POOR DOCUMENT

MC2034

Over the Border

By... ROBERT BARR,

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Author of "Jennie Baxter, Journalist," Etc.

(Continued).

"There is no doubt of it," said De Courcy softly.

"Doubt of what?" asked the king.

"The oath he took will sit lightly on his conscience. He prayed that his arm's strength might equal his heart's fealty. I distrust those who talk glibly of their hearts, and his was a most ambiguous prayer."

"Surely if ever honesty beamed from a man's face it was from Armstrong's. The Scots are trustworthy men."

"Some of them, your majesty."

Uneasy suspicion came into the sunken eyes of the king as he turned them on his chamberlain.

"What do you fear, De Courcy?"

"I have been studying the man these three days past. I accepted without question his assurances, and threw him off his guard. Cromwell loves an honest looking envoy, and from what Armstrong said I am sure he saw Cromwell no farther away than Northampton. He was very ready with his account of his own country people, but he told us nothing about the marvelous luck that brought him safely through a hostile land, which we know to our cost is admirably patrolled."

"If you knew this man to be a traitor or an emissary of that rebel, why did you bring him into our presence?"

"I could not be sure of him, your majesty, and there was always a chance that he was loyal and might get through."

"To raise my hopes like this and then dash them to the ground!"

"Not so, your majesty, if you will pardon me. Do you place importance on this commission?"

"The utmost importance. I know Traquair, and he will raise all Scotland for me if this commission reach him."

"Then we will mak siecar, as a famous Scot once said."

"Ah, De Courcy, that was said when a treacherous murder was intended. How will you make sure that Armstrong is honest?"

"I should trouble no more about Armstrong, but if you will issue a duplicate of that commission I will guarantee that it reaches the hand of Traquair. I am a Frenchman and a subject of the French king, I carry my passport to that effect. Even if I am stopped I shall resist search on the ground of my nationality, and Cromwell is too greatly in awe of the power of France to risk its might being thrown in the scale against him. Indeed I doubt if I could offer a greater service to your majesty than to be captured and appeal to Louis."

The king's face cleared.

"You would not stop Armstrong then?"

"Assuredly not. If his copy gets into Cromwell's hands he may slacken his alertness and not be on the outlook for a duplicate. As I said before, there is a chance the Scot plays fair, but two commissions in the hands of Traquair will do no harm, and we mak siccar."

"You are in the right, and your advice is always of the best. How soon will you be ready to leave?"

"This very moment, your majesty. There is no time to be lost."

"True! True! True!" Then to the secretary: "Write another. Do you remember the names?"

"Yes, your majesty. I have them here on a slip."

De Courcy bade farewell to the king, who urged him to return as soon as horse could bring him, and went to his room to prepare for his journey, the duplicate commission following him there.

Armstrong strode to the inn, sped up the stair and knocked at the door by the landing. Frances herself opened it, the determination on her face to refuse admission to any other than he melting into a welcome as she greeted him.

"My girl, are you ready for the north?"

"Yes, yes, ready and eager. Have you seen the king?"

"I have, and his royal signature rests over my heart."

The joy fled from the girl's face; she turned and walked with uncertain steps to the table. A hope had arisen that the venomous De Courcy would have prejudiced the king against the young man and that the hateful task of robbery would not be required. But now this last refuge had failed. She strove not to weep.

"If you would rather not go until tomorrow," said Armstrong, "I can wait, but, lassie, I'm desperate anxious to leave Oxford as soon as possible. We will not travel farther than Banbury tonight."

"I am ready," she replied, with forced firmness.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE road between Oxford and Banbury is the most peaceful of thoroughfares, laid with reasonable directness, gently undulating in parts, passing through quiet villages and a sweet country, mildly beautiful, yet to the mind of Frances Wentworth this innocent highway ever remained, as it were, a section of the broad path to perdition. In after life she never thought of it but with a creepy sensation of horror.

Despondency seemed to be the portion of William Armstrong as well as of his fair companion. She surmised that he was pondering on the events which had happened when their faces were set south over this course, and in part she was right, but the thoughts which rankled in his mind were those implanted by De Courcy, and the wily Frenchman had been accurate enough in his belief that the young man's pleasure in the northward journey would be spoiled. He could not bring himself to ask any explanation from the girl, nor even tell her what De Courcy had said, for he saw that already a weight of woe oppressed her, and to that burden he would not add a pressure of the slightest ward.

He possessed a supreme confidence in her and only feared that she had loved this runagate once and that some remnant of this long ago affection still remained. Her own words before they reached Oxford, her own action during the encounter fronting the Crown inn, disturbed him far more than the insinuations of the Frenchman. He strove to rid himself of these thoughts, but they were very intrusive and persistent. At last with an effort he roused himself and cried with feigned hilarity:

"Frances, we travel like two mutes. The influence of saddened Oxford is still upon us both. We are long out of sight of the town, so let us be done with all remembrance of it. The meeting with the king this morning has stirred me up to a great pity for him, but vexed meditations on his case are no help either to him or to us. The spur is the only weapon I can wield for him now, so let us gallop and cry, 'God save the king!'"

With that they raced together for a time and were the better of it. He had become almost cheerful again when the spires of Banbury came into view, and thanked fortune that the first stage of their march was safely over.

They found old John and his pack horse both ready for the road again, and Armstrong was plainly loath to let such a fine evening slip by without further progress, but Frances seemed so wan and worn that he had not the heart to propose a more distant stopping place, and, with a sigh, he put up his horse for the night.

While he was gone the innkeeper came furtively to Frances, and, after seeing the pass, led her to the prepared room and showed her the door.

Much against her will, Armstrong insisted upon her coming to supper with him, although she protested she had no appetite, and indeed sat opposite him forlorn and could not touch a morsel. In vain he urged her to eat, but she shook her head, avoiding his glance and keeping her eyes downcast.

"My girl," he said anxiously, "you are completely tired. I see that you are on the point of being ill if better care is not taken. Rest here a few days, I beg of you. Eager as I am to be forward, I will stay if you wish to have me near you, or I will push on and come back for you."

"I shall be well enough in the morning, most like. I am tired tonight."

"And dispirited too."

"Yes, and dispirited. You will excuse me, I know."

Frances rose to her feet, but seemed so faint that she leaned against the table for support. He was by her side at once.

"My sweet lass, I am so sorry for you. Tell me what I can do for you and on my soul my life is yours if you require it."

"No, no! Heaven grant you take no hurt for my sake."

He slipped his arm about her waist and would have drawn her toward him, but with more strength than he had expected her to possess she held away. His great love for her almost overcame him and all the prudence he had gathered was scattered suddenly to the winds. "Dear, dear lass, one touch of our lips and see if all doubts do not dissolve before the contact."

Now she wrenched herself free and would have escaped but that he sprang forward and caught her by the wrists, a grip she was to remember later in the night. In spite of this prisoning, her hands were raised to the sides of her face and a look of such terror shot from her eyes that he feared some madness had come upon her.

"Not that! Not that!" she shrieked. "The kiss of Judas! It would kill me!"

His arms dropped paralyzed to his sides and he stepped back a pace, amazed at the expression she had used and the terror of her utterance. Next instant he was alone and the closed door between them. Still he stood where she had left him.

"The kiss of Judas!" he muttered. "The kiss of Judas! She loves him, thinks me his friend, trying to take Judas advantage of him because we are alone together. De Courcy spoke truth. Woe is me, she loves him, and I, blind fool— O God, pity that poor girl and this insanity of passion wasted on so rank a cur!"

Frances fled to her room and threw herself on the bed in an agony of tears. This storm subsided into a gentle rain of subdued weeping and finally ceased as she heard the heavy tramp of riding boots in the adjoining room. She sat up in the darkness, listening intently. He closed the wooden shutters of the window, shaking them to be sure that their fastenings were secure. Then the bolts of the outer door were thrust into their places, but this apparently failing to satisfy the doubts of the inmate, there was a sound of some heavy article of furniture being dragged across the room; then the tramping ceased and all was still. Unheeding she heard the clock in a neighboring tower toll the hour; now it struck again and she counted the notes. Eleven! It was still too early. People slept heavier as the night wore on. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven! It must be midnight, and the first five strokes had been on Cromwell's breastplate. She roused herself and attempted to take off her shoes, but her hands were trembling so she was forced to desist. She sat up again, telling herself it was better to wait until all effect of the long chiming had ceased, for the striking of twelve sometimes disturbed or awakened the soundest sleeper. The clock tower seemed dangerously near, as if it were approaching her hour by hour. At last the shoes came off, and in stockinged feet she stood by the secret door, waiting till the frightfully rapid beating of her heart should moderate. It threatened to choke her. Then she slid back the bar and drew open the door, all so smoothly oiled that there was not the whisper of a creak. She tiptoed into the cavern of blackness and silence, holding her spread hands in front of her, moving slowly, with the utmost caution, step by step.

In her mind she had estimated, from her earlier survey of the room, that nine steps would take her to the bed. Now she realized she had taken a dozen and yet had not come to it. She stood bewildered and listened. The helplessness of a person in the pitch dark thrilled her with a new fear, upsetting all her calculations. The panic of pulsation in her throat and in her ears at first rendered any attempt at listening futile, but at last she heard his regular breathing, as peaceful as that of an infant, and it came from the other side of the room. For a moment this terrified her and she wondered if she were really awake or in the mazes of some baffling nightmare, but the solution came to her mind and quieted the growing agitation. It had been his bed that he had dragged across the floor, and he was now sleeping against the outside door. She changed her direction and, with her former stealth, came ghostlike to the edge of the couch.

His doublet was open at the throat; that was so much to the good. Like a snowflake in its coldness and its lightness her hand stole down underneath his vest, fluttered by the slow, steady, subdued beating of his heart, running no such wild race as her own at that moment. It seemed incredible that at last her fingers closed on the parchment, but there it lay, and gently she drew it forth. Was the robbery to be so easily accomplished after all? Ah, she had congratulated herself too soon. It stuck fast. Either the silken cord that bound it was caught or the document was secured to the vest, a contingency she had never thought of, and yet what more natural? Twice she tugged it gently, then a third time more strenuously, when it came unexpectedly away and her knuckles struck the sleeper under the chin. Instantly, like the snap of a steel trap, his fingers closed upon her wrist, and his voice rang out as wideawake and clear as ever he had spoken to her:

"Frances!"

Now the racing heart stopped dead. Lucky for her that at this supreme moment all action was impossible and that she was stricken into frozen marble. She imagined he was awake and knew her, and then the cold horror of her situation numbed thought at its source.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JUDGMENT RENDERED

...inst Montreal Light, Heat and ...er Company for $260,000.

...ONTREAL, Jan. 19.— Judgment was rendered today in the court of appeals against the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Co. in favor of E. A. Robert for $260,000. At that time the city was receiving a contract for lighting the streets, there was considerable competition for the business in order to shut the tenderers out of suitable water powers. One of the power company's constituent companies agreed with Robert, who owned the Baisson Point, at the back of Cascade Rapids, to pay him fifteen thousand dollars in cash for his property, and if on Nov. 30th they decided to keep it, $260,000 additional. If they did not want it, Robert was to take the property back, retaining $15,000 paid him. Nov. 30th passed without the company making an attempt to recover, but it did so on Dec. 4, when Robert refused to accept, demanding his $260,000. The company refused, alleging that its officials were not empowered to make the purchase.

The judgment delivered today upholds Robert in all the points. The case will be carried to the privy council.

GEO. MATTHEWS DEAD.

Was a Well Known Commercial Traveller and a Prominent Mason.

MONCTON, Jan. 19.—George T. Matthews, a well known commercial traveller, representing the Dominion Tobacco Co. of Montreal, died here this afternoon of a complication of diseases contracted from a cold some months ago on the Gaspe coast which settled on his lungs. Later diabetes set in, failure of the heart action being the immediate cause of death. Deceased spent some time this winter at St. Agathe, Quebec, sanitarium, but not improving returned to Moncton two months ago. He was a native of Boston but a naturalized British subject. His wife, a daughter of James Atkinson of Aubrey, Quebec, and one daughter survive. He was a prominent Mason and highly esteemed.

WILL GO WEST.

SUSSEX, Jan. 19.—A. D. Murray of Penobsquis has received a handsome offer to go to Vancouver, B. C., and is arranging his business so that he can leave for there about the first of February.

The marriage took place on Wednesday evening at the Baptist parsonage of Gilford White, son of T. H. White, and Alice Rebecca Ferguson, wife of the late Malcolm Ferguson. Rev. Mr. Camp officiated.

The opening of the hockey season in Sussex will take place on the evening of 21st, when Sussex will cross sticks with the Moncton bankers.

The members of the fire department have posters out for sports to be held in the Alhambra rink on Tuesday, 24th.

To cure Headache in ten minutes use Kumfort Headache Powders, 10 cents.

OTTAWA LETTER.

Govt. Resists Enquiry Into Blair-Russell Conspiracy.

No Business Ready for the House— Election Frauds In Manitoba— Ontario Election Prospects.

OTTAWA, Jan. 18.—Unless some member of the opposition formulates and presents on the floor of the house some definite charges involving members of the government there will be no investigation into the wild rumors concerning the so-called Russell-Blair conspiracy. That the government will resist any attempt to pry into the mess even though certain cabinet ministers are currently reported to be tainted with its unsavoriness, was made clear in a debate precipitated in the house yesterday afternoon by Laurier's announcement concerning the chairmanship of the railway commission. That the opposition is, just now at any rate, unprepared to take the necessary steps to force an inquiry, was made equally clear.

Laurier on Monday promised Mr. Foster something definite concerning the vacancy which had existed since the dramatic resignation of Mr. Blair to the great inconvenience of many. Yesterday afternoon, accordingly, he stated that some time ago the government had offered the position to an eminent justice of the supreme court of Canada (presumably Judge Killam), who, because of legal engagements, was unable to consider the offer until after the first week of February. Considering the marked fitness of this man for the position,, the government had felt justified in waiting, even at the risk of causing inconvenience, as they were confident of his acceptance at the time appointed.

W. F. Maclean, who is evidently determined to show the party, by butting to the front in every attack, what a mistake was made in not choosing him as leader of the opposition, rose and expressed his disappointment that Laurier had not taken advantage of this opportunity to explain the circumstances attending Mr. Blair's peculiar action.

Laurier replied that he had not been consulted by Mr. Blair and had no knowledge of his motives. Indeed, he had hoped for enlightenment from the opposition and especially from Mr. Maclean, in whose paper (the Toronto World), there had appeared certain remarkable articles in connection with the affair. If Mr. Maclean had no information it was certainly peculiar that such articles should have been published; if he had, the government would be delighted to hear it.

Mr. Maclean declared that the burden of any explanation lay with the government. Liberal newspapers and a liberal senator had made alleged explanations and accusations with regard to the matter and had attempted to reply to charges against certain cabinet ministers which it was the duty of the government to clear up.

Sir Wilfrid's retort was heated and emphatic: "I have heard of no charges against members of the government," he declared, 'and if the opposition have any, now is the time and here is the place to make them."

The minister of justice, whose name has been rather freely mentioned in connection with the scandal, shouted approval. "Come on," he called at the opposition. "Come on with your charges!"

"Yes, bring them along," yelled other liberal members.

There was silence for a minute and then Laurier moved the adjournment. The bluff was good. But Mr. Maclean declares that this was only a preliminary skirmish and that the general engagement will come later on.

The only other business was the introduction of Hon. Sydney Fisher's bill for the establishment of a permanent census bureau and the passage of his resolution approving the passage of a bill for the inspection of seeds sold to farmers in order to protect farmers from adulterated and weed infected seeds. Mr. Fisher, in response to a question from Mr. Foster, explained the purpose of this bill and declared his intention of putting it through this session. Its passage was resisted, he said, by certain seed merchants with whose trade, so far as it was not in the farmers' interests, the bill would certainly interfere.

At the end of half an hour the government's programme of business was exhausted and the house was again compelled to adjourn. Parliament has been in session now for five days and has only spent about four hours in the actual transaction of parliamentary business. And there is no sign of near improvement. The opposition find it impossible to extract any information from the government as to when anything solid will be ready for the consideration of the house. The nearest they have come to it was the exaction of the promise from Laurier yesterday that he would announce today when the estimates would be brought down.

At this rate Laurier's promises of a short session begin to resemble other pledges with which his name has been associated—that concerning prohibition for instance.

In spite of his leader's declaration that the session would probably be over by the time the sap started running, a member of the government said yesterday that it would continue till the last of May. In his mind the cause of delay would be the autonomy bill, over which he expected a vigorous and prolonged debate. Among the important issues involved is the claim of Manitoba for more territory when the new boundary lines are drawn. The members for Manitoba on both sides of the house will make a strong fight on this point and will naturally be opposed by the present Northwest members. The location of the other boundary lines of the new province are also expected to be the cause of much disputing.

Dr. Roche of Marquette (Manitoba) is firmly of the opinion that the conservatives were robbed of several constituencies in the west by widespread fraud in connection with the voters' lists and proposes to compel an investigation on the floors of parliament. The conditions which he describes certainly demand searching investigation and severe punishment, though the concession of either by the government is doubtful and depends largely upon their success in finding a scape-goat who, for future reward, will accept the responsibility and the nominal punishment.

The original lists as legally prepared and sent to the clerk of the crown in chancery were correct. Indeed they were favorable to the conservatives, who had been much more active in adding new names than their opponents. But when the printed copies for the use of the several returning officers came back, the advantage was on the other side. In some instances names of men—always conservatives—had been scratched off the lists for their own polling districts and added to other districts impossible distances away. In other cases the names of conservatives had been scratched out altogether—either left off the list or marked out by red lines. Where this was done, by whom, on whose responsibility and why, is what Dr. Roche is determined to find out. In his own constituency the names of many favorable to him had been scratched from the lists before they reached the returning officers; in other instances there is reason to suspect the returning officers themselves.

So Dr. Roche tomorrow will demand of the ministry information as to where the lists for Marquette, Selkirk, McDonald, Portage la Prairie, Provencher, Dauphin, Lisgar, Louis, Brandon and Winnipeg were printed. He has also moved for an order of the house for a copy of the original list of the electors of Marquette supplied the clerk of the crown in chancery; also a copy of the list as sent to the returning officer, and for copies of the lists supplied by the returning officer to the various deputy returning officers. The result will be interesting at any rate.

The attendance these days is small, about one-half the members being absent. The Ontario election, which comes off next Wednesday, is eclipsing in interest the proceedings of this parliament and many of the Ontario members on both sides are out on the stump fighting for or against the Ross government. While the opponents of that administration are strongly hopeful of victory, it is certain that its supporters seem absolutely confident. The government has been in so long that there has grown up among its followers a conviction that defeat is impossible. Then the opposition has to contend against an enormous campaign fund, a gang of expert ballot switchers and pluggers, a complete system of partizan officials from the premier down through the courts to the pettiest constable, and against the influence of the Laurier government, which is being thrown with all its force on the side of Ross.

Then there is an inexplicable deadness of public sentiment with reference to the shocking exposures of government corruption. If you can get a good grit to believe any of the charges brought by the opposition are true he will retort that the other side is just as bad, and that anyway Ross himself is good and is going to make the party behave after this. As is natural when clean politics is the main issue, the endorsement of the clergy is largely sought by both sides. And both have received that endorsement in almost equal measure, though the fact is favorable to the opposition that all the publicly expressed clerical approval of the Ross administration has come from dyed-in-the-wool liberals, while many of the prominent clergymen who are openly opposed to the government are former warm supporters of it.

Looking at the contest on the surface, without estimating the vicious undercurrents of official corecion and corruption, only one result seems possible. The Ross government has held power for a couple of years by three majority or less. At present it is in a minority. Nothing has been done by it during these years to increase its popularity and much has been laid to its charge which should prejudice it in the favor of honest men. There is also reason to believe that the temperance vote—whatever that it worth—which was with Ross last election, is not so strongly with him now, even though Whitney was caught drinking Scotch whiskey after hours. Will the corruption fund and the corps of expert ballot manipulators be able to overcome these handicaps? Wednesday next will show; and meanwhile it is noticeable that nobody is betting very much either way.

Since the leader of the Ontario opposition had the misfortune to become thirsty after the legal closing hours of bars, and to be detected in the lonely consumption in his room of a beverage in which an intoxicant distilled in Scotland was predominant, people around here, when they ask a man to drink with them, say: "Come in and have a Whitney and soda."

C. F. C.

ANOTHER NEW DIVISION

Will Be Organized In the Temperance Cause.

A public meeting was held in Tabernacle church last evening, with the object of organizing a new lodge of the I. O. G. T. Rev. P. J. Stackhouse was in the chair.

Rev. Thos. Marshall gave a brief address, in which he pointed out the necessity of total abstinence, and the value of taking hold of the young people in time, as these temperance organizations were doing, and thus preventing them from forming habits of intemperance in youth, which would blight the whole of their after lives.

Rev. Mr. Stackhouse spoke briefly, expressing his sympathy with the work, and strongly endorsing the contemplated idea of establishing a temperance society in that section of the city.

An address was also given by William Patterson, and a reading by W. H. McDonald.

A committee of five were appointed to make arrangements for a hall and other necessary arrangements for organizing a lodge on next Thursday evening.

It is probable that the new lodge will hold its meetings in Tabernacle hall one night in each week. There will be a membership of forty or fifty.

MARVELLOUS ESCAPE OF RUSSIAN SOVEREIGN.

While Engaged in Solemn Religious Rite a Shot From His Own Artillery Pierced the Windows.

ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 19.—The ceremony of the blessing of the waters this year was acccompanied by an event more mysterious, unprecedented and extraordinary than any afforded by the annals of Russian history. For a Russian sovereign to fall killed by the hand of an assassin is no new thing in Russian records, but that the emperor should narrowly escape death by a shot from his own artillery while he was engaged in a solemn religious rite, surrounded by priests of his church, is so difficult to realize as to be almost incredible. Yet this is what happened today and the Russian public is left wondering and mystified.

Performing the annually recurring blessing of the waters of the Neva with all the accustomed brilliant ceremonial, Emperor Nicholas today wore the uniform of the famous Preobrajensky regiment. He looked in excellent health and walked with an elastic step and erect military bearing and greeted each regiment with the salutation, "Good morning, my children," to which the soldiers and sailors replied in stentorian tones: "Good health to your majesty," while the band played the national anthem.

At the conclusion of the solemn ceremony the metropolitan having dipped the cross into the water, the St. Peter and St. Paul fortress boomed a salute. Then came a crash of bullets through the windows, but no panic occurred, and the metropolitan quickly proceeded to bless the emperor and his entourage and consecrate the standards anew from the sanctified waters of the Neva.

ST. PETERSBURG, Jan. 20, 4.20 a. m.—In spite of the official statement that the cannon shot which yesterday might easily have wiped out the whole of the Romanoff family was the result of carelessness in leaving a shotted cartridge in the breach of a gun after target practice, the mysterious case is still under the combined investigation of the military and police, and the public seems as little inclined as the authorities to accept the published version. The officers and men of the battery have not been arrested, but are confined to barracks, and by the military regulations are so closely under restraint that it is impossible for the culprit or culprits to escape until the responsibility is determined.

It cannot be said definitely whether the affair was an accident or the result of design. The general belief is that a widespread plot did not exist, but evidences of design are so apparent that the statement attributing the presence of a loaded shell to previous target practice evoke smiles in many quarters. It is pointed out as being highly improbable that the gun had not been cleaned for two days, and it is impossible that a second cartridge could have been inserted for saluting purposes behind the first; and it is certainly a startling coincidence that the gun containing this missile should have been turned directly on the imperial pavilion.

Whatever may be the solution, it is a strange fact that the shot came from the Bourse Esplanade, where was stationed the First Horse Artillery of the Guard, the premier artillery organization of the empire, and one of the most noted regiments in the whole Russian service. The roster of this organization of aristocratic traditions has included Grand Dukes, Princes and some of the most illustrious names in Russia.

The two investigations are proceeding independently, and both are guarded with the utmost secrecy.

Military experts say indications point to a charge consisting of grape having been inserted surreptitiously in a saluting cartridge. If this was the case, probably only one man was involved. Certainly if there was an extensive, deep laid plot, or if an officer was involved, it was badly executed. It is pointed out that it is hardly probable that an expert artilleryman should have prepared a weak scattering charge, which could hardly carry across the Neva. At the same time, an indication of design is the fact that the gun was trained directly against the imperial pavilion. Had the gun contained the service charge or regular shell, the pavilion must infallibly have been destroyed. It is clear, however, that the saluting was done most recklessly, as the flashes of the blank shots from St. Peter and St. Paul fortress showed that the guns were directed straight at the winter palace.

By the merest chance the imperial family escaped unhurt; but the public opinion is stunned by what might have been the tragic results of the affair.

AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

Will be Established Near Ottawa— Two Provinces Carved Out of N. W. T.

OTTAWA, Jan. 19.—The Fathers of the Holy Ghost, a noted order of clerics, whose headquarters are in Paris, will establish an agricultural college in the vicinity of Ottawa, where they have purchased a property of about 1,700 acres of excellent land. They intend to teach young men the art of agriculture, and it is said the property secured furnishes excellent facilities for their work. A great many of the students are expected to be young men of prominent families in France. It is the intention of the order to commence work in the spring.

Wallace Forbes of the accountant's office, Intercolonial Railway, Moncton, has been transferred to the auditor general's department, and arrived here yesterday to take up his duties.

It is semi-officially announced that the government has about decided that there will be two provinces carved out of what is now the Northwest Territories in the autonomy bill. The dividing line will run north and south.

Let your newspaper Do things for you.

When this newspaper has given to you the last word about the events of the day—when it has acted as a sort of Central office in "connecting" you with "all of creation"—it has done much for you, of course.

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It can help you run your store, your office, your factory, or your house.

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find any kind of help you need,

find buyers for your house, your lot,

your horse, your furniture, your shop or store, leasehold or interest or equity.

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DO THINGS FOR YOU.