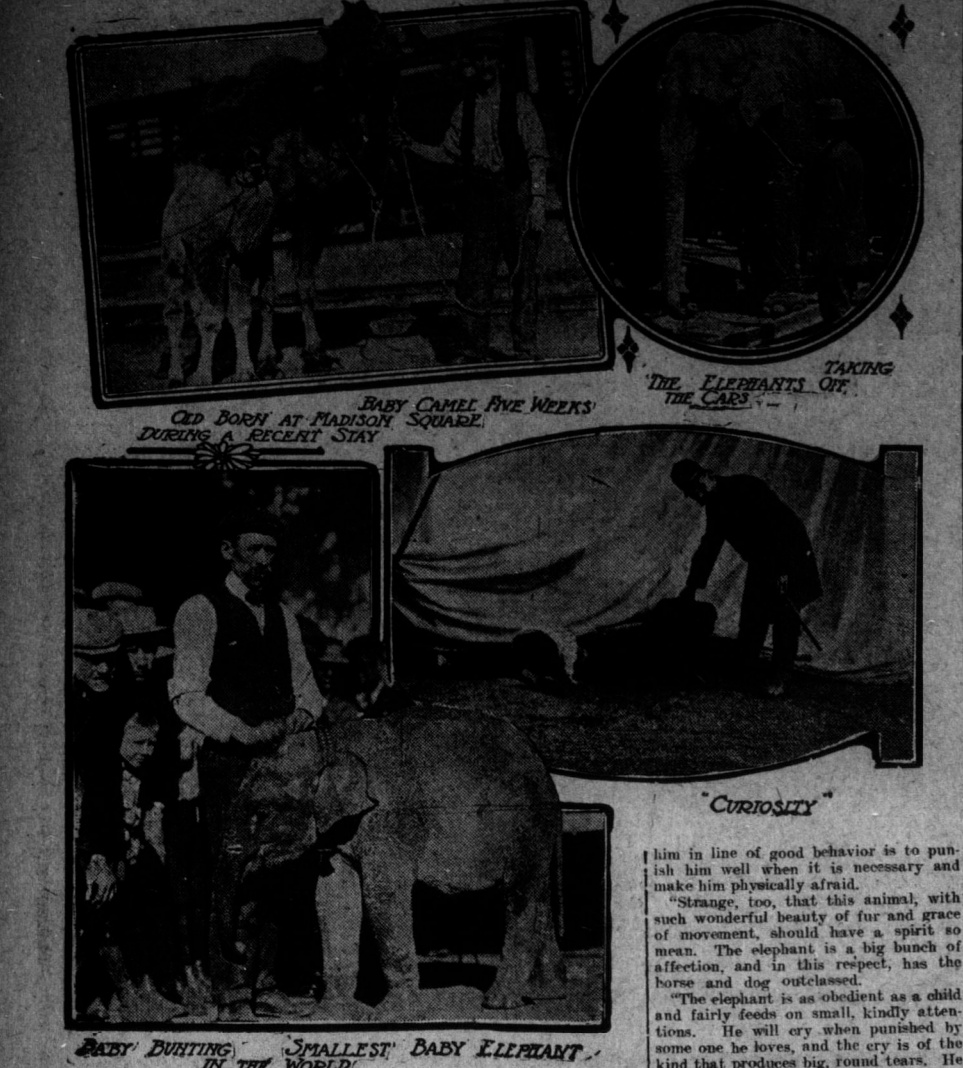


Annual Features of Barnum and Bailey's Circus



THE CHARACTERISTIC MOODS OF WILD ANIMALS IN CAPTIVITY FORMS AN INTERESTING STUDY, ESPECIALLY TO PERSONS WHO HAVE MUCH TO DO WITH ZOOLOGICAL COLLECTIONS. MR. PATTERSON, WHO LOOKS AFTER THE WELFARE OF THE BARNUM & BAILEY MENAGERIE, HAS HAD A WIDE EXPERIENCE WITH DENIZENS OF THE FOREST AND JUNGLE.

"The tiger," Mr. Patterson says, "is a suspicious fellow, and always looking out of the corner of his eye, as if he thinks some one is trying to impose upon him. When he has no family cares, and is fed regularly, he is a fairly decent fellow. That is, if he does not make much of a racket, nor scrap with his fellows."

HIS BAR EXAMINATION

(By H. H. Hudson.)

The state bar examination was in progress. The watchful eyes of the members of the examining committee were upon each candidate. The applicants were ambitious in the best sense. Many would be heard from in the years to come.



WHY DON'T YOU ATTEMPT TO ANSWER QUESTION 13? HE AGAIN ASKED.

maintained a widowed mother while pursuing his studies. He had studied in an evening school.

Another fact was also known to the examiner. Hope was in love with an attractive and deserving stenographer, who worked in a busy law office. While some of Hope's friends were somewhat skeptical, Myrtle Willow had never lost faith in him. The world did not understand. The examiner did. A hero sat before him.

The Hon. John Harding observed the youth—a slave to ambition. Was it a good thing for a young man to be ambitious? Still, from such material as this the world had ever derived its greatest benefits.

The examiner stepped to the window. The squirrels were playing about the lawn, which surrounded the capitol building. The autumn leaves were already falling. He remembered his experience in the years gone by. Time was a precious asset. He again pictured the group of boys he had known; the eager scanning of questions; the waiting for the posted bulletin in the hotel, which would seal their fate. Some of them were dead. The court records alone bore testimony to their zeal. The examiner realized the happiness which would come to the girl who had linked her future to the young man before him. Here was tragedy. Three years of patient study and anxiety, a counting of times—then failure? No, a thousand times no. He might save him, and still be true to his trust.

The Hon. John Harding sauntered down the aisle. Victor Hope sat with his legs twisted about his chair. The tension of mind and body was apparent. Moisture stood on the brow of the courageous student. The examiner inspected his paper. Question 13 was un-

BOY FOUND.

Search For Missing Earl Hines Was Successful.

Halifax, Aug. 6.—Earl Hines, the six-year-old boy, who had disappeared in the woods seven miles from Halifax on Wednesday afternoon at 1 o'clock, was found late today. For thirty-six hours hundreds of persons scoured the woods, and to-day one thousand men, consisting of civilians, soldiers and police, formed up in line and entered the forests five miles apart. After a search of two hours the missing boy was found lying on a cliff a short distance from a lake. He was considerably cut, his clothing torn, and his lips terribly swollen. He had travelled nearly four miles through dense woods, but was in fairly good condition.

The boy was carried out to the nearest railway point and brought into the city. Two thousand persons assembled at the station to-night greeted and cheered the searchers as they stepped off the train with the boy. The scene was a stirring one, all the party having worked hard to find the little fellow.

WINNIPEG FLOODED.

Great Damage Done by Sewers Choking Up.

Winnipeg, Aug. 6.—The storm which swept over Winnipeg yesterday afternoon was accompanied by the heaviest rain in thirty years. The precipitation was 2.92 inches, which has not been equalled since 1879. Fortunately the storm was local in its intensity, or the damage throughout the country would have been great. Half fell mainly in Winnipeg and immediate vicinity, but thousands of dollars of damage was done through sewers backing up and flooding basements and cellars. With reports from the country so incomplete it is difficult to give a correct estimate of the damage by hail, but the competent authorities agree that the report sent to the east yesterday of the aggregate loss or damage of a million acres is likely to be very near the mark, and rather under than over it. Around Hawley the loss is estimated at twenty-five per cent. of the total crop, and Borden section also suffered very severely.

During the time when the storm was at its height, a city teamster, who had been out to the powder magazine of the hardware firm at Middle Church for a load, took refuge in the building, as also did several children. While they were in there the magazine was struck by a bolt and several of the inmates were stunned, but fortunately the powder was not exploded.

CHADWICK EXCURSION.

Chadwick Bros' employees are holding their annual picnic at Niagara Falls on Saturday, Aug. 14. This excursion has become one of the most popular of the holiday season. A special train has been provided and the best of service promised by the T. & N. B.—no crowding and fine coaches. As usual, refreshments will be served on the train and at the park free. Train leaves Hunter street depot at 8.15 a.m., returning leaves Victoria Park station at 7.30 p.m.

PERHAPS EQUALLY ANCIENT.

Literary Critic—What do you think of Wymer as a versifier?

Editor—Well I set all his verse afore that comes to this office.

A Retrieved Reformation

(BY O. HENRY)

A guard came to the prison shoe shop, where Jimmy Valentine was assiduously stitching uppers, and escorted him to the front office. There the warden handed Jimmy his pardon, which had been signed that morning by the governor. Jimmy took it in a third kind of way. He had served nearly ten months of a four-year sentence. He had expected to stay only about three months, at the longest. When a man with as many friends on the outside as Jimmy Valentine had received in the "air," it is hardly worth while to cut his hair.

"Now, Valentine," said the warden, "you'll go out in the morning. Brace up, and make a man of yourself. You're not a bad fellow at heart. Stop cracking safes and live straight."

"Me?" said Jimmy, in surprise. "Why, I never cracked a safe in my life."

"O, no," laughed the warden. "Why, I no. Let me see, now. How was it you happened to get sent up on that Springfield job? Was it because you wouldn't prove an alibi for fear of compromising somebody in extremely high toned society? Or was it simply a case of a mean old jury that had it in for you? It's always one or the other with you innocent victims."

"Me?" said Jimmy, still blankly virtuous. "Why, warden, I never was in Springfield in my life!"

"Take him back, Cronin," smiled the warden, "and fix him up with outgoing clothes. Unlock him at 7 in the morning and let him come to the bull pen. Better think over my advice, Valentine."

At 7.15 o'clock on the next morning Jimmy stood in the warden's outer office. He had on a suit of the villainously fitting, ready-made clothes and a pair of the stiff, squeaky shoes that the state furnishes to its discharged compulsory guests.

The clerk handed him a railroad ticket and the \$5 bill with which the law expected him to rehabilitate himself into good citizenship and upright life. The warden gave him a cigar and shook hands. Valentine, 2762, was chronicled on the books "Pardoned by Governor," and Mr. James Valentine walked out into the sunshine.

Disregarding the song of the birds, the waving green trees and the smell of the flowers, Jimmy headed straight for a restaurant. There he tasted the first sweet joys of liberty in the shape of a broiled chicken and a bottle of white wine—followed by a cigar a grade better than the one the warden had given him. From there he proceeded leisurely to the depot. He tossed a quarter into the hat of a blind man sitting by the door, and boarded his train. Three hours set him down in a little town near the city line. He went to the cafe of one Mike Dan and shook hands with Mike, who was alone behind the bar.

"Sorry we couldn't make it sooner, Jimmy, me boy," said Mike. "But we had that protest from Springfield to buck against and the governor nearly balked. Feeling all right?"

"Fine," said Jimmy. "Got my key?"

He got his key and a parcel in the wall, unlocked the door of a room at the rear. Everything was just as he had left it. There on the floor was still Ben Price's collar button that had been torn from that eminent detective's shirt band when they had overpowered Jimmy to arrest him.

Pulling out from the wall a folding bed, Jimmy slid back a panel in the wall and dragged out a dust-covered suitcase. He opened this and gazed fondly at the finest set of burglar's tools in the east. It was a complete set, made of specially tempered steel, the latest designs in drills, punches, braces and bits, jimmies, clamps, and augers, with two or three novelties, invented by Jimmy himself, in which he took pride. Over \$800 they had cost him to have made in a place where they make such things for the profession.

In half an hour Jimmy went downstairs and through the cafe. He was now dressed in tasteful and well fitting clothes and carried his dusted and cleaned suit case in his hand.

"Got any thing on?" asked Mike Dolan, genially.

"I, don't understand. I'm representing the New York Amalgamated Short Snap Biscuit Cracker and Frazzled Wheat Company."

This statement delighted Mike to such an extent that Jimmy had to take a seltzer and milk on the spot. He never touched "hard" drinks.

A week after the release of Valentine, 9,762, there was a neat job of safe burglary done in Richmond, Ind., with no clue to the author. A reward of \$800 was put on the case. Two weeks after that a patented, improved, burglar-proof safe in Logansport was opened like a cheese to the tune of \$1,500, currency; securities and silver untouched. That began to interest the rogue catchers. Then an old fashioned bank safe in Jefferson city became active and threw out of its crater an eruption of bank notes amounting to \$5,000. The losses were now high enough to bring the matter up into Ben Price's class of cases. By comparing notes, a remarkable similarity in the methods of the burglaries was noticed. Ben Price investigated the scenes of the robberies and was heard to remark:

"That's Dandy Jim Valentine's autograph. He's resumed business. Look at that combination knob—jerked out as easy as pulling up a radish in wet weather. He's got the only clamps that can do it. And look how clean these tumblers were punched out. Jimmy never has to drill but one hole. Yes, he's back. I want Mr. Valentine. He'll do his bit next time without any short time of clemency foolishness."

Ben Price knew Jimmy's habits. He had learned them while working up the Springfield case. Long jumps, quick getaways, no confederates, and a taste for good society—these ways had helped Mr. Valentine to become noted as a successful dodger of retribution. It was given out that Ben Price had taken up the trail of the elusive cracksmen and other people with burglarproof safes felt more at ease.

One afternoon Jimmy Valentine and his suitcase climbed out of the mail back at Elmore, a little town five miles off the railroad down in the black jack country of Arkansas. Jimmy, looking like an athletic young senior just home from college, went down the board sidewalk toward the hotel.

A young lady crossed the street, passed him at the corner, and entered a door over which was the sign "The Elmore Bank." Jimmy Valentine looked into her eyes, forgot what he was, and

FRIGHTFUL STOMACH TROUBLE.

For Four Long Years He Suffered—Then "Fruit-a-tives" Brought Relief.

Stratford Centre, Wells Co., Que., May 11th, 1908.

I have been completely cured of a frightful condition of my stomach through this wonderful medicine, "Fruit-a-tives." I suffered for four long years with this trouble. My head ached incessantly. I could not eat anything but what I suffered awful pains from indigestion. I used every known remedy and was treated by physicians, but the dyspepsia and headaches persisted in spite of the treatment.



I was told to try "Fruit-a-tives," and I sent for six boxes, and this was the only medicine that did me any good. I am now entirely well, I can eat ordinary food and I never have a headache, and for this relief I thank this wonderful remedy, "Fruit-a-tives." My case is well known in this vicinity and you may publish this statement.

ALCEIDE HERBERT.

50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial size 25c. If, for any reason, your dealer does not handle "Fruit-a-tives," they will be sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa.

BASS FISHING.

Prof. Lamos, of the R.M.C., Holds the Record.

Kingston, Aug. 6.—The season's record in bass catching seems to be held by Prof. Lamos, of the Royal Military College, with three black bass, which tip the scales at fourteen and a half pounds. One of the three weighed a fraction over five pounds. An interesting thing happened in connection with one of the fish that Prof. Lamos hooked. When he pulled in his line, and the catch was two feet below the surface, he could see the bass hanging on to the frog on the hook. Suddenly the bass let go, carrying half the frog with it.

The professor determined to recapture the bass and throw back his line. In two minutes he had another vicious bite, and drew in a big fellow. When the fish was opened, inside of it were found two fresh frog's legs, the ones the bass had first bitten from the hook.

didn't want anything; he was just waiting for a man he knew.

Suddenly there was a scream or two from the women, and a commotion. Unperceived by the elders May, the 9 year old girl, in a spirit of play, had shut Agatha in the vault. She had then shot the bolts and turned the knob of the combination as she had seen Mr. Adams do.

The old banker sprang to the handle and tugged at it for a moment. "The door can't be opened," he groaned. "The clock hasn't been wound nor the combination set."

Agatha's mother screamed again hysterically.

"Hush!" said Mr. Adams, raising his trembling hand. "All be quiet for a moment. Agatha!" he called as loudly as he could. "Listen to me." During the following silence they could just hear the faint sound of the child wildly shrieking in the dark vault in a panic of terror.

"My precious darling!" wailed the mother. "She will die of fright! Open the door! O, break it open! Can't you men do something?"

"There isn't a man nearer than Little Rock who can open that door," said Mr. Adams, in a shaky voice. "My God, Spencer, what shall we do? That child—she can't stand it long in there. There isn't enough air, and, besides, she's beat into convulsions from fright."

Agatha's mother, frantic now, best the door of the vault with her hands. Somebody wildly suggested dynamite. Annabel turned to Jimmy, her large eyes full of anguish, but not yet despairing. To a woman nothing seems quite impossible to the powers of the man she worships.

"Can't you do something, Ralph—try, won't you?"

He looked at her with a queer, soft smile on his lips and his keen eyes. "Annabel," he said, "give me that rose you are wearing, will you?"

Hardly believing that she heard him aright, she unpinned the bud from the bosom of her dress and placed it in his hand. Jimmy stuffed it into his vest pocket, threw off his coat, and pulled up his shirt sleeves. With that act Ralph D. Spencer passed away and Jimmy Valentine took his place.

"Get away from the door, all of you," he commanded, shortly.

He set his suitcase on the table and opened it out flat. From that time on he seemed to be unconscious of the presence of any one else. He laid out the shining queer instruments swiftly and orderly, whistling softly to himself as he always did when at work. In a deep silence and immovable, the others watched him as if under a spell.

In a minute Jimmy's pet drill was biting smoothly into the steel door. In ten minutes—breaking his own burglarious record—he threw back the bolts and opened the door.

Agatha, almost collapsed, but safe, was gathered into her mother's arms. Jimmy Valentine put on his coat and walked outside the railings toward the front door. As he went he thought he heard a far away voice that he once knew call "Ralph!" But he never hesitated.

At the door a big man stood somewhat in his way.

"Hello, Ben!" said Jimmy, still with his strange smile. "Got around at last, have you? Well, let's go. I don't know that it makes much difference, now."

Then Ben Price acted rather strangely.

"Guess you're mistaken, Mr. Spencer," he said. "Don't believe I recognize you. Your buggy's waiting for you, ain't it?"

And Ben Price turned and strolled down the street—Chicago Sunday Tribune.

ICE

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