

For the First Edition

Itzig, the reporter's boy, of whose heroism at a tenement house fire I told the readers a year or more ago, was lying sound asleep on the sofa in the office on a morning. His day of work began at four o'clock, so when he did not go early to bed the night before, he was apt to be sleepy by eight o'clock. It was eight o'clock now.

The morning was dull, with no sign of news, so the city editor had no cause of complaint. But the sight of Itzig's great, fat, moonlike face, so placid and so red, suggested an idea to him.

"I zig!" he called, sharply.

"Yes, sir. All right. Where's the fire?" The boy was on his feet, alert and eager.

"There is no fire, I zig. There is nothing at all. That is why I call upon you, sir. You go down to the emigrant bureau and get me a story. A ship is in with two hundred Russian Jews aboard."

The city editor turned to his desk. Itzig looked at him a moment, then asked: "Make or take?"

"No take, sir. Make a story, a good one for the first edition."

Itzig was soon on his way to the barge office, which is the reception place, at present, for the immigrants who land in New York. The officials all knew him, and he passed in with a nod and a "Good morning" through gate after gate, from one "pen" to another, gliding in and out among the crowd of immigrants from the ship which had come in overnight. There were men, women and children in all sorts of odd, gay colored peasant costumes, but the general effect was anything but gay. It was most depressing.

These people, ignorant, poor, able to speak only some dialect of a tongue unspoken in this strange new country, were waiting for they knew not what, to go they knew not where, or how or when. All looked troubled, some were weeping. Itzig knew they would be cared for in time, so he turned away from the group of tearful people, saying to himself that sad stories were bad stories, and he was ordered to get a good story.

"Suppose I found a 'olly immigrant'!" he thought. "Wouldn't that be news?"

He chuckled, and over the vale of tears he looked in search of a smiling face. Not one. He passed on among the peasants, seeking everywhere. Not a smile could be seen.

"Oh well," he said, "I'll take what I can get."

A laugh! He heard a laugh from the detention-pen down stairs and off he scurried in his chase of merriment.

The peasants below were held for a close examination that day. They were the most frightened lot in the building for they had seen their shipmates acquaintances passed into America, out through the front door, while they were sent back for reasons not told them. But in the gloom of the dark, low room Itzig approached the group.

The young man was sort of a peasant dandy, and not a very pleasant chap to look upon, for he looked bad. Itzig took a dislike to him at once. The other peasants evidently held him in awe, for their attitudes were deferential, and their attention was fixed upon him.

Itzig saw, too, that he had his story, for on the young fellow's arm was a girl. She was a round, roly-poly maiden with large red cheeks, a weak but good natured mouth, and eyes that showed she was good. Itzig liked her rather, and for that reason he disapproved of the match. That fellow ought not to have that girl.

But he slipped along to a bench in the darkest corner near by, and listened. An east side Jew himself, Itzig understood most of what was said.

"He's a soft one," said the dandy. "He'll never make a fortune in America, and how can he support a pretty wife? He needs a wife who will support him, so I'll just take his girl, and let him get one here who will take care of him."

The crowd smiled, the dandy laughed, and although the girl hung her head, she seemed to agree.

Itzig peered around through a break in the circle, saw a plain young man sitting on a small trunk, with his face buried in his hands.

"So my story isn't all gay," thought Itzig.

"Think of a fellow bringing a girl to America, and then leaving her alone on the ship!" the dandy was saying.

"He was seasick," said the girl, gently. "Well, would you marry a man who gets sick when you might be drowning?"

The girl hung her head again.

"And what would you have done for company if I hadn't treated you to cakes, and American candy, and all the good things?"

The girl said nothing.

"Is that so?" asked Itzig, turning to the old man next to him. Did he treat the girl to good things when her lover lay sick?"

"Yes. He spent money like water. He had fifty rubles, and he spent all but five. Not on her alone, though. He treated everybody, most of all himself; but next to himself he treated her the most."

"And did her lover know all about it?"

"Yes, but he couldn't help it. He was sick—oh, very sick, and the other people told him about it. But what could he do?"

"Who paid her passage out?" asked Itzig.

Her lover. He wants to get married now, and the other fellow won't let the girl go. She wants to, but they all laugh at her and she is bashful."

Itzig walked off. "I've got half a story," he said to himself, "but it isn't a good story because it ends bad. I must make a good man of it, and I must make it for the first edition."

ing all the officials till he reached the office of the examining board. There were the commissioners reading the papers, talking to friends, or smoking in silence. They all looked up when Itzig entered, and he beckoned them to gather up around him.

"Now about the door, and shut it from the outside," he said to the attendant.

"That was done, and what Itzig said to the commissioners he never told. In a few minutes, however, the bell rang, the attendant went in, and the board had come to order."

"Bring up Numbers 13, 67, and 103," said the chairman.

The attendant disappeared, and when he came back he had with him the peasant dandy, the girl, and the poor fellow who had lost her by seasickness.

"What's your name?" asked the president of the girl. The interpreter gave the question in Yiddish.

"Anna Meyerowitch," she said, swallowing a big lump.

"How old are you?"

"Eighteen."

"Who paid your passage?"

She pointed to her bereaved lover. The chairman turned to him.

"And you, what's your name?"

"Benjamin Kladdisch."

"What did you bring the girl here for?"

"To be my wife."

"Well, why don't you marry her, then?"

"This other man got her to love him."

"Did he? How do you know?"

"He says so."

"What does she say?"

"Nothing."

"Well, that isn't the way we do in America."

"Why don't you ask her?"

"She has a tongue let her speak."

The girl was about to speak, but the chairman stopped her with, "No wait."

He turned to the dandy, who was not laughing now. He looked as frightened as the others.

"What is your name?"

"Pinus Schlummerwiz."

"What do you want with this other man's girl?"

"Oh I was just having a little fun."

The girl glanced at him and then drew away.

"Well, did you have your fun?"

"Yes sir." He was growing bolder now.

"Did it cost you much money?"

"Yes sir."

"How much have you got left?"

"Five rubles."

"Any friends or relatives in this country?"

"No, sir."

"Well, sir, five rubles are not enough with which to land. You'll have to go back to Russia."

The dandy's hands dropped limp beside him.

"How much have you got?" asked the president of Benjamin Kladdisch.

"One hundred rubles," answered Benjamin.

"You didn't spend much on the ship."

"No, sir. I was sick."

"You may land."

The girl was the next one to be questioned by the president.

"How much have you?"

"None, but Benjamin—"

"Yes, Benjamin has, but you love Pinus."

"No, no, I don't!" and the girl began to cry.

"Well you may go back with Pinus or stay with Benjamin. But if you stay with Benjamin you must marry him now, and live ever after happily with him. Will you?"

"Yes, sir." And she and Benjamin fell into each other's arms, the girl murmuring a plea for forgiveness.

The rabbi was sent for, but Itzig could not wait. It was time to be getting back for the first edition, and he and Pinus Schlummerwiz went out together, Itzig up Broadway, Pinus to the "return pen." Itzig with a good story to tell, and Pinus with a bad one.

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Sold by E. C. Brown.

"They say that Miss Sterlingworth has a very fine mind," said Keedick.

"She has," replied Fodick. "When we were in Boston, she actually consulted the time table and told us what time the train left, and she was right too."

BORN.

Salem, Oct. 23, to the wife of Lewis Smith, a son.
Halifax, Oct. 27, to the wife of John Lewis, a son.
Amherst, Nov. 1, to the wife of Frank Dixon, a son.
Halifax, Oct. 29, to the wife of Alex. Jewers, a son.
Cambridge, Oct. 17, to the wife of Frank Bagley, a son.
North Sydney, Oct. 30, to the wife of D. McPhee, a son.
Windsor, Nov. 3, to the wife of Fred Mounce, a son.
Woodstock, Oct. 30, to the wife of Clarence Burpee, a son.
Port Hacking, Oct. 28, to the wife of Donald Fraser, a son.
Dorchester, Oct. 29, to the wife of Leonard Smith, a son.
Halifax, Oct. 28, to the wife of Stanley Sugatt, a daughter.

Halifax, Oct. 28, to the wife of Philip Boyle, a daughter.
Pictou, Oct. 29, to the wife of Wm. Tatlie, a daughter.
Parrishoro, Oct. 19, to the wife of Capt. Llewellyn, daughter.
Bridgewater, Oct. 23, to the wife of Morris Walsh, a daughter.
Windsor, Nov. 2, to the wife of Charles King, a daughter.
Halifax, Nov. 2, to the wife of Harry Fraser, a daughter.
Falmouth, Nov. 3, to the wife of Frank Lawrence, a daughter.
Bridgetown, Oct. 28, to the wife of Arthur Charlson, a son.
Lunenburg, Oct. 25, to the wife of Clifford Jefferson, a son.
North Sydney, Oct. 19, to the wife of Parker Cann, a daughter.
North Sydney, Oct. 29, to the wife of Capt. Hickey, a daughter.
North Sydney, Oct. 30, to the wife of Rev. A. McLean, a son.

MARRIED.

Ottawa, Oct. 23, Isaac Wilson to Josie Lewis.
Digby, Oct. 22, Isiah Tibert to Miss Elora Powell.
Boston, Nov. 1, Geo. Vaughan to Miss Eva Sterling.
Fall River, Mass., Oct. 18, Clinton Paddford to Jessie Brown.
Digby, by Rev. W. H. Evans, Haylett Syda to Eva Winlow.
Yarmouth, by Rev. A. McNitch, Wm. Atkinson to Annie Hunt.
Canso, Oct. 10, by Rev. A. Hockie, Angus Munro to Miss M. Dicks.
Falmouth, Oct. 26, by Rev. John Reeks, M. Salter to Gerie Sullivan.
Yarmouth, by Rev. A. M. McNitch, Israel Atkinson to Annie Hunt.
Fridgetown, by Rev. F. M. Young, John H. Allen to Cassie Warkitt.
Windsor, Oct. 23, by Rev. A. Shaw Geo. Johnson to Carol Jane Fraser.
Main Stream, Oct. 8, by Rev. H. Shaw, William Swin to Eva Foster.
Belmont, Oct. 25, by Rev. Wm. Dawson, Chas. Gilroy to Corrie Graham.
Stellarton, Oct. 31, by Rev. W. Tuffis, Wm. Smith to Louise Cunningham.
Windsor, Oct. 25, by Rev. Mr. Henry, Walter Bacon to Myrtle Fletcher.
Windsor, Sept. 18, by Rev. H. Dickie, Charles Dykens to Sarah King.
Woodstock, by Rev. A. LePage, Joseph Carmichael to Berrie Nichols.
Windsor, Oct. 25, by Rev. Mr. Henry, Walter Bacon to Myrtle Fletcher.
Fenwick, Oct. 24, by Rev. R. v. R. McArthur, Edgar Smith to Elizabeth Ripley.
Chatham, Oct. 24, by Rev. Geo. Young, Thomas Anderson to L. Z. Dugan.
North Sydney, Oct. 22, by Rev. J. Gillis, Jos. McDonald to William E. Egan.
Windsor, Oct. 29, by Rev. H. D. Dickie, John Dykens to Sarah A. Sweet.
Lunenburg, Oct. 13, by Rev. J. Blakeney, Edgar Grant to Florence Roluse.
Clark's Harbor, by Rev. R. McNitch, Berion Atkinson to Emma N. Brown.
Pictou, Oct. 26, by Rev. A. Hayward, Robert McRae to Ida May Armstrong.
Sydney Mines, Oct. 20, by Rev. D. MacMillan, R. Ferguson to Bessie Burchill.
Tusket Wedge, Oct. 30, by Rev. Fr. Gay, William Babine to Rosema Le Blanc.
Sackville, Oct. 31, by Rev. G. Wiggins, Thos. J. Macleod to Jennie A. Macleod.
Five Miles Plains, Oct. 7, by Rev. A. Shaw, James Hamilton to Louise Uphaw.
Waterford, Oct. 31, by Rev. A. Campbell, Frederick Hunter to Jessie I. Ashe.
Lawrence, Mass., Sept. 27, by Rev. G. Carl, Mr. Frank Laing to Minnie B. Spear.
Falmouth, Oct. 26, by Rev. H. S. Baker, Murray Salter to Miss M. Dicks.
Grand Pre, Oct. 2, by Rev. W. Langille, Annie McNeil to Rev. W. W. Whitman.
Somerville Mass., Oct. 19, by Rev. N. Bishop, Chas. Peterson to Harriet Barnaby.
Newcastle, Nov. 1, by Rev. D. Henderson, Alfred Davidson to Janet Morrison.
St. Margarets Bay, Oct. 30, by Rev. W. J. Arnold, Elizabeth Wambolt to Margaret Bush.
Forest Glen, Victoria Co., Oct. 25, by Rev. A. Hayward, Chas. Olmstead to Mary Davidson.
Bass River, Kent Co., Oct. 30, by Rev. W. Townsend, Donald McEachern to Elizabeth Ward.
Upper Port La Tour, Oct. 25, by Rev. John Phalen, Capt. Thomas Newell to Mrs. Emma Reynolds.

DIED.

Halifax, Oct. 28, Wm. Martin, 70.
Monro, Nov. 5, Leo O'Brien, 2.
St. John, Nov. 6, John Walcott, 55.
Hants Co., Sept. 29, Levi Harvey, 86.
Halifax, Oct. 27, Simon Maxwell, 14.
Glasgow, Oct. 27, Geo. A. Shaw, 35.
Monro, Nov. 1, Irvine Ketchum, 4.
Colchester, Sept. 28, John Fraser, 79.
East Jordan, Oct. 28, Wm. Martin, 70.
Halifax, Oct. 28, Sarah A. Carman, 82.
Halifax, Nov. 2, H. C. Laurillard, 88.
Halifax, Oct. 31, George McLellan, 65.
Minneapolis, Oct. 14, A. W. Thompson.
Falmouth, Nov. 3, Mrs. Amos Lun, 63.
St. John, Nov. 5, Mrs. Mary Markey, 61.
Digby, Oct. 19, Mrs. Fenwick Young, 33.
Moose Brook, Oct. 29, Jane F. Lukner, 86.
Halifax, Oct. 31, Elias Mambourquette, 50.
Kentville, Nov. 1, John Clarke Harris, 52.
Baccaro, Nov. 20, John Atwood, 73.
Glasgow, Oct. 24, Kenneth McKenzie, 44.
Yarmouth, Nov. 1, Mrs. John Turnbull, 77.
Dartmouth, Oct. 31, Elizabeth Johnston, 29.
Yarmouth, Oct. 30, Capt. Benjamin L. Wis, 84.
Yarmouth, Nov. 2, Mrs. Edward Bridges, 43.
New Glasgow, Oct. 27, Isabelle Chisholm, 84.
Charleston, Queens, Oct. 31, E. P. Christopher.
North Sydney, Oct. 27, Michael McDermott, 70.
Berwick, Oct. 31, Eliza B. widow of Isaac Selridge.
Lower Coverdale, Nov. 1, Elizabeth Cressman, 31.
Great Village, Oct. 24, Mrs. Andrew McAloney, 91.
Dartmouth, Oct. 31, Catherine, wife of Daniel Gaez, 45.
Lunenburg, Oct. 29, Mary Ann, wife of Geo. Dares, 70.
Birkhouse, Oct. 24, Mary, wife of Rueben Ernst, 47.
California, Oct. 16, Earle Wilson, son of late Amasa Wells, 9.
Pictou, Oct. 26, Matilde, daughter of David Lamont, 14.
Dartmouth, Oct. 31, Catherine, wife of Daniels Dares, 45.
Chelsea, Mass., Oct. 25, Belle M. wife of Amos Wagner, 44.
North Sydney, Oct. 26, Blanche McRae, wife of John Munroe, 42.
At 275 Campbell road, Wm. D. Smith, a native of England, 37.
Liverpool, Oct. 29, Victoria, daughter of James Jollimore, 14.
Lewistown, Nov. 5, infant son of LeB. Drury and Sarah Lockman, 6 weeks.
Yarmouth Nov. 1, Harriette, widow of the late John K. Viets, 89.
Baddeck, Nov. 1, Douglas Cameron, son of Dr. Jethune, M. P., 3.
Moncton, Nov. 3, Ora Cecil, infant son of R. True-man and Eliza L. Colpitts.
Sydney, Oct. 16, Minnie L. only daughter of Chas. and Annie L. Fairbridge, 20.
Dorchester, Mass., Oct. 2, Elizabeth A. Lightbody, 88, widow of John W. Purdy.
Yarmouth, Oct. 23, Herbert Huntington, son of late Hon. Herbert Huntington, 60.
Upper North Sydney, Oct. 6, Bessie, daughter of Alex. and Alexia Allen, 6 weeks.
Charlestown, Mass., Oct. 29, Kathleen, infant daughter of Arthur and Edith Pemberton.



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Lve. St. John at 7:00 a.m., Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday; ar. Digby 9:30 a.m.
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ST. JOHN EXPRESS TRAINS
Daily (Sunday excepted).
Lve. Halifax 6:30 a.m., ar. in Digby 12:30 p.m.
Lve. Digby 12:45 p.m., ar. Yarmouth 3:20 p.m.
Lve. Yarmouth 3:40 a.m., ar. Digby 11:45 a.m.
Lve. Digby 11:55 a.m., ar. Halifax 5:50 p.m.
Lve. Annapolis 7:30 a.m., ar. Digby 8:50 a.m.
Lve. Digby 8:20 p.m., ar. Annapolis 4:40 p.m.

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On and after Monday, Oct. the 16th, 1899 Trains will run daily, (Sunday excepted.)

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Express for Campbellton, Pughwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7:25
Express for Halifax, New Glasgow and Pictou..... 12:05
Express for Sussex..... 16:40
Express for Quebec, Montreal..... 17:30
Accommodation for Moncton, Truro, Halifax and Sydney..... 22:10

A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 17:30 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton.
A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22:10 o'clock for Truro and Halifax.
Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Sussex..... 6:30
Accommodation from Moncton..... 11:45
Express from Halifax..... 16:40
Express from Halifax, Quebec and Montreal..... 19:55
Accommodation from Moncton..... 24:45
All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation.

D. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager.
Moncton, N. B., Oct. 16, 1899.
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1899 1899.

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For tickets, staterooms, etc. Apply to Halifax Transfer Company, 143 Hollis street.
L. E. BAKER, President and Director.
Yarmouth, N. S., July 6th, 1899.

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Change of Sailing.

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will leave her wharf, Hampton, Monday and Wednesday mornings, at 7 a.m. for Indian own. Returning will leave Indian town on Tuesday and Thursday mornings at 11 o'clock (local). On Saturdays she will make round trip as at present.
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Returning steamers leave NEW YORK, PIER 11, NORTH RIVER (Battery Place), November 9th, 19th and 29th, for EASTPORT, ME., and ST. JOHN DIRECT. After the above dates, sailings will be WEEKLY, as our own steamers will then be on the line.
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