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THE KINGARTH MYSTERY.

Continuation of the Inquest on Body of Unknown Woman Found in River.

FOUL PLAY HINTED AT.

The inquest into the death of the woman found drowned some weeks ago at Kingarth was resumed at the residence of Councillor Cliff, Kingsclear, this morning before Coroner McNally and jury. H. B. Rainsford was present on behalf of the crown.

After opening the inquest the coroner stated that he had been in communication with the authorities at Woodstock, Grand Falls and other up river towns and also with Bangor and Aroostook parties.

Deputy Sheriff Foster of Carleton Co., had he believed found a clue to the identity of the unfortunate woman, and at the same time there was reason to believe that suspicious circumstances as to her death existed. Dr. Camber of Woodstock had stated that he had made the teeth found in the woman's mouth but as he did not keep a record of cash patients

he could not identify the teeth. Junior Orrington McKeen stated City Marshal Roberts informed him that he could establish the identity of the woman and the Coroner expressed himself as surprised that Mr. Roberts had not acquainted him with the fact, as he was in his capacity as coroner doing his best to locate the deceased woman's home. Mr. Rainsford clerk of the peace for York made application to the coroner to have the matter stand over to allow Deputy Sheriff Foster more time to look into the matter.

The inquest was accordingly adjourned until July 29.

Mr. Foster communicated with Dr. McNally by telephone, and was therefore not in a position to give him the grounds for his suspicions, but stated that he would write fully after he had made further investigation.

CELEBRATION POSTPONED

American Residents of London Show Respect for Mr. Hay's Memory.

London, July 3.—(Special.)—The celebration by American residents of July 4th has been adjourned to July 8th, out of respect for the memory of Secretary Hay.

The programme includes Ambassador Reid's reception for which 2,000 invitations are out and the American Club's dinner.

FOUND DEAD IN BED.

A Port Arthur, Ont., despatch of Friday gives the following particulars of the very sudden death of Judge Fitzgerald, whose wife was formerly Miss Nellie Wetmore of this city: "Hon. Francis Fitzgerald, judge of the district of Thunder Bay, was found dead in bed this morning. He had not felt well for a couple of days, and Dr. Brown had prescribed for him this week for heart affection, after an examination. The Judge retired last night at nine o'clock, intending to rise at seven this morn-

ing to go to the train to meet his niece, Miss Malcolmson, coming from the west. When Mrs. Fitzgerald entered his room at seven a. m., she was unable to rouse him. A physician was summoned, who said that death had occurred about midnight.

A LADY'S DEATH.

Mother of Dr. A. E. McIntyre Passed Away at St. John.

St. John, July 3.—(Special.)—Mrs. Janet MacIntyre, widow of the late Robert MacIntyre, died this morning after a short illness. She leaves four sons, John P. and Adam P., of St. John, Robert A., of Halifax, and Dr. Alfred E., of the Quebec cartridge factory, and three daughters, Mrs. H. S. Daley and Miss MacIntyre, of St. John, and Mrs. MacKinley, of Portland, Oregon.

QUIET AT ODESSA.

London, July 3.—(Special.)—A telegram received here this morning from Odessa says all is quiet.

The Silver Maple.

The highest pinnacle of tree development seems to have been reached when the silver maple was formed in nature's crucible. Think of all the good points in a physically perfect, high strung, blooded horse, apply these points to tree life and we have the silver maple. From the ground up to the topmost leaflet we find expressed in every atom of the tree strength, vitality, purity, beauty and usefulness. The trunk of this tree is as sleek and clean cut as any one could imagine a tree to be. The leaf is beautiful in its shape and color, the underside being a silvery white—from which it takes its name—and as one stands under it and looks up he sees a silver dome, or, if a breeze is blowing, the green and silver leaves shimmer and vibrate like an aspen, giving the appearance of pale green fire, which is especially noticeable on the approach of a storm. The leaf is five pointed and the entire edge is again indented with well defined teeth. This is the common shade tree of our cities—St. Nicholas.

A Minister's Wooing.

The Rev. John Brown of Haddington, the author of the "Self Interpreting Bible," was a man of singular bashfulness. His courtship lasted seven years. Six and a half years had passed away, and the reverend gentleman had got no further than he had been in the first six days. A step in advance must be made, and Mr. Brown summoned all his courage for the deed. "Janet," said he one day as they sat in solemn silence, "we've been acquainted now six years and more, and I've never gotten a kiss yet. I've think I might take one, my bonnie lass?" "Just as you like, John; only be becoming and proper w' it." "Surely, Janet; we'll ask a blessing." The blessing was asked, the kiss was taken, and the worthy divine, overpowered with the blissful sensation, rapturously exclaimed: "Heigh, lass, but it is gude! We'll return thanks!" Six months later the pious couple were made one flesh.

Soiled Clothes Barrel.

"When I was in Sydney, New South Wales," said a traveler, "I visited the botanical gardens, the largest and most magnificent park in Sydney, but I had hardly stepped inside the grounds when I saw a sign that nearly took my breath away.

"The sign was a notice to the public that no person wearing a dirty shirt would be permitted to enter the grounds. It was such a remarkable notice that I looked up one of the keepers for an explanation. And, do you know, his explanation was quite plausible.

"We don't want a laboring man to come here in his working clothes," he said. "We want him to go home and put on clean clothes and bring his family here, looking neat and clean and have a good time. That makes the surroundings more cheerful for everybody concerned."

How and Why It Rains.

Rain is an accumulation of the tiny particles of the vapor of the atmosphere into drops. These drops, first small of size, attract others of their kind and become drops of such magnitude that they fall to the earth because of their weight. There is a limit to the quantity of water which the air is capable of absorbing and retaining as invisible vapor. Warm air is able to hold more than cold air; hence when the air which is saturated with moisture becomes cold for any reason whatever it can no longer retain its moisture. A portion must under such condition accumulate into drops. These fall to the earth in the shape of rain.

His Hand Bath.

Arguing forcibly, if not convincingly, against the custom of taking a bath, still happily prevalent in certain quarters, a writer relates the savory story of a Kentish farm worker whose horny hand he grasped. "Good Kent dirt," said the man, catching a critical glance. "Haven't had time to wash your hands before tea?" was the question. "Wash my hands!" exclaimed the man. Then he became explanatory. "I never washes my hands. When they gets 'ard I files 'em."

Tossing in a Blanket.

Tossing in a blanket was formerly a punishment for insubordinate volunteers during the Napoleon panic period. The Westminster boys once seized a bookseller, Curle, who had pirated and published the head king's scholar's oration without permission, and after tossing him in a blanket ducked him under the pump and kicked him out of Dean's yard.—London Telegraph.

Patience.

There's no music in a "rest," but there's the making of music in it. And people are always missing that part of life melody, always talking of perseverance and courage and fortitude, but patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude, and the rarest too.—Ruskin.

Objectionable.

"Do you think that that wretched little Pattersby is consistent?" "Yes, I do, and consistency, you know, is a jewel." "Maybe so. But in Pattersby's case I don't like the setting."

Sanguine.

The Pessimist—What is the use of struggling? We must all meet our Waterloo some day. The Optimist—Well, when I meet my Waterloo my name is going to be Wellington.

Animals Think.

Church—Do you believe that animals think? Gotham—Certainly. Doesn't the car hog who takes up all the seat think he owns the car?—Yonkers Statesman.

Impromptu Surgery.

In one of the most fashionable restaurants in Paris a man's life was saved through the skill and quickness of one of the guests. It appears that a man, with three friends, was dining at one of the small tables when a piece of meat lodged in his throat and he found it impossible to get rid of it. His friends in alarm slapped him on the back, but the unfortunate man became black in the face and fell to the floor. A surgeon from the German hospital, who happened to be dining in the cafe, pushed his way through the crowd. He saw at once that the man was dying and that if prompt measures were not taken he would quickly succumb. He ordered one of the waiters to bring him a small funnel such as is used in bottling wine and then, without a moment's hesitation, took out a sharp knife, cut the man's throat, removed the piece of meat and—the waiter having returned—quickly inserted the funnel in the opening. The man was then hastily conveyed to the hospital, where a silver tube was inserted in the place of the funnel, and a few hours later he was pronounced out of danger.

The Wisdom of Scroggins.

The wisdom of Scroggins, millionaire ex-stage driver, from John Uri Lloyd's novel, "Scroggins."

"Et don't make no difference, Mr. Mayor, how rich and ignorant a man is ef he only hes sense 'nough ter keep on workin' after gittin' rich. But ef he tries ter quit work an' en'ly himself by lookin' at things with his eyes an' thinkin' with his no 'count brain an' stuffin' his one stomach like ef war a hog'shead he air a fool. I've got my wind agin, and I'm goin' back ter the guild."

"But, my good man, you are old. Your place is filled by some other man. Perhaps you cannot get it back."

"Pardner," said Scroggins, "there ain't no question 'bout my gittin' that place. Mr. Mayor, I owns the line. When I picks up them ribbons thar won't be no agent to say, 'Put 'em down, Scroggins.'"

The Enemies of Success.

Bright, cheerful hopeful thoughts and a strong belief in one's own ability to accomplish the thing undertaken are friends that will insure success. The ambitious person should learn as early in life as possible to pick out the friends and enemies of success, and in many cases it will be found that the greatest enemy resides within himself. Morbid thoughts, for example, are infinitely greater hindrances to success than opposition from outside, and no health, no beauty, no harmony, no real success can exist in the atmosphere of abnormal melancholy or morbid ideas. Overcome the enemies to success within yourself and you will have done much toward reaching the goal of your ambition.—London Answers.

Preservation of Meat.

Meat is commonly preserved by steeping it in brine. This method, however, has the undesirable effect of extracting from the meat much soluble nutritious matter besides rendering the meat harder and less digestible. Another way of preserving it is in air-tight cases. The cases are packed with meat and filled up with gravy and are then hermetically sealed except at one point. They are then exposed to heat above that of boiling water for several hours, thus destroying all the existing germs and driving out all the air contained in them. The open part is then soldered over. If by any accident the tin is not hermetically sealed the meat will spoil.

A Peculiar Animal.

Regarding some of the peculiar characteristics of that strange link between birds and beasts, the duck billed platypus of Australia, a writer says: "It makes its home like an otter in a bank, tunneling up from the entrance under water some thirty or forty feet, which its powerful forearm muscles make nothing of, to a place where it can find a dry and well drained burrow. Its food consists chiefly of insects, crayfish or 'yabbess,' which it bolts, hard shell and all. It will stay from ten to fourteen minutes at a time under water, searching the mud and stones for these delicacies with its ducklike bill. It makes a most fascinating little pet, becoming very tame and squeaking with delight when fed. Its antics are a constant source of pleasure, though if care is not taken it will overeat itself, seeming to have in captivity difficulty in digesting the hard crayfish shells. Its coat is, like the mole's, of an unusually silken and glossy texture."

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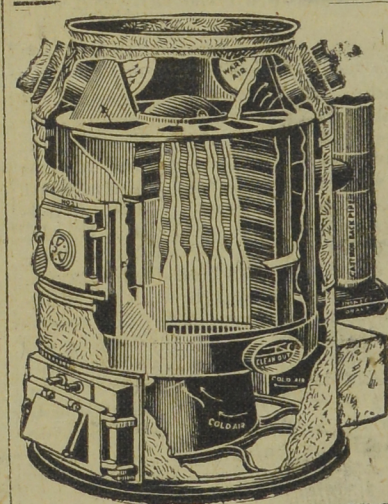
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For Sale

The leasehold property of the late Rev. Thomas Connolly, with the two storey brick dwelling thereon, situated on King street, in this city, premises including all in good repair. Apply to Rev. W. F. Chapman St. John, or James Farrell, Fredericton, June 16th, 1905, June 17, D.T.T.&S., 8mo.

THE PEOPLE'S BANK OF N. B.

A dividend of 4 per cent. on the Capital Stock of this Bank for the half year ending 30th June will be payable to the Stockholders at the Bank on or after Wednesday, the 8th day of July.

J. W. SPURDEN,

Manager.

Fredericton, N. B., 23rd June, 1905

June 28—dlf

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