BISMARCK, WIRE-TAPPER

A curious story of the Berlin Congress, when Great Britain and Russia were on the brink of war, is related by a writer in the Nineteenth Century. It reveals Bismarck in the role of wire-tapper, and indicates that his theft prevented a great war drama.

The writer of the article bases it upon conversations he had with the late Lord Rowton, who was present at the Congress as secretary to Lord Beaconsfield. That statesman was prepared for war. He had counted the cost. He would carry his point, or fight, in pursuance of this determination he placed before the Russian representatives, at one point in the deliberations, what was really an ultimatum. The Russians asked for time, saying they could not act until they had placed the question before the Czar and received his reply. This Lord Beaconsfield interpreted as a refusal of the arrangement proposed, and he ordered his secretary, Lord Rowton, to secure a special train in which to set out on the journey to England. He believed he was going home with the news that would be begun at once. But - in the words of Lord Rowton -

"The Congress met again for a final decision on this matter at the appointed time. Whilst the meeting was going on I waited outside as usual. After a sitting of a couple of hours the door opened, and I noticed particularly that the Russians came out first, Schouvaloff at their head. Lord Beaconsfield, as was his custom, came out last of all, and when he was going away, he took my arm and said, 'My dear Gory, (Lord Rowton's name) I have seen what I never expected to see. Russia has given you on all four points. We subsequently discovered, of course, that my telegram to the station master at Cologne (ordering a special) had been promptly transmitted to Prince Bismarck. He thereupon saw that Lord Beaconsfield was in earnest. He knew, and this we did not discover until a good deal later, that as a matter of fact, the Russians had received orders from the Czar practically to submit to anything rather than to go to war with England. He knew that, but we did not know it."

Bismarck did not want war. Armed with the stolen knowledge that Lord Beaconsfield stood ready to fight, he informed the Russians that they must yield unless they were prepared for the consequences. Beaconsfield had his way. The wire-tapper had averted a war.

VANITY, VANITY

The sale of "hair-restorers" by bald-headed barbers goes on. Vanity and the fight against wrinkles, crookedness, obesity, undue attentions, too prominent nose and even ungainly feet, line the pockets of a multitude who thrive upon the weaknesses of their fellows. In an American city a "beauty doctor" has just been arrested for obtaining money under false pretences. A wrinkled woman went all the way from Denver to New York in order to have the foot prints of Time removed from her face. She paid for six weeks' "treatment." At the expiration of that period dogs barked at her and children were frightened when they gazed upon the "doctor's" handwork.

She complained to the district attorney. The publicity attending the case brought in complaints from many others. When the "doctor's" office was raided one woman and three men - "patients" - were discovered. The men were not so young or so handsome as they wished to be and they were paying the face moulder to make them more attractive. - The "doctor" had attracted custom of this sort by advertising that he had replaced a man's ear and a woman's finger by grafting. He was a "grafter," so to speak. Human vanity and gullibility, evidently, are not on the wane.

NOTE AND COMMENT.

Any but a wonderfully rich and powerful institution could never have withstood a series of scandals such as has shaken the Euphrate.

Moncton has a patrol wagon and a mounted policeman and is preparing to others, are needed in St. John. But St. put in patrol boxes. These changes, and

Brace Up

Get back your old vim and vigor. Eat and sleep as you did ten years ago. Put the old time snap in your work. Enjoy all the pleasures of life with your former zest. Health, strength and vitality are in every bottle of

Royal Tonic

Bad stomach - no appetite - "nerves" - on edge - nervous - sleep - fatigue - feeling - cold - first - ROYAL TONIC. It puts in the world a rosy tinge - makes you get the enjoyment out of life that good health and good spirits can bring.

In ROYAL TONIC the finest old Cognac Brandy is used to extract soothing digestive principle from Tonic plants.

Full pint bottles, only \$1. At your dealers. THE LEHIGH, MILLS CO., Limited, Montreal.

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THE FATE OF A CROWN

A STORY OF LOVE, INTRIGUE AND ADVENTURE

By SCHUYLER STAUNTON

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SYNOPSIS

Robert Harcliffe, fresh from college and a member of a firm in New Orleans, of which his Uncle Nelson is the head, is sent by his uncle to Brazil to act as private secretary and confidential companion to Dom Miguel de Pintra, head of the revolutionary movement against Dom Pedro. Dom Miguel had been a good customer of the Harcliffes, and he and the elder member of the firm were fast friends. Liking the prospect of adventure, Robert consented to go.

On the voyage he encountered Valcour, a spy sent by the Emperor of Brazil, who knew that the American secretary was expected. This spy had decided that Robert was the person for whom he was looking and had planned to make way with him. But the American cleverly threw him off the scent and reached Rio in safety. There he was, however, arrested, but on the way to the police headquarters his captor was murdered by Police Sergeant Marco, a revolutionist, and he was allowed to escape, finally reaching his destination through the assistance of many devotees to the cause. At the beautiful home of Dom Miguel he learned more of the revolutionary movement. He met the Senhora Lesba Paola, his host's niece; her brother Francisco—a man who puzzled him greatly—and Dom Miguel's daughter, Isabel de Mar.

The next morning he had an unpleasant experience with Madam Isabel, who had been acting as Dom Miguel's secretary, but was relieved by him. The revolutionists did not trust her. Dom Miguel revealed to him the secret of a hidden vault where all the party's papers and treasure were hidden. While they were entering the vault with lights extinguished Madam Isabel suddenly appeared, struck a light and tried to discover how the lock was worked. The father seized her and, denouncing her as a spy, sent her from the room. Meanwhile Harcliffe had been getting deeper in love with Lesba, and more deeply mystified by her brother, who was chief of Dom Pedro's police.

One night Dom Miguel aroused his secretary with the startling statement that Isabel had stolen the ring which was the key to the treasure vault. They captured her as she came from the vault with a bundle of papers. When Dom Miguel went to return them, she dashed a lamp into Harcliffe's face, locked her father in the vault and fled toward Rio. The secretary followed, but she eluded him, and caught a train at a distant station. On the train she was stabbed to the heart, and the finger bearing the ring was severed from the hand. Harcliffe followed by the next train and was promptly "restored" to revolutionary sympathies. After exciting excitement Harcliffe made his way back to Dom Miguel's residence, only to find the Emperor and a group of his friends there. In the chamber he found a man's body with the ring finger severed. Entering the house he was promptly made a prisoner.

watched them, drinking in at the same time the cool morning air. There Lesba joined me, somewhat pale from her night's watching, and although as yet no word of explanation had passed between us, she knew that I no longer doubted her loyalty, and forbore to blame me for my stupidity in not comprehending that her every action had been for the welfare of the Cause. At breakfast Pedro told us more of the wonderful news; how the Revolution had succeeded in Rio with practically no bloodshed or resistance; how Fogues had met the Emperor at the train on his arrival and escorted him, well guarded to the port, where he was put on board a ship that sailed at once for Lisbon. Indeed, that was to be the last Dom Pedro's rule, for the populace immediately proclaimed Fonseca dictator, and the patriot's dream of a Republic of Brazil had become an established fact. Presently we passed into the outer room and looked upon the still form of Miguel de Pintra, the man so whose genius the new Republic owed its success—the great leader who had miserably perished on the very eve of his triumph.

The conspiracy was a conspiracy no longer; it had attained to the dignity of a masterly Revolution, and the Cause of Freedom had once more prevailed. Taking Lesba's hand we passed the bodies of Castro and Captain de Souza and rained the yard, walking slowly along the road the skirted the forest, while she told me how Valcour had assisted her to escape from the chamber, that she might summon the patriots to effect our rescue. She had wandered long in the forest, she explained, before Pedro met her and assisted her to gather the band that had saved us. Yet the brave girl's grief was intense that she had not arrived in time to rescue her guardian, Dom Miguel, whom she so dearly loved. "Yet I think, Robert," said she, with willing hand, "that uncle would have died willingly had he known the Republic was assured."

"He did know it," said I. "For a moment, last evening, he recovered consciousness. It was but a moment, but long enough for Pedro to tell him the glorious news of victory. And he died content, Lesba, although I know how happy it would have made him to live to see the triumph of the new Republic. His compatriots would also have taken great pride in honoring Dom Miguel above all men for his faithful services." She made no reply to this, and for a time we walked on in gloomy silence. "Tell me, Lesba, have you long had knowledge of Valcour's real identity?" "Francisco told me the truth months ago, and that he loved her," she replied. "But Valcour was sworn to the Emperor's service, and would not listen to my brother as long as she suspected him of being in league with the Republicans. So they schemed, and struggled against one another for the supremacy, while each admired the other's talents, and doubtless longed for the warfare to cease."

CHAPTER XXIV.—(Continued.) to the house and lifted a door from its hinges. Between us we bore it to the yard and very gently placed Valcour's slight form upon the improvised stretcher. She moaned at the moment, and slowly unclosed her eyes. It was Paola's face that bent over her. Paola that pressed her hand; so she smiled and closed her eyes again, like a tired child. We carried her into the little chamber from whence Lesba had escaped, for in the outer room lay side by side the silent forms of the martyrs of the Republic. Tenderly placing Valcour upon the couch, Pedro and I withdrew and closed the door behind us. I had started to pass through the outer room into the yard when an exclamation from the station-master arrested me. Turning back I found that Pedro had knelt beside Dom Miguel and with broken sobs was pressing the master's hand passionately to his lips. My own heart was heavy with sorrow as I leaned over the outstretched form of our beloved chief for a last look into his still face. Even as I did so my pulse gave a bound of joy. The heavy eyelids trembled—ever so slightly—the chest expanded in a gentle sigh, and slowly—oh, so slowly!—the eyes of Dom Miguel unclosed and gazed upon us with their accustomed sweetness and intelligence. "Master! Master!" cried Pedro, bending over with trembling eagerness, it is done! It is done, my master! The Revolution is accomplished—Fonseca is supreme in Rio—the army is ours! The country is ours! God bless the Republic of Brazil!" My own heart swelled at the glad tidings, now heard for the first time. But

over the face of the martyred chief swept an expression of joy so ecstatic—so like a dream of heaven, fulfilled—that we scarcely breathed as we watched the light grow radiant in his eyes and linger there while an ashen pallor succeeded the flush upon his cheeks. Painfully Dom Miguel reached out his arms to us, and Pedro and I each clasped a hand within our own. "I am glad," he whispered, softly. "Glad and content. God bless the Republic of Brazil!" The head fell back; the light faded from his eyes and left them glazed and staring; a tremor passed through his body, communicating its agony even to us who held his hands, as by an electric current. Pedro still knelt and sobbed, but I contented myself with pressing the hand and laying it gently upon Dom Miguel's breast. Truly it was done, and well done. In Rio they were cheering the Republic, while here in this isolated cottage, surrounded by only carnage the Revolution had involved, lay stilled forever that great heart which had given to its native land the birthright of Liberty.

Lesba had dressed Valcour's wound with surprising skill, and throughout the long dreary night she bathed the girl's hot forehead and nursed her as tenderly as a sister might, while Paola sat silently by and watched her every movement. In the early morning Pedro summoned us to breakfast, which he had himself prepared; and, as Valcour was sleeping, Lesba and Mazanovitch joined me at the table while Paola still kept ward in the wounded girl's chamber. The patriots were digging a trench in which to inter the dead Uruguayan, and I stood in the doorway a moment and

upon missions of extreme delicacy and even danger. Mazanovitch used to boast that she was a better detective than himself, and the Emperor became attached to the girl and made her his confidential body-guard, sending her at times upon important secret missions connected with the government. When Mazanovitch was won over to the Republican conspiracy his daughter, whose real name is Cerlotta, refused to desert the Emperor, and from that time on treated her father as a traitor, and opposed her wit to his own on every occasion. The male attire she wore both for convenience and as a disguise; but I have learned to know Valcour well, and have found her exceedingly sweet and womanly, despite her professional calling. It was all simple enough, once one had the clue; yet so extraordinary was the story that it aroused my wonder. In no other country than half-civilized Brazil, I reflected, could such a drama have been enacted. When we returned to the house we passed the window of Valcour's room and paused to look through the open sash. The girl was awake and apparently much better, for she smiled brightly into the other country than ever, and showed no resentment when he stooped to kiss her lips.

CHAPTER XXV. The Girl I Love. It was long ago, that day that brought liberty to Brazil and glory to the name of Miguel de Pintra. Fate is big, but her puppets are small, and such atoms are easily swept aside and scattered by the mighty flood-tide of events for which we hold capricious Fate responsible. Yet they leave records, these atoms. I remember how we came to Rio—Valcour, Lesba, Paola, and I—and how Paola was carried through the streets perched upon the shoulders of the free citizens, while vast throngs pressed around to cheer and strong men struggled to touch the patriot's hand and load him with expressions of love and gratitude. And there was no sinner upon Paola's face then, you may be sure. Since the tragedy at Castro's that disagreeable expression had vanished forever, to be replaced by a manliness that was the fellow's most natural attribute, and fitted his fine features much better than the repulsive leer he had formally adopted as a mask. Valcour, still weak, but looking rarely beautiful in her womanly robes, rode in a carriage beside Francisco and shared in the fullness of his triumph. The patriots were heroes in those early days of the Republic. Even I, modest as had been my deeds, was cheered far beyond my deserts, and for Lesba they wove a wreath of flowering laurel, and forced the happy and blushing girl to wear it throughout our progress through the streets of the capital. I had chosen to occupy my old room off the library, and early on the morning following our arrival I arose and passed out into the shrubbery. Far down the winding walks, set within the very centre of the vast flower garden, was the grave of Dom Miguel, and thither I directed my steps. As I drew near I saw the square block of white marble that the patriots had caused to be erected above the last

resting-place of their beloved chieftain. It bore the words "MIGUEL DE PINTRA Saviour of Brazil" and it is to this day the mecca of all good republicans. Lesba was standing beside the tomb as I approached. Her gown was as white as the marble itself, but a red rose lay upon her bosom and another above Dom Miguel. She did not notice my presence until I touched her arm, but then she turned and smiled into my eyes. "Savior of Brazil!" she whispered softly. "It is splendid and fitting. Did you place it there, Robert?" "No," I answered, truly; "it was due to Pedro. He claimed the privilege for himself and his associates, and I considered it his right." "Dear uncle!" said she; and then we turned reverently away and strolled through the gardens. Every flower and shrub lay fair and fresh under the early sun, and we admired them and drank in their fragrance until suddenly, as we turned a corner of the hedge, I stooped and said: "Lesba, it was here that I first met you, on this exact spot!" "I remember," said she, brightly. "It was here that I prophesied you would be true to the Cause." "And it was here that I loved you," I added; "for I cannot remember a moment since that first glimpse of your dear face that my heart has not been your very own." She grew sober at this speech, and I watched her face anxiously. "Tell me, Lesba," said I at last, "will you be my wife?" "And go to your country?" she asked, quickly. "I hesitated. "All my interests are there, and my people, as well," I answered. "But I cannot leave Brazil," she rejoined, positively; "and Brazil needs you, too, Robert, in these years when she is beginning to stand alone and take her place among nations. Has not Fonseca offered you a position as Director of Commerce?" "Yes; I am grateful for the honor. But I have large and important business interests at home." "But your uncle is fully competent to look after them. You have told me so much. We need you here more than ever."

connections you at home, for your commercial and special training will be of inestimable advantage in assisting the Republic to build up its commerce and extend its interests in foreign lands. Brazil needs you. I need you, Robert! Won't you stay with us—dear? For a time, at least?" "Well, I wrote to Uncle Nelson, and his reply was characteristic. "I loaned you to de Pintra, not to Brazil," his letter read. "But I am convinced the experiences to be gained in this country during these experimental years of the new republic will be most valuable in fitting you for the management of your own business when you are finally called upon to assume it. You may remain absent for five years, but at the expiration of that period I shall retire from active business, and you must return to take my place." On those terms I compromised with Lesba, and we were married on the same day that Valcour and Francisco Paola became man and wife. "I should have married you, anyway," Lesba confided to me afterward; "but I could not resist the chance to accomplish one master-stroke for the good of my country." And she knew the compliment would cancel the treachery even before I had kissed her. As I have hinted, these events happened years ago, and I wonder if I have forgotten any incident that you would be interested to know. Dom Miguel's old home became our country residence, and we clung to it every day I could spare from my duties at the capital. It was here our little Valcour was born, and here that Francisco came afterward to bless our love and add to our happiness and content. The Paolas are our near neighbors, and often Captain Mazanovitch drives over with their son Harcliffe to give the child a romp with our little ones. The old detective is devoted to the whole noisy band, but yesterday I was obliged to reprove Francisco for poking his chubby fingers into the captain's eyes in a futile endeavor to make him raise the ever-drooping lids. The five-year limit expired long since; but I have never been able to fully separate my interests from those of Brazil, and although our winters are usually passed in New Orleans, where Uncle Nelson remains the vigorous head of our firm, it is in sunny Brazil that my wife and I love to live. THE END.

It has been said "SILENCE IS GOLDEN" and there are a precious possession. Try EDDY'S "SILENT" Parlor Match. We know the result. SCHOFIELD BROS., Selling Agents, - St. John, N. B.

The Demand for MANITOBA FLOUR Has Been Steadily Increasing in the Maritime Provinces The People Find That it is More Profitable to Purchase Flour Made From Manitoba Wheat KEEWATIN "FIVE ROSES" FLOUR Is the Best Flour Made From Manitoba Wheat It is Manufactured by the LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO., LIMITED

BACK IN TOWN AFTER 32 YEARS

Alex. Ogilvy of the Tobique in St. John First Time in Generation

QUANGONDY ONLY LINK WITH PAST

Ludlow's Advent Brings Mixed Emotions—Mr. Ogilvy a Noted Guide to Sportsmen—Friend of Boyhood Found in Person of Policeman Crawford.

Thirty-two years ago a little Scotch boy named Alex. Ogilvy reached St. John from the old country, and with his parents proceeded to Victoria county.

Out of the wilderness, comfortable home was carved by him and this week for the first time since settling in the country, Mr. Ogilvy revisited St. John.

Mr. Ogilvy is lean and tanned and as a guide and all round woodsman it is doubtful if his superior can be discovered in the maritime provinces.

Mr. Ogilvy returned to Victoria county in Wednesday. He went as far as Freeport by the steamer Victoria.

Among the friends who met her here was Policeman Robert Crawford, whose early days were spent with the Ogilvy home.

The R. K. Y. C. cruise has commenced and Middlebury men, all that is left to show that the pretty little village was ever the rendezvous of yachtsmen.

It cannot be said that the weather man was generous with the "jackets." A number of showers marred what other might have been a bright afternoon.

The gun from Commodore Thomson's flagship Stenda belched forth at exactly 3 o'clock, but few of the yachts were away at the appointed time.

An Enjoyable Picnic. Centerville, July 12—On the 11th July a public picnic was held on the grounds of Amos Gregg, of Gregg Settlement, near this village.

A table sixty feet long was loaded with substantial, while some choose to spread their cloths on the lawn and partake in a more humble fashion.

MC'S AND MAC'S FAR IN THE LEAD

The New Directory Tells Some Secrets About St. John's Population

INTERESTING BOOK IF READ RIGHT

What a Look Reveals to the Observer—Names of Historic Note There—Mc's and Mac's Number More Than Sixteen Hundred.

There is a well known professor of mathematics in a provincial university, who is well known in the arts of logic, who is accustomed to reason in this way with his history.

And that is the way with a city directory. It may be brought into the class of pleasurable by use of the syllogism given above.

Of these who were named in the list of names that appear in large numbers are Wilson, 125; Campbell, 112; McDonald, 106; Belyen, 81.

The names of many in the hall of fame occur here. We find men of brown like Tom Sharkey and John Sullivan, as well as "fighting" Tom Lawson, though not of Boston.

From the orient have come Lee Sing, Lee Sang and Lee Song. Royalty is represented by Peers, Dukes, Princes and Kings; also by Mr. Dooley, Black, White, Brown and Green are all represented.

Among these names appear the names of various occupations are Cooks, Bakers, Coopers, Carpenters and Masons. The list follows with Lane, Lake and Pond; Major and Sergeant, Free and easy, Freeze, Frost and Snow; Beer and Stout; Hill and Dale; Hunt and Chase; Hamm and Bacon, and so down the list can be found oddities revealed within the cover of the St. John directory.

As usual Messrs. McAlpine's directory is this year again the product of The Daily Telegraph job department.

Windsor, N. S., Had Another Big Fire. Dufferin Hotel Block Practically Destroyed, and Other Buildings Caught But Damage Was Slight.

Windsor, N. S., July 14.—(Special)—A fire which threatened all that is left of a repetition of the conflagration of 1868 when the town was nearly wiped out.

The whole Dufferin block was practically consumed. The west end standing but in a ruined and gutted condition.

There is much criticism of the fire department for slowness in getting to the fire. Tenants in part of the Dufferin property saved a part of their effects.

The freight shed caught from sparks but the fire was put out. The Dufferin belongs to the estate of the late John Cox.

C. P. R. MUST PLACE GATES

Railway Commission Gives Decision Re Fairville and Milford Crossings

BELL AND LIGHT AT THE LATTER PLACE

Must Be Done "Forthwith," but Question of Maintenance Has Yet to Be Argued—Paves Way for Street Car Extension Through Fairville.

The railway commissioners have decided that the C. P. R. must place gates at the railway crossing in Main street, Fairville, and an automatic electric alarm with light attachment at a railroad crossing.

Messrs. Currie & Vincent, who represented the municipality at the hearing of the case before the commissioners, have received a draft of their decision and a notification that the board are desirous of hearing at an early date the arguments of counsel as to which party shall bear the expense of maintaining the gates.

The judgment explicitly states that the gates and electric alarm are to be installed "forthwith" and that the appliances must be such as will meet with the approval of the engineer of the board.

There is no mention in the draft as to what form of automatic alarm is to be used at Milford crossing but it is mentioned that the light, which is also to be automatic, is to be placed on the top of the bell post.

Several kinds of apparatus were discussed before the commissioners at their meeting here and it is expected that their opinion will be given in a few days.

Col. H. McLean, the counsel for the C. P. R., speaking to a representative of The Telegraph Friday, said the important point as far as the railway was concerned was to get the gates and the crossing placed, but that he would be compelled to provide the two gates.

Asked as to what effect the decision would have on the street railway's proposed extension to Fairville, Col. McLean said no steps could be taken until the question of maintenance was settled as their contribution to the crossing would be a considerable one.

The lower end of the hanger can be seen protruding through the opening, and the weights, of which there are twenty of fifty pounds each, are jammed into the woodwork.

No reason can be assigned for the accident except that constant use had weakened the mechanism. Engineer Leonard has removed the machinery and a new wheel will be cast as soon as possible, but it will be some four or five days before the break can be repaired.

The accident occurred in constant use since 1878, when it was built and placed in position by J. W. Melick, the department engineer, at the time.

Acadia's New Professor of English. The board of governors of Acadia University at a meeting last Friday, filled the vacant chair of English by the appointment of Professor Helen P. Gray of the University of Rochester.

Gray is a young man in the middle thirties, having a splendid preparation in English, and ten years' experience as a teacher in that department. He was graduated from Columbia University in 1893, having specialized in English under Professor Brander Matthews, Professor Geo. E. Woodberry and the late Dr. Thomas Price.

He comes highly recommended by the Rochester authorities and a number of other eminent educationalists as a cultured and refined gentleman, a broadly educated scholar in his special department, an experienced and successful teacher, and a man of the highest Christian character.

SCHR. NIMROD CUT DOWN IN POLLOCK RIP

Channel by Barge in Tow

ABANDONED TO FATE

Captain Hilton Called for Help and Got Cursed for Reply—Crew of Five Men Barely Had Time to Launch Boat—Vessel Was Bound to Halifax With Coal.

Vineyard Haven, Mass., July 15.—The British schooner Nimrod, Capt. Hilton, bound from Edgewater, (N. J.), to Halifax with a cargo of coal was run down and sunk by an unknown bark while passing through the narrow channel of Pollock Rip at 2.30 o'clock this morning.

The weather was very thick at the time and the Nimrod was running through the Sine, behind a fresh southeast breeze.

When off the gas buoy, a tug with three barges was met coming down from the northward. The tug and two of the barges passed the schooner, the third barging swung slightly and struck the Nimrod aft of her fore rigging on the port side, cutting her down below the water's edge.

During the forenoon the tug Astral bound west with two barges took the five men aboard and landed them here about 6 o'clock tonight.

The schooner was a two masted schooner, 118 tons and only four years old. She was valued at \$6,000, and carried a cargo of 200 tons of hard coal.

Yarmouth, N. S., July 14.—The Summer School of Science held its regular work on Wednesday in the academy building under very favorable conditions.

The entertainment committee, which was composed of members of the town council, the school board and the following ladies: Mrs. E. J. Vickery, Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Geo. G. Sanderson, Mrs. Norma Binney, Miss Francis Allen and Miss Grace Murray, of Yarmouth, gave a very delightful reception and garden party.

Mikado Pardons Convicted Spies. Tokio, July 16.—Premier Katsurama, on the authority of Emperor Meiji, has signed a pardon for Captain A. B. Bouguin and Maki, his Japanese clerk.

Russian Press Comment. St. Petersburg, July 15.—The Soviet, which some times interprets the views of the military party, today indignantly rejects the interpretation put upon M. Witte's appointment abroad, namely that it is equivalent to the acceptance of any peace terms.

Terrible Deaths of Submarine's Crew. Bizerta, Tunisia, July 16.—The mournful task of extracting the bodies of the dead crew of the submarine boat Parafiel, which sank at the entrance of the Port of Sidi Abdallah, July 6, and which was towed into dry dock yesterday, after incessant efforts to raise her, is proceeding slowly.

Suicide Result of Divorce Disclosures. New York, July 15.—Louis Aggar, 41 years old, married and a grand father, killed himself in Jersey City today by shooting while in a fit of remorse following sensational disclosures which resulted yesterday in the granting of a divorce to George H. Meyers against Clara E. Meyers.

Halifax Hardware Concern Damaged Heavily by Fire. Halifax, July 16.—(Special)—A fire occurred Saturday afternoon in the store of George E. Smith & Company's hardware establishment, corner Clarendon and Bedford rows, and before the flames were extinguished almost the entire stock was damaged, mostly by fire.

Spring Raincoats and Toppers. Raincoats that are New, Better, Different, fresh in style and faultless in get up. Truly a marked departure from the commonplace light over-garments seen at every turn.

JAPS WIN AGAIN FROM RUSSIANS ON SAKHALIN. Southern Part of Island Now in Their Possession. Rainy Season Now On in Manchuria, Which Hinders Opposing Armies—Revolutionists Gloat Over Assassination of Moscow Chief of Police.

Dr. J. Collis Browne's CHLORODYNE. THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE. Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis. Is admitted by the profession to be the most wonderful and valuable remedy ever discovered.

MANY HURT IN TRAIN COLLISION NEAR CALAIS. Light Engine Struck Washington County Express; Three Injured and a Dozen Shaken Up. Calais, Me., July 16.—Three persons were injured and a dozen others severely shaken up by a collision of an eastbound express train and a light engine on the Washington County division of the Maine Central at Charlotte station, eleven miles south of this city tonight.

TERRIBLE DEATHS OF SUBMARINE'S CREW. Bizerta, Tunisia, July 16.—The mournful task of extracting the bodies of the dead crew of the submarine boat Parafiel, which sank at the entrance of the Port of Sidi Abdallah, July 6, and which was towed into dry dock yesterday, after incessant efforts to raise her, is proceeding slowly.

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