SELECT STORY.

MISS MIDDLETON'S LOVER.

—OR—

PARTED ON THEIR BRIDAL TOUR.

By the author of 'A Forbidden Marriage,' 'That Pretty Young Girl,' etc.

CHAPTER IV.

MY HEART IS EMPTY, MY LIFE IS LONELY.

CONTINUED.

"Ha, 'Eathcliff," he cried, holding out a slender, white hand; "the very man h'I wanted to see. 'Aven't seen you for a fortnight; my 'orse won the Derby but h'I lost it h'll the same night; h'I expected you round but you didn't show up. H'Im sorry to seem pressing, but h'I—ah! h'I say, 'Eathcliff, h'I must 'ave that money you owe me, by to-night, you know."

"Hush, not a word of that here, Lennox, you'll ruin me," said Heathcliff glancing hurriedly about him.

"Ruin you; that's pretty good," cries the young Englishmah going off into a peal of uproarous laughter; "egad, h'I thought you were ruined h'already, 'Eathcliff, h'I believe honestly, the h'only h'objeci belonging to the 'Eathcliff estate which remains h'unmortgaged, is yourself."

"It is equally sure that no one would lend money on me," returned Heathcliff. "Come into this cafe," he added, knowing the other's particular weakness; and taking this means of ridding himself of him, "and we will have a champagne together."

"No," says Lennox, drawing back, "h'I've sworn h'off to please my mother h'and sisters; h'I've just got over a week's sickness, the result of h'our last champagne together; h'I vowed h'if h'I pulled through that, h'I'd cry quits."

"Nonsense," retorted Heathclifi, impetiently, quoting, with a sneer on his face which by no means improved its expression:—

"When the devil got sick, he devil a monk would be,
When the devil got well, the devil a monk was he."

"That would be more like you Lennox, eh?" taking him by the arm, notwith standing the poor fellow's entreaties, Heathcliff soon had him in the cafe. A few minutes more, and despite all Lennox's resolutions, he was unable to leave it for the present.

"I'll see you later, my dear boy," said Heathcliff, turning him over to a party of congenial friends they found there.

"He is disposed of," he muttered, as he gained the street—"a soft-brained fool, that, who hasn't the stamina to stick to it when he does say 'no.'"

"I have already lost ten minutes," he soliloquized. "Irene will wonder what detains me."

She was still sitting on the rustie seat where he had left her when he drove hurriedly up to the part entrance.

"Has the time seemed long to you, Irene?" he asked, as he handed her into the carriage.

"No," she simply answered; "I was so absorbed in thought, I quite forgot you."

"That is not very complimentary," he remaiked, quickly.

He did not tell her that, anticipating her consent, he had already taken out a special license and engaged the services of a rector, who was waiting even at that moment to receive them.

As they crossed the portal of the old church, she was startled by a sudden cry from his lips, by the sudden pallor of his face. "Why, Irene," he cried, "do you know that you are attired in black crape? I am not superstitious, but it frightens me. Who ever heard of a bride coming to the altar in black crape?"

You forget the circumstances of this marriage," replied the girl; "you insisted upon an immediate marriage in order to catch the outgoing train which leaves London within the hour. I could make no preparations. You were content to take me just as I am, you said. I had not thought about the color of my dress."

He was not as he said, a superstitious man, but the idea of his bride standing at the altar beside him robed in black crape, filled him with dismay.

CHAPTER V.

IT WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER HAD SHE DIED.

How gloomy the interior of the dim old church seemed to Irene—with its stained glass windows, marvels of richness and color, with figures of saints upon them with palm branches and golden erowns.

The white-haired minister looked at the couple he was to wed as they advanced. How lovely the bride elect was, and how strangely ill at ease the handsome bridegroom appeared. "It is all right, I suppose," he thought,

For the sake of the fair young face he asked few questions. Yes, it was perfectly, legally right—no business of his. Then he opened his book. For a moment there was deep silence, broken only by the songs of birds outside, and the rustling of the leaves stirred by the wind tapping the window pane.

Then slowly, solemnly, the words were spoken and the responses uttered that made this fair young girl Karl Meathcliff's wife,

They signed their names in the register in the vestry. The old minister touched the lovely, pale face, wishing her joy, and shook the bridegroom's hand, wishing him every happiness. "I have never seen a more beautiful bride," he said, "always be kind and loyal to her."

Irene was startled at hearing the bells peel as they walked down the aisle to gether. Karl Heathcliff's face was flushed, Irene's was pale and frightened. It was the very solemnity of those words "Until death do ye part," that had startled her, and she trembled as she thought of them—such solemn words—such terrible vows; she never thought, never dreamed getting married was anything like this; all the people she had ever heard speak of marriage did it with a light, careless laugh as though it were some great joke, and here it proved to be so terrible, so real, that the memory of it would always alarm her.

"My wife!" whispered Heathcliff, handing her into the carriage. The sun was shining, the trees with their green foliage trembling in the summer breeze; the bells filled the air with sweet music; how well Irene remembered every detail of that scene in the dark days that followed.

"To the railway station, —— street," Heathcliff directed the driver; adding "an extra pound if you make it within ten minutes."

Looking from the window of the carriage, he had seen a face in the crowded thoroughfare that made his own pale alarmingly and seemed for an instant to fascinate him.

"He here! It cannot be him," he muttered. "Good heavens, if it should be! And I, loitering here.'

Irene had spoken to him, but his agitation was so great he had not even heard her.

The driver whipped up his horses and in less than ten minutes landed them at the railway station, earning the extra pound. Then he was dismissed.

"We cannot leave in this summary fashion without letting Mrs. Grey know," Irene suggested here.

"When we reach the end of our journey we can telegraph her, explaining matters," he replied.

He did not think there was any use in telling her the truth just then—that he meant that no one should ever discover whither they had gone.

The railway station at this hour was always crowded. Heathcliff found a seat for Irene, murmuring as he bent over her,—

"You shall never regret this step, my darling."

Crossing over to the ticket office, he inquired in a low voice—after glancing carefully and keenly at the group of men near him to learn whether or not he was particularly observed—"Can I get tickets here for Edinburgh?"

"No, sir," answers the agent; "get them at the Scotch mail route depot, three blocks down the street; wrong depot."

"How long will it be before the express starts?"

"In fifteen minutes, exactly; you'll he very lucky if you catch it, sir."

Heathcliff returns to Irene's side, hurriedly.

"We are at the wrong depot it seems," he said, "I am sorry I dismissed that cabman so soon; I shall have to get another. Wait here until I return. It is just twelve o'clock now, Irene," he says, comparing his watch with the huge clock on the wall, "we will have bare time to make the train. I shall be back for you within three minutes."

"Had I not better go with you, Karl?" she suggested. He shook his head with a smile, hurrying away.

As he reaches the doorway, a very dilapidated looking individual in a crushed hat and very muddy cutaway coat, his face so bespattered with mud, he was hardly recognizable, ran directly into Heathcliff's arms.

"'Scuse me, 'scuse me, sir," he hiccoughed, in a voice thick with wine.

"You had better look out where you are going to next time, fellow," retorted Heathcliff, angrily, brushing the dust from his coat sleeve and immaculate shirt front, with his silk handkerchief.

The "fellow" looks after Heathcliff, and attempts to utter a low whistle, but it is a failure; he is too utterly "gone" for that.

"W—why tha—thats 'Eathcliff, 'pon m—my soul," he hiccoughs. "Guesh 'ee didn't rec—rec—nize me. No mat—ter (hic)—'ees a mean fellah any'ow that 'Eathcliff. So mean if 'ee lay in the gutter, h'I wouldn't pick 'im up with a pitchfork."

At this juncture, Mr. Lennox, for it is he, is taken in charge by the railway officials, and hurried summarily from the waiting-room, though he protests he wishes to buy a ticket and go on that train, much to the amusement of the passengers; even Irene was diverted from her thoughts for a moment, in watching the amusing spectacle.

"Have I done right in allowing Karl to persuade me to marry him?" she wondered vaguely, taking he thread of her communings again. "I, oh Heaven forgive me, I beginning to repent of it already. The very touch of his hand clasping mine always sends a cold chill throug my heart; I cannot tell why."

She glances at the clock on the wall, and perceives with a start of dismay that fifteen minutes have elapsed.

"What can detain him?" she asks herself—"he was to return in three minutes."

Irene watches with dreamy eyes the throng of people that come and go. The moments drag themselves wearily on, but much to her surprise Heathcliff does not return. Surely he could not have forgotten her, she thinks.

The clock on the wall marks the hour of one; fifteen minutes more pass then another half, and with fascinated eyes she watches the hands of the great clock creep round to the hour of two. Time seems to fairly fly.

Should she wait longer or return home; she is so puzzled, so bewildered, by all that has transpired she cannot think clearly.

Once again the irrepressible Lennox enters, this time carefully brushed off—and little the worse in appearance from the dizziness of two hours previous.

There is the usual pushing and scrambling to secure the necessary bit of pasteboard; and amidst the throng two unwieldy ladies, weighted down with innumerable bundles and boxes, make a rush for the door that leads to the trains, when it is thrown open.

"One at a time, if you please," shouts the official, but neither of the two ladies thinks of giving way to the other, in the struggle for supremacy to be first; each holding her parcels high in the air to escape the iron railings.

One small boy sets an example to the amused bystanders; he lowers his head from contact with the huge boxes and bundles, and scoots through the archway thus formed with a derisive shout of triumph.

Lennox watches the spectacle with a smothered titter.

"I'll bet on the one this way for a place," he says sotto voce to the official, "Lawd pity the poor deyil, ah 'as to pay for the other 'alf h'of the seat with either h'of 'em don't you know."

"You'd better get your ticket, sir, if you intend to go by this train, suggested the official.

Lennox made his way to the small win dow from which the ticket agent's face beamed out, with alacrity, that is, considering the dizziness of a head that seemed considerably too large for his hat.

Irene was by this time utterly oblivious to what was transpiring about her, her thoughts were so distracted.

"Oh Karl, Karl, what can detain you?" she sobbed under her breath. "I grow anxious, terrified, what can it mean?" The hand of the clock on the wall pointed to twenty minutes of three.

Lennox had been regarding the beautiful tace of the young girl pacing so restlessly from window to window that he had almost forgotten the necessary bit of pasteboard.

"Ticket to Liverpool, my good fellah," he said, "what's the damage?"

"Train hasn't started; can't tell that yet," replied the agent. "Want a life insurance ticket, too, sir? Insures against all accidents."

"No, my good fellow, ticket to Liverpool; h'I'll take it straight," he cut in, laconically.

"Extra! Extra!" cried half a dozen newsboys, darting their heads through as many open windows and doors, singing out in a chorus the startling denouement:

"Extra! All about the capture of the most daring and expert robber in London! The startling arrest by a Scotland Yard detective. Extra! Extra!"

There is as usual a rush for the papers.

"'Ere lad, lets 'ave a copy," says Lennox, and he secures one.

His eyes begin to stare as he reads the headlines. The shock he sustains as he read further on succeed in completeiy restoring his rather dazed faculties.

TO BE CONTINUED.

More Kind Words From Hamilton Regarding the Great Remedy Which Cures Rheumatism in One to Three Days.

Mrs. Phillips, sr., corner Hunter and Grath streets, Hamilton: "Several months ago I was afflcted with rheumatism, which completely crippled me. South American Rheumatic Cure being recommended to me, I procured a bottle and obtained perfect relief from the first few doses. It is without doubt the quickest relief for rheumatism I have ever seen, and I heartily recommend it to all sufferers from this disease." Sold by W. H. Carten, C. A. Burchill and J. M. Wiley.

SAM BEARDSHIS TEACHER.

Story of a Bad Boy in a South Amboy Public School.

A boy of fifteen and a schoolmaster of thirty-eight were the dramatist personæ, and a ruler and the schoolmaster's whiskers the properties, of a farce comedy, the enactment of which raised high jinks in Raritan, Public School No. 2 of South Amboy Monday morning. The juvenile part was played by Sam Watson, the son of Frank Watson, a machinist, who lives at 92 Second street, South Amboy. The part for the walking gentleman was admirably taken by Principal William L Heinekin.

The plot is as follows: Sam Watson is a pupil in the A class of the grammar department. He went to school last Monday morning, and attended the first recitation of his class, which ended about 9.30. Between the first recitation and the second a half hour and recess intervened. When the recitation was over he walked back to his desk. As it happened he had the second recitation prepared, and so had nothing to do in the interval.

Sam has no mean ability at sketching with pen or pencil. Very soon after he had sat down at his desk he began making pictures on a pad. Just as he was putting the finishing touches on the picture of a hand he had drawn, Mr. Heineken entered the room. Looking about at the pupils for a moment, he walked up the aisle to a point just back of Sam's desk. The boy kept on with his drawing, never looking up for a moment, until, as he says, Mr. Heineken hit him across the back with the flat of his hand. Then the fun began. The boy thought that a schoolmate in the seat behind his had hit him. Picking up a ruler which lay on his desk, Sam, with no delicate motion, brought it around back of him. He meant, he says, to hit his schoolmate in retaliation for the blow on the back. The ruler hit something, with a resounding whack. The something, however, was not the schoolmate, but the schoolmaster. The ruler landed on the teacher's knuckles, and the teacher felt it. Grabbing the boy by the collar, he cried:

"Here! you young rascal, what are you doing? What do you mean by hitting me with a ruler?"

Sam didn't know until then that he hadn't hit the boy who sat behind him. On learning what he had done he concluded to say nothing and wait for developments. Mr. Heineken's knuckles were smarting and the pupils were tittering audibly, neither of which circumstances tended to mollify his feelings. Still holding the boy by the collar, Mr. Heineken said, with much sternness:

"I want you to understand, sir, that you do not come to school to waste your time drawing pictures. Put up that pad this moment and study your next lesson."

"Got my next lesson," replied Sam, gruffly.

"Well, it won't do any harm to get it over again. At any rate, put up that pad at once."

"Don't have to," drawled Sam. "You didn't buy that pad. I bought it with my own money, and I'll do as I please with it. You can't make me put it up, either."

"You're the stuff!" yelled one of the other boys, whom Mr. Heineken is still trying to identify, Then the whole school laughed outright.

"Can't I make you put it up?" cried the teacher. "I'll see about that."

With this he made an effort to seize both of the boy's hands. The effort was successful as far as one hand was concerned, but Sam was took with the other. According to the story told by several of the pupils, the boy jumped up as soon as the teacher caught his left hand, and with his right grabbed his teacher's whiskers, which have an abundant if stubby growth on his chin.

For a few moments it was teacher and boy all around the room. Neither broke his hold, according to the story, until the whiskers gave way. Then the part of the whiskers which wasn't on the teacher's chin was in Sam's hand. Some of the whiskers, it is said, the boy has yet.

When the teacher and the pupil had broken away the former glared at the other for some time without saying anything. Sam hadn't any remarks to make, so he didn't make any. But the expression on his face might have been interpreted as, "Come on if you want any more." The teacher apparently didn't want any more, but he told Sam to go home and not return to school until he was told to come.

Mr. Heineken will report the matter to the South Amboy Board of Education and ask them to act in the matter.

MARRIED IN JAIL.

A marriage took place at the jail last Tuesday evening, the ceremony being performed in the jailor's office by John R. Weed, Esq., the contracting parties being Charles Duplissea, Fredericton, N. B., and Lydia Dyer, from up-country town, who was serving out a sentence for some misdemeaner, and whose time expired last Saturday. The bride was the recipient of many useful presents given by some of our prominent citizens.—Houlton Pioneer.

[Duplissea does not belong to Fredericton, but served as a soldier here in the R. R. C. I. He was a tough character, and was finally dismissed from the corps. He hails from Sunbury county.—HERALD.]

YOU DON'T HAVE TO SWEAR OFF

Says the St. Louis Journal of Agriculture in an editorial about No-To-Bac, the famous tobacco habit cure. "We know of many cases cured by No-To-Bac, one a prominent St. Louis architect, smoked and chewed for twenty years; two boxes cured him so that even the smell of tobacco makes him sick." No-To-Bac sold and guaranteed by Chas. A. Burchill No cure, no pay. Book free. Sterling Remedy Co., 374 St. Paul St., Montreal.

THE ONE MAN POWER.

[Toronto Globe.]

In York county the opposition carried the last elections, and Wednesday they were again victorious by a large majority. This is accounted for by the work of Alex. Gibson, the leading lumber and cotton mill man of New Brunswick, who stood at the polls all day.

TERRIBLE LOSS OF LIFE.

LONDON, Oct. 17.—A despatch from Shanghai says an explosion occurred yesterday on board a transport at Kungpai, near Kingchow. The steamer had on board a large number of troops, six hundred of whom are reported killed.

BUILD UP.

When the system is run down, a person becomes an easy prey to Consumption, or Scrofula. Many valuable lives are saved by using Scott's Emulsion as soon as a decline in health is observed.

CORBETT AND FITZSIMMONS

History of the Two Great Fighters Who are to Meet Oct. 31st at Hot Springs, Arkansas.

James John Corbett, the present champion of the world, first saw the light of day in San Francisco, on September 1, 1866. "Gentleman Jim's" occupation was that peaceful one of a bank clerk until 1886, when he launched upon the sea of pugilism. He fought Billy Welch, then the amateur middleweight champion for a gold medal at San Francisco, and was defeated in 4 rounds. Previous to that he met and conquered Capt. J. H. Daly, 2 rounds; Mike Brennan, 3 rounds; Martin Costello, 3 rounds; Prof. Wm. Miller, 6 rounds and Frank Smith, 4. He drew in a contest with Duncan McDonald. In 1886 he met Billy Welch a second time and was knocked out in 1 round. On August 27, 1887, he met Jack Burke at the Olympic Club and drew after an 8 round contest. His next opponent was Frank Glover, whom he met June 30, 1888, and drew in 3 rounds. On May 30, 1889, he was matched to meet Joe Choynski, near Fairfax, with 2 oz. gloves for $1000 a side. After fighting 4 rounds the police interfered. On June 5 of the same year the interrupted contest was resumed on a barge in the river near Benecia, Cal. Choynski weighed 172 lbs. and wore skin gloves. Corbett tipped the scale at 180 and had 2 oz. gloves. The referee was Patsy Hogan. Corbett won after 27 rounds. On July 15 Choynski and Corbett met for the third time, at San Francisco, Choynski was bested in 4 rounds. On July 29, at Portland, Ore., Corbett fought a draw with Dave Campbell in 10 rounds. "Jim" had the best of the contest but agreed not to knock out. He next sparred Jack Kilrain for points and won. On February, 18, 1890 at the Southern A. C., New Orleans, the contest was for $3500. Both contestants wore 5 oz. gloves. Corbett weighed 183 lbs. and Kilrain 201. On March 20, of the same year, he sparred a 3 round exhibition with Mike Donovan at New York.

On April 1J, Dominick McCaffrey fell a victim to Corbett's prowess in 4 rounds for the gate receipts at the Casino, Brooklyn. On May 21, 1891, he fought with Peter Jackson. Corbett weighed 182 lbs. and Jackson, 198. After 61 rounds the fight was declared no contest and each man received $2500. On June 26, he sparred four rounds with John L. Sullivan, then the world's heavy weight champion, August 5, he sparred 4 rounds with Jim Hall at Chicago. Corbett's next contest was with Ed. Kennedy, whom he defeated in 4 rounds at Chicago October 8. At a fistic carnival in New York he defeated Bill Spillings and Bob Caffrey, each in one round. He also contested with Joe Gorman, but no decision was given. On March 15, arrangements were completed at New York for Corbett's meeting with Sullivan June 26. Corbett appeared in a new role. He had a speaking part in Sport McAllister which was then at the Bijou theatre, New York. Corbett's title of champion dates from September 7, 1892, when he met and conquered John L. Sullivan, who had been champion for twelve years. The contest was for a purse of $25,000, and $20,000 stake money, and took place at the Olymclub, New Orleans. Corbett's weight was 178 lbs. and Sullivan's 212 lbs. Both men wore 5 oz. gloves. The referee was Prof. John Duffy. Corbett's seconds were Bill Delaney, Jim Daly and John Donaldson. His bottleholder was Mike Donovan, "Bat" Masterson acted as time-keeper. In the betting Sullivan was the favorite at 4 to 1. Corbett won in 21 rounds. He drew first blood in the fifth round. On October 3 he made his debut as Gentleman Jack in Elizabeth, N.J. Arrangements were early in 1893 for a meeting with Charlie Mitchell, the English champion, who was desirous of wrestling the laurels from Corbett's brow. On Feburary 24 the money for the contest was posted. After a length correspondence and an unusally large amount of talk, articles were signed for a contest between Corbett and Jackson for $10,000 a side. The match afterwards fell through. On January 15, 1894, the Corbett-Mitchell contest was pulled off under the auspices of the Daval athletic club at Jacksonville, Fla. Mitchell was knocked out in three rounds in easy style. Corbett sailed for England on April 12. On September 7 he fought 6 rounds with Peter Courtney of Trenton, N. Y., at the Edison's laboratary at Orange, N. J., for the kinetescope. On October 11 arrangements were made for Corbett's contest with Bob Fitzsimmons for $10,000 a side, a purse and the championship of the world.

Fitzsimmons' Record.

Robert Fitzsimmons was born in Elson, Cornwall, England, June 4, 1862. His first appearance in the ring was at Timaru, New Zealand, in Jem Mace's competition, in which he defeated four men, winning the amateur championship of New Zealand. The following year in the same competition he defeated five men, among them Herbert Slade, the Maori. While in Australia he succeeded in defeating Jem Crawford, Bill Slavin, Starlight, Arthur Cooper, Jack Murphy, Brinsmead, Jack Greentree, — Conway, Prof. West, Pablo Frank, Jack Riddle and — Eager. He also defeated Dick Sandall for the amateur championship of New Zealand.

In Sydney, on December 17, 1889, he defeated Dick Ellis, of New Zealand, in four rounds. On Febuary 10, he was defeated by Jem Hall in 4 rounds at Sydney. On May 10 of the same year he arrived at San Francisco. Seven days later at the California Athletic Club he sparred with Frank Allen; Fitzsimmons broke Allen's wrist. On May 29, he met and defeated Billy McCarthy, of Australia, for a purse of $1,250, in nine rounds. His next opponent was Arthur O. Upman, whom he knocked out in 5 rounds at the Audubon Athletic Club, New Orleans. On January 14, 1691, he fought Jack Dempsey at New Orleans for the world's championship and a purse of $11,000. Dempsey was knocked out in 13 rounds. Fitzsimmons weighed 150½ lbs. and Dempsey 147½. On April 28th of the same year he knocked out Abe Cougle in Chicago in 2 rounds. On May 1 he met and defeated "Black Pearl" at Minneapolis in 4 rounds. On July 22 arrangements were made for a match with Hall at St. Paul for $13,000. The contest subsequently fell through and the Minneapolis Athlelic Club forfeited $3,000 to the "scrappers" on that account. Fitzsimmons' next contest was with Peter Maher for $10,000 at the Olympic Club at New Orleans. Fitzsimmons was favorite in the betting and succeeded in knocking out Maher in 12 rounds. Then followed a series of victories for "Lanky Bob," Jim Farrell, Joe Godfrey, Jerry Slattery and Millard Zeuder were knocked out in succession.

In 1893, on March 8, he fought with Jem Hall at the Crescent City Athletic Club in New Orleans. The result was a knock out victory for Fitzimmons. Hall was the favorite in the betting at 10 to 9. On the 25th of the same month he knocked out Phil Mayo, of Cleveland, at Chicago in 4 rounds. At Baltimore on May 30, he knocked out Warner in 1 round. He next met Jack Hickory at Newark on September 5 and defeated him in 3 rounds. His next important fight was with Joe Choynski, at catch weights at Boston for the gate receipts. After fighting 5 rounds the police interferred and the fight was declared a draw. Frank Kellar was next to fall before "Bob." He was knocked out at Buffalo on July 28 in 2 rounds. On September 26 he fought Dan Creedon for a purse of $5000 at the Olympic Athletic Club, New Orleans. Creedon was knocked out in 2 rounds.

On November 17 last year Fitzimmons accidentally killed his sparing partner "Con" Riordan by a blow delivered on the jaw during their set to at Jacob's Opera house, Syracuse, N. Y.

Riordan was in poor condition at the time and the blow caused homorrhage within the cranial cavity, causing compression of the brain. The coroner's jury exonerated Fitzsimmons from all blame.

SOME STRIKING FACTS.

Showing that Wednesday's Election was Won by Alexander Gibson.

(St. John Telegraph.)

The York election presents some features which are worthy of particular attention at the present time. The vote at Marysville, for instance, where Mr. Gibson reigns supreme is worthy of special study. It was as follows:

Gov't Candidates.		Opp'n Candidates.	
Thompson	17	Howe	354
Whitehead	14	Black	353
Anderson	14	Pinder	351
Coburn	14	Pitts	340

It will hardly be pretended, we think, that there could have been a free ballot where such a result was achieved. There are a few country people who vote at Marysville, but all the others are employes and tenants of Mr. Alex. Gibson. This person, it is hardly necessary to remark, is opposed to Mr. Blair.

Marysville was looked after on election day by Mr. Gibson's sons and others near to him, but Mr. Gibson himself stood at the polls in Stanley, with the following result:

Gov't Candidates.		Opp'n Candidates.	
Thompson	90	Howe	262
Anderson	84	Pitts	257
Whitehead	82	Pinder	256
Coburn	79	Black	253

Nashwaak is another district under the Gibson influence, and there the vote was as follows:

Gov't Candidates.		Opp'n Candidates.	
Thompson	60	Black	194
Anderson	60	Pitts	193
Whitehead	60	Pinder	193
Coburn	59	Howe	193

It will be seen from the above figures that these three polling districts in which Mr. Gibson's influence is so powerful, gave the opportunity a majority of 633. Such a result shows that the county of York under the existing arrangements is practically under the control of Mr. Gibson, a power too great we think, to be entrusted to any one man. In Fredericton where the people are certainly not inferior in intelligence to those of any other part of the county of York, the vote stood as follows:

Gov't Candidates.		Opp'n Candidates.	
Thompson	678	Black	490
Whitehead	678	Pinder	446
Anderson	651	Howe	430
Coburn	642	Pitts	429

Aside from the personal vote given to Mr. Black, Fredericton gave the government a majority of 232. In that city there was a free ballot, and there is no one individual powerful enough to control or intimidate its electors. Mr. Blair must now see that he committed an error, when dealing with the constituencies in a recent bill, in withdrawing that provision, which would have given Fredericton a separate member. The capital of the province should not be at the mercy of any one man, however enterprising and able, yet this is a danger to which it must always be exposed so long as it is joined to the districts on the east side of the river. Fredericton should be made a separate constituency, and, indeed, it would seem to be proper to divide the whole county of York into ridings, so that the existing evil might be localized, and its people given an opportunity of being represented by men of their choice, and not by those whom they do not trust.

A CENTENARIAN IMMIGRANT.

The oldest immigrant ever landed at New York and probably the oldest person who ever made a trip across the Atlantic ocean, was discharged Wednesday in the person of Mrs. Mary Coffey, who gave her age to the immigration authorities as 104 years. She came over with her youngest daughter, who is fifty-six years old, on the Cunard line steamer Abrania, which arrived on Wednesday. They left the next afternoon for Plainfield, Ct., where the daughter lives with her husband. Mrs. Coffey speaks no English, only the old Gaelic tongue, which she learned in the County Kerry, Ireland, her birthplace. Peter Gordon, an Ellis Island detective, who was born in the west of Ireland and understands the dialect, interpretated a few words spoken by the old woman.

"Why have you come to this country?" he asked.

"To get a husband," she replied, with a smile.

Mrs. Coffey remembers the famous battle of Ballinamuck, in 1798, when the French troops, under General Hoche, landed on Irish soil.

SAD DROWNING ACCIDENT.

Son and Daughter of Recorder Chesley, of Lunenburg, Lose Their Lives.

A tragic drowning accident occurred at Lunenburg, N. S., Tuesday night. The son and daughter of Recorder Chesley, of Lunenburg, found a watery grave. The young man was 19 years old and the girl 17 years. They were the only children of Mr. and Mrs. Chesley.

The two went in a sail boat for a day's outing at Ritcey's Cove, a couple of miles from Lunenburg. Night came and the party did not return, but this caused no uneasiness, for the parents concluded the young people had decided to stay for the night at Ritcey's Cove, as the wind was blowing a gale.

Wednesday morning a body was seen floating at the wharf in Lunenburg harbor. It was found to be the remains of Mr. Chesley's son. The young people had started for home, the boat capsized and both were drowned. The body of the girl has not yet been recovered.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

LOSS OF FLESH

is weakening. You cannot afford to fall below your healthy weight. If you will take Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda when your friends first tell you you are getting thin, you will quickly restore your healthy weight and may thereby prevent serious illness.

Persons have been known to gain a pound a day by taking an ounce a day of Scott's Emulsion. This seems extraordinary; but it is absolutely true.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute!

Scott & Bowne, Belleville. 50c. and $1.

KINGS REJOICES

Over the Triumphant Election of the Whole Government Ticket.

[Sussex Record.]

We are pleased at the result of this election and congratulate Messrs. White, Scovil and Fowler on their splendid victory. A very fierce and bitter canvass was carried on against them by foes within and foes without, but the result of polling gave evidence that the majority of the fair-minded electors of this county could not be swayed from their determination of doing justly by those men who have been abused so persistently by the opposition press of St. John. A very noticeable feature of the conflict was that a full score of opposition speakers were brought into the county from St. John (including Stockton and Alward) while Messrs. White, Fowler and Scovil sought no outside aid, but were content to do their own talking, and results have shown that they must have more than held their own in the fight with their numerous opposers.

Sussex was ablaze with bonfires Wednesday evening. Everybody appeared to be pleased at the results, and those who were not, swallowed their disappointment and went with the crowd. The Citizens' band serenaded the Solicitor General, who made a short speech in which he thanked the Sussex people for their hearty support, and expressed his regrets at Mr. G. W. Fowler not being able to be with him. He was frequently interrupted by cheers, and when he finished speaking, was warmly congratulated by as many friends as could get near enough to shake hands. Early in the evening word was received from Mr. Fowler that he would be up in the late train and a big crowd waited for him. When he arrived the boys went mad. They had another bonfire ready for him, guns and torpedoes were fired and as he stepped from the car platform the crowd seized him and carried him to an inpromptu platform, where he thanked them all for their hearty support. They cheered him to the echo, and it was with difficulty he could get away.

White's Cove.

OCT. 15.—The weather has been warm and dry and in every way favorable for the farmers to gather in their crops, which are much larger than usual.

Quite a large number of people went to Gagetown on nomination day. Our two former members, Mr. L. P. Ferris and Hon. A. G. Blair, who have so ably represented us in the past three years, were elected by acclamation.

Mrs. Duncan Cameron, Miss Kate Orchard and Miss Annie Gunter have gone to Portland, Me., to spend the winter.

Mrs. Gordon Knight has gone to Newcastle to take charge of the school there.

Mr. W. W. Wright, who is teaching at Chipman, spent a few days with us last week.

Rev. B. N. Hughes occupied the pulpit of the Baptist church on Sunday last.

The Cambridge Agricultural society intend holding their annual exhibition on the 17th of October.

HEART DISEASE OF TWENTY YEARS' STANDING RELIEVED IN A DAY.

Mr. Aaron Nichols, Who Has Lived on One Farm for 70 Years, Tells What He Knows of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

This is to certify that I have bought two bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart for my wife, who has been troubled for the past twenty years with heart disease. The first few doses gave relief, and she has had more benefit from it than from all the doctoring she ever did. The remedy acts like magic on a deceased heart. I am pleased to give this certificate. Aaron Nichols, Peterboro. Sold by W. H. Carten C. A. Burchill and J. M. Wiley.

MR. MACINERNEY the Tory M.P. for Kent, backed Mr. Phinney in his campaign in Kent, and will probably hear from the victorious government candidates when he runs his next election.

Wiley's ... EMULSION.

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COD - LIVER - OIL.

Gives Best Results.
Purest and Best Materials used in Manufacture.
Best Value for the Money.
The Best **Preparation** in the Market
Readily taken by Children.
No preparation equal to it.
For Building up the System.

PRICE SOLD Everywhere 50 cts.

JOHN M. WILEY, Manufacturer

196 Queen Street, Fredericton.

Featherbone Skirt Bone.

For Giving **STYLE** and **SHAPE** To LADIES' DRESSES.

A light, pliable, elastic bone made from quills. It is soft and yielding, conforming readily to folds, yet giving proper shape to Skirt or Dress.

The only Skirt Bone that may be wet without injury.

The Celebrated Featherbone Corsets are corded with this material.

For sale by leading Dry Goods Dealers.

A FREDERICTON YOUNG LADY

Married a Maine Man last March, but the fact has only lkaked out now.

Says the Bangor Commercial: There was a small but very pleasant gathering at the Summer and Winter hotel, Bucksport, Me., Wednesday evening, the occasion being the wedding and farewell reception in honor of the marriage of Miss Ada M. Pond, of Fredericton, and Edward H. Emerson, of Ellsworth, and the leaving of the groom for Ellsworth. Although the wedding ceremony occurred in Rockland, March 6th, yet for reasons of their own the marriage was kept secret except from a few very intimate friends, until quite recently, and as Mr. Emerson was called away from Bucksport, it was decided to have a formal reception as above. The bride has had charge of the Bucksport laundry for two and a half years and will continue the business at the old stand under the old name for the present. Mr. Emerson, who has been the able manager of the Electric Light Power Co. for one year and a half, leaves for larger fields. Both are well and favorably known and have made many friends who wish them all the happiness their relations can give them. After the oysters were served, an hour or more was passed in social conversation and whist.

MR. SUMNER'S PAPER.

Does not Think Much of Dr. Stockton's Leadership or York's Opposition Four.

The Moncton Times, hitherto a stout opposition newspaper, is now in the control of Mr. Fred Sumner, the alleged opposition member for Westmorland, and this is what it says of Wednesday's elections:

"The want of good leadership on the part of the opposition both in the legislature and in the campaign has, indeed, contributed as much to the success of the government party as anything that Mr. Blair has done. The leader of the opposition, beyond making one or two set speeches in Albert and Kings, has been nowhere in evidence during the campaign. When the candidates were being selected and the actual work was being done, the opposition was like the mariner at sea without a compass. The government won on nomination day. Looking at the composition of the opposition party, we see little that is encouraging. Good men have been selected in St. John, but they have shown no evidence of ability to lead. The opposition ticket in York, which has been successful, does not contain the elsments that make a party great."

THE LUMBER HANG-UP.

Fred Moore says there are about ten millions of logs above the Fredericton boom yet, which he hopes to get down the end of this month or the first of next. F. Woodman, of Saint John, one of the directors of the boom company, was in town last week, and he says that Mr. Moore has left nothing undone to get the logs in, but the water has failed him. At the first rise of water he will get to work. There are about four millions of logs on the Becaguimic which Mr. Sawyer needs at his mill very much. If the weather will settle down for a good damp rain things in general will take a move on.—Woodstock Despatch.

A RICHIBUCTO despatch in the Sun says that a rumor is current there that Mr John Black will resign his seat in the legislature in favor of Mr. Phinney, who was so badly defeated in Kent, but there is not much probability of Mr. Black doing anything of the kind.

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Latest Cloth for Suitings,

—AND—

GUNN,

THE TAILOR,

Guarantees good fit, and first-class materials in his MAKE UP

Come in and see my Cloths and hard pan prices. It will pay you to do so.

NEXT B. LOW C. P. R. OFFICE,

LANDING

Clear Back Pork.

Oatmeal.

Cornmeal.

For Sale Low.

A. F. RANDOLPH & SONS.

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