## MC2289

## **POOR DOCUMENT**

#### THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1905.

Provinces.

## A SHORT STORY

#### The Mule-Driver of Rilo-Dagh and the Rebels

the odor of thous-the warm winds is filteries of Rilo-s famous for its in fact, after thic the solution of t the gorge of the Bare distilleries of Rilo-as famous for its beganlik and Iran.

Indens and distilleries of Rilo-liev almost as famous for its values of Kezanlik and Iran. Years at the same season, the med slopes of the Turkish re the scene of an extraordinary Along the numberless paths, every direction, came donkeys baskets of flowers and looking of or a fete of roses. But today tryside was quiet and deserted. Sand Turks occupied the Bar-Rilo-Dagh as far as the Thipka

with his Ma pletely surrounded ountain retreat. It

The gardener, whose name was doubt-less the same as his donkey's looked about

e order that not one of the band cape through digguise, the Turk-rs had been given orders to arrest lers, whoever they might be and g for whatever reason. A man red have cared little for his life d run the gamut of cross-firing rentinels in ambush at each cor-ravine. Nevertheless there was

simple, peaceful and with bare te crown of his slave."

trotted a little two baskets full roses, and fast-mormous flor

face, strode along with an easy acing about indifferently at the countryside. Once or twice, at the sight of charred ruins of ight of charred ruins of been a prosperous farm, was a man of tall stature, with a heavy, imbers from which arose cruel face, true type of a Turksh execu-of burned fiesh, the old tionar. "Have you brought me the eggs?" he demanded, sharply. "Year implement," replied the Mace-

But I struck quite . ON LOVELY "Who fired them "The Turks, of **BAY CHALEUR** One of the Most Enjoyable

"The Turks, of course. They were practising, I imagine." The officer laughed. "Weren't you afraid?" "Bahl the length of your life is decreed before we are born! However, I did tremble once for you, or for your eggs, at least, and for my donkey also. If I had only brought you a fine omelette, what would you have said?" "Nothing. But I would have had your ears cut off." "And you would have done well. For-tunately the shooters were too far away." Achmed ceased his catechism. "It's just as well for you that they

mist of rich purple haze. The peasant branched off along a trail already covered in darkness, when a man suddenly rose from the bushes beside him. tance called Car ally thought to

aiready covered in darkness, which a thin suddenly rose from the bushes beside him, a man with powder-blackened hands, who demanded, hoarsely:--"Have you been successful, Filiberta?" The mule driver straightened his shoul-it ders with an air of intense satisfaction and pointed to the baskets of rose leaves. "There are the bombs, Boris Schokol," be said. The night fell upon the mountain tops, bringing with it a furious storm. In the ravine the 300 men of Mourad-Bey, worn out by thirty hours of vain and constant search, lay sleeping heavily, swarded by their sentinels, when sudden ly a loud firing broke the silence, follow-ed by the sound of horses galloping maaly. At the same moment a hailstorm of

the silence, follow-saw mills, and a number of ships in the harbor loading lumber. It is also situat-ed at the mouth of the Cascapedia river. We pass chose along Black Cape, cliffs fever deaths, but one of them does not

rocks as you pass, and, if moonlight, will certainly have a grand view. If early riser, on Sunday morning, you see Point St. Peter, with its large f of fishing boats at anchor, the vill Summer Sea Trips in the on the distant hills. We then enter the mouth of Ga Bay. On either side as we go up high mountains, with an occasional of flat and village. Next is Douglasto From Campbellton to Gaspe and

**Return---Blue Hills and Smiling** Waters---Pretty Villages and the Fishing Fleets---Gaspe a Popular Summer Resort for Americans. On Boot Summer Americans.

On Board S. S. "Lady Eileen" at Carleton, Quebec, 1905.
To the Editor of The Times:
Sir,—I take great pleasure in handing you herewith this letter descriptive of my trip down the Gaspe coast, on the S. S. "Lady Eileen" of the Interprevious Nav igation Co. of Canada, Ltd."
On a Saturday we leave Campbellton at 10 a. m. sailing down the beautiful Bay Chaleur. We pass close to Chamber's Point, a big headland with lighthouse and
Con Board S. S. "Lady Eileen" at Carleton, Quebec, 1905.
Side.
Gaspe is certainly the prettiest town on the whole trip. Nature made the place almost perfect for scenery. Every way you turn is a pretty view. It is almost an ideal summer resort, with up-to-date hotels, public buildings and resi-dences, good boating, bathing and fish-ing, and an excellent harbor for yachting. A number of wealthy Americans now have summer residences there. We ar-rive at Gaspe about 8.30 a.m., and leave again at 9.30 p.m., having all day Sun-day, with time to go to church in the evening.

Achmed ceased his catechism. "It's just as well for you that they were. They wanted to make you afraid. Would you like me to send a guard with paracter were. They wanted to make you afraid. Would you like me to send a guard with ing of a inscient to waste on sparrows or such poor devils as I am, while — You have no mes-sage to send to the captain?" "Nothing, except to tell him that I offered you an escort, and you refused. for you do refuse?" "Yee, it will be better." "The mule driver hastened to obey. It the donkey's bridle and turned be interprise base. Con burner sames and then the thing factories, is a frick purple hase. The measent how high creats of Thiptan betind which the sun was sinking in a mist of rich purple hase. The peasant how neared. in an was inhing in a mist of rich purple hase. The measent how neared. in a sub or well filed with wessels loading the limber. The measent how neared. in a sub or well filed with we have we pass a loor. we pass Perce again in the night on the return, also numerous other littl ports, arriving at Newport about day light Monday morning. We see Por light Monday morning. Daniel again in the mor

also all the other ports above ment arriving at Campbellton about 5.15 On the north side of the bay we pass a long range of high cliffs of red sandstone, at the end of which is Magusha Point, with the high, blue mountains in the dis-tance called Carleton Capes. What is usu-ally thought to be an uninteresting part of the trip, is certainly interesting for an observer of scenery. The next stop is Carleton, a pretty vil-lage, and quite a summer resort, situated



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