

ST JOHN STAR WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1903.

# THROUGHBRES

By W. A. FRASER.

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"They were too strong for the little mare," answered the Trainer, curtly. "Our cast-off won, of course, but there were a half-dozen in the race that would have beaten Lucretia, I fancy." Allie looked inquiringly at the Trainer; he had not talked that way to her. Then a light dawned upon the girl. She had not associated Dixon with diplomacy in her mind, she knew that he could maintain a golden silence, but here he was, actually throwing out to the caller a disparaging estimate of Lucretia's powers. This perpetual atmosphere of duplicity was positively distasteful. In the free gallop of the horses there was nothing but an inspiration to honest endeavor; but in this subtle diplomacy Allie detected the touch of deflection which her mother so strongly resented. Perhaps tonight she was more sensitive to depressing influences; at any rate she felt a great weariness of the whole business. Then the spirit of resolve rose in open rebellion against these questionings; almost instinctively she became at once. "Mattered the ways or means, so that she did no wrong? Was not the saving of her father's health and spirit, and his and her mother's welfare above all these trivial questionings; did not the end justify the means; might her success, if the fate in city gave her any, save her from—from she did not even formulate in thought—the odiousness of her sacrifice?" Crane had spoken her mind, and she was writing her had continued his discussion of the race with Dixon; perhaps, even—it was a hopeful thought, born of desire—he had come to see the Trainer. Crane's next words dispelled that illusion. It was in answer to an observation from Dixon that he was forced to go to the stables, that Crane said: "If Miss Porter has no objection I'll remain a little longer; I want to discuss a matter concerning her father."

Allie felt quite like fleeing to the stables with Dixon; she dreaded that Crane was going to bring up again the subject of his affection for the Trainer. He had passed out before she could muster sufficient moral courage to put in execution her half-formed resolve.

"I wanted to speak about that wager on Diablo," began Crane.

A thrill of relief shot through the girl's heart. Why had he troubled himself to come to her over such a trifling matter—a pair of gloves, perhaps half a dozen pairs even.

"I put the bet on some time ago," he continued, "when Diablo was at a long price. It was only a trifle, as we agreed upon." Allie nodded her head, but a trifling stress upon "agreed." "But it was netted you quite a nice sum, three thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars."

Crane said this in a quiet voice, without unctious, but it started the girl's stare in blank amazement. Her companions were evidently waiting for her to say something, and she felt an exclamation of joyous approval. She noticed that the gray eyes she so distrusted had taken on a gleam of interest, as though he were watching her walk into a trap. "I cannot take it," answered Allie, decisively, after a pause.

Crane raised his hand in mild protest.

"It was good of you, kind; but how could I accept a large sum of money like that when I am not entitled to it?"

"You are—it's yours. The bet was made in your name—I entered it at the time in my book, and the upon his ready to pay the money over."

"I can't take it—I won't. No, no, no."

"Don't be foolishly sensitive, Miss Allie. Think of what your father lost when he parted with Diablo for a few thousand dollars; and it was my fault, for I arranged the sale. Your father needs—pardon me, but I know his position, being his banker—yes, he needs this money badly."

"My father needs a good many things Mr. Crane, which he would not accept as a gift; he would be the last man to do so. We must just go on doing the best we can, and if we can't succeed, that's all. We can't accept help, just yet, anyway."

She was bitter; the reference to her father's troubles though meant partly in kindness, angered her. It caused her to feel the meshes of the net draw closer about her, and blinding her free will. The fight was indeed on. More than ever she determined to struggle to the bitter end. Almost instinctively she knew that to accept this money, plausible as the offering was, meant an advantage to Crane.

"You can't leave this large sum with the bookmaker," he objected. "He would like nothing better; he would laugh in his sleeve. I can't take it; it isn't mine."

"I won't touch it."

"Perhaps I had better speak to your father about it," said Crane, tentatively; "he can have no objection to accepting this money that has been won."

"Father won't take it either," answered the girl; "I know his ideas about such matters. He won't take it."

Crane brought all his fine reasoning powers to bear on Allie, but failed in his object. He was unaccustomed to being balked, but the girl's firm determination was more than a match for his adaptable sophistry. He had made no headway, was quite beaten, when Dixon's opportune return prevented discomfiture. Crane left shortly, saying to Allie as he bade them good night: "I'm sorry you look upon the matter in this light. My object in coming tonight was to give you a little hope for brightness in your gloomy hour of bad luck; but perhaps I had better speak to your father."

"I'd rather you didn't," she answered, somewhat pleadingly. "Dr. Rathbone has cautioned us all against worrying

father, and this would have no other result than but to distress him."

Allie's letter had been completed, but she now added a postscript, telling her mother briefly of Crane's insistence over the bet, and beseeching her to devise some plan for keeping this new disturbing element from her father.

Crane was remaining over night in Gravesend, and going back to his quarters, he reviewed the evening's campaign. He had expected opposition from Allie, but had hoped to overcome the anticipated objections; he had failed in this, but it was only a check, not defeat. He smiled complacently over his power of self-control in having allowed himself of his absorbing passion to accept him.

Acceptance of this money by Allie, the money which was the outcome of an isolated generous thought, would have given him a real advantage. To have spoken, though never so briefly of his hopes for proprietary rights, would have accentuated the girl's sensitive alarm. He was too perfect a tactician to indulge in such poor sword play; he had really left the question open. A little thought, influenced by the desperate condition of Porter's fortune, might make Allie amenable to what was evidently her best interest, should she be approached from a different quarter.

Crane had made a first move, and met checkmate; the second move would be through Allie's mother; he determined upon that course. All his cunning must have surely departed from him if he could not win this girl. Fate was backing him up most strenuously. Diablo had been cast into his hands—thrust upon him by the good fortune that so steadily befriended him. Crane thought that so steadily befriended him. Crane thought that so steadily befriended him. Crane thought that so steadily befriended him.

He drew most delightful pictures of the Utopian existence his wealth would make possible for Allie. For the first time he would provide a racing stable that would bring profit in place of disaster. Crane smiled somewhat grimly at the thought that under those changed circumstances even Allie's mother might be brought to condone her husband's continuance in the nefarious profession.

If for no other reason than the great success he had made in the Brooklyn Handicap with Diablo, his spirits brightened at the thought of a new beginning. The reception of even a foreboding of future. A suppressed exhilaration rose in his heart, and he would win the Brooklyn Derby with his good old, the Dutchman.

He went to sleep in this happy dream of assured success, and by the inevitable contrast of things, dreamed of that he was falling over a steep precipice on The Dutchman's back, and that at the bottom Mortimer and Allie were holding a blanket to catch him in his fall. Even in his imaginative sleep, he was saved from a dependence upon this totally inadequate receptacle for a horse and rider, for he woke with a gasp after he had traveled with frightful velocity for an age through the air.

Crane was a man not given to superstitious enthrallment; his convictions were founded on basic material, not on the night's dream faster than he would have believed in the breakfast of coffee and rolls. Even three cups of coffee, ferociously strong, failed to drown the rebelling of his uncomfortable night's gallop. Why had he linked Mortimer and Allie together? Had it been fate, or was he prompting him in his sleep, giving him warning of a rival that stood closer to the girl than he?

More than once he had thought of Mortimer as a possible rival. Mortimer was not handsome, but he was young, tall, and square-shouldered; even his somewhat plain face seemed to reflect a tall, and square-shouldered character, what gave him seemed to reflect a tall, square-shouldered character.

Subconsciously Crane turned his head and scanned critically the reflection of his own face in a somewhat discolored mirror that misdirected a panel of the breakfast room. Old as the glass was, somewhat bereaved of its quicksilver lining at the edge, it had not gone over to habit of telling the truth. Ordinarily little exception could have been taken to the mirrored face; it was intellectual; no sign-manual of cardinal sin had been placed upon it; it was neither low, nor brutal, nor volitionally cunning in expression. Its pallor rather loaned an air of distinction, and the examination was being conducted for the benefit of a girl of twenty—it was the full-aged visage of a man of forty.

More than ever a conviction fixed itself in Crane's mind that, no matter how strong or disinterested his love for Allie might be, he would win her only by diplomacy. After all, he was better versed in that form of love-making, if it might be so called.

Crane was expecting Langdon at ten o'clock. He heard a step in the breakfast room, and, turning his head, saw that it was the Trainer. Mechanically Crane pulled his watch from his pocket; he had thought it earlier; it was ten. Langdon was on time to a minute. Nominally what there was to discuss, though of large import, required little expression. With matters going so smoothly there was little but assurances and congratulations to be exchanged. Crane's heart was full of hope. "Two-year-old I bought at Morris Park is coughin' an' runnin' at the nose," blurted out the first night; he's got influenza," volunteered the Trainer.

"Keep him away from the Dutchman, then."

(To be continued.)

## FREDERICTON ADOPTS BARBOUR'S PLANS.

City Council Decides to Call at Once For Tenders for an Up-to-Date Sewerage System.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Dec. 8.—The city council decided tonight to call at once for tenders for an up-to-date sewerage system for this city on the plans and specifications recommended by Engineer Barbour in his report submitted to the committee and passed upon by it yesterday afternoon. Ald. Stockford, Hanlon and McGinn were the three who voted against the resolution.

The time fixed for receiving the tenders was fixed up to the list of December. There was a full council board present, and that the citizens are deeply interested in the matter was manifested by the large attendance of spectators.

Ald. Stockford's amendment that consideration of the matter be postponed until the next meeting, was defeated on the same vote reversed.

The regular monthly meeting of the city council, which was held last evening, was largely attended. Several new members joined the club, and the character of the business was of a high order. The council was called to order by the mayor, who read a letter from the mayor of the city of New York, who had been elected to the office of mayor of the city of New York.

## RODE IN SWELL CARRIAGE TO ROB 400 FLATS.

Trio of Burglars Confess Robberies Which Terrified Residents of Harlem—A Three Months' Career.

NEW YORK, Dec. 8.—Three of the most industrious burglars that ever fell into the hands of the police were taken to headquarters yesterday from the Harlem Police Court. They admit they are the men who have been ransacking the flats of Harlem to such an extent that some of the tenants were afraid to enter or leave their own apartments, while others migrated to neighboring houses in the neighborhood. The burglars, who were taken to the police station, were identified by the police as being the same men who had been ransacking the flats of Harlem to such an extent that some of the tenants were afraid to enter or leave their own apartments, while others migrated to neighboring houses in the neighborhood.

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## MASSACHUSETTS ELEGES MAYORS.

BOSTON, Dec. 8.—Where national politics obtained the republicans were generally successful in the elections held in 13 of the 33 Massachusetts cities. There were no material changes in the political sentiment, but one city, Hingham, after a year of liquor selling, once more decided against the sale during the coming year.

Socialists showed strength in the shoe cities of Brockton and Haverhill, especially in the former, where their candidate for mayor, William H. Hall, was elected. In Fitchburg, Gloucester and New Bedford, candidates for re-election, seven were successful, and one, Mayor John H. Edger, of Taunton, was badly defeated. Following is list of mayors elected:

City	Mayor	Vote
Brockton	Frederick O. Brad-	3,478 4,627
Fitchburg	James H. McMa-	2,231 2,537
Hingham	George B. Mc-	1,871 1,800
Haverhill	William H. Hall	2,968 2,351
Lawrence	John P. Kane	5,690 3,601
Lowell	James H. Par-	1,439 1,387
New Bedford	Thos. Thomp-	1,466 2,778
Northampton	X. Theo. Con-	1,432 1,019
Quincy	X. Jas. Thompson	972 278
Springfield	X. W. D. Dick-	6,102 3,392
Taunton	John B. Tracey	1,439 1,387
Waltham	X. John L. Har-	1,491 4,782
X. Re-elected		

## JOHN BURNS WILL REMOVE EMBARGO

OTTAWA, Dec. 8.—It is stated here that John Burns, M. P., labor member of the Canadian cabinet, has been asked to remove the embargo placed on the position of president of the British board of agriculture in new cabinet in England. It is quite expected that if Mr. Burns secures this portfolio he will remove the embargo on Canadian cattle entering Great Britain, as he is firmly of the opinion that this should be done, and so expressed himself at different times when in Canada.

## Does Your FOOD Digest Well?

When the food is imperfectly digested the full benefit is not derived from it by the body and the purpose of eating is defeated; no matter how good the food or how carefully adapted to the wants of the body it may be. Thus the dyspeptic often becomes thin, weak and debilitated, energy is lacking, brightness, snap and vim are lost, and in their place come dullness, lost appetite, depression and languor. It takes no great knowledge to know when one has indigestion, some of the following symptoms generally arise: V. constipation, sour stomach, variable appetite, headache, heartburn, gas in the stomach, etc.

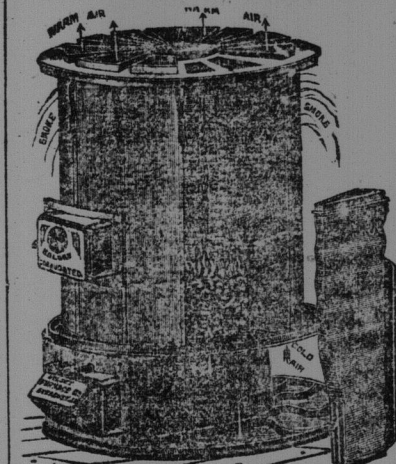
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SATURDAY.

Leaves Millville at 7.15 and 9.00 a. m. and 3.30 and 6.00 p. m.

Returning at 6.30, 8.00 and 10.00 a. m. and 4.15 and 6.45 p. m.

SUNDAY.

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