

"A clever, if somewhat sharp-tongued, West Philadelphia girl has finally succeeded in discouraging the attentions of a young man, whose intentions may have been matrimonial and whom she did not care to consider because of his fondness for intoxicating liquor. It had not got to a point of rejecting his proffered offer, so she was unable to tell him in kind but explicit language that she could never share his heart with the owner of a saloon; but the opportunity came the other night, when, being alone with him, she had stirred his emotions by her playing on the piano.

"Why," he asked, when she would play no more, "do I have such a passion for the music you make?" The girl paused as if considering. "Perhaps it's because it's so full of bars," she said, and the man has not been back since.—Philadelphia Record.

In recent years the construction of railways proceeded in Germany at the rate of about 600 miles a year. The entire trackage exceeds at present 31,183 miles. The electrification of railways is still confined to a few suburban lines, where the system works satisfactorily.

A Big Shirt for Big Men.

The H. B. K. Big Shirt is a great blessing for big men and especially for men who have always found it hard to get the sleeves long enough. It's the biggest Shirt put up in Canada. All hand sewed in the seams and can't rip, while the buttons are all sewed on by hand, and won't come off until the Shirt's worn out. Big men who want the best wearing Shirts in the market should see the H. B. K. Big Shirt.

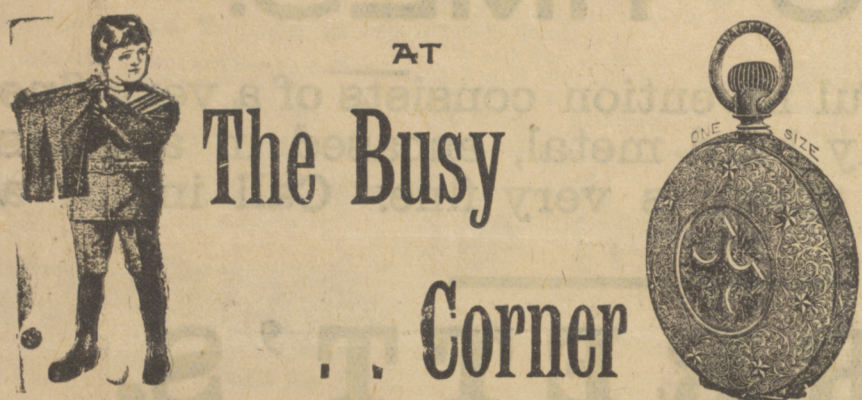
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The Time Draws Near.

The time for preparing the soil and planting the Seed is at hand. Are you ready for it? To farm successfully you must have modern machines which not only save time and labor but vastly increase the results. We are better prepared to supply your needs this Spring than ever before.

Our stock of Implements and Machines, Farm Wagons, Carriages and Harness is the largest and most varied in the city.

See what we have to offer and get our prices before buying. It will cost you nothing to do that and may save you a lot of future dissatisfaction.

Field and Garden Seeds in great variety. Government inspected and found A1.

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Now is the time for GENUINE BARGAINS.

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McMURRAY & CO.

THRILLING ESCAPE.

Former St. Stephen Man Whose Wife was a
Fredericton Lady Tells of His Awful
Experience in the San Francisco
Disaster.

The Butte, Montana, Inter Mountain of April 23, gives the thrilling experience in the San Francisco earthquake of Ed. Crangle, a former St. Stephen man, and his sisters. Mr. Crangle's deceased wife was formerly Miss Mary Ann Broderick, eldest daughter of the late Christopher Broderick, a former Frederictonian.

The Inter Mountain's article is as follows: "After two days and nights wandering the streets of San Francisco with scarcely any food and little sleep, a long and tedious ride on the railroad and the memories of the fire swept and panic-stricken city ever before their minds, Ed. Crangle and his two sisters, Misses Edith and Stella Crangle, reached Butte this morning, the first refugees from the once magnificent municipality of San Francisco to arrive here. The three are now at the home of Mrs. J. Kellet, a married sister, residing at 717 Colorado street. Curled up on a couch in the home of her sister this afternoon, Miss Edith Crangle, wrapped in blankets, but refusing to admit that the hardships of the last few days had been more than she could bear, related to The Inter Mountain the experience of those two days and nights in San Francisco, virtually a fight for life from start to finish.

THEY NEVER SEPARATED.

Throughout the terrible period Ed. Crangle remained with his sisters. The three clung together hour after hour, and hand in hand fought their way through mobs of panic-stricken people, and every time managed to get through all right. The Crangles were residing at 609 Asbury street, two blocks from the panhandle of Golden Gate park. They do not know whether their residence was burned or not, but left their home because of the fact that the refugees from the lower portion of the city were driven into that section, Chinese and people of every description were camped there, making the health conditions menacing, and because of the fact that Miss Edith Crangle had but recently been operated on for appendicitis and was as yet only convalescent, the brother would not listen to remaining where her health might be endangered by the unsanitary conditions and her mind troubled by the tumult and panic with which they were surrounded.

AWAKENED BY SHOCK.

"We were awakened by the shock a few minutes after 5 o'clock in the morning," said Miss Edith Crangle in relating her experience "and after dressing, the three of us hurried into the street. It seemed that every one else had done the same. The walls of our house had been cracked and the plastering had fallen, but it still stood, and there were no fires in the neighborhood. For two hours we walked up and down the middle of the street just as everyone else was doing. All were afraid to re-enter the buildings.

"After two hours of this we three went home and packed a small telescope grip with a few articles of wearing apparel and made up a bundle of what food we could. People rushed into the street and refused to enter their homes again at all. From the hill from where we were at that time we could see four fires in the business portion of the city. Two of them were The Call and The Chronicle buildings. We watched these until they came together south of Market street.

FLEE TO THE HILLS.

"Then we started for the hills from where we could watch the fire and where we spent the entire day walking watching below us. We were at this time only a few blocks from where we lived and we met Mr. and Mrs. Shiely, formerly of Butte. Mr. Shiely having been in the employ

of the Hennessy store here. Mr. Shiely left to write with us and went to the city to see if he could save anything from his store, located at the corner of Post and Stockton streets. Everything was destroyed. The store was a total loss and also the house in which they were living. "That night, Wednesday night, we spent in the hills. Mr. Shiely returned from the city about 2 o'clock in the morning. We slept but very little. It was impossible to sleep. Everyone was watching the flames as they spread. No one went in the houses. Every one was out of doors. The cinders fell like rain and some of them as big as one's fist.

NOTHING TO EAT.

"Thursday morning found us on Park hill but a few blocks from home. We went back to the house in the morning but did not remain there. We had nothing to eat but scraps of mouldy bread. It was impossible to secure food. During those two days and nights six of us lived on two packages of Force, two cans of condensed milk, a can of tomatoes and a bottle of whiskey. There was no water. Thursday was spent in wandering about, going continually away from the advancing fire and towards the hills. There were thousands in the retreat. Old men and women, cripples hobbling on crutches and invalids' chairs, crying children and of every nationality on earth. "Thursday night found us on a hill further back than where we had spent the previous night. That night the mission district burned. We were huddled in huts, the great tongues of flames leaping skyward, and from the direction of the fire came thousands of inhabitants of the section, driven by the soldiers, panic-stricken, half clothed and hungry. They came in wagons which were dragged by men. Trunks were pulled over the ground with ropes. Oh! the confusion was indescribable, terrible.

DRIVEN FROM HOUSE.

"Friday morning about 7 o'clock we left the hills and went back to our house, but we could not stay there. The scene was terrible. Families and families were camped in the park and in the streets round about. So we left. Candles were 2 cents each and bread was \$1 a loaf. Presently the soldiers came and closed all of the grocery stores and took charge. This, however, had been done shortly after the fire broke out on the first day.

"We decided to leave the city and so we walked to Van Ness avenue. There a soldier told us to go to the Presidio and we could get a boat to Oakland. So we walked, walked and walked to the Presidio. There we were unloading a boat load of provisions from Sacramento. We had left Mr. and Mrs. Shiely, they deciding to remain and see if they could not save something.

"At the Presidio my sister and brother and myself sat down to rest. While we were sitting there a soldier came up and addressed my brother, saying 'Here, young fellow, get out there and help unload that boat.' My brother didn't want to go because we didn't want to be separated, but the soldier began to draw his gun, so brother told us to remain where we were until he returned, and went to work on the boat. When he was finished they gave him some bread and a small quantity of water, and the three of us regaled ourselves with the limited supply.

LOST ON THE BOAT.

"But we couldn't get a boat from the Presidio. We had to walk from there to Ft. Mason. After waiting there for a long time we were taken on board the McDowell and taken to the Mission street wharf. I was the last one to be taken on the boat and I thought for a minute they were going to leave me. There were scores left because the vessel was loaded.

SEE MANY DEAD.

"When we landed at the Mission street wharf the only thing that we could recognize was the ferry building, the tower of which was leaning, and a small building where they turn the street cars around. Everything else was a heap of smoldering ruins. As we walked along we saw dead men covered with sheets. At the Presidio we saw a man drop dead. A minute afterwards he was loaded on a wagon with other dead bodies and hauled away.

"On the wharfs we encountered the first of the relief committee. As we walked along they offered us milk. 'Drink it, lady, it will help you along.' Oh, they were awful kind, but I just couldn't drink it. I wanted to get away from the fire and the dead and the ruins, and so did sister and brother. We waited fifteen minutes and got a boat to Oakland.

"There we were given free transportation to Ogden. Along the way the people were more than kind. Relief committees met the trains at every station and distributed food and wanted to talk of the disaster. Thirty of us came to Ogden and there we were received with great kindness. We three were the only ones for Butte last night. At Pocatello we went into a restaurant and the proprietor when he found out where we were from would take no money. We arrived here at 6 o'clock this morning."

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April 13.—d.w.t.f.

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