SERMON.

God Watching Within the Shadow.

By The Rev. Dr. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS.

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, in Plymouth Church Sunday morning, preached on "Standeth God Within the Shadow, Keeping Watch." The text was from Psalm cxxi.: Behold for He that keepeth Israel doth neither slumber nor sleep." Dr. Hillis said:

The poet who wrote this lyric had one of the richest voices that ever sang God's praise. Long ago his voice was silenced, and his broken harp hanged above his tomb, but each night still his song sings its way around the world. His theme is the pilgrimage of man, the night and day perils of the journey, and God's unceasing care. The song was composed during the stress of war, exile, and removal, when men needed to be reminded of the vigilance of God. Now it is redolent with three thousand years of struggle and victory of earth's greatest sons. With these words setting forth the brooding, overarching care of God, Bernard sent his crusaders forth to win the Saviour's tomb. Believing that He who keepeth Israel doth neither slumber nor sleep, William the Silent slept peacefully amidst assassins. Knowing that no harm could befall one about whom God's angels were encamped, Admiral Coligny maintained calm in the hour when he anticipated the great massacre. Yea, our Pilgrim Fathers went forth binding upon their foreheads, the words beginning, "The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in." How precious this old song of the divine message, sung by soldiers about their campfires, sung by mothers above the cradle, dear to the heroes and the martyrs. Every human life is a pilgrimage, and the little child, the courtier, the dying mother and the falling statesman alike, need guidance and convoy across the years. To us, perchance, the thought that God neither slumbers nor sleeps in His watchful care may seem trite, by reason of our prosperity and good fortune; it is trouble coming in like a strong man to strip and bind us, that lends zest to this song. It is hunger that makes a crust sweet, it is sickness that lends value to medicine, it is peril that lends sweetness to this thought of God's vigilance. Tradition tells us that after the emancipation proclamation sent out by that ancient king, five thousand exiles gatherta on the banks of the Euphrates, and prepared for their journey across the desert, back to Jerusalem.

THE PILGRIM BAND.

And what a group of pilgrims was that! Broken the strong man's strength! All marred the woman's beauty! The very children, too, carried the [illegible] of slavery, cruelty and wrong. [illegible]'s Ten Thousand were soldiers, y[illegible] men, free, brawny, with a sword for the hand of the officer and a spear for the soldier. But these exiles were half starved pilgrims, without weapons, without provision for the journey, wihout tents, without leader or gold. The fierce heat of the desert sun threatened them by day, the biting cold chilled them by night; the caves sent forth brigands, wild beasts lurked in the fastnesses; when darkness fell, the pilgrims piled their hats in a circle, and appointed sentinels to guard the sleeping, exhausted women and children. Little wonder that as the night fell, the watchmen chanted these words, above the sleeping pilgrims: "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." And when at dawn the sun rose like a ball of fire, and filled the air with sickening heat, the watchmen took up the refrain, "The Lord shall be thy shield by day." Was the path uncertain? He led them by a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. Did hunger threaten? "He shall feed thee with angels' bread." Did the autumn rains turn the brook into a torrent? "Though the waters roar and be troubled, and the mountains shake with the swelling thereof, yet will I not fear." Little wonder that this band of scarred heroes loved to sing, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help; my help cometh from the Lord that made heaven and earth."

THE ANCIENT POET'S FAITH.

Since that far off journey of the exiles across the desert many centuries have come and gone. But in our own generation this lyric did great things for one of our American poets. There came a day when James Russell Lowell was troubled for his country. Sorrows came upon him like a flood. It seemed as if every shaft open to the enemy of man had been let fly against the poor and weak. In that hour Lowell turned his eyes toward the South and beheld a million men in arms. He gazed upon the sea, and lo! the waves were flecked with navy fire. He listened to the wail of three millions of slaves whose sorrows would not let him sleep. Did God care? Was the Eternal One asleep, or away upon a journey? Could it be possible that these dark events grew out of unseen considerations? And then James Russell Lowell, thinking of the cause of liberty, chanced upon the pilgrim psalm, "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." He shall feed these slaves, journeying through the desert, on angels' bread, and with battles He will be to them a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. Right forever on the scaffold? No! Wrong forever on the throne? No! A thousand times no! Right is on the scaffold and wrong is on the throne but God stands within the shadow, keeping watch above His own. For this was no runaway orb, no sphere plunging madly through space, no ball of flame scourged by devils along the highway of the years. Rather, midst the darkness of the storm, there was a God, overruling all, carrying His world forward under divine convoy.

From that hour, hope sprang triumphant in the poet's breast. Soon fear turned to faith. Doubt also became victory. The work was God's work. The world was under divine convoy, and the Father's vigilance was unceasing. The poet had traveled in the pathless woods of the North, and knew that he would have perished but for his woodsman. Again and again he had crossed the ocean, and he remembered that the good ship would have gone down but for the pilot and the captain. Thrice he had climbed into the heights of the Alps, and stood amid the loftiest peaks of Switzerland, where a single false step would have meant death, and the Alpine guide brought him home in safety. And what is man but a pilgrim? And what day is without its manifold perils? Death builds an ambush in a drop of water. Pestilence finds its chariot in a breath of air. Destruction hides itself in an invisible mist, whose breath is destruction. Oh, the wardings off of danger that men know! But most of the perils from which the pilgrim is saved are unsuspected. What makes the long journey safe? It is the guidance and guardance of God, for He that keepeth Israel does neither slumber nor sleep.

THE FACT OF THE DIVINE CONVOY.

For all busy workers knitting them into the texture of society, for all soldiers who need a battle song, for all travellers and pilgrims through the desert, this psalm comes with a message of the divine convoy. And no man can ever be the same again, after he has gripped this thought of the divine vigilance. From that hour he ceases to be the victim of events. He who believes that God is leading him, and that the overarching God neither slumbers nor sleeps, can never again be buffeted about by fate and circumstance. And yet the divine convoy for ourselves and our chil'ren is a great and substantial fact. The vigilance was in life before it appeared in theology. The world about us is big with instruction, upon the convoy of God. Things that are low and least illustrate it. We are all familiar with the carrier pigeon, and the instinct that guides it through the pathless air. But recently, a man in New England, who was interested in bees, went to the hive, caught two busy workers, looped a thread of scarlet around the body, put them in a little box, carried them to a town miles away, where he released them as he stood on the street, and having finished his work returned home. Kneeling down in front of the hive with his glass one of the first things he saw was the scarlet flash of a bee, laden with honey and wax. More wonderful still the instinct that guides home the butterfly.

In Grasse, France, are the great rose and violet gardens, where farmers sell tons of roses for perfumes, as we sell timothy or clover. When a naturalist discovered that the butterflies came to the gardens, over the Mediterranean, he took a little sailing boat and traced them across to the northern shore of Africa. Lingering there in the fields, the north wind brought them the perfume of rose gardens. Then waiting until the south wind blew, they rose in the air and flew northward the long night through, and when morning came the butterflies dropped wing on the honeyed sweets awaiting them. More wonderful still the flight of birds. In these days the sky pilgrims no longer fly in pairs. The birds fly together in flocks, and feed low in the hedges. They are making ready for the long journey to the south. You need not say that they are guided by the old parent birds who remember the way to the forests of Florida. The simple fact is that the advance flocks are often made up entirely of young birds, that seem timorous, while the older birds run risks, brave October storms, and linger sometimes until the voice of the north wind and the stroke of the snow are in the air. Oh, these divinely guided skylarks!

But does God care for these birds and make the spring time bubble in their throat and guide them through the pathless air and lift them at last above immortal mists into immortal air, but leave man, made in His image, to wander forsaken and alone, without convoy or guidance? He notes the sparrow when it falls. But He puts man also under a pilotage. Man's leader is unseen; the music to which we march is not heard, but in the shadow of the cloud and fire stands our guide and guard—our Father God. His vigilance is unceasing. He overlooks nothing, forgets nothing, mistakes never. The pilgrim is safe. He is fed with angels' bread; for his thirst the rocks gush in fountains of water. Return unto thy rest, oh, troubled soul! He that keepeth Israel doth neither slumber nor sleep.

THE INDIVIDUAL NEEDS THE CONVOY.

Men need this divine convoy because of their ignorance of themselves, of future events. It is a singular fact that every child is born unto a troubled sea, without chart, without compass, without guide book. Every babe is new, original, unique, born to some particular work. When the two temperaments of father and mother meet, they mix so as to produce something that is unlike either parent. In chemistry we all know that the union of hydrogen and chlorine produces a tertium quid, utterly unlike either of the gases from which it sprang. And so it is with the human soul. From the beginning one youth is born to music and one is born to tools, and one is born for a trade, and another is born for the land, and some are for the sea. But how infrequently doth the hand move straight toward the appointed tool and task. How pathetic the anxiety of a gifted boy, who tries one occupation and profession after another, with the feeling always that his is a case af the square peg in the round hole. What pathos in the letters from young men, who write asking whether they shall take up this profession or that industry! Some instinct tells them that one mistake here may be fatal to the entire career. Even more important the life choice, through home, marriage and friendship. In the physical world the horizon is nine miles distant, but in the afternoon the night may be but one hour away, and then darkness will shut down. But the horizon of future events is so close that no individual knows what a day or an hour may bring forth. How ignorant is man, how helpless are we! What perils rise on the right hand and on the left! What pitfalls in life's way! Life is as strange and as dangerous for the youth as General Africa to some young explorer. The traveller knows that any moment he may make a fatal step. Now he may strike the serpent's nest. Here the scorpion may hide itself. From yonder thicket the lion may spring. Out of those boughs may fly the poisoned shaft of a savage enemy. And then to the pilgrim, threading his way through the forest, across bogs, over desert and river, comes the voice that whispers, "This is the way; walk ye in it. Commit thy way unto the Lord, and He shall direct thy path." He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in; yea, from this time forth, and even for evermore.

PATRIOTS AND WORKERS NEED THE DIVINE CONVOY FOR SOCIETY.

But the hope of all progress for society is in the vigilance and convoy of God. Indeed, it is this providential leading guidance that explains the upward march of events of the ages, that lends continuity to history, that has made the bad to become good, and the good to mount up and become best. It is this that lends fascination to the study of history. Twenty years ago, when you and I entered college, the histories were narrative histories. Now we have the philosophic historian. This new scholar is the man who stands off and shows us how events are related the one to the other. With large outlook he shows us how every nation has had its stint, how every century has had its task, how every people has had its own appointed work, and how all [illegible] blend into a great forward movement. He tells us that Babylon gave wealth, and Jerusalem conscience and religion, and Athens reason and culture, and Rome law and government, and Germany individual liberty, and Italy the rise of the fine arts, and England colonization, and the United States—well! It takes all up and blends them. In retrospect, history becomes a glorious picture, rich with the faces of heroes and angels, like the Hemicycle, with its Court of Genius, by Delaroche. But there can be a continuity and progress in history ony as there is a guidance for each individual life. Because each atom is polished perfection, you have the lustre of the diamond and the sapphire. Because each leaf is in its place, you have the beauty of the vine. Because every particle of wood is true and complete, you have the strength of the oak and fir. And a great age is made up of great individuals. A great individual means strong and well-ordered events. Unless the day and night perils of your personal career represent a plan of God, you can have no great acquirement of the generation. There is no middle ground between God's guidance in everything and His guidance in nothing. His love is personal, specific, all-inclusive. By securing order, growth, progress and happiness for the individual He achieves progress for society. Clouds and darkness may be round about God's throne in days of war or upheaval, but let no man take counsel of fear. The rather, counsel with hope, and faith. God stands within the shadow, keeping watch.

CONVOY MIDST THE PERILS OF LIFE.

Because of the perils of the journey, and their helplessness, midst danger, the human pilgrim needs the vigilance of the unsleeping God. Man's career is much like the career of those early Spanish explorers, who started across the continent. These discoverers soon found that they would go this way but once. As they marched west through the thickets, every morning brought a new emergency. Every night in camping they put out sentinels. Savages built an ambush in the thicket; they found a poison in the stream, a worm in the friut, a pitfall where they least expected it. And when they stood at last on the headland, and like one "on the Peak of Darien," looked out over the distant sea, these pilgrims were worn to shadows, mere spectres of their former selves. And think you this has no parallel in the soul? Is not the human body a kind of jungle, full of wild beasts and cruel passions? What shall one say of hatred, save that it has the wolf's tooth? Have deceit and falsehood no power to rend? What a serpent is jealousy? What slime can uncleanness leave upon the threshold of the soul! How like unto vermin the low, brooding vices! Verily, we are in the enemy's country! Forsooth, every day means a battle and every night sets either on a defeat or a victory. The army of iniquity goes up against the soul, like a band of armed men to sack a city. And then, in that hour of defense and offense, blessed is that city of man's soul that hath a strong leader and king, who is for defense. But one enemy you may not withstand—the enemy named Death. There is no wall that can be built against his assault. Come soon, come late, at last comes the hour when life's flag must fall. The rich man's castle may have thick walls, but at Death's touch the gates open. The powerful, too, are as truly pilgrims and strangers, impotent for defense, as are the weak and poor. The great man dies and is soon forgotten; the poor man perishes, and no man knows what clod is he. Verily, we are pilgrims and strangers upon the earth.

THE SOLICITUDE OF GOD.

Who shall set forth the solicitude of the unsleeping God! Oh, fight well the good fight of faith! Your struggle is unto blood, striving against sin. Outwardly, the issue may seem to be going against you, but know you not that God can send a legion of angels for your protection? Has an hour come when you have cried out that God hath forsaken you? Would then that your eyes might be opened, to behold the horsemen and the chariots of God round about you for protection and delivery. For God hath set His heart upon you, to deliver you. All His resources for happiness and love are pledged to you, His child. He will vindicate His honor by securing your victory. Put away cares. Away, too, with burning anxieties! Cast your cares upon God! Already you are well across the desert. Soon you will be in sight of the Promised Land. When the traveller on the ship is in mid-ocean, he busies himself with books, but a morning comes when a land odor is in the air. In anticipation of the landing all books and amusements and little duties are put aside. And when the pilgrim stands on the edge of the desert and looks across into the land of milk and honey, all forgotten the desert, the consuming heat by day and the fierce cold by night, with every peril of the path. For you grow gray and scarred with the marks of battle—yea, even for you who are clothed with strength and beauty, though the time seems long, even at longest it will be short. Soon the end will come. Meanwhile, remember that in the journey He will feed thee with angels' bread and that He will guide thee by day with a pillar of cloud, by night with a pillar of fire; and in the hour when thou sleepest the last long sleep, that in the shadow there standeth One keeping watch over thee, who doth neither slumber nor sleep. And lo! at touch of His divine hand thou shalt awake out of dreams and the fitful fever; thou shalt awake and be satisfied, because thou shalt be in His likeness.

OLDEST PEOPLE IN PINE TREE STATE

Mr. and Mrs. William D. Bezzell of Houlton Enjoy This Distinction—He is New Brunswicker.

HOULTON, Me., Oct. 24.—The residents of Houlton and Aroostook county enjoy the distinction or having two of the oldest hotel people in the Pine Tree state. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. D. Buzzell of Houlton, although having conducted a hotel way back in stage coach days, are now well and smart, and it is with pleasure that Mr. Buzzell enjoys sitting back in an arm chair and relating some of the pleasant events which happened years—yes, many years ago, at a time when the railroad was not known to a majority of the people of that section. At that time the traveller made his way from Houlton to Bangor, by a stage coach, drawn by four horses. The team would make a trip every other day. It was necessary for all merchandise to be sent to and from Houlton and Bangor by tote-teams, and today there are several wealthy residents of Aroostook who can remember having driven these teams. But the northern part of Maine has seen a vast change since those times, and now the country is intersected with almost a network of railroads.

Mr. Buzzell was born near Fredericton, N. B., about 70 years ago. When about 25 years of age he married Louisa B. Howe of Ludlow, Me. They came to this town in 1861, and only resided here a short time before they opened a hotel in what has for years been known as the Sleeper House. Business increased so rapidly from the start that they were obliged to soon move to large and more commodious quarters, so they purchased a building at the upper part of the town. In a portion of this building a grocery store was conducted, while in the other half a restaurant. Business continued to increase at the new stand and soon had reached such enormous proportions that Mr. Buzzell found it necessary to make extensive repairs. After making several additions to the building, Mr. Buzzell conducted a large and prosperous business for the following seven years, when a large and destructive fire visited the town and totally destroyed the hotel.

It is a pleasure, however, to state that this misfortune did not discourage Mr. Buzzell. Right here he displayed that energy and perserverance that have been so characteristic of his business ventures during the following years. Within a few days before the conflagration he purchased a large lot on Court street and commenced the erection of what is now one of the leading hotels east of Bangor, the Hotel Exchange.

Mr. Buzzell prospered from the start in the new hotel and today is considered one of the wealthiest residents of the town. He lays his success largely to the efforts of his wife, who was ever faithful and has taken an active interest in the hotel business. About two years ago Mr. Buzzell sold out his business to his son, Olin B., who is now running the hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Buzzell are both unusually smart and active for people of their years and can be seen almost every day enjoying a carriage drive through the surrounding country. They are people of exemplary habits. Both retire every evening at precisely eight o'clock and it is a very rare thing to see Mr. Buzzell going to his room after eight o'clock in the evening.

Probably there are not two people in Maine who have been in the hotel business so long and are so well acquainted with the travelling public as are Mr. and Mrs. Buzzell.

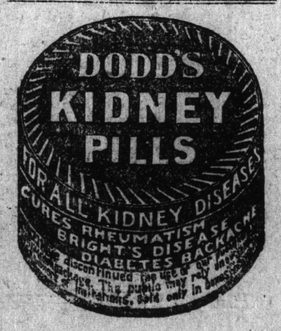
Excursion Rates In Medicine

Is what you get in a bottle of Polson's Nerviline. No remedy is so economical for family use. It cures rheumatism, colds, neuralgia and lumbago and all muscular pains Don't fail to keep Nerviline handy.

MONCTON NEWS

MONCTON, N. B., Oct. 26.—Messrs. MacGowan, Forbes, Rogers and Ross went to Summerside, P. E. Island, today to assist in the organization of the Oddfellows' encampment.

Thanksgiving Day passed off quietly here, no sports of any kind. A union service was held in the First Baptist church, at which Rev. H. E. Thomas of the Wesley Memorial, preached from the text, "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord." A collection was taken in aid of the hospital.



ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

will positively cure deep-seated
COUGHS,
COLDS,
CROUP.

A 25c. Bottle for a Simple Cold.
A 50c. Bottle for a Heavy Cold.
A $1.00 Bottle for a Deep-seated Cough.
Sold by all Druggists.

AT MOUNT DESERT—A STORM

As o'er the placid waters of the Sound
I gazed in retrospective dreams, the moon,
Responding to the romance of my thought,
Full orbed arose above the granite hills.
Naught in the air disturbed the silent eve,
The limpid waves, their heaving breasts adorned
With brilliant gems of phosporescent light,
In gentle whispers lulled me in my dreams,
The craggy mountains like colossal tombs
In solemn grandeur rose amid the clouds,
So silent was the night that in the air
I seemed to hear the voices of the dead.

But hark! Is the earth agape, or doth it tremble
At the roar of a being invisible?
Far off I hear the awful sound. The heavens
And earth respond. Among the towering hills
Loud echoing thunder storm defiance gives
To advancing hosts that from tempestuous skies
Send forth their fires of war. O'er mountain tops
Great clouds arise, revealed by dazzling light.
Increasing thunder, echoing far and near,
Is omen of a storm that shall the sea
Awake; great boulders hurl from lofty heights,
And towering pines with jagged lightning rend.
Serene, in light effulgent from the sun,
Fair Luna's orb awaits the tempest's blast
That shall from mortals her clear light obscure;
Emblem of faith, that calmly views the storm
Appalling to the sons of earth.

Placid
Still the waters of the dreaming Sound,
Reflecting like a mirrored glass the rocks,
The trees, the mountains and the clouds,
That soon are forth to send their notes of war,
One after one the stars go out, and now,
As thunder bolts incessant peal, and 'mong
The mountains with terrific clash the swift
Advancement of oncoming war proclaim.
The moon its light from shadowed world withdraws,
While clouds tumultuous, with dread thunder charged,
The heavens possess and 'pall awe-stricken earth,
Man is a mite, and he who would his God deny
Doth feel the presence of o'erwhelming power,
Naught hath the pen of man the words to note
The fearful scene. In Egyptian darkness
The earth again in chaos seems immerged.
Behold! a vivid flash of blinding light:
Dread Jove's artillery wakes the heavens and earth,
The mountains are revealed, and with a blast
That might the planets from their orbits swerve,
Their gallant crowns are rent, and from those tombs,
For ages undisturbed, vast Titans rise
To battle in the conflict of the clouds.
The lurid flames reveal mighty forms,
As towering aloft they hurl swift bolts
Upon the fierce contending foe. Ablaze,
The concave rings, and terrible the roars,
While the colossal warriors close in deadly fray.

* * * * *

The storm is past; the moon, now far above
The distant mountain crest, looks calmly down,
Bright messenger of peace. No cloud is seen,
And undisturbed the summits of the hills
The awakened Titans have their battle fought;
Again, for ages will they slumber on
Within their granite tombs. The stars pure light
Reveal, and nature in her tranquil mood
Once more invites the peaceful rest and dreams.

—Darius Cobb, in Boston Transcript.

SHOOTING ACCIDENT AT JEMSEG.

GAGETOWN, N. B., Oct. 25.— A sad shooting accident occurred yesterday noon at Lower Jemseg, by which Kenneth Dykeman, a young man, son of Chas. F. Dykeman, lost his left hand. Mr. Dykeman when out shooting stumbled and fell, the gun discharged. The bullet entered his wrist and passed through the hand. Dr. Casswell of Gagetown was summoned and had to amputate his hand.

The Epworth League gave an at home last evening at the parsonage, which was a grand success. A lengthy programme was well carried out by the members of the League, and the Methodist choir, consisting of addresses, recitations and special music. Refreshments were served and the evening much enjoyed by all. Quite a number of new names were added to the list of members.

The many friends of Captain J. F. Bridges of Cranbrook, B. C., will be sorry to learn there is little improvement in his health.

HOPES FOR PARDON OF EDWARD E. WISE

Asa Bird Gardiner Directs Efforts for the Release of Alleged Accomplice in Murder.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Oct. 25.—Edward E. Wise, now serving a life sentence in Sing Sing prison, is hopeful of obtaining a pardon through efforts now being directed by Asa Bird Gardiner. Six years ago President Roosevelt, when governor, saved him from the electric chair by commuting his sentence to life imprisonment.

Wise is only thirty-two years old, and was convicted in 1899 of being an accomplice in the murder of Charles S. Beasley, a cabman, who was killed November 21, 1898, during a fight in the Tenderloin. Wise belonged to a good family in Boston and was visiting in New York at the time of the tragedy. The case attracted considerable attention both here and in Boston, because of Wise's steadfast refusal to tell all the facts implicating a friend who was believed to have struck the fatal blow. The friend was known as "Jack" Sweeney, a professional boxer, who disappeared after the murder and was said to have gone to Australia.

When Wise was tried, Asa Bird Gardiner was district attorney, but subsequent developments, it is said, have satisfied Colonel Gardiner that the young man's sentence was unjust. George McCluskY, who was chief of detectives at the time of the murder, has also become convinced of Wise's innocence.

Abraham Levy defended Wise, and said last night that while he never believed him guilty, he was compelled to go into court with a weak defense because his client doggedly refused to tell the facts that would have implicated Sweeney and liberated himself. He was tried before Judge Williams and at first sentenced to die in the same week with Dr. Samuel J. Kennedy, convicted of the murder of Dolly Reynolds. On July 26, 1899, a few days before Wise was to go to the electric chair, Mr. Levy, accompanied by several influential men, among them being some of Governor Roosevelt's personal friends, made an appeal to have the sentence commuted to life imprisonment. Governor Roosevelt granted the petition.

A few weeks before Wise's young wife had died of grief in Boston. She fainted on being told of his arrest in New York, and rom that moment never left her bed. Among those who have been working for Wise's pardon are Michael J. Murray, who seconded Theodore Roosevelt's nomination for vice-president at Philadelphia in 1900, and Richard M. Salstonstall, one of the president's classmates at Harvard. Wise's brother was a well known football player on the Harvard team and the convicted man is an expert billiard player. Mr. Levy said last night that he drew the petition for Wise's pardon several weeks ago and that it was now in the hands of Governor Higgins. He spoke in highest praise of Governor Roosevelt for his exercise of clemency in commuting the death sentence.

CHIEF SACOBIE'S WIFE LEAVES HIM AGAIN.

Spouse of the Aged Head of the St. Mary's Reserve Has Gone Away for Fourth Time—Weighs 210 Lbs.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Oct. 25.—Old Chief Anthony Sacobie is having some more trouble with his young Micmac wife, and the Indians at the St. Marys Reserve are worked up about the matter to quite an extent.

In January last old Anthony married Mary Paul, a Micmac Indian maiden of 210 pounds, and aged about 22 years. Mary came from Truro and it just took about two or three months before she tired of living with the old fellow, and left him. At the time a story was put in circulation that the old chief tried to kill her with a butcher knife.

Later on Mary got drunk with a young Indian and they were arrested. Then Mary was sent to her former home, but she came back all right.

Only a short time ago Mary is reported to have given Chief Anthony a beating and left home for awhile, but only to return again, and last night Mary moved out again.

Old Anthony made a number of trips to town last night and searched everywhere for his young wife, but she could not be found.

Chief Anthony said today that since their marriage last January his wife left him four times. Each time she went away she was drunk and she returned when she became sobered up. Last night she went away with another squaw, who is known as Big Onions, who married the old chief's grandson.

Old Anthony, who is close to eighty years old, said that he had a home that cost him $800 for his wife and that he also had some money in the bank, which would revert to her. He felt that one of his sons was trying to drive Mary away so that he would come in for the money.

WHEN YOUR JOINTS ARE STIFF

and your muscles are sore from cold or rheumatism, when you sprain or bruise yourself, Perry Davis' Painkiller will take out the soreness and fix you right in a jiffy. Avoid substitutes.

FATAL ACCIDENT AT CALAIS.

ST. STEPHEN, N. B., Oct. 25—While John McElroy, an aged resident of Baring, Me., was driving to Calais today with a pair of horses and load of wood, and crossing the Washington County tracks, his team was struck by the locomotive of an incoming express. Both horses were killed, and Mr. McElroy received injuries from which it is not probable that he can recover.

LONDON, Oct. 25—The Morning Post says it understands that the question of Newfoundland entering the Canadian Dominion is again the subject of confidential negotiations, this time with some hope of success.

SHIPPING NEWS.

Domestic Ports.

HALIFAX, NS, Oct 25—Ard, strs Dahome, from West Hartlepool; Caribbee, from St John, NB; Halifax, from Charlottetown and Hawkesbury, and sld for Boston; sch Evolution, from New York; schs S F Maker, from Bay St Lawrence, Nfld; W E Morrissey, from Banks.

Sld, strs Rosalind, for St John, Nfld; Veritas, Utne, for Turks Island, Cuba and Jamaica; Pouvoir, Berry, for Liverpool.

HILLSBORO, Oct 23—Ard, schs H R Emmerson, Christopher, from Boston; str Nanna, Nars, from Newark.

YARMOUTH, NS, Oct 25—Ard, str Prince George from Boston; sch Quickstep, from fishing; str Westport, from Westport.

Cld, bark L-Ingard, for Rosario; sch Golden Rule, for New York; str Bear River, for St John; bark Pioneer, for Buenos Ayres; str Turbin, for Louisburg; str Latour, for Barrington; sch Quickstep, for fishing.

British Ports

PRAWLE POINT, Oct 24—Passed, str Nancy Lee, from Chicoutimi for —.

KINSALE, Oct 25—Passed, str Leuctra, from St John for ——.

GLASGOW, Oct 24—Sld, str Storfond, for Pictou.

MALIN HEAD, Oct 25—Passed, str Manchester Trader, from Montreal for Manchester.

BROW HEAD, Oct 25—Passed, str Caledonian, from Boston for Manchester.

LONDON, Oct 25—Ard, str Lancastrian, from Boston.

LIVERPOOL, Oct 25—Sld, str Carthaginian, from Glasgow for New York.

SHIELDS, Oct 24—Sld, str Kingstonian, from London for Montreal.

KINSALE, Oct 25—Passed, str Ottoman, from Portland for Liverpool.

Foreign Ports.

SALEM, Mass Oct 25—Ard, sch Clifford C, from Boston for St John.

EASTPORT, Me, Oct 25—Cld, bark Activo, for Palermo.

BOOTHBAY HARBOR, Me, Oct 25—Sld, schs Smith Tuttle, for Provincetown; Annie M Preble, for Weymouth, Mass; Clara E Comee, for Boston; Nellie Carter, for do; H A Holder, for do.

CALAIS, Me, Oct 25—Ard, schs Bat, from Head Harbor, NB; Walter M Young, from Lubec.

Sld, schs Samuel Castner, jr, for New York; Helen G King, for Fall River; Rescue, for Nantucket; Marshall O Wells, for West Haven.

NEW LONDON, Conn, Oct 25—Sld, schs Silver Leaf, from Diligent River for New York; M H Read, from Rockland for New York.

PROVIDENCE, RI, Oct 25—Ard, sch Scotia Quen, from Port Greville, NS.

HONG KONG, Oct 25, 9.30 a m—Ard, str Empress of India, from Vancouver.

BALTIMORE, Oct 25—Ard, sch T Charlton Henry, from Boston.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct 25—Ard, sch Fannie Palmer, from Portland.

CHATHAM, Mass, Oct 25—Light northwest wind, cloudy at sunset.

Passed south, str Sylvia, from Boston for New York; schs Wm B Carnegie, from Portland for Philadelphia; Jacob M Haskell, from Boston for Newport News; tug Gypsum King, towing two barges, from Windsor for New York.

PORTLAND, Me, Oct 25—Ard, str Horatio Hall, from New York; ship Atlantic, Lovick, from Liverpool, to load for Buenos Ayres.

NEW YORK, Oct 25—Ard, strs Armenia, from Liverpool.

HAVANA, Oct 14—Ard, sch Helen E Kenney, McLean, from Pascagoula.

NAPLES, Oct 23—Ard, sch Elsa Bateau via Gibraltar.

FALMOUTH, Oct 25—Sld, bark India (from Ingram's Point, N S), for Mal Pas.

BOSTON, Oct 25—Ard, schs Maggie Miller, from Windsor,NS; Henry Withington, from Philadelphia; Lavolta, from Catskill; Wesley Abbott, from Kingston, NY; Nellie Grant, from do; John Cadwallader, from New York; Stony Brook,from Bangor; Red Jacket, from Rockport, Me; H S Bownton,from do.

Sailed, strs Harald, for Sydney, C B; Boston, for Yarmouth, NS; schs Edward E Briry, for Baltimore; Henry W Camp, for Newport News; Jas Pierce, for do; Luta Price, for Apple River, N S; Agnes May, for Musquash; Effie May, for St John; Wapita, for Louisburg, CB; Chas F Wolston, for Eastern port.

VINEYARD HAVEN, Oct 25—Ard, sch Advance, from Hantsport, N S, for New York; Jennie G Pillsbury, from Port Johnson for Boothbay; L M Thurlow, from do for Hallowell; Ada, from Clinton Point for Halifax; S H Sawyer, from Bangor for New Bedford; Theresa Wolf, from Richmond, Me, for orders; Hibernia, from Maitland, N S, for do; T W Allen, from Calais, to discharge here; Nellie Cushing,from Rockland for New York; Jennie A Stubbs, from Franklin, Me, for do.

Sailed, schs Silver Spray (from Sand River, N S), for New York; James Young (from South Gardiner), for do; Carrie A Bucknam (from Bangor), for do; Reuben Eastman (from do), for do; American Team (from do), for do; Geo V Jordan (from do), for do; Wm F Green (from Jonesboro), for do; F C Pendleton (from Hall's Quarry), for do; Mary Weaver (from Machias), for do; John M Brown (from Stonington, Me), for do; Winchester (from Sullivan), for do; Francis Goodnow (from Long Cove) for do; Twilight (from Eastport), for do; F G French (from Calais), for Falmouth, Mass; Rewa (from St John, NB), for City Island.

Passed, str Georgetown (from Newport News), for Portland; schs Geo H Mills, from Long Cove, Me, for New York; Colin C Baker, from Stonington, Me, for do; Jonathan Sawyer, from do for do; Henry May, from Portland for do; Addie S Walker, from Spruce Head for do; A P Emerson, from St John, N B, for do; Annie F Kimball, from Bath for Philadelphia; Wm C Carnegie, from Portland for do; Witch Hazel, from Boston, bound east.

Spoken.

(Supposed) Carmela C, from Weymouth, NS, for Rosario, Sept 23, position not given.

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

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