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ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JULY 5, 1905

NO. 82

FORLORN HOPE TO SINK REBEL SHIP

Destroyer With Volunteer Crew Starts After Kniaz Potemkine

Government Afraid to Trust Any of Black Sea Fleet, and Ships Have Been Ordered Out of Commission--Mutineers Have Command of Sea and Ports, and International Complications Are Feared if They Are Not Rounded Up.

St. Petersburg, July 4, 2.35 a. m.—According to a despatch received by an official agency, the torpedo boat destroyer Sestriy, with a volunteer crew, has sailed from Odessa with the intention of sinking the Kniaz Potemkine.

Orders to Sink Rebel Ship. Odessa, July 3, 8.38 p. m.—The fact that the Kniaz Potemkine remains on the high seas in charge of the mutineers is causing so much apprehension and uneasiness to the population of Odessa that the government has resolved to take the matter in hand and to show no further hesitation, even though the measure adopted involves the loss of the battleship and the one torpedo boat destroyer here.

The torpedo boats received orders this afternoon to attack and sink the Kniaz Potemkine on sight. The torpedo boat destroyer now here was reinforced this afternoon by two torpedo boats and others are expected.

Sixty-seven mutineers from the Georgi Pobiedonosets were brought ashore and imprisoned in the citadel. The British consul general this evening released the five vessels which had been held in readiness to remove the British subjects. The consul general considers that all danger has passed. The Czar's incident is ended. The officials in the presence of the vice-consul, carefully inspected the vessel and found no trace of revolutionaries, or of the Russian officials espoused to the consul general.

Peasant disturbances in the neighborhood of Odessa are giving rise to much apprehension. The peasants are forcibly occupying lands and seizing live stock. Troops have been sent to suppress the disorders.

Destroyer Has Big Contract. St. Petersburg, July 4, 2.23 a. m.—With Kuznetsov and other unprotected points of Roumania, Bulgaria and Turkey at the mercy of the battleship's guns and with the inability of Vice Admiral Kruger's squadron to deal with her, it was recently admitted by the retirement of its ships from commission, the desperate effort of sending a destroyer to sink the Kniaz Potemkine was seized upon to prevent international complications and to rid the Black Sea of the mutineers.

This problem for a single destroyer, which is difficult and dangerous enough at best, as she will have to encounter both the Kniaz Potemkine and her attendant torpedo boats, is now complicated by the departure of the battleship from Kuznetsov and ignorance as to where she will turn up; but the despatch from Kuznetsov throws a gleam of hope upon the dark situation by intimating that a considerable number of the crew are anxious to desert their leaders and to escape the consequences of their mutinous actions.

The admiral, however, it should be stated, does not admit that the battleship has gone on such an errand, though the officials say frankly that the Kniaz Potemkine must in law be regarded as a pirate.

Crews Refused to Fire on Comrades. Odessa, July 3, 1.10 p. m.—Interest here today centres in the whereabouts and doings of the Kniaz Potemkine and in what course the Russian authorities will pursue toward her. It seems to be incredible that the authorities will permit her to cruise freely in the Black Sea indefinitely. It is reported on good authority that she will be sunk as soon as a good opportunity offers.

The naval authorities here are of the opinion that the best and most effective way to deal with the mutinous battleship would be to send torpedo boats against her, especially as such craft could be operated by a comparatively small number of men who could probably be relied upon to execute orders to sink a vessel containing their countrymen and comrades more than could the larger crews of the larger vessels. It should also be remembered that the Kniaz Potemkine is a very powerful vessel and that if fought by cruisers or battleships she would be more than a match for any two or three of the other Black Sea ships.

The situation is complicated by the fact that the spirit of insubordination is by no means lacking on board other ships of the Black Sea fleet. It is reported, and the report is credited, that the crews of other warships declined to fire on the Kniaz Potemkine when she steamed out of Odessa last Saturday.

There is much other evidence that there is a spirit of insubordination to say the least, on board other Black Sea ships, stories concerning which took concrete form in a report from Sebastopol today to the effect that the crew of the Ekaterina II. were paid off and sent ashore to barracks there because they could no longer be trusted.

Mutineers' Situation Desperate. The situation of the men on board the Kniaz Potemkine is indeed desperate. They are practically pirates and their predicament offers only limited avenues of escape. If they do not surrender, it is believed they will go to some Black Sea port, not in Russia, leave the ship and take their chances of getting away overland. In doing so they will be confronted by the attitude of the power on whose shores they disembarked, but their situation being desperate a desperate course may well be expected of them.

It is reported that the mutineers found about \$10,000 in the ship's strong box, and that they are fighting among themselves, many being killed or wounded.

It is impossible to verify these statements. They emanate from persons who visited the Kniaz Potemkine while she was still here. Recent developments concerning the mutiny on the Georgi Pobiedonosets seem to show that the men on board the battleship were coerced by those of the Kniaz Potemkine. In any event they ceased their mutinous conduct at the first opportunity, which probably in large measure accounts for the fact that the majority of the crew were pardoned on again swearing allegiance to the emperor. Sixty-seven of them have been imprisoned as ringleaders. They are mostly old men, evidently drafted from the reserves and thus taken from their homes, stores and farms against their will.

The Georgi Pobiedonosets will probably go to Sebastopol tomorrow. The general situation in Odessa has been much improved, but there is still a widespread feeling of nervousness. Those best knowing the conditions are of the opinion that the greatest danger now lies in a possible anti-Jewish rioting. The Jews here number about 175,000 to 200,000, and for a variety of reasons they are deeply hated in Odessa.

Mutiny Work of Revolutionists. St. Petersburg, July 3—General Kahanoff, who is in military charge of Odessa, has reported to the emperor that a revolutionary committee of twenty was in control of the Kniaz Potemkine when that battleship and the Georgi Pobiedonosets sailed. The crew on board the latter, General Kayashov asserted, were won over by this committee and together with a number of Jewish students who came on board and informed the party with the movement and advised the crew to throw their officers overboard. Against the latter advice the crew demurred, and later the officers were sent ashore.

A revolutionary committee was then organized on board the Georgi Pobiedonosets and the two mutinous ships sailed. They returned to the harbor Saturday night but the Kniaz Potemkine, having no pilot on board, put to sea again and sailed for Roumania, whereas the Georgi Pobiedonosets entered the harbor and, after a parley with the military authorities, the crew expressed a desire to return to their allegiance and take back their officers.

Mutineers on Verge of Starvation. Bucharest, Roumania, July 3—A sailor from the Kniaz Potemkine who came ashore today with his comrades to negotiate with the Prefect clipped away and escaped to the town. He reported that the battleships provisions were completely consumed, and that the crew had been in a state of starvation for the last two days. The sailor begged not to be returned to the ship, as he would be killed. He said there were only ten tons of coal on board the Kniaz Potemkine, and that the crew feared landing at Kuznetsov, while the other three wished to return to Odessa to bombard the city.

Damage at Odessa May Be \$10,000,000. Odessa, July 3, 5.21 p. m.—Outwardly the centre of the city of Odessa is beginning to resume its normal aspect, although comparatively few people are seen in the streets, but in the harbor district all is ruin and devastation. Shipping and trade are entirely at a standstill and thousands of dock laborers are walking around idle. The city continues under strict martial law. Soldiers everywhere cut off all the sea front portion of the city and use scant ceremony in stopping persons not provided with proper permits to enter these districts.

The lamps are not lighted after 9 o'clock at night and persons out in the streets later, run considerable risk from irresponsible soldiers. The consulates, banks, public buildings and the principal offices are guarded by troops day and night. The social life of the city is entirely dead. The principal hotels on the boulevard are virtually closed, the visitors having all departed.

In the harbor lie the hulks of a dozen large and small ships burned in some instances to the water's edge. The large warehouses were burned out entirely and there is scarcely a house or other building in the neighborhood that does not bear the marks of fire. It is impossible to obtain accurate estimates of the amount of damage done, but it is variously estimated at from \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000.

Rebel Battleship Sails Again. Bucharest, July 3—The Kniaz Potemkine left Kuznetsov this afternoon. It is stated that she is returning to Odessa.

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Great Excitement in French Chamber of Deputies When Vote Was Announced. Paris, July 3—The bill for the separation of Church and State passed the chamber of deputies late tonight by the decisive vote of 341 to 233.

The result was greeted by governmental cheering and opposition hisses and there was intense excitement.

BAD SMASH-UP NEAR HARTLAND

C. P. R. Trains Collide and Many Passengers Injured

SOME HURT SERIOUSLY

Dispute About Who is to Blame for Collision—One Train Crew Claims the Semaphore Flew Up Too Late and Brakes Didn't Work, But This is Denied.

Perth, N. B., July 3—(Special)—A very bad accident took place at Hartland, at 11.28 o'clock this morning. The up train, No. 170, in charge of conductor Walter Swift, Engineer Luther Dow, and Fireman George Boyer, had been standing in the Hartland yard waiting for the down train to cross.

Some teams wished to pass over the track and the engine moved up slightly beyond the semaphore, when the down train, No. 50, which was in charge of Conductor Herb, Cobwell, Engineer Tabor and fireman Derah, crashed into the standing train and Dow and Boyer were dumped out of the engine and rolled down the bank, escaping with slight injuries.

Among the passengers in the down train who were hurt quite badly was A. J. McLean, blacksmith of Bristol, who was on his way to Woodstock, hurt on chest. Mr. Burke and daughter, of Johnville, were cut about the face by being thrown over a stove.

A woman and two children were also badly injured. Daniel Kennedy was quite badly injured. G. W. Boyer and wife, of Hartland, were badly shaken up.

Your correspondent went up by train and arrived at 6 o'clock. Workmen had managed to separate the engines, but they are badly smashed and the track is torn up, the passengers had to be transferred from Hartland to a point above the wreck.

The steam pipes in the engines were broken, thus saving the boilers from explosion. The crew of the down train claim the semaphore was down until they got within 50 feet of the engine, when it flew up and they applied the brakes which would not work.

The crew of the up train tell a different story and Alexander, the station agent and his assistant claim that the semaphore was up. Supt. D. W. Newcomb is in Hartland superintending the removal of the wreck.

FLYERS GATHERING FOR MONCTON RACES

Well Known Horses on the Ground and More Coming—More Teams from I. C. R. Freight Sheds.

Moncton, N. B., July 3—(Special)—Nineteen horses entered for the Moncton races arrived in the city tonight from Springhill. Four Island horses will be over Wednesday, and Cowans' string is expected tomorrow or next day. Phoenix W. and all the St. John horses are here, as well as Simasse, Donnell, Annie Brevet, Pearl Edison, Re'a M., Daisy Dewitt and others.

A barrel of four and lamp chimneys were stolen recently from the I. C. R. freight shed at Calhoun. I. C. R. Officer Dryden went to Meadow Brook with a search warrant to look for the stolen goods, and obtained evidence upon which a pretty strong suspicion is based. Two half-barrels of flour were found in a certain man's house, and when asked to explain where he got them, gave the names of Moncton merchants, who have since denied selling him such.

P. E. ISLAND MAN LOSES HOUSE AND BARN; WORK OF INCENDIARY

Charlottetown, P. E. Island, July 3—(Special)—The dwelling and barns of Hugh A. McCormack, at Primrose, Kings county, were destroyed by fire at an early hour yesterday morning. Mr. McCormack was absent at the time. Nothing was saved with the exception of a mower and a wagon. The fire was the work of an incendiary.

The Church of England Convention will open tomorrow and close on Wednesday. Bishop Worrell will preside and deliver addresses. Rev. W. J. Armitage of Halifax, chairman of Diocesan Sunday School Committee will speak. The bishop will deliver an address on The Teachers Office and Dr. Ian C. Hannab, president of Kings College, Windsor, on "The Church and Educational Ideals."

The corner stone of St. Paul's new Sunday school will be laid on Wednesday evening.

Held for Incendiarism. Sanford, Me., July 3—Napoléon Ouellette, who is charged with setting fire to a new building constructed for him, on June 27, was held for the September term of the Supreme court today. Bail in \$400 was furnished.

TERRIBLE WORK OF CLOUDBURSTS

As High as 1,000 Lives Estimated to Have Been Lost

\$1,000,000 DAMAGE

Houses Undermined and Inmates Crushed to Death—Many Sought Refuge on Roofs and Then Were Lost—Bands of Thieves Pillaging.

Guanajuato, Mexico, July 3—Loss of life variously estimated at more than 200 and less than 1,000 persons, and property damage to the extent of more than \$1,000,000, have been caused by the flood which swept over this town following a cloudburst. The telegraph service has been restored and the authorities are rapidly bringing order out of chaos.

Great distress is prevalent, but aid is being received from surrounding towns and assistance of normal condition, it is believed, will soon be reached.

Burial of the dead is progressing rapidly, although many bodies are thought to be among the ruins of houses and are difficult to locate.

Guanajuato, owing to its situation in a great ravine or gorge, has been subjected to floods sweeping down from the mountains and much loss of life has been recorded, but the present storm, which began Friday night and continued throughout Saturday, was unprecedented in violence.

Part of the river, which was built over with masonry, burst through, augmenting the flood, and the same became one of terror and consternation. The people made haste to gather their valuables and flee and many did so at the risk of their lives, for the streets in the lower part of the city were filled with rushing waters.

Four houses near the river the water rose rapidly, and the inhabitants went to the upper floors and even to the roofs, where they were obliged to take full refuge in their own cellings, thus seeking the crash of their houses.

From the centre of the city the flood rushed to the edge of the town and the people, rushing out to the mountains, were caught and swept away.

Many who sought refuge in the church under its falling walls. The priest who was addressing words of hope and consolation to the people was killed.

Four hotels and some large shops were demolished or badly damaged and some of the handsome mansions in the city were wrecked with all their rich furnishings.

The second floor of Hotel Union is under five feet of water. Officers are trying to preserve order and to comfort the bands of thieves who are at work pillaging shops and mansions.

The Federal Telegraph lines were interrupted for some time, but the service is now being restored. The water stands two feet in the building.

It is probable that many bodies will be found under the ruins of houses.

San Diego, July 3—(Special)—The name of Senator Lodge has come to the fore in official circles here in discussing the president's probable choice of a successor to Mr. Hay. Indeed, only four names are heard in this connection, Secretary Taft, Elihu Root, Senator Lodge, and a vague suggestion of the possibility of Senator John C. Spooner.

Discussion of the president's intention in this matter is the merest gossip, however, at this time.

Senator Lodge's familiarity with the work of the state department, through his connection with the senate committee on foreign affairs, his long and close friendship with the president, and the entire accordance of his views on many questions involved in our foreign policy have served to bring his name into prominence in the present connection.

It is a question, though, whether the president will not feel that Mr. Lodge can better serve the administration in the senate, where Mr. Roosevelt has some too many friends, than in the cabinet.

"The president is not expected to announce his choice until the end of the week, and a decent interval after Mr. Hay's funeral."

OTHERS MENTIONED Senator Lodge is a Likely Man but President Needs His Aid in the Senate—Belief General That Secretary of War Taft will Eventually Be Chosen.

(From Our Own Correspondent.) New York, July 3—National interest in the United States centres upon the question of the successor to Secretary Hay. It is the opinion of your correspondent that President Roosevelt's personal choice for the place is Secretary of War Taft. For various reasons, however, including Taft's availability in his present position, the president may be constrained to select another man.

When the news reached Washington today, according to the Evening Post correspondent, that the president had requested Elihu Root to attend Mr. Hay's funeral in Cleveland as the representative of the state department, "many persons reached significance to the incident, and it is not until the last four weeks or so that the company felt the time had come to act.

The detective for the past month or so has been employed ostensibly as a clerk in the Loggie concern at Dalhousie. Donning the working clothes of the everyday man of wages, he did the duties which such a position in the company's employ would demand of him. But all the time he had in mind an object—the watching of the suspected bookkeeper for evidence which might confirm what the firm suspected and account for the loss of goods and leakage in cash which have been troubling them for a long time.

It is said that between certain recent dates something more than \$200 is known to have been taken and, though the detective has not made known to everyone

FOUR TALKED OF FOR HAY'S PLACE

Elihu Root Could be Secretary of State if He Wished

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ENDORSE DOMINION REGISTRATION OF GRADUATE NURSES

Women's Council Passes Resolution to This Effect and Will Seek Aid of Medical Councils.

Charlottetown, P. E. Island, July 3—(Special)—At a meeting of the National Council of Women today, it was decided after a long discussion, that another edition of the hand book was necessary.

Miss Cary read a paper on registration for graduate nurses and as a result of the discussion, which followed, a resolution was passed that the council secure if possible co-operation of the medical councils of the several provinces and that they assist the graduate nurses association to secure registration under the Dominion government.

After a not discussion a resolution, moved by Mrs. Dignam, president of the Women's Art Association of Canada, that the Dominion government purchase for the Ottawa art gallery, portraits of Miss Wallace, Canadian artist in Paris, passed by a vote of 38 to 50. This motion was strenuously opposed by many members on the ground that it was wrong to establish this precedent of discrimination.

At tonight's session a paper written by Lady Drummond, of Montreal, on the Council Idea was read.

Mrs. Boomer, of London (Ont.), in a paper on the Local Council of the Municipality, spoke of the development of women's influence in this department.

A stirring address on Tuberculosis was delivered by Dr. Bryce, chief medical officer of the Dominion, who advocated government inspection and disinfection of infected houses.

Mr. Emmerson Settles a Strike. Ottawa, July 3—(Special)—A wire received from the son of Hon. Mr. Emmerson, acting minister of labor, announces that the latter has been successful in effecting a settlement of the street way strike in Cornwall. The men will return to work this (Tuesday) morning.

CALVIN AUSTIN IN FATAL COLLISION

Schooner Yacht Cut in Two Off Boston Light, Monday, on Trip to St. John—One Life Lost and Four Survivors Picked Up and Being Brought to This Port.

Boston, July 3—The small schooner yacht, Chromo, of this port, was run down and sunk during a thick fog off Boston light this afternoon, by the steamer Calvin Austin, bound out for St. John, (N. B.). One man was drowned and four were rescued by the steamer which proceeded on her way east.

The Chromo was a small 8-ton vessel built in Gloucester in 1878. She was 22 feet long, 10.4 feet wide and 5 feet deep. A few miles from the scene of the accident the Austin spoke the pilot boat No. 3, and stated the name of the man who was lost was Fred Dennis, of 307 Saratoga street, East Boston.

Those who were rescued by the steamer and taken on to St. John were George

Stack, Henry Austin, Charles Robbins and Ernest Hall.

The Chromo was formerly a fishing schooner, but two years ago she ran ashore in the harbor and was pulled off considerably injured. Subsequently she was converted into a yacht and yesterday three men, prospective purchasers, decided to look her over and started on a sail down the harbor with two men representing the owners, Betts & Co., of this city.

They were on their way back this noon when the Austin suddenly loomed up and the fog and moment later struck the little vessel amidships and cut her in two pieces.

The Austin stopped very quickly and lowering a boat picked up the four men who were struggling in the water.

NORTH SHORE HAS A SENSATION

A. & R. Loggie's Bookkeeper at Dalhousie Charged with Embezzlement

John Stohard Arrested on Evidence of Montreal Detective Employed as Clerk So That He Might Watch Him--Released on Bail for Examination Next Friday--Theft of Money and Goods is Charged.

Campbellton, N. B., July 3—(Special)—A sensational arrest was made in this county on Friday last and, though the facts have been kept very quiet, the story is now out. John Stohard, for nineteen years bookkeeper for A. & R. Loggie, the big canning men, was arrested charged with embezzlement from his employers at Dalhousie, and is now out on bail for preliminary hearing next Friday.

The story is lifted out of the commonplace by the prominence of the accused and the fact that a Montreal detective's sharp work was the means which led to the arrest.

As far back as seven months ago, it is said, there were suspicions that all was not right. But to confirm the fears was the difficulty. A watch was kept, but it was not until the last four weeks or so that the company felt the time had come to act.

The detective for the past month or so has been employed ostensibly as a clerk in the Loggie concern at Dalhousie. Donning the working clothes of the everyday man of wages, he did the duties which such a position in the company's employ would demand of him. But all the time he had in mind an object—the watching of the suspected bookkeeper for evidence which might confirm what the firm suspected and account for the loss of goods and leakage in cash which have been troubling them for a long time.

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HEAVY RAINS HAD LITTLE EFFECT ON RIVER

Water Only Up a Few Inches--Prisoners Discharged on Condition She Would Come to St. John.

Fredricton, July 3—The rain of yesterday and Saturday night does not appear to have affected the water in the river to any great extent, at least so far as the prospects for getting out much of the lumber is concerned.

Here the water raised a few inches and then fell off again last night, so that there is only a difference of about two, or perhaps three inches. The reports from the up-river points which could be reached today are as follows:

Andover—Water raised about a foot.

Woodstock—Water in river raised about five inches; logs running thick.

The returns for the Custom House for the month ending June 30th show an increase of \$925.44 in the amount of the duty collected compared with the corresponding month of 1904. An increase is also shown in the amount of duty collected during the year ending June 30th 1905, over the preceding twelve months.

The total value of goods entered at the Custom House for the year ending June 30th, 1905, were: Free goods, \$319,882; dutiable, \$155,415. Total, \$475,297.

Duty collected, \$40,015.01. For the year ending June 30th, 1904, the total was \$250,300; dutiable, \$146,463. Total \$396,763. Duty collected, \$37,496.33.

The police court fines for the past month amounted to \$117, of this amount only \$50 was for Scott act fines.

In the police court this morning Ella Stearns, the young woman arrested for obtaining groceries under false pretences from the store of Cecil Burt, Queen street West, asked to be allowed to go on condition that she left town and went to St. John. She stated that she had enough money to pay for her passage to St. John by boat and His Honor said he would let her go tomorrow.

He commissioned Sergt. Phillips to see that she got safely on board the boat. The Stearns woman says she has an aunt living at St. John.

STEAMER SALERNO ABANDONED AS TOTAL WRECK

Captain and Crew Left Her Monday Full of Water at Entrance to Halifax Harbor.

Halifax, July 3—(Special)—Steamer Salerno is ashore at Herring Cove at the entrance to this harbor, has been abandoned as a total wreck. The captain, wife and crew left the ship during the afternoon. She is now full of water.

New York Banker Victim of Big Robbery.

New York, July 3—James Jackson Higginson, banker and broker of this city, has been robbed of \$25,000 worth of diamonds and jewelry. The police and private detectives have been notified and are working on the case.



FROM ALONG THE MARITIME PROVINCES

THE BORDER TOWNS.

St. Stephen, June 28—A very pretty and pleasant at home was given by Mrs. G. T. Baskin on Thursday afternoon...

Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Baskin returned from their trip to the coast on Sunday...

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to Chamcook on Sunday and were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Davidson Grimmer for the day.

Miss Katherine Blaney has returned from Eastport, where she spent the past three months.

Mr. N. Marks Mills is very ill at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis A. Mills.

Mr. James L. Thompson has returned from a pleasant visit in St. Andrews...

Mr. W. C. Miller, of Halifax, is spending a few days in town.

Mr. W. H. Harrison, of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, spent Sunday in Moncton.

Mr. J. Walter Baird, of the Royal Bank, is enjoying a vacation at Sussex.

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Smith; conductor, Willie Ayer; A. C. Alice Ayer; I. S. Grace Phinney; O. S. James Anderson; S. G. Estabrook; organist, Alice Campbell; assistant organist, Lena Anderson.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Stevens is attending the Baptist quarterly meeting which convenes at Point de Bute this week.

Harold Hunte, of the Royal Bank of Canada, is confined to the home through illness.

Mr. Alvah Main, Victoria Mills, spent Sunday in town.

Some thirty-five members of Middle Sackville Division, Sons of Temperance, drove to Point de Bute Friday evening to visit their sister society.

Mr. Kate Armstrong will spend the summer at the "Owen," Campbellville.

Miss Ruth W. DeWilde, of Deshaillville (N. S.), has been spending a few days in Calais with Miss Winifred Voe.

Dr. Thomas I. Byrne has recently purchased a handsome automobile and is now seen daily riding in it through town and vicinity.

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Upper Sackville has recently organized a lawn tennis club with the following officers: Chalmers Hicks, president; J. B. Barnes, secretary-treasurer; Miss Julia Town and Ethel Barnes, executive committee.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Estabrook spent Sunday at Great Shemogue.

The residence of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Cook was the scene of a pleasant event last evening when their daughter, Miss Natalie Cook, was united in marriage to Mr. William Whiston.

After the ceremony a sumptuous wedding supper was served. Many valuable presents were tendered to the bride.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. W. Whiston, of Upper Sackville, gave a large reception last evening in honor of Mr. Macy Whelan and bride, of Wolfville.

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with white maitre lace and touches of pink. The bride was given in marriage by her father.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the party drove to the residence of the bride's parents, where reception was held.

The large number of presents received by the bride were very handsome, including much cut glass and silver.

Among the presents to the bride was a lovely pearl necklace, a pearl bracelet, and a pearl brooch.

Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson left on the evening train for trip through the Annapolis Valley, going as far as Halifax.

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Grand Falls, June 28—The Misses Florence and Nan Phillips, Edmondton, were the guests of Miss Helen Hallett, over Sunday.

Mr. Burpee Alexander returned yesterday to his home in Houlton (Me.).

Miss Lena Mahony returned to her home in Boston on Wednesday. Miss Mahony was called here by the death of her sister, Mrs. Jas. F. McCuskey.

Miss Hannah Fair, Limestone, is visiting with her sister, Mrs. Thomas Bullock and son, Miss Andrey Bullock.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. W. Whiston, of Upper Sackville, gave a large reception last evening in honor of Mr. Macy Whelan and bride, of Wolfville.

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bronze medal for English, James Joseph Hays Doone; Couthard memorial for Natural Science, Frank Leslie Orchard; Mathematical prize, presented by the Senate of the U. N. B., James Joseph Hays Doone; class of 1904 prize for French, Frank Leslie Orchard; class of 1904 prize for highest general average among those who have won no other prize, Fannie Vradenburg; highest standing in class B, Ashley A. Colter; highest general average for history, Isabel Thomas; class of 1904 prize for history, Frank McKnight.

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SACKVILLE.

Sackville, June 28—Mrs. Angus Avard, who was Sackville, is spending a few days at Tidnish.

Messrs. Ashley George and J. C. Roworth spent Sunday at Port Elgin.

Mr. W. R. Rodd attended a meeting of provincial druggists at St. John on Friday. Arnold Way attended a similar meeting at the same time in Kentville (N. S.).

Miss Anita Atkinson has accepted a position as stenographer at the Howson Wood Mills, Amherst.

Miss Margaret George and Ethel Barnes spent Sunday at Great Shemogue.

Mr. Wm. Simpson, of Shemogue, was in town on Monday.

Mr. W. C. Miller, of Halifax, is spending a few days in town.

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HAMPTON.

Hampton, Kings county, June 28—Miss Florence Pritchard, who has spent a few weeks' vacation with her mother and sister at their home on Main street, Hampton Station, returned to Newton (N. S.) last week to resume her duties as student in the hospital there.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Evans, of St. John, made a brief visit to Hampton friends on their return from a trip to St. Martins.

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FREDRICKTON.

Fredrickton, June 28—Society turned out in full force and made a brilliant display yesterday afternoon at St. Paul's on the occasion of the marriage of Miss Macneil to Mr. Leonard W. Johnston.

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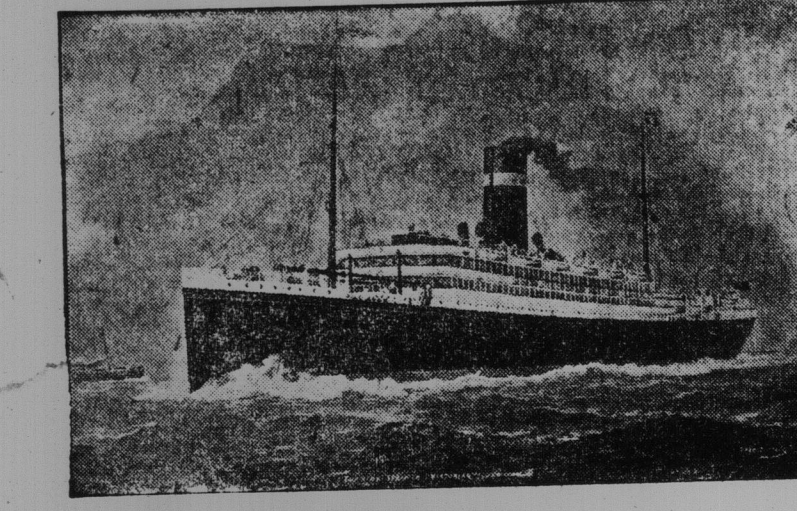




ON THE OCEAN WITH THE CANADIAN MANUFACTURERS; STORY OF TRIP BY A TELEGRAPH REPRESENTATIVE

A Mild Gamble by Selling Pools on the Ship's Run--Marconi Service a Failure--Ten Maritime Province Men on Board--The Trip Makes for National Unity.

(By John A. Cooper, Editor of The Canadian Magazine.) Liverpool, June 18--After a long and somewhat tedious voyage, the Canadian Manufacturers' Association excursion party is about to land. We sighted Terry Island lighthouse about 8 o'clock Tuesday evening, and at 10 o'clock this morning we were discharging the Irish mails and passengers at Moville. Since then we have been moving slowly towards the port, hampered by the fog. We have been cheered, however, by some news from Canada, although the electric results were not met with the usual accuracy. Some cables and mail matter also reached us at Moville, this being our first news from home since we left Rimouski. The Marconi service has been a failure, and practically no messages were received, either from Newfoundland, Ireland or passing ships. Not far from where we are, the weather is quite different from that to which we have been accustomed.



THE VICTORIAN

report of her arrival has been received with some satisfaction, as it reassures us in spite of our own experience the new turbine engines will yet do much to popularize the Canadian route and attract the tourist traffic to the St. Lawrence. The glimpse of Ireland which we secured this morning was a dim one, but the green we saw vividly through the haze. Forty or fifty passengers were on deck for what may be their only chance of the Emerald. Not far from where we are anchored were the ruins of an old castle, and we were reminded that we are now in the presence of an ancient and honorable civilization quite different from that to which we have been accustomed.

A Minor Accident. Not an accident has occurred on the ship since she left port, except a simple and minor one by which Mr. Hendry, the British Columbia vice-president, was thrown from his deck chair by a movement of the ship. His hip was injured, but he will be about in a few days. Careless, while always attentive and ever ready to alleviate, he had little of a serious nature in his eight hospitalities. Of the 278 members of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association aboard, there are 190 from Ontario, forty-four from Quebec, ten from the maritime provinces, seven from Manitoba and the Territories, and seven from British Columbia. Every province except Prince Edward Island is represented. Of the cities Toronto has the largest representation, Montreal has forty, Hamilton thirty-one, London fifteen, and Bradford ten. Of the party 102 are ladies. The first Sunday service was held in the main saloon, and the Rev. Mr. Davis read the lesson and D. E. Thomson spoke for a few moments. The musical service was also entirely undertaken by members of our own party. The sail down the St. Lawrence was beautiful and pleasant, but Sunday and Monday brought a disagreeable change of fortune. Seven hours were lost. Tuesday was a pleasing day, although some of the passengers had serious convictions about the inconvenience of rolling waves. Wednesday brought us a howling gale, and there were more people in their cabins than on deck. The dining saloon was almost deserted. Thursday was brighter and many returned. Friday was fine, and practically all the passengers were on deck. Saturday was also mild and pleasant, with a slight haze early in the morning. The usual amusements have occupied the spare hours of the passengers. Sixty board has been put on the line days, and a tournament under the management of Messrs. Parker and Elwell was a great success. In the semifinals the winners were McLean and Cockburn, and DeLisle and Steadman. In the final the latter were successful in a two game contest.

A Mild Gamble. The selling of pools on the ship's run was a highly amusing affair of some importance. Mr. Ziller, of Toronto, came into great popularity as an actuator. Most of the pools were won by syndicates, and two of them totalled up more than \$20 each. Low field was runner up most of the time, as the daily runs have been disappointing. In fact, however much one may regret the selling of B. the Victorian is at present a class that ever rode the water, but she is not able to make the necessary speed. Whether this is due to her coal-bank of boiler-power, or to inadequate machinery is a question which is still undecided. The defect can be remedied, however, by the performance of the Victorian. The average speed of our trip has been about fifteen miles per hour, whereas the contract speed of the boat was nineteen. The log from Rimouski, Saturday 26, Sunday 30, Monday 30, Tuesday 33, Wednesday 35, Thursday 33, Friday 31, Saturday 29, Sunday 29. The concert on Friday evening in aid of the Seaman's Widow's and Orphan's Fund was a decided success. Mr. Churchill, of Montreal, was chairman. The Victorian quartette, Messrs. Elwell and Thomson and Messrs. Parker and Huestis, sang two national songs; Mr. Barclay gave a piano solo; Miss Gattshore and Mr. Huestis a duet; Mr. Burns a comic song; Mr. Ziller

IT'S MEASLES. AT CAMP SUSSEX

Smallpox Suspicion Report of Yesterday Turns Out to Be Untrue

GENERAL NOT COMING

Lord Aylmer is Not to Visit This Camp, But There Will Be Several Inspecting Officers--Private Wash to Lose Efficiency Pay.

Sussex, June 30--(Special)--The rumor yesterday morning of smallpox in camp has been shown to be without foundation. Private Duplacy, the patient, is suffering from measles, but as a precautionary measure, he was isolated, and the camp was immediately disinfected. The general is not coming to the camp, but there will be several inspecting officers. Private Wash will lose his efficiency pay. The rumor was spread by a letter from a man who had been in the camp, but who had not seen the patient. The patient is now recovering, and the camp is being disinfected. The general is not coming to the camp, but there will be several inspecting officers. Private Wash will lose his efficiency pay.

Another Wreck. A steamer Salerno ashore near Harbor Entrance: Likely Total Loss. Halifax, July 2--(Special)--Parties who returned to the city tonight from the steamer Salerno, which went ashore Saturday morning on the harbor near the entrance to the harbor, and about two miles from the spot where the Allan liner Gremlin was lost a few years ago, state that the prospects of the wreck are very slim. The fore-part is full of water, and all the salt in numbers 1 and 2 holds gone. The after hold was all right. The side hatch, which was the only one left, was pierced by the bottom. When the tug left her tonight for the city a heavy swell was commencing, and the stranded ship was in danger of being lost. Pilot Wm. Fleming, who was with her when she struck, is the same man who had charge of the Gremlin when she went ashore.

Steamer Salerno Ashore Near Harbor Entrance: Likely Total Loss. Halifax, July 2--(Special)--Parties who returned to the city tonight from the steamer Salerno, which went ashore Saturday morning on the harbor near the entrance to the harbor, and about two miles from the spot where the Allan liner Gremlin was lost a few years ago, state that the prospects of the wreck are very slim. The fore-part is full of water, and all the salt in numbers 1 and 2 holds gone. The after hold was all right. The side hatch, which was the only one left, was pierced by the bottom. When the tug left her tonight for the city a heavy swell was commencing, and the stranded ship was in danger of being lost. Pilot Wm. Fleming, who was with her when she struck, is the same man who had charge of the Gremlin when she went ashore.

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DEULAH CAMP MEETINGS BEGIN

Leader Arrived Friday Night in Midst of the Service

BUSINESS COMPLETED

Ordinations Decided Upon--Leaders of Riverside Camp Meetings Chosen--Opening of the Services Follows Close of Alliance Sessions--Good Attendance Always.

Deulah Camp, June 30--The alliance of the Reformed Baptist denomination met at 9 o'clock this morning to finish the business left from yesterday. Instructions were given to the secretary in regard to condensing the minutes of the alliance for publication. A number of bills were presented and matters connected with Riverside camp meeting were disposed of. Rev. S. A. Baker was chosen to have charge of the services there, and Rev. W. B. Wiggins, A. B., was chosen treasurer, and other matters for the carrying on of the Riverside prayer meetings, which will begin Aug. 1 and last ten days, were arranged. The ministers' association to whom was referred the matter of ordination and licensing of the young men who presented themselves, reported that they had recommended the following: Royall, Carlton county, ordained; that Henry Smith, of Sandford (N. S.), and H. F. Gras, of Westchester (N. S.), be licensed on their former licenses; that P. T. Trafford, of Woodstock (N. B.); Miss Blaisdell, of Robie (N. S.); Walter Lester, of the Baptist Church, of the city, be licensed on their respective churches for license. The highway committee presented the following for adoption: 1st--That Rev. S. A. Baker, of Hartland, be editor and business manager for the incoming year. 2d--That Rev. G. B. Macdonald, B. S.; Rev. W. B. Wiggins, A. B.; Rev. A. L. Babar, Rev. M. S. Trafford, Rev. H. B. Fisher and B. N. Goodspeed be associate editors. 3d--We feel that the time has come when the Highway should be made a weekly paper. 4th--We feel that our denomination and people should stand loyally by the Highway and if they can afford to take only one paper in their homes that one should be our own paper, the Highway. These resolutions were taken up and adopted by a unanimous vote. The alliance then adjourned by prayer to meet at the call of the chair. In the afternoon there was a very blessed service. It consisted of song, prayer, Scripture reading, testimony and exhortation. God was manifestly present. In the evening there was a song service. The Rev. S. A. Baker, of Hartland, presided, and gave an exhortation from Romans 11, 1 and 2: "There is no more room in this communion to them that are in Christ Jesus." Then followed a very earnest testimony service, in which a large number testified to the wonderful saving and keeping power of God. In the midst of this service, Rev. H. Hooper, of New York, the expelled evangelist, arrived and the camp meeting is then all going on.

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REV. DR. WILSON CLOSED. ACTIVE MINISTRY SINCE

Pastor of Zion Methodist Church Has Been Fifty-two a Clergyman, and Labored Twenty-three of Those in This City--Voice Will Yet Be Heard from the Pulpit.

After fifty-two years spent in the Christian ministry, Rev. Dr. Robert Wilson, pastor of Zion Methodist church and his active ministry in the Methodist church, having been placed on the supernumerary list by the recent N. B. and P. E. Island conference. Dr. Wilson has had a long, busy



AND SON DROWNED AT CARTER'S POINT; NEARLY TRAGEDY ON KENNEBECASIS

Lawson Smith Lost Life in Vain Attempt to Save Seven-Year-Old Eric

Deceased Was Brother of J. Willard and R. Duncan Smith Laid Fell from Sail-boat and Father Plunged In But Sank Before Aid Could Reach Him—George Homer Almost Drowned in the Kennebecasis.

E. Lawson Smith, of Leinster street, and his only son, Eric, were drowned at Carter's Point, near Waters' Landing, on the St. John river, about noon on Saturday last.

Mr. Smith, who is a brother to J. Willard Smith, the Water street shipping merchant, had leaped from his sail boat to rescue his son, who was about five years of age. He was able to reach him, but a few moments later disappeared beneath the surface, with the boy clasped in his arms.

The father's life had been given in vain attempt to save the son's. Mr. Smith's body was recovered about 1 o'clock yesterday morning, and early yesterday afternoon the body of the son was also recovered.

City Shook by the News. News of the double drowning reached the city within an hour or so of the time and created a most painful shock. To Mr. Smith's wife, who was Miss Annie Colwell, daughter of the late Geo. Colwell, the intelligence was crushing.

Mr. Colwell's Story. Mr. Colwell, who was on board the boat when the accident happened, returned from Carter's Point Saturday evening, and yesterday told the following story:

The boat has two masts, and we thoroughly understood navigating her. Early Saturday morning we started for Upper and about 10 o'clock reached Carter's Point. The wind was light during the whole sail. Eric, who was a very active boy, was in the front of the boat, and both his father and myself were playing about him, to tell him to sit down and be quiet.

Shortly after 10 o'clock we went ashore at the point and had lunch. I suppose it was about 12 o'clock when we all went back to the sail boat. "Mr. Smith began to pull up the anchor while I was getting up the mainmast, and as we worked Eric was playing about me, working with the sails and had the tiller in one hand when I heard a splash. At first I thought the sound was caused by boys whom I had seen in swimming as we came back from lunch.

Lawson at this time was some distance from the stern, and was untying the anchor rope. He had seen Eric fall. He dropped the anchor and with the end of the rope in his hand ran to the stern and jumped in the direction of where Eric was struggling. Lawson could swim, but his clothes hindered him seriously. He reached the boy, however, and managed to grasp him, but both did not remain within sight more than a few seconds.

Had Let Go the Rope. "As soon as I saw Lawson jump I ran toward the stern to get hold of the rope, and saw that he had dropped it. The end was lying about ten feet astern. All this time the boat was drifting down the river, and though I shoved the tiller around and did what I could to bring her about, she was, within a few minutes, fully fifty feet away from where I saw Lawson and his boy go down.

The accident was seen from both shores, and many boats at once came out to assist. The news was telephoned to the tug and the tug Serena E., with grappling irons, crews and boats, came up. Lawson's body was found about 1 o'clock this morning by Capt. Kenney, of the tug Serena. The body was in not more than fourteen feet of water, and the distance from shore did not seem to be so far as it had when the accident occurred. Then the distance appeared about 200 feet, until yesterday morning, when it was brought down to N. W. Freeman's undertaking room, and the funeral will be held Tuesday afternoon, from the late home of deceased.

Walter Barnes Saw the Accident. Another eye-witness of the drowning was Walter S. Barnes, of Wright street, foreman in Barnes & Co.'s bookbindery. Mr. Barnes and a few friends were spending the day in the neighborhood of Carter's Point and Waters' Landing. They were having lunch on the beach at the former place, and saw Mr. Smith and the others of the party return to the boat after lunch and get out.

"The water was deep within six yards of the shore," said Mr. Barnes Saturday by a Telegraph representative Saturday evening. "I saw about all there was to be seen of the accident. I don't suppose Mr. Smith's boat had gone more than fifty feet from shore when I saw the little boy fall overboard. It may be that he was swept off by one of the booms, but this I am by no means certain. I saw a man spring overboard and grasp the boy, but by this time I was running down the beach toward my boat, about a couple of hundred feet distant.

"Several of us put out at pretty near the same time, but we could do nothing by the time we arrived at the place where Mr. Smith and the boy were last seen. All that remained in sight was Mr. Smith's light yachting cap, floating about."

The body of Eric Smith was found at 9:15 o'clock Sunday morning by a man named Craig, not more than thirty feet from where the body of his father was found. It was conveyed to Mr. Freeman's undertaking room. Both bodies were embalmed, and about 5 o'clock removed to the stricken home in Leinster street. The

CORNER STONE OF NEW CARLETON CHURCH WAS LAID SUNDAY

Stones from Mount Tabor and Shells from Galilee Placed Under It

CEREMONY PERFORMED BY BISHOP CASEY

Though Weather Was Wet, Rain Held Off During the Ceremony, But Threatening Weather Prevented Large Gathering—Good Progress on Church Building.

Sunday's weather was certainly not the kind which was wished for the laying of the corner stone of the new Church of the Assumption, but after two postponements on account of rain the ceremony was performed by His Lordship Bishop Casey. The heavy rain which came soon after noon and continued at intervals during the ceremony would appear to believe that the ceremony would again

REV. J. J. O'DONOVAN, Pastor of the Church of the Assumption, Carleton.

deferred and consequently the number who assembled at the church was small. The laying of the stone did not take place at 4 o'clock, as announced, but about half an hour later the weather had cleared somewhat and then it was decided to perform the ceremony. In procession from Father O'Donovan's house walking Rev. A. W. Meahan, Rev. James J. Borgman, C. S. S. R.; Rev. J. J. O'Donovan, and Bishop Casey, who wore his pontifical robes. The ceremony was then performed by his lordship, assisted by the priests, and the corner stone securely laid, and opportunity was given several of the spectators to put some mortar under the stone. Bishop Casey's sermon was a most interesting one, and was a warning to the faithful to be true to their duties and to be true to their duties and to be true to their duties.

Albert News. Albert, July 3.—Dr. and Mrs. McNaughton, of Montreal, arrived in Albert on Sunday last. They were the guests of Postmaster Alderson. The school will have one of the annuals of the school on the Albert picnic grounds. A match game of ball between the married men of Albert, was played on the Albert picnic grounds, resulting in a very decided victory over the visiting team. The school will have one of the annuals of the school on the Albert picnic grounds.

Chatham Happenings. Chatham, July 3.—A few days ago two moose were seen running about by streets in town. Several of these animals were seen near the island two days afterwards. The salmon net which were set outside the islands were badly torn during the gale east gale this week.

Shriner Injured by Joker. Providence, R. I., June 29.—Charles H. Hartwell, a Southbridge (Mass.) druggist, was badly injured this afternoon while celebrating with the shriners after dinner. He held a large powder cracker in his hand, intending to ignite it. A practical joker touched it off without Mr. Hartwell's knowledge. The explosion tore his hand badly.

HOPE YOUNG TRICKED INTO CONFESSION

Plympton Woman Declares Detective Power Deceived Her

Posed As Her Friend She Says, and Got Her to Tell How Child Died from Cramps and She Moved the Body to the Woods, As She Was Afraid People Might Suspect Her if She Kept It in House—Tied Up Baby to Allay Suspicion, But Didn't Mean It Any Harm.

Dighton, N. S., June 30.—(Special)—May Hope Young has made a confession. Detective Power called at her cell this morning in company with Deputy Sheriff Barham.

The story runs that these men sent for Crown Prosecutor Dennison and a little later the prisoner's lawyer, F. W. Nichols, appeared on the scene. Her story is that the oldest child was taken with cramps early Friday morning. She bathed its feet in hot water, but it suddenly died. King Melancon had gone to his work. She was ignorant of the law, and was scared to be caught with a dead child in the house. She thought the matter over hurriedly, and decided to tie it up and take it to the woods.

Later she thought it would be better to put the youngster out as a guy, and tell the story about the tramps. She had no intention of killing the younger child, and if they had not found it when they did, she intended to tell them where it was. She left the rag off its mouth on purpose, and that was why she told Mrs. Arch O'Neill that the children might be tied in the woods, and if they were she hoped they would be found alive.

More Smallpox on North Shore. Several Cases Discovered at St. Charles, Kent County—Mackerel Fishing Good—Other Matters of Interest.

Richibucto, July 3.—The public examinations of the different departments of the Grammar School were held on Thursday and Friday, a large number of visitors in attendance. A pleasing feature of the occasion was the presentation to Miss Jessie Vince of an address accompanying the certificate of her graduation from the school. Miss Vince replied in a few appropriate words.

St. Martin's Notes. St. Martin's, July 3.—Ernest Rommel, M. D. of Alma, Yale of McGill university, is visiting friends here.

What Women Suffer. At all Ages they Need Rich, Pure Blood to Secure Health and Happiness. A woman needs medicine more than a man. Her organism is more complex, her system more delicate. Her health is disturbed regularly in the course of nature. If anything happens to interfere with that natural course, she goes through unspeakable suffering. In fact the health of every woman depends upon the purity of her blood.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured Mrs. Ferguson because they filled her veins with the rich, pure blood so necessary to the health and happiness of every human being. It is for this reason that these pills always cure such troubles as anemia, neuralgia, heart trouble, indigestion, rheumatism, sciatica, St. Vitus dance, paralysis, kidney and liver troubles, and the special ailments of growing girls and women of middle age. You can get these pills from any dealer in medicine, but you should be careful to see that the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," is on the wrapper around each box. If you wish you can get the pills by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

In the recent school closing Mrs. Alice G. Kelly, of grade 8, St. Joseph's school, received a gold medal for perfect attendance. In six years she was never absent or tardy.



Sunlight Soap brightens and cleanses everything it washes. Quite as good for cleaning household utensils as washing clothes.







# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Dr. J. C. Ayer* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

### What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, gives a healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

### GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Ayer*

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### MOTHER OF 28 AND WEIGHS 98

The Vanderpools, Kentucky Mountaineers, Have Strong Claim Upon Anti-Race-Suicide Medal

### 21 CHILDREN ARE LIVING

Their Family of Descendants is Now One of the Largest in the United States.

Marion K. Vanderpool and wife, who live in the mountains of Whitley county, Kentucky, certainly have a strong claim to any medal ever offered by President Roosevelt for example of courage in the face of adversity. Mr. Vanderpool and his wife are the parents of twenty-six children, twenty-one of whom are now living, five having died in infancy.

### Ten Buildings Burned at Clifton, Gloucester County, Saturday—No Insurance—News of Bathurst.

Bathurst, N. B., July 3—About 4:30 p. m., on Saturday fire broke out in the residence of the late Frank Scott, at Clifton, Gloucester county, on the line of the Carquet and Gulf Shore Railway, and before it could be got under control, ten buildings were consumed.

### ST. MARTIN'S TRAVEL IS BOOMING

The early train from St. Martin's to Hampton yesterday morning carried nearly 100 passengers. The business of this railway is booming and there are many pleasant words to be heard concerning the improved condition of the road as compared with the old days. The directors have had extensive work done on the road and on the roadbed, and this together with the opening of the real summer season at St. Martin's has given the road considerable new business.

The closing exercises of the Sacred Heart College at Carquet took place last Tuesday. The work of the year was most successful. The number of students attending this institution is constantly increasing, and the indications now are that a new addition will soon have to be built to the main college. During the evening of Tuesday a splendid musical and dramatic entertainment was given, followed by a side-splitting English farce. The college band played special music on Tuesday evening. The first prize of honor was carried off by Charles J. Veniot, of Bathurst. Beautiful and costly prizes were won in different classes by C. J. Veniot, Joseph and Charles Turgeon and Hector Landry; of Bathurst; Stan. Hachey, F. Roy and Omer Comeau, of Carquet; J. McLaughlin, M. Kenny and Jas. Doolin, of Chatham; Allen LeBlanc, of Dalhousie; A. Blais, of Cassecaup; Henry Gibbs and Thos. Hachey, of Pokenouche; Napoleon Boudreau, of Petite Rochelle; and others. Chas. Turgeon, Albert Sormany and John Donnet successfully passed their first examination for arts degree.

## STORY OF THE MUTINY ON THE KNIAZ POTEMKIN

### The Sailors' Revolt Was Started by the Shooting by the Captain of Boy Who Asked for Better Food—Murder of the Warship's Officers.

Odesa, June 30—The mutiny on the Kniaz Potemkin was as sudden as a lightning bolt, although it had been brewing for months. The crew had held secret meetings in the fore-cabin and planned just what to do when the emergency arrived. The officers had no knowledge of this and were taken completely unawares.

### Captain Blamed for Food.

They knew that the government had made a generous allowance for their rations, but on the Potemkin, as on all other ships of the Russian fleet, the captain purchased the rations of the crew.

### Ships Fly Red Flag.

Late Tuesday night the battleship arrived in the bay from Sebastopol, accompanied by a torpedo boat, both flying the red flag of revolution instead of the imperial Russian ensign.

### Threat to Bombard Odesa.

As the news spread large crowds, consisting mostly of sailors, gathered and followed, looted to the quay and passed with bare heads, respectfully saluting the dead. The police, supported by soldiers, tried to disperse the crowd and remove the body, but the crowd surrounded the coffin and defied them to touch it.

### Officers Out Down by Crew.

Then came the cry that ran through the ship. It was a cry that marked more of a fearful portent to those who were not part of the mutiny. It was followed by the sound of rushing feet and the sharp, quick commands of the officers. The crew, quick to obey, followed the officers and the mutiny broke out.

### Bodies Thrown into the Sea.

All the other officers except one were hunted down and killed and their bodies were thrown overboard. A midshipman was spared in order that he might navigate the ship, and within a few minutes the 600 men of the ship gathered in the water to see the red flag raised for the first time on a Russian battleship.

### The Black Sea Fleet.

The battleships of the Black Sea fleet are the Ekaterin II, Thebes, Sinope, Driedanast Apostol, Gorgei Pobiedonos, Tri Sviatiteli and Rossiav.

### Three Torpedo Boats are Captain's.

The three torpedo boats are the Panagiot Merkurys, a protected cruiser, the Otchakov, an armored cruiser, and the Kagul, protected.

Within a short time the men gathered and an election was held, in which officers were chosen. The men then elected went to the engine room and into the chart house, and, taking the midshipman aft, a committee forced him to take charge of the navigation of the ship.

## Beautiful Rothesay, the Summer Paradise of St. John, and Some of Its Dwellers

Year after year Rothesay is becoming more and more the summer home of those who seek a change from the grime and confinement of city life. Some go for genuine rest and recreation, for both may be found in this beautiful resort, but there are many others who simply follow the crowd and the fashion, who desire more to the transient pleasures of the moment, yet whose easy, happy, sportive ways add greatly to the life and gaiety wherever they are.

### Had Faith and Foresight.

The three houses last mentioned are due to the belief of Joseph Henderson years ago that Rothesay would become a popular resort. He built them for tenants and found no difficulty in letting them.

### Improvements Made.

The Belle View is the resort of dominion and provincial government officials at times during the summer. At present Attorney General Pugsley is making it his abode with his family.

### Rothesay's Fifth Avenue.

Every place seems to have its "Fifth Avenue" and just as a certain portion of Gormain street is sometimes called the "Fifth Avenue" of St. John so the steel bridge may be termed the "Fifth Avenue" of Rothesay.

### The Residents.

The stranger who seeks information as to the delights of this spot must be happily guided. As he leaves the station, the broad Kennebecasis stretches away before him. He not only gets an idea of what a magnificent view of water this branch of the St. John is and what a paradise it must be for the yachtman. He cannot fail to notice that the advantage is taken of the opportunity for pleasure, for anchored within the shelter of Henderson's Cove a short half mile away, he can see the yacht-tennis grounds, the flagships of the Royal Kennebecasis Yacht Club, and the property of the popular commodore, Robert Thomson.

### The City in a Panio.

Therefore, beyond posting strong guards at the government offices, banks and other public buildings, the authorities do little at first to protect the town or other of the inhabitants. A crowd of many thousands of people, however, thronged the elevated Nicola boulevards, whence they could view the harbor and the battleship, watching the later with mingled curiosity and awe.

### None can have a Well-Balanced Constitution without taking BEECHAM'S PILLS

All people subject to Bilious attacks or who suffer from Stomachic disorders should never be without a box of BEECHAM'S PILLS.

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## \$10,000 NORTH SHORE FIRE

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## J. H. HYDE RETIRES

Out of Executive Committee Chairmanship

Equitable Directors Elect Morton Successor—Vice President McIntyre Out of Office—His Resignation Accepted by Morton.

New York, July 1—James Hazen Hyde has surrendered the chairmanship of the Equitable executive committee, and Paul Morton, the new chairman of the board of directors, has been elected to succeed him.

## ST. MARTIN'S TRAVEL IS BOOMING

The early train from St. Martins to Hampton yesterday morning carried nearly 100 passengers.

The business of this railway is booming of late. There are many pleasant words to be heard concerning the improved condition of the road as compared with the old days. The directors have had extensive work done on bridges and on the roadbed, and this together with the opening of the road summer season at St. Martins has given the railway considerable new business.

Many passengers who went out Saturday were bound for the lakes that lie about St. Martins. Those who went to Lake Umbagog reported good catches of fine trout in spite of an unfavorable wind. This lake has a reputation for reliability and all who have fished it this year have been enthusiastic in speaking of it. There are now comfortable quarters on the lake above, both food and lodging for man and beast being provided there. It will be even more popular as it becomes better known.

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The Kniaz Potemkin, a modern battleship of 12,000 tons, is one of the biggest of the Black Sea fleet. With a crew of 607 men she left Sebastopol and sailed for Odessa, leaving the rest of the Black Sea fleet at the former port.

The sailors for months had grumbled and complained of the food furnished them. It was not so abominable as the Russian peasants, who had been dragged from their farms and village homes, found themselves unable to endure the conditions.

They knew that the government had made a generous allowance for their rations, but on the Potemkin, as on all other ships of the Russian navy, the captain purchased the food for the crew.

The difference between the adequate amount allowed by the government and that which he spent for rations he pocketed himself. The men were starved until death at the hands of their officers became far preferable to life, forward on the Potemkin.

Every man in the crew realized that death would be the portion of the sailor elected to carry a complaint to the captain. The men looked on differently as the men held secret meetings in the fore-cabin and there was planned the uprising which occurred Wednesday.

The first act of the mutiny was the shooting of the captain, who was killed by a young lad from one of the southern provinces. It was said that he was prepared for death before he attempted to lay the complaint of the sailors before the captain.

Boy Sailor Shot by Captain. The entire ship's crew and the marines were in waiting as he went aft to the captain's cabin. He was followed by the captain and landed to him the paper drawn up by the men of the ship.

Threat to Bombard Odessa. As the news spread of riotous strikers and their demands for better food, the police, supported by Cossacks, tried to disperse the crowd and remove the body. He had not moved a step when he was shot and fell to the ground.

Officers Out Down by Crew. There came the cry that ran through the ship. It was a cry that marked more of a fearful portent to Russia than any that had ever been heard. It was followed by the sound of rushing feet and then the sharp, quick commands of the officers, who knew too late that death—black, sudden death—was upon them.

There was a ragged, rattling volley, and the officers turned and fled toward the after part of the ship. Several tumbled and fell, and as the men were passing they fired scores of bullets into their prostrate bodies.

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and an election was held, in which officers were chosen. The men they elected went into the engine room and set the chart house, and taking the midshipman as a committee favored him to take charge of the navigation of the ship.

The Potemkin sailed into Odessa late Wednesday night. In the dim starlight the gory banner at her masthead was not distinguished, and it was not until morning that it was discovered.

At daybreak a torpedo boat destroyer steamed into port and anchored near the Potemkin. They there in the open roadstead, before Odessa, the torpedo boat destroyer joined the mutineers. The crew of the smaller vessel took command at once, and soon the red flag floated from its mast as well from the battleship.

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# Beautiful Rothesay, the Summer Paradise of St. John, and Some of Its Dwellers

Year after year Rothesay is becoming more and more the summer home of those who seek a change from the grime and confinement of city life.

Andrew Blair, also a city business man, is a neighbor of Mr. Starr and for some time has enjoyed the pleasure of country life. The care that is taken of the grounds the garden flowers and ornamental trees shows keenly the resident appreciated the beauties of his home.

Had Faith and Foresight. The three houses last mentioned are due to the spirit of Joseph Henderson years ago that Rothesay would become a popular resort. He built them for tenants and found no difficulty in letting them. His father, George Henderson, lives in the comfortable looking homestead upon the hill with a very large farm—one of the oldest properties, handed down from father to son, in Rothesay—and this may be termed the limit to the village proper upon the north.

Nearly opposite Mr. Starr's is "Rothesay" the comfortable looking and beautiful home of Robert Thomson, of the firm of William Thomson & Co. Here the numerous friends of the commodore had him and his family every summer. Upon that portion of his grounds looking to the river he can see his yacht lying at anchor and the Kennebocasis stretching away many miles in a southerly and westerly direction. The well kept hedges, lawns and vines give evidence of constant care and the neat buildings upon the grounds show that the owner looks out for the comfort of his tenants.

Other residences upon this road, with the signs of age upon them but delightful in their surroundings and ending to the westward, are those of the late John Fraser and William Thomson. While hidden in a grove to the left and just the other side of Fenwick is a pretty cottage of Mr. Almon's.

Confined this article to some mention of the homes of those who work in the city but live in Rothesay, little or nothing is said of the beautiful resort here provided by the people for Rev. A. W. Daniel, but the exemptions allowed the promise will permit of noting the broad and spacious grounds that give promise of such beauty in the future. The description that was given of the convenient and handsome resort a little while ago must suffice.

Rothesay's Fifth Avenue. Every place seems to have its "Fifth Avenue" and just as a certain portion of German street is sometimes called the "Fifth Avenue" of St. John so the wide thoroughfare from Gilbert's corner to the steel bridge may be termed the "Fifth Avenue" of Rothesay. Here are the residences of James P. Robertson, H. P. Puddington, H. E. G. Armstrong, Mrs. Yessie, W. E. Foster, Mrs. Brock, W. Malcolm Mackay, James Morley, as well as the grounds of Netherwood and the court and club house of the Tennis Club; to say nothing of the winter ice rink. There are other residents, but they do not fly cityward every morning and tell for the pennies that most necessarily accompany all this comfort. But just to show apparently how pleasure and industry must go hand in hand, the village blacksmith shop stands at one end of this "avenue" and groceries and hotel supply the wants of residents and strangers at the other.

James P. Robertson, who owns "Karnegie," need hardly be mentioned as a member of the firm of Manchester, Robertson, Allison, Ltd. He has been identified with Rothesay, its growth and prosperity. Since he built his handsome residence many years ago he and his family have made Rothesay their home many months of the year, and now two of his sons-in-law have beautiful homes beside him. Few hedges can compare with that which surrounds "Karnegie," drives could not be more perfect or lawns better kept. A variety of shade trees surround the house and beautiful flower beds make the appearance of this handsome summer home difficult to describe.

The owner's interest has not been confined to his own grounds—the church and the educational institutions for girls and boys have all felt the benefit of his influence and beneficence. Rothesay College stands upon the grounds and is one of the most princely gifts, wise management and good work.

The homes of H. F. Puddington and T. E. G. Armstrong stand in the centre of spacious grounds which command the attention of the visitor. They are what they seem, abodes of comfort, their exterior beautiful, their interiors elegant. Nature provided a different and darker setting for the homes of Mrs. William Vassie and her son-in-law, W. E. Foster. Their sites were cleared in a grove of spruce and the contrast effected by the dark foliage with the brighter hues of the houses and flower beds is very pleasing.

Mrs. Brock and her family, including two sons in the firm of Brock & Paterson, have what may be considered as desirable residence as one could wish for. The situation could hardly be improved upon and much pains has been taken with the grounds to make them as inviting as they are.

Just the other side of the lane leading down to the lawn tennis grounds is what is known as the Balfour cottage and here Rev. J. A. Richardson and family find pleasant quarters and lovely shady grounds for a summer holiday.

The tennis club house is upon the bank overlooking the river and the well kept courts nearer the road. Nature, too, furnishes their adornment, though in a different way, for many afternoons in the week active and beautiful women and athletic men invade the courts with rackets and balls. Netherwood and its beautiful grounds, now silent, has an interest for many throughout the province who send their girls there to obtain an education. Then next to them are the lovely grove and gardens of W. Malcolm Mackay. Surely a pleasanter spot would be hard to find and the house and surroundings show that evidence of appreciation so prevalent in Rothesay. Across the road Mr. Mackay can have a tennis court of his own if he pleases, alongside of the wide and pleasant frontage of the cottage occupied by Jas. Morley. Mr. Morley has lived here a number of years and little doubt of the attraction this home has for him can be had.

Taylor Bros. can claim to be farmers as well as citizens. The fertile approaches to the house, bordered as it is by tall trees, is of rare attractiveness and gives a half hidden appearance to a home which cannot be excelled for comfort and that rare quality of homeliness so welcome in the country. Mr. Fairweather has always been an enthusiast in farming and some of the best breeding stock in New

Brunswick has been introduced by him. There are, Stewart, Jack and Perry, all in business in the city, live at home.

To complete this part of the description of Rothesay centre the home of Senator James Dorrville must be included. It, too, has its full share of beautiful grounds and pleasant walks and trees. The senator, perhaps mindful of the time when he was the farmer's advocate and delighted to be their representative, indulges to this day in farming upon a small scale and has but little if any need to patronize the green grocer.

Other beautiful residences upon this southern road may just as properly be included in a description of Rothesay. No particular line at present divides one from the other. Rothesay proper, however, would be incomplete without some description of the beautiful "Park," the wooded excursions through the leafy avenue, and near the river. Nature has almost been left alone here, for in the construction of the cottages care was taken to preserve the charm of the woodland. So perfectly was this done that, standing upon the station platform, it is not possible to see through the leafy screen a single glimpse of the many houses that line the river here. It is only when one reaches these forest retreats—for they can justly be called that—are some commodious than others, but all of the same character. The interior is furnished in the most simple and sturdy style where the sun has to see permission to let the warmth of rays enter, where the breeze rustles white delphiniums through the leafy screen, where, sheltered by the foliage the rain can drop only in spots a few of St. John's residents are favored in having their own. Indeed, nestled among trees, as L. P. D. Tilly, Thomas Morley, J. B. Fairweather, W. J. Davidson, J. A. Key, George West Jones, J. McKelvie, G. B. O'Callaghan, Mrs. C. H. Fairweather and W. R. Turnbull.

Around the station grounds a few others have found sheltered sites for pleasant homes. These include George P. Trice, who represents the firm of T. B. Barber & Sons; F. Ansel, Dr. W. B. McKay, whose new residence is the prettiest upon this road, and S. S. Hall, whose corner situation so convenient in every way makes him a proper subject for pleasant entry.

Confined this article to some mention of the homes of those who work in the city but live in Rothesay, little or nothing is said of the beautiful resort here provided by the people for Rev. A. W. Daniel, but the exemptions allowed the promise will permit of noting the broad and spacious grounds that give promise of such beauty in the future. The description that was given of the convenient and handsome resort a little while ago must suffice.

Rothesay's Fifth Avenue. Every place seems to have its "Fifth Avenue" and just as a certain portion of German street is sometimes called the "Fifth Avenue" of St. John so the wide thoroughfare from Gilbert's corner to the steel bridge may be termed the "Fifth Avenue" of Rothesay. Here are the residences of James P. Robertson, H. P. Puddington, H. E. G. Armstrong, Mrs. Yessie, W. E. Foster, Mrs. Brock, W. Malcolm Mackay, James Morley, as well as the grounds of Netherwood and the court and club house of the Tennis Club; to say nothing of the winter ice rink. There are other residents, but they do not fly cityward every morning and tell for the pennies that most necessarily accompany all this comfort. But just to show apparently how pleasure and industry must go hand in hand, the village blacksmith shop stands at one end of this "avenue" and groceries and hotel supply the wants of residents and strangers at the other.

James P. Robertson, who owns "Karnegie," need hardly be mentioned as a member of the firm of Manchester, Robertson, Allison, Ltd. He has been identified with Rothesay, its growth and prosperity. Since he built his handsome residence many years ago he and his family have made Rothesay their home many months of the year, and now two of his sons-in-law have beautiful homes beside him. Few hedges can compare with that which surrounds "Karnegie," drives could not be more perfect or lawns better kept. A variety of shade trees surround the house and beautiful flower beds make the appearance of this handsome summer home difficult to describe.

The owner's interest has not been confined to his own grounds—the church and the educational institutions for girls and boys have all felt the benefit of his influence and beneficence. Rothesay College stands upon the grounds and is one of the most princely gifts, wise management and good work.

The homes of H. F. Puddington and T. E. G. Armstrong stand in the centre of spacious grounds which command the attention of the visitor. They are what they seem, abodes of comfort, their exterior beautiful, their interiors elegant. Nature provided a different and darker setting for the homes of Mrs. William Vassie and her son-in-law, W. E. Foster. Their sites were cleared in a grove of spruce and the contrast effected by the dark foliage with the brighter hues of the houses and flower beds is very pleasing.

Mrs. Brock and her family, including two sons in the firm of Brock & Paterson, have what may be considered as desirable residence as one could wish for. The situation could hardly be improved upon and much pains has been taken with the grounds to make them as inviting as they are.

Just the other side of the lane leading down to the lawn tennis grounds is what is known as the Balfour cottage and here Rev. J. A. Richardson and family find pleasant quarters and lovely shady grounds for a summer holiday.

The tennis club house is upon the bank overlooking the river and the well kept courts nearer the road. Nature, too, furnishes their adornment, though in a different way, for many afternoons in the week active and beautiful women and athletic men invade the courts with rackets and balls. Netherwood and its beautiful grounds, now silent, has an interest for many throughout the province who send their girls there to obtain an education. Then next to them are the lovely grove and gardens of W. Malcolm Mackay. Surely a pleasanter spot would be hard to find and the house and surroundings show that evidence of appreciation so prevalent in Rothesay. Across the road Mr. Mackay can have a tennis court of his own if he pleases, alongside of the wide and pleasant frontage of the cottage occupied by Jas. Morley. Mr. Morley has lived here a number of years and little doubt of the attraction this home has for him can be had.

Taylor Bros. can claim to be farmers as well as citizens. The fertile approaches to the house, bordered as it is by tall trees, is of rare attractiveness and gives a half hidden appearance to a home which cannot be excelled for comfort and that rare quality of homeliness so welcome in the country. Mr. Fairweather has always been an enthusiast in farming and some of the best breeding stock in New

## LITTLE RIVER SCHOOL

Large Attendance at Very Creditable Closing Exercises.

The closing exercises of Little River school, which took place Thursday evening at 8 o'clock, were a grand success. The school house was profusely decorated with ferns and pot plants, and the school was a most beautiful sight. The following programme was most successfully carried out:

- Opening address—Master Joe Moriarty.
- Chorus—Birds' Ball.
- Recitation—Little Miss Watters.
- Tableau—Three Little Girls.
- Chorus—Our Present school.
- Dialogue—Train Tomorrow (encores).
- Recitation—Sarah Watson.
- Tableau—Dancing Lesson.
- Chorus—The Sunbeam.
- Dialogue—Enforcing a Moral.
- Recitation—Mary Kelly.
- Tableau—Misses Kelly and Breen.
- Song—Sweet Clover, Miss May and Master Frank Kelly.
- Recitation—Mary Desmond.
- Tableau—Simply to the Cross I Cling.
- Solo—The Dear Homeland, Miss Mary Kelly.
- Dialogue—Labor.
- Recitation—Joe Moriarty.
- Chorus—The Flag We Love.
- Recitation—Little Miss Marshall.
- Chorus—Every Race Has a Flag But the Cross (encores).
- Recitation—Harry Breen.

A famous Irish lawyer, who was always seen, during his success at the bar, once took Chief Justice Whitehead to see his new house in Dublin. It was palatial and magnificent, and the lawyer said, "I have never seen a more beautiful house than this. I deserve great credit for this." "Yes," the judge answered dryly, "and you appear to have got it."

In twelve hours 18,000 vehicles cross over Blackfriars Bridge, London.

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All people subject to Bilious attacks, or who suffer from Stomachic disorders, should never be without a box of BEECHAM'S PILLS.

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THE FATE OF A CROWN

By SCHUYLER STAUNTON

A STORY OF LOVE, INTRIGUE AND ADVENTURE

SYNOPSIS.

Robert Hardie, fresh from college and a member of a firm in New Orleans, 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 Almeida, chief of the revolutionary movement against Dom Pedro. Dom Miguel had been a good customer of the Hardies, 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 able 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 beautiful Leila Paula, his host's niece; her brother Francisco—a man who pursued him greedily—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. CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.) "Francisco is true as steel," he retorted, firmly. "Not one of us—including you—has done more to serve the Cause. I have learned to depend upon his discretion as I would upon my own—yours."

he hesitatingly, "that my confidence in Isabel has been misplaced." The general did not reply. He folded his cloak about him, glanced at the clock, and strode from the room without a word of farewell. When he had gone Dom Miguel turned to me. "Well," said he. "I do not like Fonseca." "As a man he is at times rather disagreeable," admitted the chief. "But a general he possesses rare ability, and his high station renders him the most valuable leader the Cause can boast. Moreover, Fonseca has risked everything in our enterprise, and may be implicitly trusted. When at last we strike our great blow for freedom, much will depend upon Miguel and Fonseca. And Robert, let us retire, for an hour before daybreak we must be at work." "It was then I checked. I had the chief good night and retired to my little room next the study. Dom Miguel slept in a similar apartment opening from the opposite side of the study. The exciting interview with Fonseca had left me nervous and wakeful, and it was some time before I sank into a restless slumber. A hand upon my shoulder aroused me. It was Dom Miguel. "Come quickly, for God's sake!" he cried, in trembling tones. "She has stolen my ring!" CHAPTER VIII. A Terrible Crime. Scarcely awake, I sprang from my couch in time to see de Pintra's form disappear through the doorway. A moment later I was in the study, which was beginning to lighten with the dawn of a new day. The trap in the floor was open, and the chief threw himself into the aperture and quickly descended. At once I followed, feeling my way down the iron staircase and along the passage. Reaching the domed chamber, a strange sight met our view. Both traps had been raised, the second one standing upright upon its hinged edge, and from the interior of the vault shone a dim light. While we hesitated the light grew stronger, and soon Madam Isabel came slowly from the vault with a small lamp in one hand and a great bundle of papers in the other. As she reached the chamber she turned and looked back over her shoulder and whined the papers from her grasp. "So, madam!" he cried, "you have betrayed yourself in seeking to betray us. Shame! Shame that a daughter of mine should be guilty of so vile an act!" As she spoke he struck her so sharply across the face with the bundle of papers that she reeled backward and almost dropped the lamp. "Look to her, Robert," he said, and leaped into the vault to restore the papers to their place. Then, while I stood stupidly by, not thinking of any further danger, Madam Isabel sprang to the trap and with one quick movement dashed down the heavy plate of steel. I saw her place the ring in its cavity and heard the shooting of the bolts; and then, suddenly regaining my senses, I rushed forward and seized her arm. "The ring!" I gasped in horror; "give me the ring! He will suffocate in that dungeon in a few minutes." "I can see yet her cold, serpent-like eyes as they glared venomously into my own. The next instant she dashed the lamp into my face. It shivered against the wall, and as I staggered backward the burning oil streamed down my pajamas and turned me into a living pillar of fire. Screaming with pain, I tore the heavy clothing from my body, and stamped it into ashes with my bare feet. Then, smarting from the sting of many burns, I looked about me and found myself in darkness and alone. Instantly the danger that menaced Dom Miguel flashed upon me anew, and I stumbled up the iron stairs until I reached the study, where I set the alarm bell going so fiercely that its deep tones resounded throughout the whole house. In my chamber I hastily pulled my clothing over my smoldering flesh, and as the astonished servants came pouring into the study, I shouted to them: "Find Semeadora de Mar immediately and bring her to me—by force if necessary. She has murdered Dom Miguel!" Over the heads of the stupefied glancing group I saw a white, startled face, and Leila's great eyes met my own with a quick look of compensation. Then she disappeared, and I turned again to the wondering servants. "Make haste!" I cried. "Can you not understand? Every moment is precious!" But the frightened creatures gazed upon each other silently, and I thrust them aside and ran through the house in frantic search for the murderer. The rooms were all vacant, and when I reached the entrance hall a groom stopped me. "Senhora de Mar left the house five minutes ago, sir. She was mounted upon our swiftest horse, and knows every inch of the country. It would be useless to pursue her." While I gazed at the fellow a soft hand touched my elbow. "Come," said Leila. "Your horse is waiting—I have saddled him myself. Make for the station at Cruz, for Isabel will seek to board the train for Rio." She had led me through the door across the broad piazza; and as half-dressed, I mounted the horse, she added, "Tell me, can I do anything in your absence?" "Nothing," I cried, with a sob; "Dom Miguel is locked up in the vault, and I must find the key—the key!" Away dashed the horse, and over my shoulder I saw her still standing on the steps of the piazza staring after me. The station at Cruz I must reach it as soon as possible—before Isabel de Mar thought of escape. Almost crazed at the thought of my impotency and shuddering at the knowledge that Isabel was powerless to assist him, I lashed the good steed until it fairly flew over the uneven road. "Let them ride with you to the station at Cruz, and send them back to me in the morning. I will also commission a few of our nearby patriots. By noon tomorrow everything will be ready for the transfer." "Very good," ejaculated the general. "We cannot abandon too soon the vault; we entrusted with so much care. Where is your daughter?" "In her apartment." "Before you leave tomorrow, lock her up and put a guard at her door. We must not let her suspect the removal of the records." "It shall be done," answered de Pintra. "I will be back," he continued,

tion; and Madam Isabel has stolen the key." "Indeed?" he answered. "And where is Senhora Isabel?" "She has fled to Rio." "And let her draw father to die? How unfaithful!" he retorted, laughing again. "Do you know, Senhor Hardie, it somehow reminds me of a story my uncle told me from the Arabian Nights, how a fond daughter planned to—"

For God's sake, sir, the man is dying!" I cried, maddened at his indifference. He drew out a leathern case and calmly selected a cigarette. "And Madam Isabel has the key," he repeated, striking a match. "By the way, senhor, where are you bound?" "To overtake the messenger before she can board the train at Cruz." "Very good. How long has Dom Miguel been imprisoned in the vault?" "Twenty minutes, a half-hour, perhaps." "Ah! He may live in that foul and confined atmosphere for two hours, or why three. But no longer. I know, for I planned the vault myself. And the station at Cruz is a good two hours' ride from this spot. I know, for I have just traveled it." I dropped my head, overwhelmed by despair as the truth was thus brutally thrust upon me. For Dom Miguel there was no hope. "But the records, sir? We must save them, even if our chief is lost. Should Madam Isabel deliver the key to her husband or to the Emperor every leader of the Cause may perish upon the gallows." "Well thought of, on my word," commented the strange man, again laughing softly. "I wonder how it feels to have a rope around one's neck and to kick the empty air?" He blew a cloud of smoke from his mouth and watched it float away. "But you are quite right, Senhor Hardie. The lady must be found and made to give up the ring." He uttered a low whistle, and two men rode out from the shadow of the trees and joined us. "Ride with the train for Rio. Present the American to Mazanovich, who is in charge of instructions." The men bowed silently. "But you, senhor," I said, eagerly, "can you not yourself assist us in this search?" "I never work in that manner," he replied. "I shall ride on to de Pintra's men. I have given you will do all that can be done to assist you. For myself, I think I shall ride to de Pintra's and kiss my sister good morning. Perhaps she will give me a bite of breakfast, which will amaze me. Indeed, such heartiness amazed me. Indeed, the man was past my comprehension." "And General Fonseca?" said I, hesitating whether or no to put myself under Paola's command, now that the chief was gone. "Let Fonseca go to the devil. He would cry 'I told you so' and refuse to aid you, even though his own neck is in jeopardy." He looked at his watch. "If you delay longer you will miss the train for Rio. I am sorry, senhor, but you must touch his hat with a gesture of mock courtesy, he rode slowly on, and the next moment, all revolutionary duty forgotten, he sat upon his horse and bounded away the two men following at his heels. Presently I became tortured with thoughts of Dom Miguel, and under my breath I cursed the heartless scoundrel of Francisco Paula, who refused to be serious even when his friend was in danger. "The cold-blooded scoundrel!" I muttered, as I galloped on; "the cad! the trifling coxcomb! Can nothing worse be said of his self-complacency, idleness? 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ended, and all that remains for me is to return to Cuba and attend to the obsequies of my poor friend de Pintra. Marco and Figot heard me r... fully, but instead of replying both Mazanovich and the calm face of Mazanovich.

"The facts are these," said the latter, deliberately. "Senhora de Mar fled with the ring; she has been murdered and the ring taken from her. By whom? If a patriot has it he shall know the truth within fifteen minutes. I glanced at a great clock ticking against the wall. Before your arrival," he resumed, "I had taken steps to communicate with every patriot in Rio. Yet there were few able to recognize the ring as the key to the secret vault, and the murder was committed fifteen minutes after the train left Cruz."

I started, at that. "Who could have known?" I asked. "The little man took the cigar from his mouth for a moment," said he, "were General Fonseca, the patriot, and Senhor Valcour, the Emperor's spy."

CHAPTER X. For Tomorrow we Die. I remembered Fonseca's visit of the night before, and considered natural he should take the morning train to the capital. "But Valcour would not need to murder Madam Isabel," said I. "They were doubtless in the plot together, and she would have no hesitation in giving him the ring had he demanded it. On the contrary, our general already incensed against the daughter of the chief and suspected her of plotting mischief, I am satisfied he will be with us presently," answered Mazanovich, quietly. "But gentlemen, you all stand in need of refreshment, and Senhor Harcliffe should have his burns properly dressed. Kindly follow me."

"Let us first wait for more definite information," counseled the old general, always optimistic. "Should an uprising be precipitated at this time we have all the advantage on our side, for the Republic is today stronger than the Empire. And we have yet to hear from Paola."

So, after much comment, it was determined to wait every action of the court party with redoubled vigilance, and in case danger threatened the republicans, to give the signal that would set the revolution going in full swing. Meantime we would endeavor to get in touch with Paola. But the Minister of Police had mysteriously disappeared, and although telegrams were sent in every direction, we could hear nothing of Paola's whereabouts. Inquiries at the court failed to elicit any information whatever, and they were doubtless as ignorant on the subject as ourselves. Officially, I was supposed to be occupying a dangerous in the fortress, and Mazanovich had actually locked up a man under my name, registering the prisoner in the prescribed fashion. Therefore, being cleverly disguised by a detective, I can little risk of interference should I venture abroad in the city. Curiously enough, Mazanovich chose to disguise me as a member of the police, saying that this plan was less likely than any other to lead to discovery. Wherever I might wander I was supposed to be on duty or on special service, and the captain enrolled me under the name of Andrea Subig. I was anxious at times to return to Cuba, for Lesba's white face, as I had last seen it on the morning of Dom Miguel's incarceration, haunted me perpetually. But the quest of the ring was of vital importance, and I felt that I dared not return until I could remove my dear friend's body from the vault and see it properly interred. Under Mazanovich's directions I strove earnestly to obtain a clue that might lead to a knowledge of where the missing ring was secreted; but our efforts met with no encouragement, and we were ever sure that the murderer of Isabel de Mar had ever reached the capital. On the third morning after my arrival I was strolling down the street toward the railway station, in company with Mazanovich, when suddenly I paused and grasped my comrade's arm convulsively. "Look there!" I exclaimed. Mazanovich shook off my hand, impatiently. "See," he returned, "it is the Senator Lesba, Paola, riding in the Emperor's carriage."

in Rio Grande do Sul. He has been stationed there for three weeks." For a time there was silence. "Where is Paola?" suddenly asked Pixoto. "I want to know what Paola is doing in this crisis." "He is at the residence," said Figot. "But we know nothing of his present whereabouts." "You may be sure of one thing," declared Marco stoutly; "that Francisco Paola is serving the Cause, wherever he may be." The general snorted derisively, and Pixoto looked at him with the nearest approach to a smile his anxious face had shown. "Has the Emperor the ring or is he seeking it as eagerly as we are?" asked the general. "The Emperor has not the ring," said Mazanovich, slowly; "you may be assured of that. Otherwise—"

CHAPTER XI. Lesba's Bright Eye. Later that evening there was a large gathering of the important members of the conspiracy, the result of their deliberations only served to mystify us more than before as to the murderer of Madam Isabel and the possessor of the ring. Many were the expressions of sorrow at the terrible fate of Dom Miguel—a man beloved by all who had known him. The incident of his death caused several to waver in their loyalty to the projected Republic, and I was impressed by the fact that at this juncture the Cause seemed to be in rather desperate straits. "If the ring is gone and the records discovered," said one, "we would best leave the country for a time, until the excitement subsides, for the Emperor will spare no one in his desire for vengeance."

"Let us first wait for more definite information," counseled the old general, always optimistic. "Should an uprising be precipitated at this time we have all the advantage on our side, for the Republic is today stronger than the Empire. And we have yet to hear from Paola."

So, after much comment, it was determined to wait every action of the court party with redoubled vigilance, and in case danger threatened the republicans, to give the signal that would set the revolution going in full swing. Meantime we would endeavor to get in touch with Paola. But the Minister of Police had mysteriously disappeared, and although telegrams were sent in every direction, we could hear nothing of Paola's whereabouts. Inquiries at the court failed to elicit any information whatever, and they were doubtless as ignorant on the subject as ourselves. Officially, I was supposed to be occupying a dangerous in the fortress, and Mazanovich had actually locked up a man under my name, registering the prisoner in the prescribed fashion. Therefore, being cleverly disguised by a detective, I can little risk of interference should I venture abroad in the city. Curiously enough, Mazanovich chose to disguise me as a member of the police, saying that this plan was less likely than any other to lead to discovery. Wherever I might wander I was supposed to be on duty or on special service, and the captain enrolled me under the name of Andrea Subig. I was anxious at times to return to Cuba, for Lesba's white face, as I had last seen it on the morning of Dom Miguel's incarceration, haunted me perpetually. But the quest of the ring was of vital importance, and I felt that I dared not return until I could remove my dear friend's body from the vault and see it properly interred. Under Mazanovich's directions I strove earnestly to obtain a clue that might lead to a knowledge of where the missing ring was secreted; but our efforts met with no encouragement, and we were ever sure that the murderer of Isabel de Mar had ever reached the capital. On the third morning after my arrival I was strolling down the street toward the railway station, in company with Mazanovich, when suddenly I paused and grasped my comrade's arm convulsively. "Look there!" I exclaimed. Mazanovich shook off my hand, impatiently. "See," he returned, "it is the Senator Lesba, Paola, riding in the Emperor's carriage."

"That scoundrel Valcour is with her!" cried. "Scoundrel! We do not call Senhor Valcour that. He is faithful to the Emperor, who employs him. Shall we, who are unfaithful, blame him for his fidelity?" "True," he said again. "Paola has disappeared, and his sister is at court. What do you make of it, senator?" "I am waiting for Paola to communicate with us, which he will do in good time. Meanwhile, let me counsel patience, Senhor Americo."

But I left him and strode down the street, very impatient indeed (and filled with strange misgivings. Those brazilians were hard to understand, and were it not for Lesba I could wish myself out of their country forever. Lesba! What strange chance had brought her to Rio and thrown her into the companionship of the man most inimical to her brother, to myself, and to the Cause? Was she playing a double game? Could this frank, clear-eyed girl be a traitor to the Republic, as had been Isabel de Mar? It might be. A woman's mind is hard to comprehend. But she had been so earnest a patriot, so sincerely interested in our success, so dependent over her disappointments, that even now I could not really doubt her faith. Moreover, I loved the girl. Had I never before realized the fact, I knew it in this hour when she seemed lost to me forever. For never had speech of mine brought the glad look to her face that I had noted as she flashed by with Valcour pouring soft speeches into her ears. The Emperor's spy was a handsome fellow; he was high in favor at court; he was one of her own people. Was he, by the way, was Valcour a Brazilian? He had a Brazilian's dark eyes and complexion, it is true; yet now that I thought upon it, there was an odd,

foreign cast to his features that indicated he belonged to another race. Yes, there was a similarity between them and the features of the Pole Mazanovich. Perhaps Valcour might also be a Pole. Just as Mazanovich had spoken kindly of him, and—

"I stopped short in my calculations, for I had made a second startling discovery. My wandering led me to the railway station, where, as I approached, I saw the Emperor of Brazil, Dom Pedro de Alcantara, surrounded by a company of his Cuzayan guard, and in the act of boarding a private car attached to the Matto Grosso train. I had never before seen the Emperor, but from descriptions of him, as well as from the deference of those about him, I had no doubt of his identity. His hurried departure upon a journey coupled with Paola's presence at the capital, could only bear one interpretation. The Minister of Police had been in conference with the Emperor, and his presence was about to visit in person the scene of the late tragedy, and do what he might to unearth the records of that far-reaching revolution which threatened his throne. Here was news, indeed! Half-dazed, I started to retrace my steps, when a soft voice beside me said: "Have you money, senator?" "Yes," I answered. "Then, continued Mazanovich, "you must take this train for Ouyaba. Let the Emperor guide you. If danger threatens us, telegraph me the one word, 'Lesba! Do you spring up, Senhor Harcliffe?' " "I think so," said I, "but let me use some other word. Why drag a woman's name into this affair?" "He coughed twice, describing the Cause as a word you will remember," said he. "Good bye to you, senator."

He had an odd way of disappearing, this strange Pole, who had never seen me. With this last word he actually melted into the crowd of loiterers who were watching the Emperor's departure, and I could not have found him again had I so desired. My first thought was to rebel at leaving Rio, where Lesba, Paola had taken refuge from the coming storm. But the girl seemed amply amused without me, and my duties to the interests of my dear friend Lesba, and the Emperor's Cause at this crisis. Therefore I would follow the Emperor. As the train moved slowly out of the station, I swung myself upon the steps of the rear car, and the next instant was tumbled upon the platform by a person who sprang up behind me. "Angrily protesting, I scrambled to my feet; but the fellow, with scarcely a glance in my direction, passed into the car and made his way toward the rear. The exclamations died suddenly upon my lips. The belated passenger was Senhor Valcour, the spy."

CHAPTER XII. The Man in the Shrubbery. The name of an Emperor is a fine thing to conjure with. When we arrived at the station at Ouyaba at early evening, a score of private cars and motor carriages were awaiting the royal party. I stood in the shadows of the station and watched the guardmen mount and surround the equipage which had been placed in the master's sedan. His civic companions—men of high rank, evidently—occupied the other carriages; and the entire train moved away in the gloom and left me alone. The station agent was known to me as a patriot, and he pointed out to me the head of the royal party when I accosted him. "Get me a horse, Pedro." "A horse? Your excellency is joking. Every horse that could be found has been impressed by the Emperor." "I am of any sort, with saddle or cart, will answer my purpose. The Cause demands it, Pedro." "I am powerless, your excellency. Absolutely powerless to procure a horse for you."

It was true to find the only way for me to get to de Pintra's residence was on foot, and, after inducing the man to give me a horse, I set out on my journey. I met no one on the road, for the roads were usually deserted at this hour, and the darkness all about me increased my depression into the anxiety of my thoughts. The Emperor's advent into this strange hot of the capital, indeed, indicated that he had determined to act and suppress the conspiracy that had grown to such huge proportions. With the realization of this, I felt that I had a duty to perform. I half expected to find the gateway guarded, but to my relief the avenue was as deserted as the highway. I passed along the drive leading to the mansion. I am not usually nervous at such times, but something in the atmosphere of the scene, something menacing in the deep shadows cast by the great trees, unnerved me and made me suspicious of my surroundings. Once, indeed, I fancied that I heard a stealthy footstep advancing to meet me, and with a bound I sprang from the driveway and crouched among the thick shrubbery, intending, but after a few moments I became reassured and resumed my journey, avoiding this time the gravel drive and picking my way noiselessly across the grass, skirting the endless array of flower beds and shrubbery. Fortunately, the moon came out, or I might have lost my way; and before long the black line of shadow cast by the mansion itself fell at my feet. Peering ahead, I saw that I had approached the right wing of the house. It was here that my own room was located, and with a low exclamation of relief I was about to step forward into the path, when my eyes fell upon a sight that caused me to suddenly halt and recoil in horror. It might be a woman's white face in the moonlight, and extending from beneath a clump of low bushes. For a few moments I gazed at it as if fascinated; but, quickly recovering myself, I advanced to the bushes and gently withdrew the body, until it lay exposed to the full rays of the moon. I fully expected to recognize one of our conspirators, but when I turned the man over, a face was disclosed that was wholly unknown to me—that of a dark, swarthy person of evident intelligence and refinement. He had been shot squarely between the eyes, and doubtless had met death instantly. It was about to consider the man a government spy who had been killed by Paola or some other of the conspirators, when I discovered, with a start of

dismay, that the man's left hand had been completely severed at the wrist. Also, the hand was missing, although I searched the ground carefully in the neighborhood, I could find no trace of it. This discovery gave me ample food for thought. The only plausible reason for the hasty amputation of the hand had doubtless been to secure a ring which the dead man had worn—the secret key to Dom Miguel's vault probably, since the murder had been committed at this hour. In whose possession, then, was the ring? Had it first been stolen? Then another had murdered him out of possession—not a murderer, but a conspirator, for all had denied any knowledge of the ring. Could it have been the man who lay dead before me? And if so, who was he? And had the government again managed to secure the precious jewel and to revenge Madam Isabel's assassination by muting the victim in the same way that she had been served? But if the dead man was not one of the leaders of the conspiracy, who knew the secret of the ring, how should he have learned its value, and risked his life to obtain it from Madam Isabel? That, however, was of no vital importance. The main thing was that the ring had been taken from him, and had once more changed ownership. Perhaps Paola, lurking near his uncle's mansion, had encountered this person and killed him to get the ring. If so, had he carried it to the Emperor? And was this the explanation of Dom Pedro's sudden visit to de Pintra's residence? Yet, what object could Paola have in betraying the conspiracy at this juncture? Filled with these thoughts, I was about to proceed to the house, when a sudden thought induced me to stoop and feel of the murdered man's arm. The flesh was still warm! The murder had been done that very evening—perhaps within the hour. (To be continued.)

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CHAPTER XIV. The Berry Box Law. How the Section Relative to Matter of Importance Here Reads. For information of many interested the exact wording of the "berry box law" is here given: Every box of berries or currants offered for sale, and every berry box manufactured and offered for sale, in Canada shall be plainly marked on the side of the box, in black letters at least half an inch square, with the words "BERRY BOX" and the name of the manufacturer, and shall contain, when level-full, the minimum number of quarts, omitting fractions, which the basket will hold when level-full, shall contain, when level-full, one or other of the following quantities: (a) fifteen quarts or more; (b) ten quarts and five and three-quarters inches deep, perpendicularly, inside measurement, as nearly exactly as practicable; (c) five quarts or more, with two and three-quarters inches deep, perpendicularly, inside measurement, as nearly exactly as practicable; (d) three quarts or more, with one and five-eighths inches deep, perpendicularly, inside measurement, as nearly exactly as practicable; (e) two quarts or more, with one and five-eighths inches deep, perpendicularly, inside measurement, as nearly exactly as practicable; (f) one quart or more, with one and five-eighths inches deep, perpendicularly, inside measurement, as nearly exactly as practicable; (g) when eggs are described as sold by the dozen, the dozen shall mean one pound and a half.

Hopewell Hill News. Hopewell Hill, July 2.—Mrs. Aurelia S. Colpitts went to Buctouche last week to visit her son, John M. Colpitts, at the school there. She will visit relatives in Moncton before returning. Mrs. Alex. Rogers returned from Moncton yesterday, where she attended the funeral of her uncle, the late Donald S. Mackenzie. Mrs. Elizabeth Cleveland, of Petitcodiac, is spending the summer with relatives and friends here. Miss Moore, teacher of the primary department of the Sussex Corner school, is spending the vacation at her home here. Miss Ruth Milton, teacher of the school at Pleasant Vale, is home for vacation. Robert Starratt and Fred J. Newcomb went to Sussex to attend camp. Mrs. James Meynell, of Sullivan (Me.), is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Bishop. Alex. Rogers and Fred G. Moore drove to Moncton on Thursday to attend the funeral of D. S. Mackenzie. Mrs. Margaret M. Colpitts, of Moncton, is spending a few days at Albert with Mrs. McNaughton's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Atkinson. Freeman Steeves, of Boston, is visiting his father, J. W. Steeves, at the Hill. Will Operate Port Hood Mine. Halifax, July 3.—John Johnson, resident manager of the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Company, Sydney Mines, is in Halifax with a report on the Port Hood Coal Company's property for the Eastern Trust Company. The directors of the latter company met Mr. Johnson today, to receive his report, and it is stated that as a result of it the mine will be operated by the Eastern Trust Company in the interest of the bondholders.



MANCHESTER ROBERTSON ALLISON, LIMITED ST. JOHN, N. B.

Wedding. Scheffer-Solomon. In Montreal this week Samuel Scheffer, of Campbellton, was married to Miss Hay Solomon, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Saul Solomon, Montreal. Mr. and Mrs. Scheffer will reside in Campbellton. Gilen-Cadwal. St. Peter's church Thursday morning on the wedding of Miss Josephine Campbell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Gilen, of this city, was married to Mr. Campbell, of New York. The ceremony was performed by Rev. E. Scully, C. S. S. R. The bride wore a very becoming costume of white and bridal veil with orange blossoms. She carried a bouquet of white carnations and madian hair fern. She was given away by Arthur O'Brien, Miss Bridget Cadwal, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid, while Miss Julia Dunn was maid of honor. Michael Burke was the groomsmen. After the ceremony the bridal party and a number of guests proceeded to the residence of Mrs. James McAlon, Clarendon street, where the bride had been for some time. A wedding breakfast was served. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell left on an extended trip to Upper Canada. On their return they will reside in Sherbrooke. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful gifts. The groom is employed in the street railway power house. The groom's gift to the bride was a gold pendant, and to the bridesmaid a brooch with diamond setting. Campbell-Miller. The Baltimore Sun published the following on the wedding of Miss Josephine Campbell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Gilen, of this city, who was married to Mr. Campbell, of New York, June 24: "One of the prettiest weddings of the season was solemnized yesterday at noon at St. Mary's Episcopal church, where the bride, when Miss Ruth Mayhew Miller, daughter of Mayhew Miller, of Roland Park, was married to Charles Lancaester Campbell, of New York, by Rev. E. Scully, C. S. S. R. The bride was attended by a maid of honor, three bridesmaids and two flower girls wore a costume of white muslin and white tulle. The bride's veil was fastened with a cluster of orange blossoms and she carried a bouquet of white sweetpeas and maiden hair fern. The maid of honor, Miss Noelle Miller, sister of the bride, was attended in white embroidered linen, and wore a colonial hat, trimmed with pink sweetpeas. She carried pink sweetpeas. The three bridesmaids—Miss Gladys Campbell, sister of the groom, and Misses Elizabeth and Helen Parsons, the little nieces of the bride, wore pretty frocks of white lace, with pink sashes and white tulle hats. They carried armfuls of pink sweetpeas. "After the ceremony a breakfast was served at the residence of Mr. Miller, Oakdale road, Roland Park, at which only the members of the immediate families of the bride and groom were guests. "Mr. and Mrs. Campbell left for a wedding journey to Canada. On their return they will reside at Hartford (Conn.)." Wheaton-Cook. Sackville, June 28.—The marriage of Miss Natalia Louise, daughter of Isaac Cook, and George Wheaton was solemnized at the home of the bride's father, Mr. View, today. Only immediate friends and relatives of the bride and groom witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. E. L. Steeves, of Middle Sackville. The bride was the recipient of a handsome array of presents. Rourke-Davis. Annapolis, June 28.—A very pretty home wedding took place here this morning at the residence of Mrs. Annie Davis, when her only daughter, Lizzie Rourke Davis, and Andrew Henry Rourke, a popular Annapolis physician, were united in Hymen's silken bonds. The bride was very prettily and becomingly attired in cream voile with silk trimming and looked charming. The nuptial knot was tied by Rev. Douglas Henken, of the Methodist church, in the presence of a number of invited guests, the room being very prettily decorated for the occasion with palms and potted plants. The bride was given away by her grandfather, W. H. Reach. The wedded couple were unattended, dispensing with the customary formality. The bride was the recipient of a large number of useful and costly presents, evincing the esteem in which she is held in the community. The groom's present to the bride was a

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. Our Raincoats, as well as our Top-coats, are proper clothes for the men of all ages and tastes. THEY EXCEL IN Fabric, Fit and Finish. Scotch Cheviots—A highly satisfying array in up-to-date Overchecks and broken Herringbone effects. English Worsteds—In plain weaves. The colors are those continuously popular, Olive, Drab and Bronze. \$7.50 to \$16.50. A Smart Showing of Boxy Top-cats for Spring. THE STYLE YOU WANT. In Scotch and English Coverts. Also in Strong Whipcoats. Grey, Olive and Fawn Shades. Best Toppers on the Market. \$10 and \$12. M. R. A. CLOTHING CAN BE RELIED UPON. MANCHESTER ROBERTSON ALLISON, LIMITED ST. JOHN, N. B.

Dr. J. Collis Browne's CHLOROXYNE. THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE. Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis. CHLOROXYNE is admitted by the profession to be the most wonderful and valuable remedy ever discovered. CHLOROXYNE is the best remedy known for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma. CHLOROXYNE acts like a charm in Diarrhoea, and is the only specific in Cholera, and Dysentery. CHLOROXYNE effectually cuts short all attacks of Epilepsy, Hysteria, Palpitation and Spasms. CHLOROXYNE is the only palliative in Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, Cancer, Toothache, Meningitis, &c. Always ask for "Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chloroxyne" and beware of spurious compounds or imitations. The genuine bears the words "Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chloroxyne" on the Government stamp of each bottle. Sold in bottles at 1/12, 2/9, and 4/6 each. Overwhelming Medical Testimony accompanies each bottle. Sole Manufacturers J. T. DAVENPORT, Limited, LONDON. Wholesale Agents - L. MAN BROS. & Co., LTD. - Toronto.

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

Salisbury Notes. Salisbury, July 3.—Mrs. P. J. Gray returned last week from Hillsboro, where she has been visiting her daughter, Annie. Rev. E. A. Allaby returned from the Beulah Camp meetings last week. Roy Taylor, who has been working in Bangor (Me.), is spending a week with friends here. M. J. Wallace, of Chatham, was in town last Saturday. Miss Mary L. Bentley, of Swampscott (Mass.), is spending a few weeks with her aunt, Mrs. H. C. Barnes. W. D. Baird, I. C. R. baggage master here, and wife are spending a week in Sackville, the guests of Col. John Baird. G. Allison Triggs and his mother spent the holiday and Sunday in Hillsboro. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Crandall, of Moncton, spent Dominion day in Salisbury. Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hamblroy, of Petitcodiac, spent Saturday and Sunday the guests of Mrs. Humphreys' mother, Mrs. Geo. Wilton. Miss Davis, of the McSwains Company, of Moncton, is the guest of Mrs. Alymer Chapman. At a meeting of the school trustees last Thursday evening the principal, Fred Anderson, was again hired for another year. The invitations for the wedding of Miss Lulu Taylor and N. E. Shapere are out. The day is to be Thursday, July 6. A number of young people from Moncton came up Saturday morning and enjoyed a picnic up the Petitcodiac river, about two miles from Salisbury. Another picnic made up of a number of Salisbury young people, was held just a few yards from the Moncton crowd. The game of base ball between Havelock and Salisbury played on the Salisbury diamond Saturday afternoon, was almost too one-sided to be very exciting or interesting, the score being 28 to 6 in Salisbury's favor. Mr. Coates, of Havelock, umpired the game. Only five and a half innings were played. The Havelock boys had six and the Salisbury boys had five innings. Saturday evening the Salisbury Base Ball Club held an ice cream festival at the home of Mrs. J. W. Tins, of St. John, where some \$33 was raised to defray expenses and to buy new outfits. Among the strangers in Salisbury Dominion day were Miss Bert, Jameson and Miss Bessie Sely, of Havelock; Miss Margaret Holstead, of Moncton; Miss Ie Perry, of Petitcodiac; Miss Bessie Wilson, of Moncton; L. W. Tins, of St. John; Mr. and Mrs. Clarence McCreary, of Moncton; John Keenan, of the audit office, Moncton; Mr. Tait, of Shediac, and Miss Hattie Duncan, of St. John. The dental and medical examinations have been concluded, and the papers have been sent to the examiners. It will be some days before the results are known.

Harcourt Items. Harcourt, July 3.—On Saturday Mrs. Archibald Ferguson went to Moncton. Saturday evening the officers of Harcourt Division No. 38, S. of T., were installed, P. G. W. P. Andrew Dunn. James King will build a new house this summer.