

## WHOM GOD HATH JOINED.

BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

## CHAPTER I.

His Britannic Majesty's Service.  
"There was a mysterious affair last night, signore."

"Oh," I exclaimed, "anything that interests us?"

"Yes, signore," replied the tall, thin Italian Consul clerk, speaking with a strong accent. "An English steam yacht ran aground on the Meloria about ten miles out, and was discovered by a fishing boat, who brought the news to harbor. The Admiral sent out two torpedo boats, which managed after a lot of difficulty to bring in the yacht safely, but the captain of the port has a suspicion that the crew were trying to make away with the vessel."

"To lose her, you mean?"  
The faithful Francesco, whose English had mostly been acquired from sea-faring men and was not the choicest vocabulary, nodded, and, true to his nature, he placed his finger upon his closed lips, indicative of silence.

"Sounds curious!" I remarked. "Since the Consul went away on leave things seem to have been humming—two stabbing affrays, several drunken seamen locked up, a mutiny on a tramp steamer, and now a yacht being cast away—a fairly decent list! And yet some stay-at-home people complain that British Consuls are only paid to be ornamental. They should spend a week at Leghorn and they'd soon alter their opinion."

"Yes they would, signore," responded the thin-faced old fellow, with a grin as he twisted his fierce grey moustache. Francesco Carducci was a well known character in Leghorn; interpreter to the Consulate and keeper of a sailor's home, an honest, good-hearted, easy-going fellow, who for twenty years had occupied the same position under half-a-dozen different Consuls. At that moment there came from the outer office a long-drawn moan.

"Hullo! what's that?" I inquired, startled.

"Only a mad stoker off the Orleanier, signore. The captain has brought him for you to see. They want to send him back to his friends at Newcastle."

"Oh, a case of madness!" I exclaimed. "Better get Dr. Ridolfi to see him. I'm not an expert on mental diseases."

My old friend Frank Hutchinson, His Britannic Majesty's Vice-Consul at the port of Leghorn, was away on leave in England, his duties having been relegated to young Bertram Cavendish, the pro-Consul. The latter, however, had gone down with a bad touch of malaria, which he had picked up in the deadly Maremma, and I, as the only other Englishman in Leghorn, had been asked by the Consul-General in Florence to act as pro-Consul until Hutchinson's return. It was mid-July, and the weather was blazing in that glaring, sun-blinded Mediterranean town. If you know Leghorn, you probably know the Consulate, with its black and yellow escutcheon outside, a large, handsome suite of huge, airy offices facing the cathedral and overlooking the principal piazza, which is as big as Trafalgar Square and much more picturesque. The legend painted up on the door, "Office hours 10 to 3," and the green persimmons closed against the scorching sun, gives one the idea of an easy appointment, but such is certainly not the case, for a Consul's life at a port of discharge must necessarily be a very active one and his duties never-ending.

Carducci had left me to the correspondence for half an hour or so, and I confess I was in no mood to write replies in that stifling heat, therefore I sat at the Consul's big table smoking a cigarette and stretched lazily in my friend's chair, resolving to escape to the cool of England as soon as he returned early in the following week. Italy is all very well for nine months in the year, but Leghorn is no place for the Englishman in mid-July. My thoughts were wandering towards the English lakes, and a bit of grouse-shooting with my uncle in Scotland, when the faithful Francesco re-entered, saying:

"I've sent the captain and his madman away till this afternoon, signore. But there is an Englishman signore, waiting to see you."

"Who is he?"

"I don't know him. He will give no name, but wants to see the signore Console."

"All right, show him in," I said lazily, and a few minutes later a tall, smartly-dressed, middle-aged Englishman, in a navy serge yachting suit, entered, and bowing, inquired whether I was the British Consul.

When he had seated himself I explained my position, whereupon he said:

"I couldn't make much out of your clerk. He speaks so brokenly, and I don't know a word of Italian. But perhaps I ought first to introduce myself. My name is Philip Hornby, and he handed me a card bearing the name with the addresses: 'Woodcroft Park, Somerset; and Brooks's.' Then he added: 'I am cruising on board my yacht the Lola and last night we unfortunately went aground on the Meloria. I have a new captain, whom I engaged a few months ago, and he seems an arrant fool. Very fortunately for us a fishing-boat saw our plight and gave the alarm at port. The Admiral sent out two torpedo boats and a tug, and after about three hours they managed to get us off.'"

"And you are now in harbor?"

"Yes. But the reason I've called is to ask you to do me a favor, and write me a letter of thanks in Italian to the Admiral and one to the captain of the port—polite letters that I can copy and send to them. You know the kind of thing."

"Certainly," I replied, the more interested in him on account of the curious suspicions that the port authorities seemed to entertain. He was evidently a gentleman, and after

I had been with him ten minutes I scouted the idea that he had endeavored to cast away the Lola. I took down a couple of sheets of paper and scribbled the drafts of two letters couched in the most elegant phraseology, as is customary when addressing Italian officialdom.

"Fortunately I left my wife in England, or she would have been terribly frightened," he remarked presently. "There was a nasty wind blowing all night, and the fool of a captain seemed to add to our peril by every order he gave."

"You are alone, then?"

"I have a friend with me," was the answer.

"And how many of a crew are there?"

"Sixteen, all told."

"English, I suppose?"

"Not all. I find French and Italians are more sober than English, and better behaved in port."

I examined him critically as he sat facing me, and the mere fact of his desire to send thanks to the authorities convinced me that he was a well-bred gentleman. He was about forty-five, with a merry, round, good-natured face, red with the Southern sun, blue eyes and a short, fair beard. His countenance was essentially that of a man devoted to open-air sport, for it was slightly furrowed and weather-beaten, as a true yachtsman's should be. His speech was refined and cultivated and as we chatted he gave me the impression that, as an enthusiastic lover of the sea, he had cruised the Mediterranean many times from Gibraltar up to Smyrna. He had, however, never before put into Leghorn.

After we had arranged that his captain should come to me in the afternoon and make a formal report of the accident, we went out together across the white sunny piazza to Nani's, the well-known pastrycook's, where it is the habit of the Livornese to take their ante-luncheon vermouth.

The more I saw of Hornby the more I liked him. He was chatty, and witty, and treated his accident as a huge joke.

"We shall be here quite a week, I suppose," he said, as we were taking our vermouth. "We're on our way down to the Greek Islands, as my friend Chater wants to see them. The engineer says there's something strained that we must get mended. But, by the way," he added, "why won't you dine with us on board to-night. Do. We can give you a few English things that may be a change to you."

This invitation I gladly accepted, for two reasons. One was because the suspicions of the captain of the port had aroused my curiosity, and the other was because I had, honestly speaking, taken a great fancy to Hornby.

The captain of the Lola, a short, thick-set Scotsman from Dundee, with a barely-healed cicatrice across his left cheek, called at the Consulate at two o'clock and made his report, which appeared to me to be a lame one. He struck me as being unworthy his certificate, for he was evidently entirely out of his bearings when the accident occurred. The owner and his friend Chater were in their berths asleep when suddenly he discovered that the vessel was making no headway. They had, in fact, run upon the dangerous shoal without being aware of it. A strong sea was running with a stiff breeze, and although his seamanship was poor he was capable enough to at once recognize that they were in a very perilous position.

(To be Continued.)

## TO CURE FEVER CHILLS.

And such complaints as "Shivers" and ague we recommend Nerviline very highly. Twenty drops of Nerviline taken in hot water with a little sugar three times daily not only tops the chills, but knocks out the disease completely. Nerviline has a direct action on fever chills and restores the conditions causing them. Nausea and bowels troubles Nerviline never fails. It's pleasant to taste, quick to relieve and always cures permanently. Get a 25c bottle today.

## BOOM TAKEN UP.

Up-River Reports Say That Passage of St. John River is Provided.

Telephone messages to The Telegraph last night indicated a peaceful solution, temporary at least, of the lumbermen's troubles near Van Buren. The offending boom which stretched to the Canadian side of the river, it is reported, has been taken up, the wings tripped and the boom swung in along the New Brunswick side.

The Van Buren Company is also credited with the intention of so anchoring the works that there will be free water between the end of the boom and the Canadian bank of the river.

For how long that condition is to exist could not be learned, but the statement was made that for the present trouble is averted and Mr. Pond can take his boats up river uninterrupted at that point.

It is also learned that Mr. Pond, who went from here to Woodstock, intended to leave there today for St. Leonard's, and that he will be accompanied by A. R. Foster, deputy sheriff of Carleton County, who is a provincial constable and whom Mr. Pond has engaged as a peace officer when he again starts with his boats on their up-river journey. But the reports indicate, as stated, that there will be no trouble.

It matters not so much what you do as how you do it. If you see another succeeding better than yourself, watch him closely and see how he does it.

The average wife knows that to be perfectly happy she must be blind to many of hubby's faults.  
Women who weep must weep little.  
The modern man who wants to succeed with modern women does not rely solely upon flattery.

## CAUGHT HER HUSBY.

Wife Who Forced Her Way Into Lodge Room Made Shocking Discovery.

Mansfield, O., June 3.—With a hatchet for a pass word Mrs. Harry H. Freeman, wife of a well known salesman, obtained entrance to a lodge room on the third floor of the Keith-Scattergood Building on North Main Street, and looked upon a lodge scene extraordinary. In the room she beheld her husband in company with Mrs. Gertrude Ewing, a very handsome dressmaker.

Mr. Freeman explained to his irate wife, who was accompanied to the lodge room by her two children, that Mrs. Ewing had lost her gloves while she was at a social the night before, and that he was helping her hunt for them.

Mrs. Freeman went to Mrs. Ewing like a cyclone, tearing her hair and her dress into shreds, scratching her face, hitting her in the jaw, blackening one of her eyes and giving the young women other evidences of her displeasure.

While the fight was going on the husband stood as if stricken dumb. The battle raged through the hallway of the building, and before the fight was over a large crowd had gathered to witness the mixup of the female combatants. In the melee Mrs. Ewing lost her watch.

Mrs. Ewing and Mr. Freeman were arrested on the charge of disorderly conduct, at the instance of Mrs. Freeman, who, with the children, accompanied the prisoners to the police court, where Mrs. Ewing and Mr. Freeman were arraigned before Acting Mayor Manner.

He fined the husband \$20 and costs and Mrs. Ewing \$10 and costs. Acting Mayor Manner scored Mrs. Ewing severely, commenting upon her actions in a lodgeroom behind closed doors, and reminding her that this might mean the breaking up of two families.

Freeman paid the fines and the couple were released. Mrs. Freeman was exonerated from all blame for giving Mrs. Ewing the punishment she did.

## U. N. B. GRAD.

Called to Important Chair in McMaster University, Succeeding Dr. Goodspeed.

Toronto, June 3.—The board of governors of McMaster University have appointed Prof. A. G. McKay, chancellor, to succeed Chancellor Wallace, resigned.

Prof. E. M. Kierstead, Acadia University, Wolfville, N. S., was appointed to the chair of systematic theology and apologetics, to succeed Dr. Goodspeed.

Prof. William Findlay, Barnard College, Columbia University, was appointed professor of mathematics, to succeed Prof. A. G. McKay.

Rev. Elias Miles Kierstead, is the son of the late Rev. Elias Kierstead, and was born at Collins, Kings Co., N. B., Feb. 11, 1856. He received his education at the local schools and at the University of New Brunswick, where he took his B. A. degree in 1873. He afterwards studied divinity at Milton and at Windsor, N. S., afterwards becoming professor of English literature and psychology in Acadia College. Prof. Kierstead received the degree of M. A. in 1883 and that of D. D. in 1895, from Acadia College. For years he was secretary, and in 1897 he was elected president of the Baptist convention of the Maritime Provinces.

## DOCTOR SUES HEIRESS.

Thinks "Wasted Time," Injured Feelings, etc., Should be Paid for in the Sum of \$25,000.

McKeesport, Pa., June 3.—Dr. W. W. Campbell, a prominent young physician here, has sued Miss Rose Beirtoner, an heiress to \$250,000, for breach of promise. An interesting item in connection with the demand of the doctor for one-tenth of the girl's fortune is that he desires to be paid for time "wasted" in courting her.

The doctor, in his suit for \$25,000 goes into details as to how and where he suffered. He alleges that they were engaged, a date was set for the wedding, but she broke it off without good cause, thus bringing him "into contempt and ridicule among his friends," all of whom had been led to believe he was to marry an heiress.

Furthermore, the young physician alleges, the time he spent courting the girl even when he was her affianced husband, was time "lost and wasted," and he had "no opportunity to look around for another wife, thinking she would keep her promise to marry him."

## BUILDING IN MONTREAL.

Permits Issued for May beat all Records.

Montreal, June 3.—During May building permits in Montreal amounted to the sum of \$1,062,348—a record in City Hall annals. No such activity has ever before been realized.

In new buildings the month totaled \$963,662 as against \$664,395 for May of last year. In alterations \$96,686, as compared with \$92,980 for the corresponding date last summer.

Building permits for dwellings were issued to the number of 156 houses, or 257 dwelling places. Permits were also issued for four stores, one warehouse, six factories, one school and one apartment house.

Most of the men who claim to be self-made don't appear to have finished the job.

## NORTHWEST FILLING UP.

An idea of how rapidly the Northwest is being filled up through the energetic and systematic immigration policy of the Dominion government may be found in the homestead returns for the past month, when there was an increase of nearly 1,000 entries over May 1904.

There were 3,925 homestead entries for the past month, against 2,953 for the same month last year or an increase of 972. At Regina there were 1,080, and increase of 268; at Battleford, 566, an increase of 259; Yorktown, 659, an increase of 182; Red Deer, 353, an increase of 218; Edmonton, 329, an increase of 29; Prince Albert, 231, a decrease of 64; Lethbridge, 217, a decrease of 10; Calgary, 202, a decrease of 18; Alameda, 160, an increase of 50; Winnipeg, 54, a decrease of 10; Brandon, 12, a decrease of 13; Minnedosa, 19, an increase of 7.

Success is one of the things that doesn't come to him who waits.

## Watches Given Away



## Lucy's Busy Corner.

Beginning with SATURDAY, April 1st, LUCY & CO. will give away with every cash purchase of a Man's or Boy's Suit of Clothes, a good Stem Wind Watch, guaranteed for one year. Don't fail to examine their stock of Men's and Boys' Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Trunks, Grips, etc., etc. Sale to continue while the Watches last, at

## Lucy's Busy Corner

## INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

## TENDER FOR WHARF.

Sealed tenders, addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Cresscott Pile Wharf," will be received up to and including TUESDAY, the 12th JUNE, 1905, for the construction of a Cresscott Pile Wharf at Pictou, N. S.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the Station Master's office at Pictou, N. S., and at the Chief Engineer's office, Moncton, N. B., where forms for tender may be obtained. All the conditions of the specifications must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 26th May, 1905. May 29—d121.

## Intercolonial Railway.

## TENDER FOR FREIGHT SHED.

Sealed tenders, addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Freight Shed, Windsor, N. B.," will be received up to and including WEDNESDAY, 14th DAY OF JUNE, 1905, for the erection and completion of an addition to the Freight Shed at Windsor, N. S.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the Station Master's office, Windsor, N. S., will be received up to and including the Chief Engineer, Moncton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained.

All the conditions of the specifications must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., May 30th, 1905. June 2 d91.

## Stanger is a Tailor

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ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect, October 9th, 1904

Atlantic Time. Trains daily except Sunday unless otherwise stated.

LEAVE FREDERICTON

6.25 a.m.—Express from St. John, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock and West. Palace sleeper Fredericton Jct. to Boston. Pullman Parlor Car, Fredericton Jct. to Boston.

7.30 a.m.—Mixed, via Gibson Branch, for Woodstock, Presque Isle, Edmundston and intermediate stations. Leaves St. Mary's 8.10 a.m.

9.30 a.m.—For St. John and East.

5.50 p.m.—For St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Boston, etc. Montreal and West. Palace sleeper Fredericton Jct. to Montreal. Pullman Sleeper Fredericton Jct. to Boston.

8.00 p.m.—For St. John and East.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON

9.20 a.m.—From St. John and points east

11.45 a.m.—From Boston, Montreal, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock, etc.

5.40 p.m.—From Woodstock and all points north as far as Perth and Plaster Rock via Gibson Branch. Arrives at St. Mary's 5.07 p.m.

8.10 p.m.—From St. John and east.

10.40 p.m.—From Boston, Portland, Bangor, St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Woodstock, etc.

F. R. PERRY, Acting Dist. Pass. Agent, St. John, N. B. C. E. E. USHER, G. P. A., Montreal, P. Q.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, June 4th, 1905 trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE FREDERICTON

No. 303 Mixed for Chatham, Loggieville, Campbellton, St. John and Halifax

No. 301 Express for Montreal, Chatham, Loggieville, etc.

No. 317 Suburban for Marysville, etc.

No. 319 Suburban for Marysville, etc.

No. 321 Suburban for Marysville, etc.

No. 323 Suburban for Marysville, etc.

No. 325 Suburban for Marysville, etc.

No. 327 Suburban for Marysville, etc.

No. 329 Suburban for Marysville, etc.

All trains are run by Atlantic Standard time. Twenty-four hour notation. 24.00 o'clock is midnight. Moncton, N. B., June 1st, 1905

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McDonald & Feeney

Waverley House

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