

POSTMASTER CONFESSES.

THE DALHOUSIE ROBBERY TRIAL.

Detective Puts Written Statement by Postmaster Johnson in Evidence—Chifferton Tells How the Theft of \$500 Was Planned—A Remarkable Story.

Dalhousie, March 17.—(Special)—The preliminary examination of Postmaster Johnson on the charge of stealing money from the post office commenced this morning before Judge Magistrate Smith. H. F. McLatchey appeared for the post office authorities and W. Albert Mott for accused.

George H. Chifferton's evidence was as follows: "I lately resided in Goldbrook (N.B.) and formerly lived in Dalhousie. I left for the west on August 12 last. I know the accused, J. A. Johnson. I know him before I went west. I remember hearing of the robbery of the Dalhousie post office last summer. I know about this robbery. About a week previous to the robbery I was in the post office for my mail, and while there the postmaster said to me, 'Do you not think there is an easier way of making money than working?' I answered probably there is. He said, 'There is a pretty good haul in here some nights. If we could get it we would be all right.' I answered it would not be all right if we were caught. He said 'we won't be caught, no fear.' A few days after the postmaster asked me if I had been thinking the matter over. We might just as well have it as not. I answered it was pretty risky. The following night he spoke about it again. He said, 'There is a pretty good haul to be made. I asked him how much there was. He answered 'nearly \$400.' I said better wait, it may be better some other night. The next night he asked me to come in and I went and asked if there was anything for our house. He answered, 'There is something for our house to-night. I asked how much. He answered \$300 or more; he asked me if I would take it. He said 'the bolt will be torn off the window and the drawer broken. All you will have to do is to take it and take it. Will you come?' He said everything would be all right. I answered yes.

The robbery in detail. The money was in the registered letter place and was pointed out to the drawer where the money would be. A night or two before the robbery he told me all I wanted was a piece of crooked iron to pry the window open. I answered it would be all right. He said, 'I will get you a piece of crooked iron. I will break open the drawer.' The robbery took place on 30th July. About 10 o'clock p. m. I climbed over the wall and went into the office. I saw the postmaster and some one else. I gave them the money and the window went open. I took the money out of the drawer and went out of the building the same way as I came in. I went home and counted the money and found there was \$428. I kept the money in my room that night tied up in a handkerchief. Next morning I hid it in a barn and went to the post office that night. The postmaster told me he had wired the inspector about the robbery and some one will be here tomorrow.

The following night Johnson said 'somebody is here, be careful and not take any money; if you get caught you will be in jail.' The night following he told me the detective was here and said 'you must watch and be careful how you move around. He told me to keep the money for one week until that time. I kept the money for nearly that time. He asked me how much there was. I told him the amount. He answered 'that's all right. Give me my half any time you like.' I answered tomorrow night.

The next night I gave him one-half of the money in the post office. He asked him if we would be found out. He answered there was no danger.

Three or four days afterwards I went next to Winnipeg and Holland, Manitoba. I received several letters while in Holland.

The letters were marked for identification but at this stage were not placed in evidence.

Johnson's Confession. Inspector Colter's evidence was as follows: "From information received from Postmaster Johnson I made an inspection at the post office August 1 last. On entering the post office Johnson informed me the place had been broken into on July 30 and robbed of the sum of \$500 in bills. On making this inspection and on an examination on page 6, third column."

PUT OFF MARITIME EXPRESS THEY SHOOT AT CONDUCTOR.

Newcastle, N. B., March 17.—(Special)—James McCarran, James Fraser, James McDonald and Joseph Moore, all of Springville, are in the county jail here for shooting at Conductor Heine, of the maritime express. The four were on the express from the south last night, beating their way.

They were put off at the station here but got aboard when the train started. They were put off again with considerable trouble, when one of the four drew a revolver and fired three shots. Two struck the car quite close to Conductor Heine's head while the third one struck close to Brakeman Brown.

The four men were arrested by Deputy Sheriff Irving and Town Marshal Hill after a short struggle. The revolver was found on McCarran, but it is supposed that McDonald did the shooting. Detective Skelington is in town investigating the affair.

GOOD STOCK FOR NEW BRUNSWICK.

Lot of Purebred Shorthorns, to Be Sold at Woodstock, N. B., March 27th.

Toronto, March 17.—W. W. Hubbard, C. P. R. agricultural agent, has just arrived in this city after a very successful tour among the leading Ontario stock farms. As a result an excellent lot of pure bred shorthorn cattle go to Woodstock (N. B.) to be put up for auction there on the 27th March.

Through the energetic assistance of F. W. Hodson, Dominion live stock commissioner, and the hearty co-operation of a number of Ontario breeders, a very large selection has been placed at Mr. Hubbard's disposal and the animals selected by him represent the cream of the herds raised in Ontario. A finer lot has never previously been offered in New Brunswick.

There will be a number of yearling bulls from some of the best milking strains in Canada, each bull having a heavy milking dam. All are splendid types.

A portion of the lot are sent on consignment by the undernoted well-known breeders:

A. W. Smith, Maple Lodge. John Howden and Wm. Young Bros., Whiffy. John Bright, Wm. Bright, Thomas Duff, Myrtle. Robt. Holby, Manchester. Chas. Calder, Brooklin. James Leask, Greenbank. The following New Brunswick breeders gave Mr. Hubbard a free hand in the filling of their orders for specially fine animals: Fairweather, St. John. Dr. Dundas, M. A. Smith, Hoyt Station. F. H. Grieves, Harvey. Wm. Shaw, Upper Woodstock. C. F. McLean, Burton. C. C. Strong, Lindsay.

The entire lot will be shipped in palace cars to Woodstock and be on exhibition during the sale on the 27th inst.

POINT TO ST. JOHN AND REFUSE LONGSHOREMEN.

Boston, March 17.—Longshoremen to the number of 3,000 on the wharves of the Trans-Atlantic lines in Charlestown, East Boston and South Boston, request an increase of 10 cents an hour and new rules regarding meal time and the handling of hatches, gear, etc.

They are now paid 30 cents an hour for day, 40 cents for night and double time for Sunday, holiday and overtime. The request is to be refused. The companies claim business does not warrant an increase and that the men are paid more than at any other of the competing ports, including St. John.

Mr. Tarte's Course. In the course of last summer, my honorable friend (Tarte) entered into a campaign advocating the immediate revision of the tariff in the sense of higher duties and more stringent protection. It was not whether he was in favor of putting the tariff up or down, the important thing was as far as the constitutional question was concerned, that being a member of the administration, he was bound to stand by the policy laid down by his party.

The premier went on to say that while all the members of the cabinet might not be in accord on a given question, still when it was decided to take a certain course then all the ministers were pledged to do so, no matter what their personal views might be.

"This, the prime minister contended, left him no other course than to conduct the conduct and language of Mr. Tarte made it imperative on him to take immediate action, therefore, the day after his arrival in Ottawa, namely on October 10th, he had an interview with Mr. Tarte at his own house. The following morning Mr. Tarte called upon him at the prime minister's office before Mr. Tarte's departure for Toronto, where he was to speak that same evening. Next, the premier called upon the government-general, acquainted him of the situation and the judgment he had formed upon it, and then met his colleagues the same day. That was on the 20th. On the following day, October 21st, he received by mail a letter from Mr. Tarte.

"Immediately upon receipt of this," Sir Wilfrid wrote Mr. Tarte, telling him of the conclusion that we had arrived at. "Upon this," concluded the prime minister, "the portfolio of public works being vacant and also the place in the cabinet occupied by Mr. Tarte, I asked the assent of my colleagues to my resignation. It was his excellency, advice which was accepted. The calling to the minister of public works of my colleague who was then minister of marine and fisheries, Mr. Sutherland, and to appoint to the portfolio of marine and fisheries the honorable member for Maisonneuve, Mr. Prefontaine, has since been returned to me with the 'constitency.' (Ministerial applause.)"

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As the leader of the opposition, he apparently did not take very much comfort from what was said of the constitutional question and therefore drifted into a discussion of the fiscal policy of the government.

The Premier's Statement. As it was known throughout the city that Mr. Tarte was to reply to the statement of the publication of all the occurrences connected with changes in the cabinet, his statement was not so important as it would be at one time.

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"Mr. Fielding," said Mr. Laurier, "speaking as he did, was giving the result of the determined policy of the government and that was that, for the present, if there were to be no tariff changes, and that the government was to stand by that policy which was expressed on the statute book, and that this was to be the case until the condition of the country required a departure from that policy."

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The premier went on to say that while all the members of the cabinet might not be in accord on a given question, still when it was decided to take a certain course then all the ministers were pledged to do so, no matter what their personal views might be.

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"Immediately upon receipt of this," Sir Wilfrid wrote Mr. Tarte, telling him of the conclusion that we had arrived at. "Upon this," concluded the prime minister, "the portfolio of public works being vacant and also the place in the cabinet occupied by Mr. Tarte, I asked the assent of my colleagues to my resignation. It was his excellency, advice which was accepted. The calling to the minister of public works of my colleague who was then minister of marine and fisheries, Mr. Sutherland, and to appoint to the portfolio of marine and fisheries the honorable member for Maisonneuve, Mr. Prefontaine, has since been returned to me with the 'constitency.' (Ministerial applause.)"

What Mr. Tarte Had to Say. Mr. Tarte followed. He said that upon Sir Wilfrid's return he met him in the city of Montreal on the 18th day of October, and it was agreed both of them should be in Ottawa on Friday, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday. On that day Sir Wilfrid telephoned him that he would come to his (Tarte's) house at 5 in the evening. He did so, and thereafter informed him that his speeches during the summer on the fiscal policy had annoyed several of the ministers and were causing trouble to him. He thought Mr. Tarte should not have taken the position of a public works minister until he had had a conference with him. "I informed him at the outset," said Mr. Tarte, "first that I had no desire to remain any longer a member of the cabinet, and secondly that I had not yet decided whether I was to be a member of the cabinet, but that I thought a cabinet had been organized against me, and that under the circumstances I was sure he would understand my position. I told him that I was longer a member of the cabinet. I said to him: 'My resignation is in your hands. Just now you are a sick man; I am in the hospital. My resignation is in your hands. I do not want to resign, but I will do everything that I can to save worry.'"

"These were the very words I used. The prime minister did not agree with that view. He told me that it was preferable to have me in the cabinet than to have me back from Toronto on Wednesday. As he stated a minute ago, on Monday morning, before I left for Toronto, I called on his office and he told me again to wait until I returned from Toronto."

SIR WILFRID IN SHARP DEBATE.

Ottawa, March 17.—(Special)—In the house today Hon. Mr. Mulock introduced his bill for the settlement of railway disputes. It was read a first time.

W. F. MacLean, East York, said he proposed to call attention to a grave condition of affairs in Ontario, where a political crisis existed which was drawing the notice of all Canada. Certain circumstances had been made public which reflected on the moral and political tone of the province; the honor of the province and its politicians was involved. At the present moment the lieutenant-governor had exceeded his term but he was still holding office, a thing which was most improper. Besides, his health was such that he was not able to discharge the duties of his office.

In 1895, Mr. MacLean said, quoting from Hansard, Hon. David Mills had moved a resolution declaring that the practice of allowing lieutenant-governors to remain in office for long periods after their term had expired was "an abuse of authority calculated to impair responsible government."

The cases of which the Liberal opposition was then complaining were those of Governors Tilley in New Brunswick, and Schull in Ontario. He then mentioned for both had argued that if the government intended to retain them in office new commissions should be issued so as to put them beyond the power of influence of the federal government, which could remove them at any time after their five years was up.

Mr. MacLean said he had no objection to the minister of trade and commerce getting the position or to his setting up one of those petty courts to which he referred in his speech in 1895, but he called upon the government to put a man in the office who could perform its duties, and not keep Sir Oliver in the position he was in today.

The Premier Shook MacLean is Wrong. Sir Wilfrid Laurier regretted that Mr. MacLean had not shown him the course of the debate in Ontario, but he said that gentleman's position in the house and his place as the leader of a new party. He did not believe Mr. MacLean had read the constitution of Ontario, which claimed to be the champion, for if he had he would have known that a lieutenant-governor was not appointed for any term but for the pleasure of the governor-general, and the section of the B. N. A. act went on to say that for five years they should not be removable except by the governor-general. In 1895 the facts were that two gentlemen had been allowed to remain in office, not for days or months but for years after the expiry of the five year term was ended and under these circumstances it was right that the opposition should have acted as it did. There had never been a case where a lieutenant-governor had been replaced immediately after the end of five years. Was the government to be told that in the case of an old and venerable public man like Sir Oliver Mowat it was to be the case?

Mr. MacLean asserted that the lieutenant-governor of Ontario was not in fit health to perform his duties. Had anything ever been said in the press against the mental capacity of Sir Oliver Mowat? Not a word. It was well known that his mind was clear and bright. If he was physically incapable of occupying the position, he had to high a sense of honor to occupy it for one day longer than he should. (Liberal cheer.)

Would Be a Crime, Said He. "There is a crisis in Ontario today," the premier went on. "Is

SYRIAN, DYING FOR MURDER AT WINDSOR, FORSOOK MAHOMET AT BRINK OF GRAVE.

Confessed Crime When Near the Gallows—Letter of Love and Sorrow Reaches Condemned Man from Home—They Tried to "Fix" the Turkish Government.

Windsor, March 18.—(Special)—Anubally, aged about 23 years. He was born at Khamit, Syria, near the mountains of Lebanon, two days' journey from Damascus. A cousin, from Kentville, who knew the prisoner in Syria, visited him last night accompanied by Edward Korney, who brought a letter from the prisoner's father, bidding him a sad farewell.

The solemn service ended, Radcliffe placed the arm of the condemned man out to the gallows. He was attended by the prison warden, who pronounced the last rites of the prisoner.

With his skull battered in and his face covered with blood from a great gash on the left side of his face, the dead body of Anubally, aged 22, was found late in the afternoon in the tunnel of the famous old Tenneyco Mine, a short distance from Noel.

They were proceeding along the road toward Noel when they met Anubally, who was struggling under two large packs which he had strapped across his back.

There were present at the execution Sheriff O'Brien, the medical attendant, Walter E. P. Smith, and Assistant Warden Isaac K. Smith and George Singer, and Fathers Kennedy and Collins.

No newspaper men or other than those named were allowed admission to the jail yard during the execution.

At 8 o'clock the funeral ceremony was conducted in the jail yard by Fathers Kennedy and Collins, and Assistant Warden Isaac K. Smith and George Singer, and Fathers Kennedy and Collins.

During the prisoner's incarceration he was frequently visited by the sheriff and jailer Smith and his family were very kind to him, which he duly appreciated, remarking to "one member of the family": "You good people, all go up, pointing upwards."

At 9 o'clock the scaffold had been taken down and the fence removed and Hangman Radcliffe left for his home at Parkston (Ont.), this afternoon.

It was difficult to get help to put up the scaffold, and the corner's jury was secured only after considerable trouble, the feeling being against the execution.

Letter from Home. Yesterday the condemned man received a letter from his Assyrian home, written by his father. It was brought by Edward Korney to Windsor, and he handed it to the condemned man. It read as follows:

My Dear Son,—I have a letter from Mr. Korney telling me that you have been convicted of murder, and that the death sentence has been passed upon you. All the family are heart-broken. Your mother, sister, wife and brother, join with me in this message of love and farewell to you. We all pray for you to Mahomet and God. If we can do anything for you and we will do it. We have left all in the hands of Mr. Korney, and we bless him for it and send our blessing to you. We kindly feel your position. All of us are thinking of you. We send our love and offer our prayers. We tried to clear you and endeavor to pay money to the Turkish government for the relatives of the dead boy, so that you might come home to us again, but we found that the law in Turkey and the British law are not the

same, and that the crime cannot be condoned with anything but your life. It was a sad and sorrowful news for us. We did not think that our boy would ever be guilty of murder, and if fate ordains that you must die we send to you our blessing and last farewell, and hope that you are very guilty, our God will forgive you. My dear boy, if possible, send a letter to us. We hope this will reach you before it is too late. Good-bye, from your stricken home. FATHER.

Anubally did not go to the gallows an innocent man. All doubts concerning his guilt or innocence were removed by admissions made by the condemned man to the jailer.

The prisoner said: "I committed the crime, and I deserve to be punished. I did not know what to do. I threw a stone at me, but it did not hit me, and I threw a stone at him, striking him on the back of the head with it. He fainted and fell. I thought he was dead and got discouraged. I did not know what to do. In a few minutes he revived and he said to me: 'I am going to see you for sending my head open.' Then he ran for about 10 feet and tripped, I took a razor and went after him. He tried to keep me off and cut his hand with the razor in an attempt to protect his throat. We went together, I overpowered him and cut his throat. Then I carried the body to the tunnel and left his body there, and took his goods and went to the road."

The Crimes. With his skull battered in and his face covered with blood from a great gash on the left side of his face, the dead body of Anubally, aged 22, was found late in the afternoon in the tunnel of the famous old Tenneyco Mine, a short distance from Noel.

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THE EMIGRATION RUSH TO CANADA BLOCKS SHIPS.

Allan Line Issues an Order to Book No More Passengers Till April 30.

BEAVER LINE FULL, TOO. Lake Champlain Opens Canadian Pacific Service from Liverpool to Canada April 14—English Wheat Cheaper Than Any Time in Seven Years.

Montreal, March 17.—(Special)—A London despatch to the Star says: "The unprecedented rush of emigrants to Canada is now a fact of some magnitude. The Allan line to its agents, the circular announces that the five steamers beginning with the Ivarian sailing on March 19, are absolutely full and agents are forbidden to make any fresh bookings. The three subsequent steamers, with the Numidian, sailing on April 2, are very nearly full and agents are told that they must advise before definitely promising berths."

The Beaver steamers also are full until April 13, when the Canadian Pacific assumes control. The Dominion Line steamers also are fully booked.

"The decision of the Maritime high court on the question of the right of the Canadian land, caused a decline in the stock of the company here yesterday, and Grand Trunk and Hudson Bay shares declined in sympathy. Sir Thomas Lipton, who is believed to be the largest shareholder in the company, and he considered the decision financially unimportant and the shares rallied before the close of the market."

"English wheat sold in Market Lane today for 25s. 1d. a quarter—just over 75 cents a bushel, the lowest price recorded in seven years."

"The Canadian Pacific Company will start their new trans-Atlantic service with the sailing of the Lake Champlain from Liverpool, on April 14. The steamers will have Liverpool weekly thereafter, on Tuesdays."

"Sir Thomas Lipton's challenge cup yacht Shamrock III was launched at Dunbarton on Tuesday evening at 2 o'clock. She is described by the experts as one of the most perfect yachts ever built. It is an ideal boat. Dr. Egeerton Pope, of Bellevue, who will be second in command, has been the captain of the yacht for many years. The yacht is owned by Sir Thomas Lipton, and she is to be used for racing purposes. The yacht is to be used for racing purposes. The yacht is to be used for racing purposes."

After they had gone about 40 feet the body of Anubally was found. It was recognized by the sheriff and jailer Smith, who took charge of it.

The back of the skull was crushed in and there was a large wound on the face. Anubally went to Tenneyco and put up at a house, where he intended to remain for the night. After the finding of the body he was placed under arrest and a guard put over him. He made no statement about the crime.

It was afterwards learned that the prisoner came with his chum, who he murdered, from Syria, some time during the year 1902. Both the prisoner and the murdered boy were in the employ of a countryman of theirs, named Korney, of Kentville, who supplied them with food, and sent them out to peddle in the county of Hants.

A Pipeful of "Womb Plug" Smoking Tobacco will burn 75 minutes. "Test it." Save the Tag, they are valuable.

Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota is one of the most accomplished linguists in the senate. He speaks Norwegian, Swedish, Danish, German, French and English.

The accused called no witnesses and Sir P. Smith committed the accused for trial, which will take place Tuesday next.

In regard to the charge against Johnson for sending poisoned candy through the mails, application was made on behalf of the accused for a writ of habeas corpus until the 23rd, as the crown's witnesses from Northern Ontario had not arrived, which was granted.

Dalhousie, March 18.—(Special)—The following is a copy of the written confession of ex-Postmaster Johnson, made to Detective Chamberlain. The confession was written by Johnson himself, and was placed in evidence at his preliminary examination yesterday.

"On the 30th of July we decided to carry out the work. I left everything ready for Chiverton, and that night he came to the office and entered by the back window, it being left open for him. He took the cash and gave me \$214 of it. He gave me this a couple of days later. I kept the cash for a few days, intending to use it, but did not."

"I worked on my mind so much that one day, while alone, I took the roll of bills in three hundred dollars from the basement. I deeply regret the work I have done, but it being too late, I must take that which falls to my lot."

(Sgd.) "J. A. JOHNSON."

FRENZIED WOMAN KILLS HER MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

After Committing the Terrible Crime the Murderess Sets Fire to the House.

Desperate Woman Deliberately Walks Into Burning Building and is Burned to Death After Holding Her Would-be Rescuers at Bay With a Revolver.

Pen Yan, N. Y., March 17.—In a frenzy of mania Mrs. James Strowbridge, of Guyanoga Village, five miles from here, today killed her daughter, aged 23 years, and her mother, aged 80 years, and after setting fire to the house in which the bodies lay, deliberately entered it and perished in the flames.

Exactly when or how the two women were killed is not known. The first intimation the neighbors had of the tragedy was this afternoon when Mrs. Strowbridge's home was found to be on fire and immediately afterwards she was seen to set fire to another house across the street, in which her daughter lived, and also to two barns in which there were several head of cattle and three horses. When a party of men attempted to break open the barn to release the animals Mrs. Strowbridge, who was standing in front of her blazing home, brandished a revolver and fired at them repeatedly. Several of the men made a rash attempt to close with the mad woman and disarm her but she held them at bay with the pistol. While they were hesitating she suddenly cut her throat, filled a pair of water at the well, thrust a quantity of hay and straw into it, and set it on fire. She then entered the burning house and those of her daughter and mother were found after the fire had burned itself out.

The three women lived a hermit life working on the farm like men and often wearing men's clothing. Mrs. Strowbridge is supposed to have gone suddenly mad.

JOHN DUFFUS, WELL KNOWN HALIFAX MAN, DEAD.

Halifax, March 17.—(Special)—Another highly esteemed citizen passed away this morning in the person of John Duffus. The deceased, who was 75 years of age, had been in failing health for some years, but was able to attend to business up to a few days of his death.

Mr. Duffus was for many years a member of the firm of Duffus & Co., wholesale dry goods merchants, and after the death of his partner, Mr. James Duffus, he went into insurance, and at the time of his death was senior member of the firm of John Duffus & Co., representing the Commercial Union and Dominion Plate Glass Insurance companies.

Deceased was twice married, his first wife being Mrs. Stine and his second, Miss Ferguson, of New Brunswick, who survives him. He leaves five sons, W. Stairs in England, John Duffus in Canada, M. A. Duffus, Lieut. Frank in the army service of South Africa, and Allan, who was in his father's office.

Fraser Cameron, a young man well known in this city, died this morning at Port Arthur (Ont.). He was the son of the late Rev. J. F. Cameron.

Komienky Spent Tuesday Night in Jail. Montreal, March 18.—(Special)—David Komienky, the insolvent clothing dealer of St. John, spent last night in jail. A move by his lawyer to bring on his trial for obtaining goods under false pretences and conspiracy and defraud, brought about his unexpected incarceration for Komienky.

In the court of the king's bench, application was made to Judge Wurtle that the defendant, Komienky, be relieved from his responsibility. The object of this endeavor was to secure a speedy trial for Komienky, who is committed to be tried before the king's bench.

Replying to the application of Mr. Cranshaw, Komienky's counsel, Crown Prosecutor Cook said he had no objection, provided that Komienky was surrendered to the jailer.

Komienky, who was in the court room, gave himself up to Governor Vallee. As soon as Komienky was in the custody of the jailer, Mr. Cranshaw made an application on his behalf for a speedy trial. He asked that he be allowed to go before the king's bench to make his own defence, although a true bill had been found against him, he had the right at any time before the jurors had been sworn in his case to change his option and ask that he be sent back to the court of special sessions.

R. A. Greenhalgh, who is also interested in the case, expressed the same opinion. Mr. Cook contended that it would be against the interests of justice to allow Komienky to change his option. He could see only two reasons for the application for a change of option, either Komienky could not get a fair trial before the court of king's bench, or more delay was wanted.

Judge Wurtle said that he would have to take the case under consideration. Application was then made to admit Komienky to bail, but Judge Wurtle said that if he admitted him he could not entertain the application for a speedy trial.

Counsel for Komienky said that the only reason he was surrendered to the jailer was that they could make application for a change of option. They had new bondsmen and they would like that the accused be admitted to bail, pending the decision of his honor.

Judge Wurtle remarked that the whole proceedings seemed a mystery, but if they wanted a judgment on the motion, Komienky would have to remain in jail.

WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. This is the best medicine for all the ailments of the blood. It is the best medicine for all the ailments of the blood. It is the best medicine for all the ailments of the blood.

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A NEW \$50,000 COAL COMPANY IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

Fredericton Business Men Have Been Granted Letters of Incorporation.

MORE CAPITAL STOCK. Record Foundry Company of Moncton Wants to Raise Theirs to One Million Dollars—Resignation of Hon. Geo. F. Hill Gazetted—Some Appointments.

Fredericton, March 18.—(Special)—Notice is given in this week's Gazette that letters of incorporation have been granted to Fred F. Dow, James D. Holland, of Fredericton, and others as The Consolidated Coal Company, Limited, with capital of \$50,000, and also to W. B. Snowball, R. A. Lawlor, Robert Murray, John McDonald, John P. Barclay, and others, as the Miramichi Agricultural Exhibition Association, with capital stock of \$9,500, divided into shares of \$10 each.

C. W. Robinson gives notice on behalf of Record Foundry Company of Moncton, that application will shortly be made for authority to increase the capital stock from \$250,000 to \$1,000,000. Half of the total capital stock is to be ordinary and the balance, including that already taken up is to be preferred stock, with dividend of six per cent, payable annually.

Letters patent have been issued incorporating Senator George F. Hill and others, as "The George F. Hill Company, Ltd.," with a capital stock of \$100,000.

The government has made the following appointments: Henry J. D'Amour, of Montreal, advocate, to be commissioner for the province of Quebec, under chapter 30 of the consolidated statutes of this province.

John R. Murray, barrister, of Woodstock, to be one of his majesty's counsel. Sunbury—John Shehan to be a vendor of liquors under the Canadian Temperance Act for the county of St. John.

John M. Driscoll, George R. Craigie, Jas. W. Lee, Thomas Gorman, Frederick P. Thomas, and Michael F. Mooney, to be justices of the peace for the county of St. John.

Resignation—Francis I. Matheson to be police magistrate for the town of Campbellton, in room of H. F. McLatchy, resigned.

William Murray to be stipendiary magistrate for the parish of Addington, with civil jurisdiction, in room of Henry McLatchy, resigned.

Carlson—Joseph R. Murphy to be clerk of circuits, in room of J. Chipman Hartley, resigned.

Francis B. Carvell to be judge of probate during the absence of Lewis P. Fisher from the province.

James McManus to be registrar of probate, in room of James B. Gallagher, removed from office.

York—Samuel Bird, to be a justice of the peace.

Fortville—Octave Leclair to be inspector under the liquor license act for the town of Grand Falls, in room of David J. Horseman, resigned.

Resignation of Hon. G. F. Hill Accepted. The following resignations were accepted: Hon. George F. Hill, as a member of the executive council, a commissioner of the provincial lunatic asylum and a member of the board of works.

J. Chipman Hartley as clerk of the circuits for Carleton county. George F. Clarke, as police magistrate of Milltown.

Francis J. Sweeney, as a referee in equity of Westmorland county, and stipendiary police magistrate for Moncton.

Henry F. McLatchy, as stipendiary magistrate for Addington, Resignations accepted.

Wendall P. Jones, as judge of probate, pro hac vice, in reference to the estates of Samuel Watts, deceased, and Elisha Shipp, deceased.

Donald B. Gallagher has been removed from the office of registrar of probates for Carleton county.

SIGNS OF SPRINGS. It is a Season When Most People Feel Miserable, Easily Tired and Fagged Out. The spring season affects the health of almost everyone of course in different ways. With some it is a feeling of weariness after slight exertion; others are afflicted with pimples and skin eruptions; lack of appetite, ailing cheeks and lack of lustre eyes are signs that the blood is clogged with impurities and must have assistance to regain its health-giving properties.

This is the season above all others when everyone—young or old—needs a tonic to brace them up, and the best tonic medicine has been discovered by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The pills tone the nerves and fill the veins with new, pure, and healthy blood. They give you a healthy appetite and cure skin diseases, erysipelas, rheumatism, neuralgia, palpitation of the heart and a score of other troubles caused by impure blood and had blood alone. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will give you new blood, new life, new energy—you cannot do better than start taking them today.

Mr. Jos. Poirier, M. P. for Grand Assise, N. B., says: "Both my wife and daughter have been greatly benefited by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My daughter was in very poor health, pale, thin and apparently bloodless, but through the use of the pills she has regained her health and is again able to enjoy life. I think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the best medicine for the blood is poor." Substitutes are sometimes offered, but they never cure. If you can't get the genuine pills from your dealer send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

THE TELEGRAPH'S PULPIT. "Discipleship," the Text from Which Rev. Beverley N. Nobles Speaks to Readers This Week.

John 9: 27.—"Will ye also be his disciples?" These are the words of a man born blind, to whom Jesus recovered sight and constitute his appeal unto his fellow townsmen. They introduce us at once to the interesting subject of discipleship as related to Jesus Christ. Let me ask and answer three questions in regard to the matter.

What is it to be a disciple of Jesus Christ? A great deal of mysticism has enshrouded men's thought and teaching regarding this matter, and it is to be accounted for in large part by the fact that the sovereign acts and influences of the Holy Spirit upon the nature and life of the disciple are brought forward for explanation. Thus the divine and human elements are interwoven in thought and teaching. There is, however, no sufficient reason why these sovereign acts of the Holy Spirit should be introduced into the question of discipleship pure and simple. We read of the disciples of Moses and Confucius and Socrates and Darwin and Kant and Emerson. To be a disciple of Jesus is not different in character from being a disciple of these men. The disciples of Socrates were simply persons who, having implicit confidence in the worth, worthiness and wisdom of the man, had put themselves under his instruction to be led into the knowledge and practice of the truth which they were assured he possessed. The same may also be said of the disciples of Emerson or Confucius or Moses or Ingersoll. They are simply persons who believe in these men—in their sincerity, worth, wisdom and doctrine, and have put themselves under the instructions and guidance of these men in matters of faith and practice. And so for one to become a disciple of Jesus is for him, believing in the goodness, sincerity, worth and claims of Jesus to put himself under his instructions to be led into the knowledge of the truth. So when Jesus commissioned his disciples to "go, make disciples of all nations, baptizing them," he meant that they should so present his gospel, and so represent its author, that men should believe in him—in his claims, sincerity, worth and doctrine—and be induced to become his disciples to be guided into the knowledge and practice of the truth. To become a disciple of Jesus, then, is to make Him in all the concerns of life one's master and teacher, with full confidence in him as such. But why are not disciples in general more advanced in knowledge of Jesus' doctrine? Jesus once said, "If any man will do, or willeth to do, the Father's will, he shall know of the doctrine." And the reason so many are puzzled and confounded by Christ's doctrines is that they do not obey the law of spiritual apprehension—they do not practice what they know—they do not make use of truth already acquired, so other truth remains hidden. Nor is this law, that the disciple can only increase in knowledge of spiritual things as he makes use of what he already knows, a law of the realm of spiritual truth only. It is regnant in other realms. It is a law of mathematics. Take arithmetic, for instance. In subtraction and multiplication one must use his knowledge of addition. One cannot learn division unless he makes use of his knowledge of addition, subtraction and multiplication. Nor can one learn how to solve the problems of fractions unless he makes use of his knowledge of addition, subtraction, multiplication and division, and so on. In the study of algebra, geometry, history, grammar, this same law holds with more or less constancy. Progression in knowledge is conditioned on the use of knowledge already attained. So Jesus did not enunciate a new law when he said, "If any man will do the Father's will he shall know of the doctrine." He simply announced it as regnant in the spiritual kingdom. If you wish to know what Jesus meant when he said "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, and you shall find rest unto your souls," enter his service and begin bearing the yoke. If you would know whether or not Jesus spoke truth when he said "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you," etc., do it, and you will not long be unconvinced of the truth of his command. If you would know for yourselves the blessedness of which Jesus speaks when he says, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God," and if you would have visions of God, then be pure in heart. You would know your duty on this occasion. Did you do your duty on that occasion? You would have more light upon the word. Are you living up to the light you have? The reason there is so much skepticism and unbelief in the world, and men are so dull of apprehension of the truths Jesus taught, is because they do not do what they know.

But after all, why should men become disciples of Jesus? Because it is much better and more honorable to be a disciple of Jesus, though as of old he be despised and rejected of some, than to be a disciple of any other world has ever seen, however eminent in learning or scholarship. What of the character and lives of these who have appeared from time to time and sought a following? Were they perfect and entire, wanting nothing? What of their teachings? Have they been found without error? Nay, when the best that can be said of the best of them is said, imperfection in life and character and error in doctrine has to be admitted. Notwithstanding all their learning, all the light and all the favors of their environment, their teachings have been found more or less unreliable, and life and character have exhibited human faults and frailties. But what of Jesus? Standing in the strength of his unswerving manhood, I hear him challenging his enemies, "Which of you convinceth me of sin?" But they could not. In all these centuries there have been men who have searched these gospels, and scanned his life and been compelled to confess they find no fault in him or error in his doctrine. This man, a humble carpenter from Nazareth of Galilee, without any of the advantages of books and colleges—away back yonder amid the low moral standards and the dim light of Moses and the prophets—this man presents to us a character and life without imperfection or sin, and taught doctrines which have stood the test of the ages. How towers above any world has ever seen, as mountain above mole hill. How glorious the privilege of being a disciple of such a one.

Nor is this all that makes him glorious, for his disciples have been the benefactors of the world. Grave errors in doctrine may have been entertained by them, and lamentable failures in practice, yet through them how God has blessed the world. In literature, science and art, in statesmanship and reform movements—in commerce and industry—in every way and all ways by which the race has been civilized, elevated, enlightened and blessed, have not the disciples of Jesus constituted not only leaders but almost the entire rank and file of the whole host? Where would the world have been in political, social, moral and industrial development had there been no disciples of Jesus among men? In what condition would our own city be today if from its founding its people had been unbelievers, who rejected Jesus and the Bible, being followers of other teachers—if the self-indulgent and the Sabbath breaking and the immoral and the intemperate and the profane and unscrupulous had directed its morals and its enterprises. A dark, dismal picture looms up before imaginations' eye as you think of a community, a city, a nation with no disciples of Jesus, no Bible, no gospel, no Sunday, no churches, no humane and benevolent institutions. Verily God has blessed our city, though they have been in character, life and doctrine.

So I appeal to you in the words of the text: "Will ye be His disciples?" Distinguish between the acceptance of Jesus and his teaching and the acceptance of any creed. I do not ask you to believe as I do—as our church believes—I do not ask you to believe to believe as our doctrines of any church. I simply plead that you cease turning your back upon Jesus, whose goodness, sincerity, worth, worthiness or wisdom cannot be gainsaid. I plead with you to become his disciples—to study at his feet and practice his word. To do this may entail sacrifice—to do this and continue may lead, doubtless will lead, to crisis in life where self must suffer as upon a cross—still I plead that you all accept Jesus as master and teacher so becoming his disciples. It is the sensible thing to do, for he alone of all who have ever lived and taught has been found blameless in life, character and doctrine. It should be an easy thing to do in the light of his perfection and the blessings he has brought to men, and I am sure it is the right thing to do. "Will ye also be his disciples?"



Hardly any rubbing with Sunlight Soap. The Sunlight Moulds its child's play.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Will wash anything, but to secure best results with least labor should be used in the Sunlight way. First dip the clothes to be washed in a tub of lukewarm water and draw it out of the water on a wash board and rub the soap over it lightly. Then roll them up tightly and lay under the water. Leave them there for thirty minutes and let Sunlight Soap do its work. Commence rubbing the clothes lightly on the wash board and the dirt will drop out. The garments inside out to get at the seams but don't use any more soap. No need to scald or boil a single piece and don't wash through two soaps. Rinse in lukewarm water, taking care to wash out all the dirty suds, then ring out and hang out to dry. That's the Sunlight way. It makes the clothes snowy white.

ASK FOR THE OCTAGON BAR Sunlight Soap washes the clothes white and won't injure the hands. LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO.



Steady old Dobbin and his Mary, it is quite evident, have been on a successful shopping expedition. Mary may to-day be a silvery-haired grandmother, and Christie's Biscuits mingles on her table to-day with quaint old china and silver just as they did fifty years ago when Mary and Dobbin went to the store to buy groceries.

And the reputation of half a century is never lost sight of in the big Christie's bakery—the same old, tried and better product comes out to-day than ever before.

Over 600 varieties. At all grocers.

Christie's Biscuits

WANTED.

Wanted—An Active Canvasser.

Every district in Canada to handle our popular Subscription Books and Bibles. Extra inducements guaranteed to those who act during the present month. Write at once for our special terms and full particulars. Address: R. A. H. Morrow, Publisher, 40 Garden Street, St. John, N. B.

WANTED—Second or third class teacher for District No. 74, to commence duties April 1st, 1913. Write at once to the Board of Education, 100 Water Street, St. John, N. B.

WANTED—Every reader of this advertisement to send 12 cents in stamps for which we will send post paid one beautiful gold-leaf family record card and 100 copies of our special terms. Write at once to R. A. H. Morrow, Publisher, 40 Garden Street, St. John, N. B.

WANTED—A number of young men to learn the machinist trade and moulding trade. Must come well recommended. Thompson Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Grand Ave., Kings County, N. B. Apply to Thompson Manufacturing Co., Ltd., Grand Ave., Kings County, N. B.

WANTED—A teacher for District No. 74 Parish of Hillsville, Acadia County, N. B. Write at once to the Board of Education, 100 Water Street, St. John, N. B.

WANTED—Reliable men in every locality throughout Canada to introduce our goods, taking up show cards on trees, houses, along roads, and all prominent places; also distributing small advertising matter. Commission or salary \$10.00 per week and expenses, not to exceed \$25.00 per week. Steady employment to good, honest, reliable men. No experience necessary. Write or full particulars. The Empire Medicine Co., London, Ont.

FOR SALE.

VALUABLE OLD BUSINESS STAND and Farm for Sale—With easy access to railway and steamboats and to St. John City. Farm contains 60 acres, including 1000 ft. of well fenced and cultivated. Also 12 acres of wood land, buildings large and in excellent condition. For further particulars apply to S. H. White, Springfield, Kings Co., N. B.

NEAR TO RENT—1/2 mile from station on the I. C. R., 2 1/2 miles from St. John; near churches and school. Out about 4000 sq. ft. To a reliable party, with some capital who prefers renting before buying. Reasonable terms will be made. H. B. Tele. 3-11-21 w.

MONEY TO LOAN.

MONEY TO LOAN on city, town, village or country property in amounts to suit. A rate of interest. H. B. Tele. 3-11-21 w.

MONEY TO LOAN—Amounts loaned on real estate in city or country, repayable weekly installments. H. B. Tele. 3-11-21 w.

BIRTHS.

FANCOMBE—March 17th, to the wife of G. Branscombe, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

HESSER-TAYLOR—At the manse, Harvey, county, March 18th, by the Rev. J. A. Lewis, B. George Driver, Minister, officiating, to Jessie R. Taylor, of Lawrence Co., N. B.

DEATHS.

LARK—At St. Andrew's, March 16, Mrs. Elizabeth A. Clark, in the 84th year of her age.

MANN—In this city, on the 16th inst., Elizabeth, widow of the late David A. Mann, aged 86 years and 21 days, leaving two sons and three daughters to mourn their sad loss. (Boston papers please copy.)

SPRARR—At Charlottetown, March 16, of pneumonia, Freeman T. Spearin, aged 64 years, leaving a wife and two sons to mourn their loss.

PARRIN—In this city, on the 16th inst., a short illness, Mary, widow of the late Jeremiah Callahan, in the 76th year of her age, leaving two sons.

OWEN—In this city, on March 19th, after a lingering illness, Ellen L., eldest daughter of John B. and Mary A. Owen.

SHIP NEWS.

PORT OF ST. JOHN. Arrived. Tuesday, March 17. Star Parliam, 2,885, Brasses, from Liverpool via Halifax, Wm Thomson & Co, under command.

Coastwise—Schr Thelma, 48, Apt. from Annapolis; star Messouper, 81, Puzos, from Yarmouth, 43 dtd; star Brunswick, 72, Pot, from Gannett; star Golden Rule, 46, Cutler, from Campbellton.

Wednesday, March 13. Star Pawnee, from New York; J. H. Seaman & Co. Coastwise—Schr Little Annie, 18, Polard, West Isles; Lenie and Edna, 23, St. John Beaver Harbor.

from Liverpool; Bristolfield, from Sydney (C B); schr Edwin Hill, from Parrsboro; Minnie, dtd, from East Machias for Boston; Hortensia, from Whiting for New York. City—Schr John Pierce, for Norfolk. Perth Amboy, March 17—Schr Ida M Barton, for St John; Beaver, for St John; Rotterdam, March 17—Schr star, from Antonia, from Boston. Salem, March 17—Schr Rebecca W Hildell, for St John; Winnie Lawry, for St John; Henry May, for Belfast; Clara Jane, for Belfast; J Frank Seaver, for St. John (Me). Vineyard Haven, March 17—Schr Ayr, for St. John. Valencia, March 17—Schr John A McGowan, from Harbor Grace via Gibraltar. Waccasset, Me, March 17—Schr Fred A Davenport, for Philadelphia. Boston, March 17—Schr star, from Boston, from Liverpool; from Antwerp; Castle-moor, from Shanghai; from Halifax; Schr Salsolma-Baxter Jr, for Brunswick (C B); Albeaux and Addie P McTadden, for eastern port; Independent and Ann Louise Lockwood, for coal ports. Boothbay Harbor, March 17—Schr and sld, schs James A Stetson, from Lubec for Boston; Mary Lee Newton, from New Rochelle; Boston; M E Potter, from Clementonport for Boston; Bessie A, from Parrsboro for Portland. Sld—Schr Eric, for New Haven; Lady Ann, for Boston; Bessie A, for New York. Cape Henry, Va—Passed in, bge Schr G H Perry, Wood, for New York. Schr Paul Palmer, from Boston for Baltimore; Schr Paul Palmer, from Boston for Baltimore; City Island, March 17—Bound south, schs Cactus, from St. John. Delaware Breakwater, March 17—Schr, from Philadelphia, for New York. Dutch Island Harbor, March 17—Schr Minnie J Heckman, from New York for Halifax; Palma, from Fall River for New York. Gloucester, March 17—Schr Henry May, from New York; March 17—Schr star, from New York; Schr N H Burrows, from Antwerp; Freddie Hencken, from Norfolk; Rachel W Stevens, from Newport; Beaver, from Parrsboro; John Cadwallader, from Bath. Cld—Schr Trolld, for Sydney (C B); Hilda, for Parrsboro; Bertha, for New York. Sld—Schr John Pierce, for Norfolk. Lockwood, from Boston for St John; Sunbeam, Abbie Ingalls, Laura T Chester, from Boston; March 17—Schr star, from Boston for Waccasset; James A Brown, from Boston for Waccasset; John B Paine, from Boston for Waccasset; Island City, from Boston for St. John. Vineyard Haven, March 17—Schr and sld, schs Joseph Elliott, from Fernandina for Boston; Victor, from Jordan River via Liverpool (N B) for City Island. Arr—Schr Minnie J Heckman, from New York for Boston; Schr John C Gregory, from New York for Boston; Wm Marston, from Philadelphia; Schr J Paine, from New Haven for St John; Sebago, from Westhaven for Portland. Sld—Schr star, from New York for Boston; Lizzie M Fortson, from Dartmouth for St. John. Boston, March 17—Schr star, from Boston, from Hamburg; Halifax, from Halifax (N B); Boston, from Yarmouth; Schr Josephine Elliott, from Fernandina via Vineyard Haven; George W. from Newport. Sld—Schr Mary Manning, for Newport News; March Malloch, for Calais; Herman F Kimball, for Rockport (Me); S E Davis, for Mount Desert; Schr W H White and Nathan Lawrence, for coal ports; Mary Augusta, for eastern port; Schr B Paine, for Brunswick (Ga); Harriet C Kerlin, for Boston. Boothbay Harbor, Me, March 17—Schr Geo W Glover, from Boston; Bessie C Beach, from an sld; Schr May B Rogers, for Kennebec; Gloucester, Mass, March 17—Schr Geo F Keene, from Boston for Bristol (Me); Priscilla Smith, for New York. New Haven, Conn, March 17—Schr New Haven Liverpool (N B). Sld—Schr John Booth, for Halifax; Schr New York, from New York; Schr J Mott, from South Amboy; Jordan L Mott, from Newport, Mass, March 17—Schr barge Thomaston, from Philadelphia. Sld—Schr Florence, for Sullivan (Me). New York, March 17—Schr star, Attitva, from Naples, etc; Schr Andrew, from Boston; Schr Star of the East, and brig Claassen Jr, from Norfolk. Malaga, March 17—Schr brig Energy, from St. John (N B). Sld—Schr R I, March 17—Schr Jeanie Lockwood, from Penobscot. Sld—Schr March 17—Schr brig Springfield, towing barges No 5 and 6, from Parrsboro; Schr H A Holder, from St John (N B) for York; H and A, from St John (N B) for Boston; Lotie, from St John (N B) for Boston; W Waterman, from Calais for Boston; Schr C B Clark, from Westport, from west; Schr from St John (N B) for Providence; Emma E Porter, from Clementonport; Beverly; Lady Antrim, from Rockland for Boston. Cld—Schr Mary E Palmer, Wallace, for Newport News. Sld—Schr R L, from New York. Salem, Mass, March 17—Schr Wm K Park, from Newport; Mary P Pike, from Eastport for New York; Sarah Eaton, from Eastport for New York. Sld—Schr Charlotte T Sibby, from New York; William Blaise, from New York; Laura T Chester, from New York; Edward New York; John, from Machias; A Brown, McParlan, from Waccasset; James A Brown, from Bunkerport; Eugene Banta, from Rockland; Star Brook, from Calais; Alma from St John (N B); Ann Louise Lockwood, from St John (N B); Romeo, from St John (N B); Vineyard Haven, Mass, March 17—Schr sld, schs from New York for Lunenburg; Schr from Westhaven for Portland; Adeline, from New Haven for St John (N B); C B Clark, from Westport; Schr Portland; Minnie J Heckman, from New York for Halifax. Penobscot, Me, March 17—Schr star, sld, schs for St John (N B).

BRISTOL.

Bristol, Carleton Co., N. B., March 17.—Mr. Churchill, of Woodstock, has been spending a few days in Bristol. J. N. W. Winslow, Woodstock, was in the village on business matters Monday. Mr. Hatchinson, of Upper Wicklow, who lost \$85 on the Gloucester route a few days ago, has recovered his money. It was found by Jesse Brooker, who picked it up two days after it was lost. The ice started and jammed down a short distance today. Last year it ran out here on March 19th.

PARLIAMENT OF CANADA HAS A QUIET DAY.

(Continued from page 1.) stations, ships and fog lamp stations in the dominion on June 30, 1902, were 713, and lights shown 899. The number of keepers and masters employed was 719.

SHIPPING NEWS.

White the shipments of cattle from Montreal have fallen off they have increased from St. John, Halifax and Charlottetown. The number of cattle shipped from the above ports was 27,788, and sheep 30,288.

Excior Charter, the 13-year-old son of Maxime Charter, 74 Chapel street, was drowned last night in a pool of water in a vacant lot at a short distance from his home. The lad was subject to fits. The public works department has again called for tenders for the Quebec harbor improvements.

The Military Veterans are to tumble into line once more and celebrate the 37th anniversary of the Fenian raid tomorrow at a meeting to be held at the Alexandria Cafe Monday evening, March 23. All members are requested to be present and answer roll call. All volunteers and South African soldiers are particularly requested to attend and fight their battles over. If present, medals are to be worn. Tickets can be had of any of the committee or at the cafe the night of the dinner.

IF there is one lesson farmers ought never to forget it is the poor economy of buying cheap seeds, just because they are cheap. We sell none but what are thoroughly reliable—the kind that grow with a flourish from start to finish and produce enormous crops. We make a specialty of

Improved Short White Carrots
Royal Giant Sugar Beets
Good Luck Swede Turnips

and challenge all Canada to produce their equal. The persistent argument of this business is not "how cheap" but "how good" with the result that Steele, Briggs' seeds always lead the procession.

Send for a catalogue and order direct by mail if your dealer can't supply you.

THE STEELE, BRIGGS SEED CO., LIMITED
"Canada's Greatest Seed House"

BRANCH STORE: WINNIPEG, MAN. TORONTO, ONT.

It is an ill wind that blows no one good but all winds are hard on the man with weak lungs, they mean colds for him, and these colds have a way of hanging on.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

has made its reputation by its record of absolute cures of chronic coughs and colds that have hung on for months. Shiloh's is the most wonderful Lung Tonic of the ages. It is the remedy that is guaranteed to cure or money refunded. Surely it is worth a trial, isn't it?

A Rabbi's Experience. Independence, Iowa. I was very ill with a cold on my lungs, and found much difficulty in breathing. She took one sample bottle of your Shiloh's Consumption Cure and the effect was nothing short of wonderful. An improvement was apparent from the first dose, and she was cured before she had finished the sample bottle.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure is sold by all druggists in Canada and United States at 25c. 50c, \$1.00 a bottle. In Great Britain at 1s. 2d. 2s. 3d. and 4s. 6d. A printed guarantee goes with every bottle. If you are not satisfied go to your druggist and get your money back.

During 1902 the Liberator of the Royal National Live-stock Exhibition, England, was launched 289 times, and saved 456 lives.

Birmingham (Eng.) is the oldest seat of manufactory in Europe.

Mr. Garrison sat in the easiest chair in the room, with his handsome head resting against the crimson damask upholstered back, and his well-polished boots stretched comfortably out towards the fire that was burning like molten carbuncles behind the silver bars of the grate.

It was a handsome room, from the crimson and gold paper on the wall to the gray velvet carpet with tiny splashes of vivid crimson here and there, and Mr. Garrison would decide for him whether or not he would be able to further maintain such bachelor luxuries.

He had not long to wait—one of the servants brought his mail, two letters, one from George May, a pale, cream-pink missive, addressed in a dainty, educated hand, and exhaling a faint fragrance of violet—a genuine love letter from the lovely, black-eyed girl down in the country who had given him her heart and her vows, and who was blissfully waiting for the coming Spring days when she would be his bride.

And Mr. Garrison laid George's letter aside and eagerly took up the other one, bearing the same suburban postmark, a yellow enveloped letter, directed in a man's strong, resolute handwriting.

Garrison took it open eagerly, and it told him, in the writer's own characteristic style that Mr. Garrison's orders had been obeyed, and his instructions fully carried out, and that the consequence was, the writer's assurance that the rumor was correct that Somerset Place had been bought and was at present occupied by Mr. Gresham Garrison; and that that gentleman had caused it to be understood that visitors were not welcome, and would not be received—that, above all others, Gardner Garrison, his nephew, would be least tolerated.

Mr. Garrison dashed the letter on the floor in a gesture of impatient dismay. "The old idiot! He will waste his millions on a property that no one besides himself and his servants are ever to see. He refuses to see me—his only living relative—and I had dared build on the hope of either being invited to make my home there, or, at least, having an income settled on me when he came back, embarrassed with riches, from the East Indies! The old fool!"

He read the letter over again, but there was no overlooked word or suggestion to change the ultimatum expressed. "All the same—I'll go to Somerset Place and try my luck, welcome or not welcome. I will get into my royal presence by fair means or foul, and—if I don't have some sort of luck it's because I am not in such desperate earnest as I know I am."

And then, having consulted a time table, and ascertained his train, and lighted a fresh cigar, and put the blow on the grate, and turned the gas a trifle higher, Mr. Garrison settled down to read George May's sweet letter—very much as a duke might accept the homage of a loyal subject.

"How she could queen it at Somerset," he thought, and folded up the letter. And the next evening, at the same hour, found him announced to old Gardner Garrison, sitting in almost royal state in his magnificent library, with a snowy white bow robe over his velvet-alloped, gaily old feet, and a dark-lined blanket of brilliant hues lying warmly around his stooping shoulders, and an absurd tasseled cap on his gray head.

"And what do you want with me, young fellow?" he demanded, as Gardner bowed profoundly. "Simply to inquire after your health, Uncle Gresham, and to express—"

"The cruel little green-gray eyes snapped. "Simply to inquire after your goodnothin'. None of that, now; I know you like a book. You've come to find out, between prying and insinuating, what I am going to do with my money."

"Uncle Gresham—" he began, but an impatient look from the gleaming, green-gray eyes stopped him. "Of course I've got a fortune to leave to—somebody, and a royal one, too. Why, boy, in this brass-bound box there is the most precious legacy imaginable—worth, well, it's none of your business. Somebody 'll get it. You won't. I'd go to those who have paid more attention to me than you 'ave done, by your letters. I'll go to somebody who hasn't set himself up, in my face, as your superior, and get my money, engaged and getting married, and all that sort of fall—You know just what I think of 'em, and yet you went and asked one of 'em to have you—more fool you, to say 'yes.'"

Gardner Garrison's handsome eyes shone—surely, he could see the drift of all this that the wicked, selfish old man had said. "I did not know you entertained any opinion adverse to women, my dear Uncle Gresham. To tell the truth, I don't very particularly care for them myself, and I am sure I could share my views to yours if you so wish."

"You could, eh? No, you couldn't! You wouldn't give up a pretty girl for all that box there holds. I know you, young man. Clear out now, I've seen you long enough. And Mr. Gardner Garrison went away, half-dejected, half-elated. "One thing is certain—if I must get in favor with the old brute, I want to get my engagement with George. Then I stand at least a chance, and that chance I must improve, or—"

And with his lips compressed he walked out of the magnificent grounds of Somerset Place, straight over to the old-fashioned farm-house, a half-mile away, where George May sat him coming, and, in a happy little impulse, threw her scarlet shawl over her head and ran to meet him.

A beautiful little creature, slender and symmetrical, with vivid pink roses on her cheek, and a rapturous sparkle in her big, velvety dark eyes as she flew up to him. "Oh, Gardner! I am so delighted and surprised! I supposed you imagined from my letter I was just dying to see you!" She linked her arm familiarly through his, laughing up in his face. "I am afraid when you know what I came for you won't be so delighted, George," he said, for he had made up his mind to lose no time in seeing all the machinery in motion that should eventually work to his interest.

His Fortune.

By Mary Reed Crowell.

It was a handsome room, from the crimson and gold paper on the wall to the gray velvet carpet with tiny splashes of vivid crimson here and there, and Mr. Garrison would decide for him whether or not he would be able to further maintain such bachelor luxuries.

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"And what do you want with me, young fellow?" he demanded, as Gardner bowed profoundly. "Simply to inquire after your health, Uncle Gresham, and to express—"

"The cruel little green-gray eyes snapped. "Simply to inquire after your goodnothin'. None of that, now; I know you like a book. You've come to find out, between prying and insinuating, what I am going to do with my money."

"Uncle Gresham—" he began, but an impatient look from the gleaming, green-gray eyes stopped him. "Of course I've got a fortune to leave to—somebody, and a royal one, too. Why, boy, in this brass-bound box there is the most precious legacy imaginable—worth, well, it's none of your business. Somebody 'll get it. You won't. I'd go to those who have paid more attention to me than you 'ave done, by your letters. I'll go to somebody who hasn't set himself up, in my face, as your superior, and get my money, engaged and getting married, and all that sort of fall—You know just what I think of 'em, and yet you went and asked one of 'em to have you—more fool you, to say 'yes.'"

Gardner Garrison's handsome eyes shone—surely, he could see the drift of all this that the wicked, selfish old man had said. "I did not know you entertained any opinion adverse to women, my dear Uncle Gresham. To tell the truth, I don't very particularly care for them myself, and I am sure I could share my views to yours if you so wish."

"You could, eh? No, you couldn't! You wouldn't give up a pretty girl for all that box there holds. I know you, young man. Clear out now, I've seen you long enough. And Mr. Gardner Garrison went away, half-dejected, half-elated. "One thing is certain—if I must get in favor with the old brute, I want to get my engagement with George. Then I stand at least a chance, and that chance I must improve, or—"

And with his lips compressed he walked out of the magnificent grounds of Somerset Place, straight over to the old-fashioned farm-house, a half-mile away, where George May sat him coming, and, in a happy little impulse, threw her scarlet shawl over her head and ran to meet him.

A beautiful little creature, slender and symmetrical, with vivid pink roses on her cheek, and a rapturous sparkle in her big, velvety dark eyes as she flew up to him. "Oh, Gardner! I am so delighted and surprised! I supposed you imagined from my letter I was just dying to see you!" She linked her arm familiarly through his, laughing up in his face. "I am afraid when you know what I came for you won't be so delighted, George," he said, for he had made up his mind to lose no time in seeing all the machinery in motion that should eventually work to his interest.

"I am instantly lost all her happy joyousness. "No? What did you come for, Gardner?" His face flashed over so slightly and an unmistakable look of embarrassment and mortification came into his manner that revealed the whole pitiful truth to the girl who loved him.

A sudden anguish look, strangely mixed with indignation and scorn, flashed into her dark eyes, and she withdrew her arm from his. "I think I know. Your rich relative has come to this vicinity, and from henceforth the farmer's daughter is not aristocratic enough for you. Is that it? You wish our engagement broken?"

Even in the midst of our own supreme dismay, she almost pitted him for the look of mortified embarrassment on his face. "Well—yes, and—no, Georgia. You are wrong in saying—"

"I am not wrong. It will be decidedly better for both of us that the engagement is broken here, now and thus." And she took the ring off her finger and laid it in his hand. "I am thankful I have learned your true value in time. Further words are useless. Good afternoon, good-by, Mr. Garrison."

And she bowed haughtily, and walked deliberately back to the house, to rush off by herself to her own room and cry and sob and suffer—not because of Gardner Garrison, but over her fallen idyl.

While that gentleman went back to the station with a curious feeling of relief that it was so well over, a sense of regret at losing her, and a very decided persuasion that, after all, it had been George May who threw him over, instead of his having been, who, in lofty, superior manner, had given her up.

And altogether, he went back to his room, in no very enviable frame of mind. "Spring with its balmy south winds, and up-springing grasses, its robin's songs and pink-and-white blossoms against the blue sky; an—silence and darkness up in the grand house at Somerset Place, where old Gardner Garrison lay dead, and his nephew, hastily summoned as at the eleventh hour, was in charge of everything—with a feeling of subdued elation in his heart as he walked about among the splendors of the house, and realized that—even George May who the lovely face he could never quite forget, the uplifted, soft dark eyes that haunted him so very uncomfortably, was well acquitted.

Then, after the grand funeral, came in as Gardner Garrison's life—the supreme moment when the lawyer, opened the will and read it to the curious ones assembled—farmer May included.

And, Gardner Garrison learned that all the superb appointments of Somerset Place were only hired; that the sole wealth of Gardner Garrison was contained in the brass-bound box, which he bequeathed to his nephew, Gardner Garrison.

And the contents were a collection of old, old coins, of the value of a hundred dollars or so. "I never saw a man so out up in his life," farmer May said to his wife, when he had read it to the curious ones assembled—farmer May included.

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