

THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN KETTLE

By CUTCLIFFE HYNÉ

A Series of Twelve of the Best Short Stories of the Year. Published in this Province Exclusively by The Star.

Crown and Garrote

"We will garrote el Senor Kettle with due form and ceremony," said the mulatto, with an ugly smile. "The saints must have sent us this machine on purpose."

He threw away the cigarette stump from his yellow fingers, and began to knot a running bowline on the end of a rawhide rope. "I will do myself the honor of explaining him. He covered me with that revolver of his this morning, and put me to shame before the men. I have not forgotten."

"And the other Englishman?" said the ex-priest. "He fought well for us in the morning. He is brave."

"And so is far too dangerous to be left alive, padre, after we garrote the sailor."

"My dear Cuchillo," said the ecclesiastic, "you are so abominably bloody-minded. But I suppose you are right. I will come with you, and if the man shows trouble, I will shoot him where he sits." He and the mulatto got up as he spoke, and the other men rose also, and the six of them left the inn silently on the side away from the camp. The jungle growths of the tropical night were dark and still. They held along their way silently and confidently, like men well skilled in woodcraft. With primitive cunning they had arranged to make their attack from the rear.

The noise of their chatter ceased, and from the distance there went up to the north, tropical night faint snatches of the "Swanee River," sung by a Louisiana negro, who had grown delirious from a wound.

In the meanwhile the two Englishmen were taking their tobacco barely a couple of hundred yards away. They had built a small fire of green wood, and were sitting in the alley of smoke as some refuge from the sweltering heat, and the conversation ran upon themselves and their own prospects.

"I don't want to mess about with a crown," Capt. Kettle was saying. "A cheese-cutter cap's good enough for me, or, seeing that Cuba's not a pith hat at night, I might as well get a pith hat in for luxury." He peered through the smoke wreaths at the camp of the revolutionists, a native bivouac chopped from amongst the trees, and strewn with sleeping men who moaned in their dreams. The ruined ingenio at the further side had its white walls smeared with smoke. The place ached with poverty and squalor.

"Not that there seems much luxury here," he went on. "These beauties haven't a sound pair of breeches amongst them, and if it wasn't for the rifles and ammunition we brought ashore from the poor old Sultan, sir, I'd say they'd just starve to death before they kicked the Spaniards out of the island. But if ugliness means pluck, there should be none better as fighting men; and when we get to hosing them properly you'll see we shall just make my friends or my enemies."

"You shall sign on as prime minister, Mr. Carnforth, when we get the show regularly in commission, and I'll see you make a good thing out of it. You'll get the nominal title of a bit like the dreary business you were used to in parliament in England. Empty talk is not to my taste, and I'll not set up a parliament here to encourage it. I'm going to hold a ruling ticket myself, and it won't do for anyone to forget it."

"I thank you for that, sir," said the sailor with a bow. "When I come to be formally made king of these Cubans, you shall find I am not ungrateful. I am not a man to neglect either my friends or my enemies."

"You shall sign on as prime minister, Mr. Carnforth, when we get the show regularly in commission, and I'll see you make a good thing out of it. You'll get the nominal title of a bit like the dreary business you were used to in parliament in England. Empty talk is not to my taste, and I'll not set up a parliament here to encourage it. I'm going to hold a ruling ticket myself, and it won't do for anyone to forget it."

"You seem very anxious for power, captain."

"It's a fact, sir," said the other with a sigh. "I do like to have the ordering of men. But don't you think that's the only reason I'm taking on this racket. I'm a man with an income to make, and I'm out of berth elsewhere. I'm a man with a family, sir."

"I am a bachelor," said Carnforth, "and I'm thinking heaven for it this minute. Doesn't it strike you, captain, that this is not the sort of a job for a married man? Can't you see it's far too risky?"

"Big pay, big risk; that's always the way, sir, and as I've faced ugly places before and come out on top side, there's no reason why I shouldn't do it again here. Indeed, it's the thought of my wife that's principally pushing me on. During all the time we've been together, Mr. Carnforth, I've never been able to give Mrs. Kettle the place I'd wish."

"She was brought up, sir, as the daughter of a minister of religion, and splendidly educated; she can play the harmonium and do crewel work; and though I'll deny I married her from behind a bar, I may tell you she only took to business from a liking to see society." He looked out dreamily through the smoke at the fireflies which were twinkling across the black rim of the forest.

"I'd like to see her, Mr. Carnforth, with gold brooches and chains and a black satin dress and a bonnet that cost 20 shillings, sitting in government house, with the British consul on the mat before her, waiting till she chose to ask him to take a chair and talk about all the position splendidly, and I've just got to waste in and get it for her."

The little man broke off and stared out at the fireflies, and Carnforth coughed the wood smoke from his lungs and rapped fresh tobacco into his pipe. He was a man with a fine sense of humor and he appreciated to the full the ludicrousness of Kettle's pretensions. The sailor had run a cargo of much-wanted contraband of war onto the Cuban beach, had bought a Spanish cruiser in the process and had received effusive thanks.

But he had taken the floral metaphor of the country to mean a literal offer, and when in their complimentary phrase they shouted that he should be king, a king from that moment he intended to be. The comedy of the situation was irresistible.

But at the same time Mr. Martin Carnforth was a man of wealth, and a man (in England) of assured position; and he did not avoid seeing that by his present association with Capt. Owen Kettle he was flirting with ugly tragedy every moment that he lived. Yet here he was planned, not only to keep in the man's society, but to help him in his mad endeavors.

He would gladly have forfeited half his fortune to be snugly back in St. Stephen's, Westminster, dear of the mess; but escape was out of the question; and moreover, he knew quite well that trying to make Kettle appreciate his true position would be like an attempt to reason with the winds or the surf on an ocean beach. So he held his tongue, and did as he was bidden. He was a man of physique, bravery, and the rush of actual fighting that morning had come pleasantly to him.

It was only when he thought of the certain and treacherous dangers of the future, and the cozy niche that awaited him in home in England, that his throat tickled with apprehension, and he carried with affected fingers the region of his carotids. And if he had known that at that precise moment the ex-priest, and the mulatto they called el Cuchillo, and the others of the insurgent leaders were stalking him with

a view to capture and execution, it is probable that he would have felt even still more disturbed.

"We did all in that fight this morning," said Kettle presently, as he drew his eyes away from the light-snaps of the fireflies, and shut them to keep out the sting of the wood smoke. "You've been shot at before, sir?"

"Never," said Carnforth. "You couldn't have been cooler, sir, if you'd been at sea all your life, and seen pins flying every watch. Do you know, I've been thinking it over, and then you may speak. But till then (and the sun will not rise for another three hours yet), if you talk, you will earn a painful burn for each sentence."

"You are a man accustomed to having your own way, senior; I am another; and as at present I possess the upper hand, you will have got to bend to mine. The process, I can tell you, will be distasteful to you. It was distasteful to me when I looked down your revolver muzzle over the affair of the prisoners. But do not think you will be foolish enough to earn torture uselessly."

Kettle glared, but with an effort held his tongue. He understood he was in a very tight place. And for the present the only thing remaining for him was to bide his time. He quite recognized that he was in dangerous hands, but the mulatto was a man of education, who had been brought up in an American college, and who had learned in the schools to hate his white father and loathe his black mother with a ferocity which nothing but that atmosphere could foster.

He was a fellow living on a border-land of the two primitive colors, and his whole life was sordid by the pigment in his skin. As a white man he would have been a genius; as a black he would have become a star; but as a mulatto he was merely a savage and a brilliant savage, thirsting for vengeance against the whole of the human race. He had entered this Cuban revolt, not through no taint of patriotism, but merely from the lust for cruelty.

By sheer daring and ability he had raised himself from the ranks to supreme command of the revolutionists, and he was not likely to let his appetizing prospect of a few shillings without exacting a bitter retribution when the chance was put in his way.

Carnforth lifted up his voice in expostulation, but was quickly silenced by the promise of branding from the cigarette end if he did not choose to hold his tongue. Quiet fell over the group. The only sounds were scraps of the "Swanee River" sung by the wounded negro in his delirium from somewhere in the distance.

"Still longing for the old plantation, and for the old folks at home," came the words in a thin quavering tenor, and Carnforth, with a sigh, thought how well he could indorse them.

The first glow of morning saw the camp aroused, and half an hour later the court was ranged. The self-styled judges sat under the whitewashed pines of the ruined house; the moles; the black, and the two prisoners, with an armed man to guard each stood on the open ground between.

El Cuchillo was himself principal spokesman, and proceeded to read a list of the crimes of Capt. Kettle as set forth in a dozen words. He had the right of execution of prisoners, and he let them go free.

"You had no place to jail them," said Carnforth in defence.

The mulatto pointed a thin yellow finger at the sun-baked ground in front of the plaza. "We have the earth," he said. "Give them to the earth, and they will keep them gaol for so fast that they will never fight against us more. It is the earth that will bury them, and the Spanish troops will use them as a target, and we do the like by them. It is right that it should be so. We do not want quarter at their hands; neither do we wish them to remain alive upon Cuba. Three Spanish soldiers were ours a few hours ago. Our cause demanded that their lives should have been taken away. And yet they were set free."

"Yes," broke in Kettle, "and, by James, that's a thing you ought to sit small about. Here's you six officers, and 160 men, all armed. Here's me, a low-down, foul-of-his-luck Britisher, with my tongue and a 20-shilling pistol. You said of these gars should be hanged; I said they shouldn't; and, by James, I scared the

whole caboodle of you with just one half an ugly look, and got my own blessed way. O, I do say you are a holy crow."

Carnforth stamped in anger. It seemed to him that this truculent little sailor was deliberately inviting their captors to murder the pair of them out of hand. He understood that Kettle was bitterly disappointed at having his bubble about the kingship so ruthlessly pricked, but with this recklessness which was snatching away their only chance of escape, he could have no sympathy. He was unprepared, however, for his comrade's next remark.

"Don't think I'd any help from Mr. Carnforth here. He's a member of parliament in London, and is far too much of a gentleman to concern himself with your fourpenny-halfpenny matters here. He warned me before I began that being king of the whole of our rotten island wasn't worth a dish of beans; but I wouldn't believe him till I'd seen how it was for myself."

"I'm here now through my own fault; I ought to have remembered that nigged and yellow bellies and white men who have forgotten their color, could have no spark of gratitude. I'll not deny, too, that I got to thinking about those fireflies, and so wasn't keeping a proper watch; but here I am, lashed up snug, and I guess you're going to make the most of your chance. By James, though, if you weren't a pack of cowards you'd cast me adrift, and give me my gun again."

"Speaking as a man of peace," said the ex-priest, "I fancy you are safest as you are, amloco."

"I'd be king of this crowd again inside three minutes if I was loose," retorted Kettle.

El Cuchillo snapped his yellow fingers impatiently. "We are wasting time," he said. "Capt. Kettle seems still to be a man of peace. He shall taste of it within the next dozen minutes; and if he can see his way to resisting it, and asserting his own kingship, he has my full permission to do so. Here, you, go into the ingenio, and bring out that machine."

A dozen ragged fellows detached themselves from the onlookers, and went through a low stone doorway into the ruined sugar house. In a couple of minutes they reappeared, dragging with noisy laughter, a dusty, cumbersome erection, which they set down in the open space before the plaza.

It was made up of a wooden platform on which was fastened a chair and an upright. On the upright was a hinged iron ring immediately above the chair. A screw passed through the upright into the ring, with a long lever at its end, and a heavy sphere of iron. If once that lever was set on a twist, it would drive the screw's point into whatever the lever was pointed with a force that was irresistible.

The mulatto introduced the machine with a wave of his yellow fingers. "El garrote," he said. "A medieval survival which I don't dream of finding here. Of its previous history I can form no idea, of its future use I serve to see of the society of this objectionable Capt. Kettle."

"Great heavens, man," Carnforth broke out, "this is murder."

"Ah," said el Cuchillo, "I will attend to your case at the same time. You shall have the honor of turning the screw which drives your friend Kettle into that way we shall secure your silence afterward as to what has occurred."

"You foul brute," said Carnforth, "I shall show you that I am an assassin like yourself!"

The mulatto took a long draft at his cigarette. "What a horrible country England must be to live in, if all the people there have tongues as long as you two, senior. If you do not choose to accept my suggestion for plugging your silence, I can offer you another, and I promise that you shall be stood up against the wall of this ingenio and be shot, inside the minute. The choice stands open before you."

"Mr. Carnforth," said Capt. Kettle, "you mustn't be foolish. You must of course offer me exactly as you are asked, or otherwise you'll get shot uselessly. Give ground, and your friends mean business. And if you still think you're taking liberty in handling the

screw (in spite of what I say) you may fine yourself a matter of 10 shillings weekly, and hand it across to Mrs. Kettle. I make no doubt she would find that sum very useful."

"This is horrible," said Carnforth. "It will be horrible for Mrs. Kettle and my young ones, sir, if you don't act sensibly and man the lever as Gingerbread asks. If you get planted here alongside of me, I don't know anyone at all likely to give them a pension. It would afford me a great deal of pleasure just now, Mr. Carnforth, if I knew my family could still keep to windward of parish relief."

"Of course," said Carnforth, with a white face. "I will see your wife and children are all right if I get clear; but it is too ghastly to think of purchasing even my life on these terms."

"You seem slow to make up your mind, senior," broke in the mulatto. "Allow me to hasten your decision." He gave some directions, and the men who had brought out the garrote took Capt. Kettle and sat him on the chair. They opened the iron ring which screeched noisily with its rusted hinges, and they clasped it, collar-fashion, about his neck. Then they led Carnforth up to the back of the upright and cast off the lashing from his wrist, so that he was free to do the work you will not have sight to witness it. I will stick you up against that white wall yonder and have you shot out of hand. Now, senior, I have the honor to ask for your decision."

"Come, sir, don't hesitate," said Capt. Kettle. "If you don't handle the screw, remember someone else will."

"That will be a funny excuse to remember afterwards."

"You will be paying a weekly fine, and can recollect that carries a full pardon with it."

"Fah," said Carnforth, "what is 10 shillings a week?"

"Exactly," said Kettle. "Make it 12, sir, and that will hold you clear of everything."

"What feeble, dilatory people you English are," said el Cuchillo. "I must trouble you to make up your mind at once, senior Carnforth."

"He has made it up," said Kettle, "and I shall go smiling, because I see my clearance at the hands of a decent man. I shall have taken it as a disgrace to be shoved out of this world by a yellow beast like you, you shame of your mother."

The mulatto blazed out with fury. "By heavens," he cried, "I've a mind to take you out of the garrote even now and have you burnt."

"And we should lose a pleasant little comedy," said the ex-priest. "No, amloco; let us see the pair of them perform together."

"Go on," said the mulatto to Carnforth.

"Yes," said Kettle in a lower voice. "For God's sake go on and get it over. It isn't very pleasant work for me, this waiting. And you will make it 12 shillings a week, sir?"

"I will give your wife a \$1,000 a year, my poor fellow. I will give her \$5,000. No, I am murdering her husband, and I will give her all I have, and so away to start life afresh elsewhere. I shall never dare to show my face again in England or carry my own name." He gripped one of the iron spheres and threw his weight upon the lever. The bar buckled and sprang under his effort, but the screw did not budge.

"Quick, man, quick," said Kettle, in a low, fierce voice. "This is cruel. If I don't give her all I have, and so away to start life afresh elsewhere, I shall go white or something, and those brutes will think I'm afraid."

Carnforth wrenched at the lever with a tremendous effort. One arm of the bar bent slowly into a curve, and so away the lethal screw remained fast in its socket. It was glued there with the rust of years.

Carnforth flung away from the machine, and heaved a sigh of relief. He had looked at the matter, the more he cursed himself for leaving his snug place in England. The utmost boon he could have gained in Capt. Kettle's society was not to be caught. Danger, you can stick me up against that wall and have me shot. I'm sure I don't

care. I'm sick of it all here."

"You shall have full treatment," said el Cuchillo, "and neither more nor less. You have tried to obey my orders, and Capt. Kettle is at present alive because of the garrote's deficiency and not by your intention." He gave a command and the men released the iron collar from Kettle's neck. "I will have the machine repaired by my armorer," he said, "and in the meanwhile you may await my pleasure out of the sunshine."

He gave another order and the men led him away, and thrust them into a small arched room of whitened stone, under the boiler house of the ingenio. The window was a mere arrow slit; the door was a ponderous thing of Spanish oak, barred with iron bolts which ran into the stone-work; the place was absolutely unbreakable.

"The silence had lasted a dozen hours, although it was plain that each of the prisoners was busily thinking. At last Kettle spoke.

"I could only get a rhyme to 'brown,'" he said, "I believe I could manage the rest."

"What?" asked Carnforth.

"I want a word to rhyme with 'brown,' sir, if you can help me."

"What in the world are you up to, now?"

"I've been filling up time, sir, whilst we've been here by hammering out a bit of poetry about those fireflies. I got the idea of it last night, when we saw them flashing in and out against the black of the forest."

"You don't owe them much gratitude that I can see, skipper. According to what you said, if you hadn't been looking at them, you'd have been more on the watch, and wouldn't have got caught."

"Perfectly right, sir. And so this poem should be all the more valuable when it's put together. I'm running it to the tune of 'Greenland's Joy Mountains,' my favorite air, Mr. Carnforth. I'm trying to work a parallel between those fireflies switching their lights in and out, and a soul, sir. Do you catch the idea?"

"I can't say I do, quite."

Capt. Kettle rubbed thoughtfully at his beard. "Well, I'm a trifle misty about it myself," he admitted, "but it will make none the worse poetry for being a bit that way, if I get the rhymes all right."

"Fine," might suit you," Carnforth suggested.

"That's just the word I want, sir. The fields of heaven to plow. That would be the very occupation of the soul of the man I'm thinking about would delight in; something useful and in the agricultural line. I wanted to give him a good time up there. He was due for it," he added thoughtfully, and then he closed his eyes and fell to making further poetry.

Martin Carnforth knew the little rufian's taste for this form of exercise, but it seemed to him strangely out of place just then. "I am in no mood for verse now," he commented with a frown.

"I am," said Kettle, and tapped out the meter of a new line with a finger tip upon his knee. "It always takes a set-to with the hands, or a gale of wind, or a tight corner of some kind, to work me up to poetry at all. And the worse the fix has been the better I can rhyme. I find it very restful and pleasant, sir, to send my thoughts over a bit of a sonnet after the times like these."

"Then you ought to turn out a masterpiece now," said Carnforth, "and enjoy the making of it."

Kettle took him seriously. "I quite agree with you there, sir," he said, and puckered his forehead and went on with his work.

Carnforth did not say any more, but turned again to brooding. Every time he looked at the matter, the more he cursed himself for leaving his snug place in England. The utmost boon he could have gained in Capt. Kettle's society was not to be caught. Danger, you can stick me up against that wall and have me shot. I'm sure I don't

care. I'm sick of it all here."

"You shall have full treatment," said el Cuchillo, "and neither more nor less. You have tried to obey my orders, and Capt. Kettle is at present alive because of the garrote's deficiency and not by your intention." He gave a command and the men released the iron collar from Kettle's neck. "I will have the machine repaired by my armorer," he said, "and in the meanwhile you may await my pleasure out of the sunshine."

He gave another order and the men led him away, and thrust them into a small arched room of whitened stone, under the boiler house of the ingenio. The window was a mere arrow slit; the door was a ponderous thing of Spanish oak, barred with iron bolts which ran into the stone-work; the place was absolutely unbreakable.

"The silence had lasted a dozen hours, although it was plain that each of the prisoners was busily thinking. At last Kettle spoke.

"I could only get a rhyme to 'brown,'" he said, "I believe I could manage the rest."

"What?" asked Carnforth.

"I want a word to rhyme with 'brown,' sir, if you can help me."

"What in the world are you up to, now?"

"I've been filling up time, sir, whilst we've been here by hammering out a bit of poetry about those fireflies. I got the idea of it last night, when we saw them flashing in and out against the black of the forest."

"You don't owe them much gratitude that I can see, skipper. According to what you said, if you hadn't been looking at them, you'd have been more on the watch, and wouldn't have got caught."

"Perfectly right, sir. And so this poem should be all the more valuable when it's put together. I'm running it to the tune of 'Greenland's Joy Mountains,' my favorite air, Mr. Carnforth. I'm trying to work a parallel between those fireflies switching their lights in and out, and a soul, sir. Do you catch the idea?"

"I can't say I do, quite."

Capt. Kettle rubbed thoughtfully at his beard. "Well, I'm a trifle misty about it myself," he admitted, "but it will make none the worse poetry for being a bit that way, if I get the rhymes all right."

"Fine," might suit you," Carnforth suggested.

"That's just the word I want, sir. The fields of heaven to plow. That would be the very occupation of the soul of the man I'm thinking about would delight in; something useful and in the agricultural line. I wanted to give him a good time up there. He was due for it," he added thoughtfully, and then he closed his eyes and fell to making further poetry.

Martin Carnforth knew the little rufian's taste for this form of exercise, but it seemed to him strangely out of place just then. "I am in no mood for verse now," he commented with a frown.

"I am," said Kettle, and tapped out the meter of a new line with a finger tip upon his knee. "It always takes a set-to with the hands, or a gale of wind, or a tight corner of some kind, to work me up to poetry at all. And the worse the fix has been the better I can rhyme. I find it very restful and pleasant, sir, to send my thoughts over a bit of a sonnet after the times like these."

"Then you ought to turn out a masterpiece now," said Carnforth, "and enjoy the making of it."

Kettle took him seriously. "I quite agree with you there, sir," he said, and puckered his forehead and went on with his work.

Carnforth did not say any more, but turned again to brooding. Every time he looked at the matter, the more he cursed himself for leaving his snug place in England. The utmost boon he could have gained in Capt. Kettle's society was not to be caught. Danger, you can stick me up against that wall and have me shot. I'm sure I don't

THEIR SIXTY SEVENTH CHRISTMAS DINNER

Deacon James Dunfield and His Wife Will Eat It On Monday.

Sixty-seven years of happy married life. Think of it. This unique distinction belongs to Deacon James Dunfield and his aged partner, of Portage, Kings Co. If Providence does not separate them, on Monday next they will eat their sixty-seventh Christmas dinner. During that remarkably long period of married life they have never been separated at Christmas. As far as can be learned they are the only couple in Canada who can say as much. Mr. Dunfield is over ninety years of age, and his wife only a year or two younger. Both are smart and alert to get the notable fact that Mr. Dunfield goes about his work every day, and Mrs. Dunfield, who is a famous cook, continues to attend to her household duties. Since being married they have lived on the same spot. Mr. Dunfield is a deacon of the United Baptist church, and for many years has been superintendent of the Sunday school of the same church.

BEST IN THE WORLD.

Just arrived for Christmas trade. New improved Victor machines and classical records of best artists in the world. Call early and select your choice. 3077

ACCIDENT AT SAND POINT

Will Be Investigated By Mr. Gilliland.

The accident at Sand Point which resulted in some damage being done to No. 3 shed by a runaway car, is to be investigated for the purpose of fixing the responsibility. J. R. Gilliland, the C. P. R. agent at the west side, will hold the inquiry. Had the accident occurred a few minutes previously there would have been a terrible loss of life, as about forty men who came down to go to work on the Manchester steamer, were standing outside the shed, just at the point where the car crashed through into it. The car concerned in the accident was yesterday replaced on the trucks with the aid of the C. P. R.'s big steam crane. It was damaged very slightly.

YORK LOAN COMPANY.

TORONTO, Dec. 22.—The written agreement under which Joseph Phillips, president of the York County Loan & Savings Co., was to receive a block of stock in the Southern Light & Power Co., which was financed by it, has been turned over to the liquidator by Phillips himself. The agreement is complicated, it is understood, by a letter from Phillips, who offers therein to assign any rights he has in the power company to the liquidator for the

YORK COUNTY LOAN AND SAVINGS CO.

Local Books Forwarded to National Trust Co. at Toronto

J. G. Taylor has received the following communication from The National Trust Co., Ltd., regarding the York County Loan & Savings Co. liquidation: "Our object is to have all collectors 'turn in their books and all collections' of cash to date, and have shareholders' receipts sent forward to us at as early a date as possible. "You might impress upon the public, through your newspapers, that it is impossible to answer individual enquiries. The claims already corresponded relating to them will be filed away until our records are practically complete and we shall then proceed to equitably settle all claims and to notify shareholders of the amounts due in order that they may have an opportunity of making such representations as they desire. "Meanwhile it is useless for them to correspond with us, as their correspondence will only be filed with their claims and not answered. We are sure the shareholders will appreciate 'that in dealing with seventy thousand people it is almost impossible to attend to individual enquiries at present.' "Yesterday the savings company's office here was closed and the books and vouchers forwarded to the National Trust Co. at Toronto, at their

T. D. BABBITT DEAD; GUIDES ELECT OFFICERS

FREDERICTON, Dec. 2.—The death occurred at Gibson this morning of Thomas Daniel Babbitt, the well known mill owner, whose long illness from pericarditis ended.

The late Mr. Babbitt has been a most successful mill operator for many years. In 1880 with his father he established a saw mill at Gibson. This business met with the greatest success, and last year the firm sold out to the York and Sunbury Milling Company. Immediately afterwards the deceased built a large mill at St. Mary's, which is now in active operation. Besides his father, Mr. Babbitt leaves a family of four daughters and one brother, the latter E. H. Babbitt, the well known insurance man.

Mr. Babbitt was a prominent member of both the Free Masons and Foresters orders, and a leading member of the Baptist church. The funeral will take place on Sunday afternoon from the late residence, Gibson. The New Brunswick Guides' Association met this afternoon at the Long's Hotel. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Hon. president, L. B. Knight, St. John; vice-president, G. B. Allen, Pictou; secretary-treasurer, R. F. Allen, Fredericton.

Executive—Adam Moore, Arthur

DEATH OF W. B. KEIVER OF ALBERT CO.

HOPKINSVILLE, Ill., via Albert, N. B., Dec. 22.—William B. Keiver, a well known and highly esteemed resident of this village, died at his home here today after one week's illness of pneumonia, his death causing a severe shock to his family and his friends.

Mr. Keiver was a son of the late Michael Keiver, who was forty-four years of age. He leaves a wife, who is a daughter of Asael W. Peck of Riverside, and six young children, and a large circle of relatives. His only brother, A. M. Keiver of the I. C. R., Moncton, died some time ago. The deceased was a

member of the board of trustees of the Riverside consolidated school, and in addition to his farming operations here, had been conducting a successful business at Albert for the past year. The bereaved family will have the deepest sympathy in their affliction.

Quit advertising is a good way to quit business.—Katie B. Griswold, Boston.

ALLANS PRESSING FOR MAIL CONTRACT

OTTAWA, Ont., Dec. 22.—It is expected that in the course of two or three days the cabinet will deal with the question of a new contract for the Atlantic mail service. As is well known this contract, which expires next August, is held by the Allan line. The Allans are very anxious to secure a ten-year contract, and have been pressing their claims strenuously ever since it became known that the C. P. R. was building two fast vessels. It is held in some quarters that it would be an unreasonable thing to crowd the C. P. R. out altogether, and the suggestion has been made that the government might compel concern to amalgamate for the performance of this important service, as was the case with the Allan and Dominion lines a few years ago. By the C. P. R. furnishing the Empress of Britain and the Empress of Ireland and the Allans the Virginian and Victorian, Canada would have an Atlantic mail service of which there could be no complaint.

PRISONERS MAKE THINGS LIVELY ABOARD TRAIN