

THE ANTIQUARY'S PARADISE

By Desmond F. T. Coke.

It seemed almost inevitable. Ever since I had read about the place in a daily of two years ago I had fought the great temptation. It was almost vanquished, when in the second number of a new journal for collectors I came upon a heading: "The Antiquary's Paradise." I protested, I tried not to read the article. I knew what I should find—the glories of the Friday curio-mart in the metropolitan market. I was determined not to read it. But I did.

Then I told the female "connoisseur," and my fate was fixed. "We must go," she said, in grim resolve. The female connoisseur has a great way with her. "We'll," I echoed dully.

"You and I?" she sternly answered. "I tried diplomacy. I told her that it was a long way off. It was no place for a woman (here she snorted). It was dirty, very dangerous. I told her that half the mysterious disappearances in the city were from that part of the town."

This seemed only to rouse the spirit of romance in her. Her eyes glistened. "Oh! won't it be fascinating?"

"You must put on the very dirtiest of clothes," I said, with inspiration—dress seemed the most vulnerable point—"otherwise they'll raise their prices double."

"It'll be just like in a book," she cried. For a married woman the F. C. is absurdly ungrammatical and youthful. "We shall have to make an early start."

I meant this as discouragement; she took it as an added joy. "Yes, we'll creep out in our old things, with the milkman. Let's say 9 o'clock, on Friday next, from here."

This seemed to clinch the matter. "Nine o'clock on Friday next, from here," I repeated vacantly, and said "Good-bye." My stock of tact and patience was exhausted. After all, I could solve the matter by forgetting.

I had nearly managed to forget, in all sincerity, on Thursday night, when I received a letter.

"* * * 'Hi hope,' it said, 'your costume is ready? Mine is quite a triumph. This is only to remind you. We start from here at 9 A. M., wet or fine.'"

It was not quite closing time for telegrams, and I dashed to the nearest post-office.

"No Antiquary's Paradise if wet," I wired. Fatehood comes so easy on a telegraphic form. Then I settled down to pray for rain.

"James," I said to the butler, "I may want calling at 7.30 tomorrow, it's fine. But, mind, I want on my very impressive—I hope I didn't wink—if there should be one drop of rain, or any sign of drops to come, I shall not want calling until 9 o'clock. You understand?"

It would not be my fault if James failed to wake me.

My conscience was entirely easy when James came in next morning. I merely felt a little sorry for the Female Connoisseur, alone in all her finery.

"Half-past seven, sir," said James. I leaped up. "What?" I began in awful anger.

"Ah, the weather?" James continued. "It's just like summer today. A rare piece of luck, sir. Not a cloud." He drew the curtain swiftly, letting in a light that hurt my eyes. I trust that I said nothing.

I suddenly resolved to oversleep. But, somehow, I could not really sleep; and that thought of the F. C.'s disappointment came to weigh upon me. I determined to see the matter through. But one thing I would not do; I would not indulge her by putting on absurd, old clothes, a dirty collar, and the rest. What was the use of it? She had said they would take us to see, for dealers. As though I could be mistaken for a dealer, or she, either! I put on an ordinary morning suit, and was at the F. C.'s house by nine o'clock.

She must have been most eager for the trip, for she was ready, and opened the front door. At a first glance I took her for the servant. A mackintosh coat of a disreputable age, a stained and napless skirt of serge, a cheap bead-chain, were the first things to strike me. The F. C. curtsied.

"Dyer like me, Alf?" she smiled. "Such playfulness so early after breakfast struck me as close upon immoral. Looking back, perhaps I was in rather an unpleasant mood. I didn't notice anything different," I said.

The F. C. kept agreeing—she always does. "How like a man!" she laughed. "Not notice!"

I hate sneers at the sex. "I did notice your dress," I said, but it's as usual. Look at the hat, now; that gives you away. No common person could wear—"

"Yes," she interrupted, pleasantly, but coldly. "I borrowed that from Liz's kitchen maid." Then she stopped back. "Oh, but I admit you're better. The tie—the baggy knees—Oh, you're perfect!"

I said nothing. The F. C. rather annoys me, at times, when she is silly. Of course she was trying to annoy me. Over the journey I prefer to waste no words. Finally the market came in view.

A bare, unimposing place—cobble, cinders, palisades, broken here and there by little crowds clustered round some treasure spread upon the ground. A close approach made the latter's nature clear. Villainous-faced men and women loomed against the rails, staring with lack-lustre eyes at their stock in trade—odds of the rubbish in every possible variety. The purchasers for the most part, displayed an equal lack of interest.

The F. C. was delighted. "What a fascinating place!" she cried. But I noticed that she kept her gloves on and turned the fascinating treasures cautiously with the end of her umbrella. The sellers she did not convince. Mentally they raised their prices.

Still she bought—bought till I was laden—bought for the mere joy of buying. The meat market might be "The Antiquary's Paradise," but this Friday was clearly a day off. Her purchases included nothing in the least degree heavenly, and not much that was antique. She had got a scent bottle to fit a silver top at home, a table bell, a heavy frame, and I had dissuaded her from a pair of massive candlesticks. (The stallholders would not deliver purchases.)

She was just discussing an old hat, designed for use on future expeditions. Suddenly she started back. "Good gracious! Who'd—?"

"What have you seen?" I murmured, anxiously. She was staring in horror down the lane of rubbish. I followed her gaze.

It was Mrs. Baringham, a few yards off, sweeping along in the extreme of fashion. "She must have read the same article," I whispered, secretly rejoicing.

Mrs. Baringham raised her longnettes and scanned the F. C.'s costume. "How d'ye do, my dear?" she said, languidly. "What a queer place! I didn't see your carriage," and she passed on.

"Cat!" hissed the F. C., if one can hiss such words. "Luckily I'm always smarter than she is, the old tramp!"

"And lucky," I said, gently, "that I had got my decent clothes on."

I looked up, to see if I had got my own back on the point of clothes. There was a dainty tear in the corner of the F. C.'s eye. Relenting, I grew sympathetic. Mrs. Baringham was always vividly dressed, the F. C. always charming.

"I think we'll go," said the F. C. in bedevilled tones. Probably I made some pretence of resistance, but it cannot have been too convincing. My spirits rose as we approached the exit. Once past the perilous crossing, where half-horses were being frantically galloped with a view to sale, we should be clear of the vile place; and I knew that the F. C. would not drug me there again.

Suddenly she stopped. "Oh!" she cried. "What is it?" I asked.

"Be careful! I don't like that article said old masters were quite often bought here. On that stall—oh, do be careful!—there is a Titian, I'm sure."

At last she let me look. The head was certainly dirty enough, the colors mellowed almost to obscurity. The F. C. was herself again. She attacked the man indignantly, asked the price of endless rubbish, and finally pointed with contempt at the old master.

The F. C. thought the price he quoted very reasonable.

She bore it off triumphantly, hugging it to her breast, hoping I think that some big dealer would make a noble offer for it and suddenly some one did exclaim in surprise: "Hullo!"

We both looked up. It was Mrs. Fenton, smarter, if possible, than even Mrs. Baringham.

"Been buying?" she smiled. "How original!"

"Yes, I've got an old master," The F. C. bubbled with pride.

Mrs. Fenton thought that she was joking, and laughed a cool, rippling laugh. "Very odd!" she said. "I always thought it so marvellous how Peas' Annual could afford to do it. Quite a gem, now it's a masterpiece!" (She laughed again.) "I suppose there's nothing good here?" She was gone.

"She's envious!" said the F. C. "Of course it's odd, isn't it? I wonder if it's signed? No. Well, they won't allow it. Look! What is it?"

Unhappily there could be no doubt. Beneath the dimmed varnish there was still legible, in bold handwriting: "Peas."

Neither of us spoke it; but the F. C. silently turned the picture's face toward her. Also she took a hansom home.

DID MOTHER KILL HER BABES?

Gloucester, Aug. 23.—Twin infants disappeared mysteriously from here on Tuesday and their mother, named McKenzie, whose husband is in parts unknown, said the children had died when she had picked them away with her on a berry picking excursion.

The chief of police investigated and the woman confessed to having buried them near Long Beach, Port Morien. Accompanied by officers she indicated the place and a warrant for disinterment being issued the bodies were taken up and a jury was empanelled.

The medical examination as to whether they met with a violent death or not is somewhat inconclusive. Blood had flowed from the nostrils of one. They were about three or four weeks old. An inquest will be held tomorrow evening.

BANK OFFICIALS UP FOR EXAMINATION

Halifax, N. S., Aug. 23.—The examination of Senator Lovitt, president of the defunct Yarmouth Bank, and S. A. Crowell, vice-president, came up before Magistrate Pelton this afternoon on the Yarmouth court house. The charge is wilfully furnishing and signing false bank returns to the government.

W. E. Stavey, curator of the Bank of Yarmouth, who was in charge of the bank's affairs after the suspension, and Thomas Lawson, a clerk in the finance department, at Ottawa, repeated the evidence they gave last time in the case against Lovitt and Crowell were willing to waive examination, but the prosecution would not agree. The case will go on tomorrow.

SCOTT ACT VIOLATOR

Moncton, N. B., Aug. 23.—Eight Moncton parties were arraigned before Justice McQueen at Shediac today on the charge of Scott Act violation. Brunswick, American hotels; W. LeBlanc, D. Hogan and R. Hebert were convicted and fined \$30 and costs each. The cases against E. S. Legere, Cad Landry, Damien Bourgeois were adjourned for one week.

Three parties from Point du Chene and Dupuis Corner came up before Mr. McQueen tomorrow for Scott Act violations. Eleven parties along the Northumberland Straits have been reported to Fishery Inspector Chapman for poaching. The cases will be tried in a few days.

A government gill destroyed a number of lobster traps at Cape Bauld recently.

Mrs. Kate Cunningham, widow of Robert Cunningham, died at her home, Paradise Row, early Thursday morning after an illness of some months' duration. The deceased lady leaves, besides a sister, Miss Lizzie McCarthy, one daughter, Miss Hattie, and four sons, Walter, Harold, Robert and Arthur, all at home. Interment will take place Sunday, the funeral being from her late residence at 2.30 o'clock.

Travellers Guide

TRAINS DEPART FROM ST. JOHN.

6.00 a. m.—Express for Pt. du Chene, Halifax, Sydney, etc.
6.45 a. m.—Express for Boston, Fredericton, Quebec, etc.
7.45 a. m.—Mixed for Moncton, etc.
8.25 a. m.—Suburban for Westford, etc.
9.25 a. m.—Express for Pt. du Chene, Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, (Connections with Ocean Limited).
11.45 a. m.—Express for Pt. du Chene, Picton, and Halifax.
1.10 p. m.—Suburban for Westford, etc.
1.15 p. m.—Suburban for Hampton, etc. (Connections Hampton and St. Martins except Monday).
5.05 p. m.—Express for Sussex, etc. (Connections Hampton & St. Martins on Monday only).
6.40 p. m.—Express for Moncton and coming from Moncton, etc.
6.55 p. m.—Express for Boston, etc.
8.10 p. m.—Express for Fredericton, etc.
8.15 p. m.—Suburban for Hampton, etc.
7.00 p. m.—Express for Quebec and Montreal, Pt. du Chene.
10.20 p. m.—Suburban for Westford, etc.
11.25 p. m.—Express for Picton, Halifax and Sydney.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

6.35 a. m.—Express from Sydney and Halifax, etc.
7.45 a. m.—Suburban from Hampton, etc.
7.50 a. m.—Suburban from Westford, etc.
8.55 a. m.—Express from Fredericton, etc.
9.00 a. m.—Express from Sussex, etc. (Connections Hampton & St. Martins on Monday).
10.40 a. m.—Express from Moncton, etc.
11.20 a. m.—Express from Moncton, Fredericton, etc.
12.10 p. m.—Suburban from Westford, etc.
12.20 p. m.—Express from Moncton, Quebec, Pt. du Chene, etc. (Connections Hampton & St. Martins, daily except Monday).
3.20 p. m.—Suburban from Westford, etc.
3.30 p. m.—Suburban from Hampton, etc.
4.30 p. m.—Mixed from Moncton, etc.
6.00 p. m.—Express from Pt. du Chene and Moncton.
5.15 p. m.—Express from Halifax, Picton, Campbellton, (Connections Ocean Limited for Moncton).
3.30 p. m.—Express from Moncton, etc.
10.00 p. m.—Express from Boston, etc.
1.40 a. m.—(Sunday only) Express Sydney and Halifax, etc.

Trains on the New Brunswick Southern Railway leave west side daily for St. Stephen at 8.30 a. m., arriving at west side on return at 7.10 p. m.

RIVER STEAMERS.

DEPARTURES.

6.00 a. m.—May Queen leaves Indianstown for Chipman, Georgetown and Grand Lake points Wednesday and Saturday.
8.30 a. m.—Victoria or Majestic, for Fredericton and intermediate landings, daily, Sunday excepted.
9.00 a. m.—Hampton, for Hampton, Clifton, Kingsburg, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.
10.00 a. m.—Crystal Stream, for Cole's Island, the Narrows and landings on the Washademoak, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.
12 noon—Champion, for the Bellefleur.
3.00 p. m.—Hampton, for Boston, Monday and Saturday.

ARRIVALS.

6.00 p. m.—Blaine, for Queenstown and intermediate landings, Saturday 6.00 p. m. to Georgetown.
6.30 p. m.—Majestic for Hampton and intermediate landings, Saturday 6.30 p. m. to Hampton.
8.00 a. m.—Majestic, from Hampton every Monday.
9.00 a. m.—Hampton, from Hampton.
10.00 a. m.—Blaine, from Wickham daily 2.
1.30 p. m.—Crystal Stream, from the Washademoak, Wednesday, Friday, Sunday and Monday.
12.30 p. m.—Champion, from Bellefleur, Monday, Wednesday, Friday, Sunday and Monday.
3.30 p. m.—Victoria or Majestic, from Fredericton daily.
4.00 p. m.—Blaine, from Chipman and Grand Lake points, Monday and Thursday.

FERRY STEAMERS.

Ferry steamers cross the harbor from the foot of Princess street, east side, to Rodney wharf, west side, every 30 minutes, commencing at 6 a. m. The last boat leaving the east side at 11.30 p. m. On Sundays the first trip from the west side at 9 a. m. and the last trip from the east side at 11.10 p. m. On Saturday evenings only, boats leave west side at 11.45 and St. John at 12.

The E. Ross, from Indianstown to Milford makes three trips at 9 a. m., 1.30 p. m. and 5.30 p. m. (excepted), from 6.15 a. m. till 10 p. m. and Saturdays till 10.40 p. m. On Sunday from 8 a. m. till 10 p. m.

The Maggie Miller between Millville, Summersville, Kenedicook Island and Baywater—
Leave Baywater at 6.00, 7.30 and 10.30 a. m. and 3.30 and 6.30 p. m.
Leave Summersville at 6.30, 7.45, and 10.45 a. m. and 3.00 and 6.30 p. m.
Leave Millville at 6.00, 7.30 and 10.30 a. m. and 3.00, 4.00 and 6.00 p. m.
Boat will leave Summersville every Monday morning at 6.00 o'clock.

SATURDAY.
Leave Baywater at 6.30, 7.00 and 10.30 a. m. and 3.45, 4.45, and 7.45 p. m.
Leave Summersville at 6.00, 7.30, and 10.45 a. m. and 3.15, 4.15 and 7.15 p. m.
Leave Millville at 6.15 and 9.30 a. m. and 3.15, 4.15 and 7.15 p. m.

SUNDAY.
Leave Millville at 6.00 and 10.30 a. m. and 2.30 and 6.15 p. m.
Leave Baywater at 6.45 and 11.15 a. m. and 4.00 and 7.30 p. m.
Leave Summersville at 10.00 and 11.30 a. m. and 6.30 and 7.30 p. m.

Commencing July 1, steamers leave St. John at 8 a. m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for Lunenburg, Shelburne, Rockport, Liverpool, Lunenburg and Halifax. Steamer arrives in St. John Wednesday evenings at 6 o'clock.

Steamer Prince Rupert for Diebly leaves her wharf daily at 7.45 a. m., connections for Halifax and Yarmouth, returning arrives about 4.30 p. m.

Steamer Scotia sails Thursday evenings at 6 o'clock from Red's Point wharf, for Yarmouth, Barrington, Shelburne, Rockport, Liverpool, Lunenburg and Halifax. Steamer arrives in St. John Wednesday evenings at 6 o'clock.

Steamer Westport 12 leaves Knox's wharf every Friday at 11 noon for Westport, Yarmouth, Yarmouth, etc. Steamer arrives in St. John Thursday.

Steamer Aurora, for Grand Manan, Campbellton, Eastport, leaves Wednesday at 10 a. m. and arrives Mondays at 2.30 p. m. at Merritt's wharf.

Steamer Granite, for Lower Grandville, Annapolis, etc., leaves Tuesdays at 12 noon and arrives Mondays at 11 A. M. pier.

Steamer Brunswick, for Spencer's Island, Canby, Wolfville, etc., leaves Tuesday evenings and arrives Mondays at 12 noon at Wharf.

Steamer Beaver, for Harvey, Albert, Hillsboro, etc., leaves Thursdays and arrives Wednesdays at 12 noon at Wharf.

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Advertisers Take Notice.

Advertisements intended for Saturday's issue must reach this office Friday night. The Times CANNOT GUARANTEE the insertion of advertising copy left until Saturday Morning. Advertisers who are later than Friday night MUST TAKE A CHANCE.

NEWS FROM FREDERICTON

Provincial Board of Health

Grants Sunbury County Appeal—Coroner's Jury Finds Hewitson's Death Accidental

Fredericton, N. B., Aug. 23.—The decision of the Provincial Board of Health on the sewage dispute between the city of Fredericton and the people of Sunbury was given out this evening by Secretary Fisher and as was surmised some time ago, is against the city's contention. The following is the resolution adopted by the board at its recent meeting:

"Resolved, That the board, from the evidence produced before it this day, cannot see its way clear to grant permission to the city of Fredericton to dispose of its sewage by emptying, in its crude state, into the St. John river."

A copy of the above resolution together with the stenographer's report of the evidence taken, has been forwarded to the governor in council, and the mayor of Fredericton and wardens of Sunbury have been notified of the board's decision.

It is quite certain that the city will appeal to the governor in council. Coroner McNally this evening held an inquest on the body of the late Charles F. Hewitson who was drowned here on Tuesday.

Mrs. Samuel Bubar, who conducted a boarding house on King street, reported to the police last evening that a serious robbery had been committed at her house during the afternoon by two young men who were boarding there.

Charles A. Dawson and Edward Bourne, two men employed on the sewerage work by J. B. McManus Ltd., are suspected of having committed the offence and are nowhere to be found.

The articles missing included a suit of clothes, valued at \$28. \$3 in money, which was in the pockets of the suit of clothes, a watch chain valued at \$12, and some underwear. Samuel Bubar, Mrs. Bubar's husband, also missed his overcoat valued at \$11, while George Needles, another boarder, missed two fine shirts.

Charles A. Dawson is about eighteen years of age. He is of medium build with light complexion and has a cork leg which makes his walk very lame. His last job was in Manchester, England, and he wore blue clothes with a blue soft collar, black Derby hat and black patent leather shoes.

Edward Bourne is described as also being of medium build with a heavy black moustache. He has a number of his front teeth missing. Bourne's home is in New York city.

NO GROUNDINGS AT SAND POINT

Director Cushing Reaffirms Statement That no Vessels Grounded There—Aldermen Say Mr. Scammell Acted Without Government Authority.

At a special meeting of the board of works Thursday evening it was decided to recommend to the council that the board be given authority to employ a competent man from outside to make an investigation of the depth of water at Sand Point. The feeling expressed by the members of the board was that the reports sent out by Engineer Scammell had been detrimental to the port of St. John and that he had acted without authority from the government.

It was announced that the wharf site would be ready for the reception of No. 1 crib in six or seven days, and Mr. Clark will endeavor to sink the first crib at that time. A delegation was heard with reference to the laying of a railway track along the southern side of the new wharf, and the matter was left in the hands of a committee.

Those at the meeting were: Ald. Med. Goldrick (chairman), Hamm, Pickett, Tilley, Holder, Rowan, Sproul, Vanwart, Baxter, Willett, Director Cushing, Engineer Peters, Harbor Master Ferris and Common Clerk Wardroper. Mayor Sears was there for a time.

The chairman stated that Mr. Mayes had said the wharf site would be ready in six or seven days. Mr. Clark said he would try and have the crib sunk at that time. He assured the board that the wharf would be ready for use this winter.

The chairman read a letter from Wm. Thomson & Co. relative to reports that the C. P. R. was likely to be given berths 1, 2 and 3 and that the Allan Line, which they represented, was to be sent to the I. C. R. wharf. They stated this was not satisfactory, as the I. C. R. wharf was not suitable for their steamers. They thought they should have No. 2 berth again this year, or suggested that the matter be left to the harbor master to place the steamers at whatever berths he thought best, only giving preference to the mail steamers.

The chairman will look into the matter. The wharf would be ready for use this winter about the depth of water at Sand Point, and Mr. Scammell's authority in the matter. Director Cushing was asked to read the reports made some time ago regarding the soundings. The director thought that as Mr. Scammell had no interests in the port and no authority no notice should be taken of his statements. They thought the director said he could prove conclusively that the steamers last winter never did ground. The shore captains of both the Allan and C. P. R. lines had told him the steamers did not ground. With reference to a statement attributed to Captain Vipond of the steamer

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Virginian, he said Captain Vipond had never made a report to the city and had never been heard on the matter except through the papers.

"I can state emphatically," said the director, "that the Allan turbines did not ground. There was always from twenty-eight to thirty-one feet of water at that berth and that they were always water borne, and that they were never loaded to that depth. If you assume conditions which did not exist then the steamers did ground, but I know they did not."

The director read several reports prepared at the time soundings were taken, including a report from the diver in which it was stated that a grate of dishes which had fallen overboard from the steamer was found under the steamer, intact. This would prove, he claimed, that the steamer had not grounded, else the dishes would have been broken.

He claimed there was never less than ten inches of water under the steamers and that they were always water borne. The dredging now being done would go to a depth of thirty feet, though steamers seldom loaded to that depth, and, barring all ordinary accidents, the berths would be perfectly satisfactory for all requirements this winter.

The mayor spoke of the members of the council being satisfied that everything possible had been done and that they felt everything would be satisfactory. He thought that the letter from Mr. Scammell, coming as it did without authority, the board should take no action. While he had the highest regard for Mr. Scammell yet he thought he was acting without his province and in all his communications had approached the council as a private citizen, not as a government engineer and they should let the matter drop.

Ald. Willet contended that the matter was of too great importance to be passed over lightly. Reports had gone broadcast to the injury of the port. He thought they should take the matter up with the government and ascertain Mr. Scammell's position in the premises.

Alderman Baxter spoke at some length, pointing out that the question was of great importance. Statements had gone forth detrimental to the city's interests and they should be refuted. He moved that the board be empowered to engage a competent man from outside to make soundings, etc., at any time they considered proper. The motion was adopted.

A number of minor matters were discussed and the board adjourned.

A SOUTHERN ORATOR

(From Congressional Record Report of Carmack's address).

These people, sir, are of high and noble lineage. The blood of the heroes who fought at King's mountain and New Orleans is in their veins. They are the sons of the sires who blazed the pathway of civilization through primeval forests of America and built a temple of liberty in the wilderness of the western world. In whatever sphere of duty it has pleased God to place them, whether in the quiet walks of peaceful station of civil power and duty or amid the stars of death on the red field of battle, they have everywhere exhibited those high qualities of American manhood that have made glorious the history of this republic.

To the land every drop of my blood, every fibre of my being, every pulsation of my heart is consecrated forever. I was born in her womb, I was nurtured at her breast, and when my last hour shall come I pray God that I may be allowed in her tender and encircling arms.

It takes more than the ability to say "dear sister" to make a real saint,

REMEMBER

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PRESENTATION TO CHIEF KERR

DEATH CAME SUDDENLY

David Milligan Dropped Dead While Working in Rolling Mills Yesterday Afternoon.

David Milligan, aged about 65, dropped dead while at work in the Portland Rolling Mills, yesterday afternoon. The tragedy was surrounded by particularly sad circumstances, as his only daughter is lying very ill at their home at the corner of Marsh Road and Frederick St. News of her father's death was carefully concealed from her, as results were feared because of her feeble health, and she has soon to go to the hospital to undergo an operation.

Mr. Milligan who had been working in the Rolling Mills but two weeks was attending to his duties when he suddenly collapsed. It was first thought he had fainted, but it was soon seen that he was extinct. Dr. Lunney was called but nothing could be done. Coroner Berryman was summoned, viewed the remains and gave permission for their removal. Death is attributed to heart disease.

Undertaker Brennan took charge and on learning of the condition of Miss Milligan took the body to his warehouse on the corner of Marsh Road and Frederick St. The gathering broke up by singing the national anthem.

The chain and locket are very fine. On one side of the locket is inscribed "from the delegation of St. John firemen to Charlottetown," and on the other side "J. K." the chief's monogram.

Chief Kerr was taken completely by surprise but expressed his warm appreciation of the gift.

During the evening, songs were sung by John McAndrews, James Millican,