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SUN PRINTING COMPANY,
St. John, N. B.

**To Please American Railroads and Now
They are Cutting Rates.**

NEW YORK, April 7. — The Journal of Commerce says: In order, they aver, to put a stop to the constantly increasing inroads of the Gulf and Canadian routes on import traffic, the trunk lines have been persuaded to make some very radical cuts in import commodities. These cut rates will be effective from Philadelphia and Baltimore, April 16, and from New York on April 18. The New York rates will be announced next week. The Pennsylvania R. R. yesterday announced that it was cutting rates on Philadelphia and Baltimore. The goods affected are gum, hemp, hides, liquors, oils, iron, wire, rope, wood pulp, wool, glassware, tops, and many other articles that are imported in large quantities. The New York rates will be announced later. The cut rates will merge up with the differential rates on Philadelphia.

The candidate.

Who stands a choice Havana smoke,
Who slaps your back and tells a joke,
Then kindly asks you for your vote?

The candidate.

Who tells you what reforms are needed
That present council leave unheeded,
Presents his plan for you to read it?
The candidate.

Who tells you if he gets elected
All present wrongs will be corrected
That have been heretofore neglected?
The candidate.

Who says that he has oft contended
Some bills the council recommended
Was money uselessly expended?
The candidate.

Who tells the voters in his ward,
Who urged him to put out his card,
He'll fight their battles firm and hard?
The candidate.

Who when election day comes round
Will tell you that he's not around?

The alderman.
Those men he held in high esteem
Ere he an alderman had been,
Now pass before him like a dream.
The alderman.

SHE MRS. HUGGINS.
A widow named Huggins has sued a New York man for breach of promise. She will have the sympathy of the jury, no doubt. So would any widow who Mrs. Huggins.—Toronto Star.

BOSTON, April 6.—A New York newspaper a day or two ago printed a sensational story concerning the alleged kidnapping many years ago of a young girl from this city. The story was embellished freely with bits of the romantic, and before the tale closed St. John was worked into the arrangement of reported happenings.

The story related to Miss Gertrude Nickerson, who lived in this city, and who has an office at 181 Broadway, New York.

The article went to quote Miss Nickerson as follows:

"I am inclined to believe that my father was a prominent Boston merchant," said Miss Nickerson, "and my mother, whom I believe to be alive, was the daughter of an old Cambridge family. After years of tramping about

of money, I have come to the conclusion that I was kidnapped.

"Nickerson is not my right name. My right name is Elizabeth White."

"When I was born, a nurse by the name of Esther Saunders was engaged to care of me. My father, at the time of his death, was a doctor, was a married man, and had several children. When I was born he became frightened and feared a scandal. At the age of two, I was taken away from my home and placed in a nursery where children of wealthy families were cared for."

"When I was four years old I used to ask for my mother. The Saunders woman told me that I would never be

permitted to see my own mother. One day a kind young lady, accompanied by her husband, visited the nursery. "After a while this couple adopted me," said my mother. J. Nickerson, a photographer of Boston, came. "Several years ago I came to New York. My idea was to locate my old nurse. While going over an old Boston street directory I located the name and address of Mrs. Saunders. I hurried to Boston and went to her home. The tenants informed me that my mother moved the day before to St. John, New Brunswick. I went to St. John. After a little detective work I located the nurse. She gave me one look and said: "You are Elizabeth White."

I begged her to tell me how I was
wounded. My mother, angry, who
was to be blamed for my suffering,
Mrs. Saunders became angry, and said
it was useless for me to ask her ques-
tions, because she wouldn't tell me for
all the money in the world. She admit-
ted, however, that I was kidnapped.
About a year ago I received a telegram
from a man named John from New
York, who was stopping at the Niche-
olas Hotel, Boston. He asked me to
visit him, because he had something
interesting to tell me about my family
connections. When I arrived at the
hotel he was on his death bed. 'Orms-
by,' he said, 'you could speak to him-
self.' The young lady said that
the alleged interview was bungled. She

ays that she was never kidnapped so far as she knows, and did not go to St. John to find Mrs. Saunders. Miss Nickerson believes she has relative in St. John, and that her grandfather was a prominent member of that city.

Miss Nickerson says the story of her life, so far as she knows it, is as follows: "My first recollection is of a sort of private house in Boston kept by Miss Esther Saunders. There were four or five little children there. When I was three years old, I remember that we lived in a small house at one time (Marlboro street) in one of the aristocratic thoroughfares in the Back Bay district.) At the age of four a Mrs. George Nickerson of Cape

lod, Mass., adopted me and took me
 her home. Her husband was a photo-
 grapher and was making me giving
 the name of John Oakes. I never
 see me. Before he left he patted me on
 the head and told me to be a good lit-
 tle girl. Some five years later this
 man came again and told Mrs. Nickerson
 never to allow my mother to see
 me. I said, "I know my mother now."
 She tried to stop me, but I went to
 that a woman claiming to be my mo-
 ther came to the nursery to consent to
 my adoption. She gave her name as
 Eliza White. Mrs. Nickerson said she
 was dark, while the nurse said she
 was white. Mrs. Saunders told
 me my mother's name was a Methu-
 en minister in St. Albans.

He had the money to go to St. John. In the nursery I was called Hattie; the Nickersons renamed me Nellie May, and finally I called myself Gertrude. Seven years ago I saw Esther Saunders in Roxbury. She refused to tell me anything about my mother except that I was taken to Miss Saunders' when I was two weeks old by my mother. I do not know whether Eliza White is living or dead."

WHITE'S COVE.

WHITE'S COVE, Queens Co., April 4.—Duncan McAfee, who spent the winter in Maine, returned home on Saturday.

Jack Orchard, who has been lumbering with McLaughlin Brothers at Westfield, has returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Karl Herman Kreutz of White's Point are receiving congratulations upon the birth of a daughter.

The farm and personal property of the late John Moore was sold on Wednesday.

Hon. L. P. Farris, who has been

Mrs. Mary Ann McLean, an aged lady, is lying very ill at her home at Fanjoy's Point.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".