

**The Daily Leader**

Will be published every morning (Sunday and Legal Holidays excepted) from the office,  
COR. MAIN AND ARCHIBALD STS.  
Subscription Price, \$4.00 per Year.

**Semi-Weekly Leader.**

Will be published every Wednesday and Saturday.  
Subscription Price, \$1.50 per Year

Advertising Rates given on application  
**H. T. STEVENS,**  
MANAGER

The action, or conspicuous inaction of the Alumni Society of the University of New Brunswick in refusing, or rather neglecting, to bestow the honorary degree of L. L. D. upon the Hon. A. G. Blair is the subject of newspaper articles and communications that clearly demonstrate the fact that a feeling prevails that, considering the influences that usually control the best orval of such honors, Mr. Blair should have been remembered. It is scarcely likely that if Mr. Blair is deserving of the honor, the neglect to bestow it will worry him very much, but on public grounds it ought to be expected that neither politics nor religion will affect the action of the Senate in a matter of this kind. We do not, for a moment, believe that Mr. Blair should receive a literary honor because he is eminent at the bar or in political skill, though we presume that others, for no better reasons, have been distinguished. A literary institution should measure the claims of all parties to such attention by their literary merits, and leave to others the task of rewarding eminent ability or skill in the ordinary pursuits of life. It will strike many people that the University has not always remembered this, but it will also strike the same people that if it was customary to forget it, the claims of the Attorney General, if the word claims can be used in such a case, would have been deemed far in advance of those of others who have been preferred. Yet it is not a matter of vital importance and probably Mr. Blair, if he gets everything else he wants, will be able to worry along without the literary title referred to.

**SAFE CRACKERS.**

"Eight of the worst characters in Halifax have left the city on a tour of the country. Four of them are graduates from Dorchester penitentiary, and the remainder are members of the notorious chain gang. The police were notified that they had passed Bedford. Country shop keepers, post masters, etc., should keep a sharp lookout for the gang."  
—Herald.

News like this reminds us of the unprotected condition of our safe, yet it don't frighten us nearly so much as it would if Toole and Masters had not got ahead of them.

**DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT LOCKEPORT.**

THE RINGER PROPERTY TOTALLY DESTROYED.—V. UNION TELEGRAPH OFFICE BURNED.

LOCKEPORT, N. S., June 15.—The Ringer property, at the corner of Main and Beach street, was totally destroyed by fire to-day. The fire was discovered at about 2 p.m., and was well under way when the steam fire engine arrived. A steady stream kept the fire under control, though at one time, when the fire engine became unmanageable, some of the neighboring buildings were in danger, and were only saved after hard labor by a volunteer bucket crowd. The most of the local telephone lines were broken by the falling of the walls. Mr. P. H. Ringer estimates his loss at about \$1,500. The building was occupied by D. MacAlpine, general store; W. U. Telegraph Company, and three families.

Mr. MacAlpine's stock, part of which was saved, was insured for \$200, but a small part of the household effects were saved. The telegraph office has been removed to Hall street. It is supposed the fire was caused by a firecracker, which lodged under the store door-sill.

Mrs. William Horsefall, a near resident of Annapolis, gave birth to three of a family—two girls and a boy—on Sunday last. In connection with the above it may not be generally known that her majesty, Queen Victoria, upon proper presentation of the facts, carried out the old time custom of presenting the mother of triplets with a £5 note and a woollen shawl.—[N. S. Exchange.

**INSANE AND NOISY.**

An insane man, named LeBlanc, belonging to Memramcook was taken to the Lunatic asylum in St. John by the C. P. R. train yesterday. He was very noisy and so annoyed the passengers that the conductor had to order his removal from the passenger car to the baggage car, the transfer being made at the Moncton station.

**WANTED TO JOIN THE NAVY.**

NEW YORK, June 14.—Orlando K. Fay 27 years of age, an engineer of Winchendon, Mass., attempted suicide at the Astor House yesterday afternoon by shooting himself. Fay recovered enough to say that he had tried to pass an examination or entrance to the United States navy and that he had been unsuccessful and was despondent.

**ARCHIE'S SURRENDER.**

A STORY OF FRATERNAL DEVOTION.

It was the very saddest summer that I ever spent abroad. I do not think I shall ever forget the pathos—the tragedy of it.

After a two week's tramping tour through the Southwest of England—I do not believe that such of you fellows who have never taken such a tramp, in the summer, will ever know what Heaven means—I found myself again in London, somewhat freckled and tanned, and my senses full of the perfume of mignonette and wild-rose hedges. I did not intend to stay long—only long enough to glance at accumulations of mail, and send a few cablegrams and then be off again to the streams and meadows and the quaint old roadside inns, with their apple-cheeked barmaids and excellent provender. But where to go? That was the question.

Ah, here was a letter on the very top of the little heap that my landlady had piled on my mantelpiece, and that decided me at once. It was from Archie Trevor, as bright and handsome a boy as ever toiled football-leather, and who had distinguished himself scholastically as well as athletically at Harvard. "I won't take any refusal," he wrote; "you simply have to come, old chap. This is the loveliest spot in the world, and besides, I'm engaged, and I want you to see the loveliest creature that ever drew breath. I'll expect you at any time within ten days. If you don't show up in that time I'll come after you."

As the friend of Archie's father, though many years his junior, I had been thrown much into contact with the boy, and since the old gentleman's death we had been warm friends. He was earnest and intense by nature, and had never played the butterfly with the women of his acquaintance.

Archie's letter was, I perceived, a week old, but in just three days I found myself in the quaint little Welsh seaport town which he had written. I climbed the hill and inquired my way to Rose Cottage, and when I came to it and to Mr. Archie it was all I could do to prevent myself bellowing with delight at the infinite beauty of the scene.

The long, white walls of the cottage were massed with roses from top to bottom. Roses nodded their heads from the millioned windows, and brushed your coat-sleeve as you walked along the narrow path. At the back of the cottage was a comfortable lawn and more roses—ever-roses, countless roses. And stretching away in the distance, like a great sheet of burnished sapphire, shimmering in the sunlight was the sea.

Archie leaped from a hammock and grabbed me by the hands. "How glad I am to see you, dear old Jack," he exclaimed, his delicate cheeks flushing with pleasure. I returned his greeting in kind and then for the first time became conscious of the girl standing shyly by us.

She had risen from a low chair on the farther side of the hammock and had a look in her hand from which she had evidently been reading to my constitutionally lazy young friend. I went through the form of presentation to her in a sort of trance. Her beauty simply stunned me. She was very tall, quite two inches taller than Archie, with one of those almost faultless figures that, in girlhood, at least, one finds in England and nowhere else. She had light brown hair on which the sun scattered little gold flecks, and her eyes were of the deepest, tenderest blue, and big and earnest and wistful. Lastly, she was dressed all in white the only hue for a sweet girl's dress in summer and it is scarcely necessary to say that I surrendered to Master Archie's fiancée at discretion, mentally voting him the luckiest young dog under heaven, no matter who she might be.

That night, as we sat smoking our farewell pipes, and with that glorious odor of roses stealing in through the open window Archie told me his story. It was romantic enough. He had been riding past, three weeks ago, on his bicycle, and had a bad fall at the very moment he had been slackening speed to admire the beauty of the garden of roses. Dorothy for that was her name had seen the disgraceful performance and his ineffectual effort to rise. At her command, an ancient gardener had wheeled him into the house in ridiculous fashion enough, and the village doctor had attended to his dislocated knee. Dorothy's aunt, Mrs. Brett, a sweet old old lady with silver hair and gold rimmed spectacles, had, in the course of the next three weeks, fallen almost as deeply in love with the handsome young sufferer as had her niece. Yes, indeed, I congratulate Archie over and over again. The Lord knew he had no need of money with his wife, and for goodness' sake, one glance into those sweet, honest blue eyes was enough to tell me of the beauties of the girl's character.

Dorothy and I became firm friends at once. Perhaps it was because I knew myself to be too old and worldly-wise to get into any sort of danger that led me to associate with this pair of lovers so freely. The three of us took long rambles together through the meadows and down by the restless and ever changing sea. It did me good on such occasions to note Archie's almost childish delight in his fiancée and his happiness. After all, he was nothing but a boy, despite his twenty-seven years. He laughed the whole day long and made love to Dorothy as one makes to a beautiful, spoiled child.

And she? Why, she accepted it all in a silent, satisfied sort of way. She accepted the boy's kisses soberly, without any show of course. I sometimes thought I would give a thousand dollars to see her tremble or blush. It was easy to see that this was her first love. She was so matter of fact about it all, and it was so easy to see that there was not a vestige of passion in it for her. I could see, too, that she was proud of her handsome lover in a certain way. As she sat on the sand, looking so very lovely in her white dress, with that far away look in the dewy blue eyes, she would stroke with her slim fingers the blonde head that lay so luxuriously on her lap, and smile shyly up at me for congratulation and approval.

And then came the first chapter in the tragedy.

The three of us had been for a long ramble along the beach, and Archie had his pockets filled with the shells and other treasures gathered by his sweetheart. We were on our way back, for rain had begun to fall heavily and a few rumblings of thunder warned us of the typical Welsh-storm that was in store for us. We were making a short cut up in a winding path through the cliffs, when the storm broke in all its fury.

I don't think I have ever seen such lightning or heard such thunder, not even in the tropics. I was leading the way, and between the awful peals I could hear Archie encouraging the beautiful girl he was half carrying, half dragging along, for she was terrified almost out of her wits.

There suddenly came a peal loud enough to wake the dead, and as it died away I uttered a yell of warning and sprang aside. A huge piece of rock, fully four feet high, loosened by the shock, was sliding down the path. At it passed me I glanced back and turned sick with horror for the pair were just at a point where they could not hope to escape it. They could not turn to the right or left, and immediately behind them was another rock, immovably fixed, and against which the down-coming fragment would grind them, as it seemed, to pieces.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

**A SUCCESSFUL KINGS COUNTY MAN.**

A correspondent writes: Robert Menzies, who left Greenwick, Kings county, 12 years ago, with his father and family, has been very successful. He first went to New Zealand, but, seven years ago, leaving his father and family there, he went to Western Australia, and went into the gold fields. He did well as a mining engineer, and, last year, discovered a rich gold vein, called Menzies' Find, or The Florence. He sold this mine last winter for the sum of £100,000. He is now acting manager of the Lady Shenton gold mine, at a salary of £500 a year, and expenses paid. He is a large shareholder in this mine. He lives in Coal Gardie, where the Lady Shenton mine is situated. The Florence mine is in Menzies township, so named after Mr. Menzies.

He is also largely interested in lands in Perth, the capital of Western Australia. At present, Mr. Menzies is prospecting for the Lady Shenton Co. The blacks are troublesome, and the prospectors have to travel accompanied by an armed escort. They use camels as a means of transport. Many of the citizens of St. John will remember Robert's father Mr. John Menzies, who is doing well in New Zealand. Mrs. Wm. Barmer, of Yak Point, is a sister of Robert.

Fortify yourself for the diseases peculiar to warm weather, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It is said that there is to be found in the old furniture and curiosity shop of Boston enough furniture that was taken from the Mayflower to fill a whole fleet of such primitive craft.

Fortify yourself for the diseases peculiar to warm weather, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

One of the strangest coffins ever told of is that for which the British War Department is said to be responsible. The story is that a workman engaged in casting metal for the manufacture of ordnance at the Woolwick Arsenal lost his balance and fell into a cauldron containing twelve tons of molten steel. The metal was at white heat, and the man was utterly consumed in less time than it takes to tell of it. The War Department authorities held a conference, and decided not to profane the dead by using the metal in the manufacture of ordnance, and that mass of metal was actually buried and a Church of England clergyman read the service for the dead over it.

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A despairing man, who had applied to us, soon after wrote: "Well, I tell you that first day is one I'll never forget. I just bubbled with joy. I wanted to hug everybody and tell them my own self had died yesterday and my new self was born to-day. Why didn't you tell me when I first wrote that I would find it this way?"

And another thus: "If you dumped a cartload of gold at my feet it would not bring such gladness into my life as your method has done."



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