

POOR DOCUMENT

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ST. JOHN STAR, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1905.

Brewster's Millions

By GEORGE BARR M'UTCHEON
(RICHARD GRAVES)

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Young Montgomery Brewster falls heir to \$1,000,000, left him by his grandfather, Edwin Peter Brewster. He is spending his good fortune to Peggy Gray, the daughter of an old friend of his mother, with whom he has made his home when he receives word that his uncle James T. Sedgwick, a bitter enemy of his grandfather, has died in Montana, leaving him \$7,000,000 on condition that on his 30th birthday, just one year away, he is absolutely penniless. The money is left in trust of a peculiar character, Swearingen Jones, of Montana, who makes several restrictions as to how the money shall be spent. He must take no one into his confidence, must not be more than ordinarily cheerful, nor give excessively to charity. Brewster starts to spend his money and is worried that he can't get rid of it fast enough.

He seeks the aid of a young society woman, Mrs. Dan DeMille, to help him get rid of it. She is a social climber, and on a most elaborate scale which makes him the laughing stock of his friends who don't understand his predicament. He is fascinated by her and goes on to her to get rid of his money. She is a gambler and has the habit of taking a reputation as a good business man. Many of his schemes for getting rid of his money fail, turning out to be money-making schemes instead. He decides social extravagance is the most effective and proceeds to give a series of enormous parties. He gives a party for a party of 100,000. An attack of appendicitis thrusts which Peggy nurses him back to the doctors let him off easy. Recovering he starts with a party of 100,000, including Peggy, for a wildly extravagant tour of the Mediterranean. He arrives in Egypt, where a Venetian incident is provided for a Greek named Mohammed, who falls in love with Peggy. She, of course, refuses and in revenge the Greek has her spirited away at night. Much against the wishes of his guests Monty decides to sail for the North Cape. They rebel and lock him in his room. A great storm comes and leaves the yacht practically a derelict with Monty's year nearly up and no chance to move the \$100,000 he has left. He sends the \$100,000 he has left. He is saved by the arrival of a steamer which charges him \$100,000 to tow him to England. He lands in New York with only a few thousands left of his million and starts to get rid of it before the year is up.

CHAPTER XXX.

"MONTY, you are breaking my heart," was the first and only appeal Mrs. Gray ever made to him. It was two days before the 23d, and did not come until after the second-hand store men had driven away from her door with the bulk of his clothing in their wagons. She and Peggy had seen little of Brewster, and his nervous restlessness alarmed them. His return was the talk of the town. Men tried to shake him, but he persistently wasted a portion of his fortune on his unwilling subjects. When he gave \$5,000 in cash to a house for newsworthy even his friends jumped to the conclusion that he was mad. It was his only gift to charity, and he excused his motive in giving at this time by recalling Sedgwick's injunction to "give sparingly to charity." Everything was gone from his thoughts but the overwrought eagerness to get rid of a few trouble-makers, a pariah, a hated object that invited every one with whom he came in contact. Sleep was almost impossible; eating was a farce. He gave elaborate suppers which he did not touch. Already his best friends were discussing the advisability of putting him in a sanatorium, where his mind might be preserved. His case was looked upon as peculiar in the history of mankind. No writer could find a parallel; no one could imagine a comparison.

Mrs. Gray met him in the hallway of her home as he was nervously pocketing the \$50 he had received in payment for his clothes. Her face was like that of a ghost. He tried to answer her reproach, but the words would not come, and he fled to his room, locking the door after him. He was at work there on the transaction that was



Mrs. Gray met him in the hallway, to record the total disappearance of Edwin Brewster's million—his final report to Swearingen Jones, executor of James Sedgwick's will. On the door were bundles of packages carefully wrapped and tied, and on the table was a sheet of white paper on which the report was being drawn. The packages contained communications

sent upon thousands of them—\$500,000 he had spent in less than a year. They were there for the inspection of Swearingen Jones, faithfully and honorably kept, as if the old Swearingen would do over in detail the countless documents.

He had the accounts balanced up to the hour. On the long sheet lay the record of his ruthlessness, the epitaph of a million. In his pocket was exactly \$70.00. This was to last him for less than forty-eight hours, and then it would go to join the rest. It was his plan to visit Grant & Ripley on the afternoon of the 23d and to read the report to them in anticipation of the meeting with Jones on the day following.

Just before noon, after his encounter with Mrs. Gray, he came downstairs and bodily, for the first time in days, sought out Peggy. There was the old smile in his eyes and the old heartiness in his voice when he came upon her in the library. She was not reading. Books, pleasure and all the joys of life had fled from her mind, and she thought only of the disaster that was coming to the boy she had always loved. His heart smote him as he looked into the deep, somber, frightened eyes, running over with love and fear for him.

"Peggy, do you think I'm worth anything more from my mother? Do you think she will ask me to live here any longer?" he asked steadily, taking her hand in his. Hers was cold, his as hot as fire. "You know what you said away off yonder somewhere, that she'd let me live here if I deserved it. I am a pauper, Peggy, and I'm afraid I'll have to get down to drudgery again. Will she turn me out? You know I must have somewhere to live. Shall it be the poorhouse? Do you remember saying one day that I'd end in the poorhouse?"

She was looking into his eyes, dreading what might be seen in them. But there was no gleam of insanity there; there was no fever. Instead there was the quiet smile of the man who was satisfied with himself and the world. His voice bore traces of emotion, but it was the voice of one who has perfect control of his will.

"It is all gone, Monty," she asked, almost in a whisper. "Here is the residue of my estate," he said, opening his purse with steady fingers. "I'm back to where I left off a year ago. The million is gone, and my wings are clipped." Her face was white; her heart was in the clutch of ice. How could he be so calm about it when for him she was suffering agony? Twice she started to speak, but her voice failed her. She turned slowly and walked to the window, looking at the her back to the man who smiled so sadly and yet so heartily.

"I didn't want the million, Peggy," he went on. "You think as the rest of us, I know, I was a fool to act as I did. It would be rank folly on my part to blame you any more than the others for thinking as you do. Appearances are against me; the proof is overwhelming. A year ago I was called a man; today they are stripping me of every claim to that distinction. The world says I am a fool, a dolt, almost a criminal, but no one believes I am a man. Peggy, will you feel better to begin life all over again? It will be a new Monty Brewster that starts out again in a few days, or if you will, it shall be the old one—the Monty you once knew."

"The old Monty?" she murmured softly, dreamily. "It would be good to see him—so much better than to go to the Monty of the last year." "And in spite of all I have done, Peggy, you will stand by me? You won't desert me like the rest? You'll be the same Peggy of the other days?" he cried, his calmness breaking down in a moment. "How can you ask? Why should you doubt me?"

For a moment they stood silent, each looking into the heart of the other, each seeing the beginning of a new day. "How long have you really cared?" he asked in a whisper. "Always, Monty; all my life." "And I, too, child; all my life. I know it now; I've known it for months. Oh, what a fool I was to have wasted all this love of yours and all this love of mine! But I'll not be a profligate in love, Peggy. I'll not squander an atom of it, dear, not as long as I live."

"And we will build a greater love, Monty, as we build the new life together. We never can be poor while we have love as a treasure." "You won't mind being poor with me?" he asked. "I can't be poor with you," she said simply. "And I might have let all this escape me," he cried fervently. "Listen, Peggy; we must start together, you as my wife and my fortune. You shall be all that is left to me of the past. Will you marry me the day after tomorrow? Don't say 'No,' dearest. I want to begin on that day. At 7 in the morning, dear? Don't you see how good the start will be?"

And he headed so ardently and so earnestly that he won his point even though it grew out of a whim that she could not then understand. She was not to learn until afterward his object in having the marriage take place on the morning of Sept. 23, two hours before the time set for the turning over of the Sedgwick millions. If all went well they would be Brewster's millions before 12 o'clock, and Peggy's life of poverty would cover no more than three hours of time. He believed him worth a lifetime of poverty. So they would start the new life with but one possession—love.

Peggy rebelled against his desire to spend the \$70 that still remained, but he was firm in his determination. They would dine and drive together and all of the old life that was left—\$70. Then on the next day they would start all over again. There was one rude moment of dismay when it occurred to him that Peggy might be considered an "asset" if she became his wife before 9 o'clock. But he realized at once that it was only demanded of him that he be penniless and that he possess no object that had been acquired through the medium of Edwin Peter Brewster's money. Surely this wife who was not to come to him until his last dollar was gone could not be the product of an old man's legacy. But so careful was he in regard to the transaction that he decided to borrow money of Joe Bragdon to buy the license and to pay the minister's fee. Not only would he be penniless on the day of settlement, but he would be in debt. So changed was the color of the world to him now that even the failure to win Sedgwick's millions could not crush out the new life and the new joy that had come to him with the winning of Peggy Gray.

CHAPTER XXXI.

SOON after noon on the 22d of September Monty folded his report to Swearingen Jones, stuck it into his pocket and sallied forth. A parcel delivery wagon had carried off a mysterious bundle a few minutes before. Mrs. Gray could not conceal her wonder, but Brewster's avers to her questions threw little light on the mystery. He could not tell her the big bundle contained the receipts that were to prove his sincerity when the time came to settle with Mr. Jones. Brewster had used his own form of receipt for every purchase. The little stub receipts had been made to order for him and not only he, but every person in his employ, carried one everywhere. No matter how trivial the purchase, the person who received a dollar of Brewster's money signed a receipt for the amount. Newsboys and bootblacks were the only beings who escaped the formality; tips to waiters, porters, cabbies, etc., were recorded afterwards and put into a class by themselves. Receipts for the few dollars remaining in his possession were to be turned over on the morning of the 23d and the general report was not to be completed until 9 o'clock on that day.

He kissed Peggy softly, told her to be ready for a drive at 4 o'clock, and then went off to find Joe Bragdon and Elton Gardner. They met him by appointment, and then he confided his design to be married on the following day.

"You can't afford it, Monty," exploded Joe fearlessly. "Peggy is too good a girl. It isn't fair to her."

"We have agreed to begin life tomorrow. Wait and see the result. I think it will surprise you. Incidentally it is up to me to engage a minister's services. It's going to be quiet, you know, Joe. You can be the only witness. I'll expect you to sign your name as one of the witnesses. Tomorrow evening we'll have supper at Mrs. Gray's, and 'among those present' will not comprise a very large list, I assure you. But we'll talk about that later on. Just now I want to ask you fellows to lend me enough money to pay the preacher. I'll return it tomorrow afternoon."

"Well, I'm blessed!" exclaimed Gardner, utterly dumfounded by the nerve of the man. Gardner promised to have the minister at the Gray house the next morning. Monty's other request—made in deep seriousness—was that Peggy was not to be told of the little transaction. He then hurried off to the office of Grant & Ripley. The bundles of receipts had preceded him.

"Has Jones arrived in town?" was his first anxious question after the greetings.

"He isn't registered at any of the hotels," responded Mr. Grant, and Brewster did not see the troubled look that passed over his face.

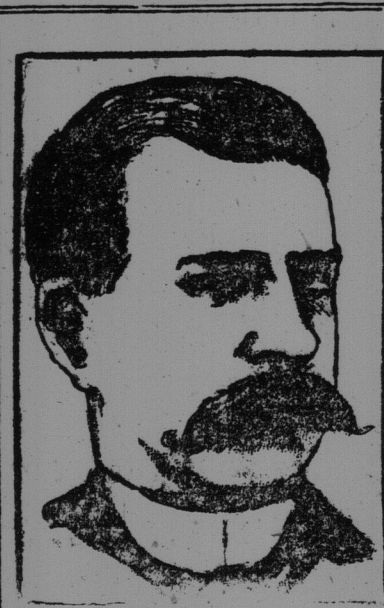
"He'll show up tonight, I presume," said he complacently. The lawyers did not tell him that all the telegrams they had sent to Swearingen Jones in the past two weeks had been returned to the New York office as unclaimed in Butte. The telegraph company reported that Mr. Jones was not to be found and that he had not been seen in Butte since the 3d of September. The lawyers were as anxious as Monty to get word from Montana men to whom they had telegraphed for information and advice. They were extremely nervous, but Montgomery Brewster was too eager and excited to notice the facts.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE



LUKE B. WRIGHT.
Governor of the Philippines, who is returning from Manila for a visit home. It is reported he will probably not return to the islands to resume the governorship. He succeeded W. H. Taft about eighteen months ago, and it is rumored he has had a falling out with Mr. Taft who is now Secretary of War and recently paid the islands a visit.



PRINCESS LOUISE OF COBURG.
Suit brought by Prince Philip, of Sax-Coburg and Gotha, for a separation from his wife, Princess Louise, and an adjustment of their joint property interests, was begun at Gotha a few days ago before the usual court for the trial of divorce cases.

WORLD OF LABOR AND ITS DOING.

cleanings From Many Points as to the Labor Movement.

The Steel and Copper Plate Printers' Union enjoys the distinction of being one of the smallest of the A. F. of L. internationals. It has but 1,200 members, 650 of whom are now in Washington, nearly all engaged in printing the United States paper money at the Government Bureau, but 1,250 members represent all the men of the craft in the country. It is stated.

The Industrial Workers of the World are organizing the Illinois coal miners. Trades union ward clubs in every ward in Chicago is the latest organization scheme proposed by labor leaders, and the movement to establish such associations throughout the city was begun recently.

Organized labor in Kansas City is demanding municipal ownership of the city gas plant.

The Engineers' Society of Great Britain pays over \$1,000,000 a year in benefits to its members.

The New Zealand Department of Agriculture has appointed two women as dairy inspectors.

Recent wage-reducing awards by the West Australian Coal have through-out requested the workers in that State, who have lost all confidence in that body as at present constituted.

One of the main planks in the A. T. L. platform is the municipal ownership of street cars, waterworks, gas and electric light plants, for the public distribution of heat, light and power. Another great contest between owners and employees of the Manufacturers' Association voted unanimously to refuse the request of the Textile Council for a restoration of the old rate of wages. They also vote to adhere to the original proposition made by them of 5 per cent. increase and profit sharing.

At the mills of the United States Cotton Company, at Central Falls, R. I., it has been announced that, beginning immediately, there would be an increase in the wages of the operatives.

The Separate Statehood Constitutional Convention, which convened at South McAlester, I. T., recently voted unanimously to eliminate the open shop, clause in the constitution, and organized labor will therefore support the "Separate States."

The New South Wales Shop Assistants' Union is again agitating for a compulsory Saturday half-holiday, in place of the present law which gives shopkeepers the option of closing

either on Wednesday or Saturday afternoon.

The United Textile Workers of America have issued a circular thanking all the unions who contributed financial support during their long struggle for improved conditions.

In the battle of Mukden, between the Russian and Japanese forces, the Russian losses were said to amount to about 20,000 men. During the year ending June 30, 1904, the casualties on American railroads amounted to exactly 24,201.

Many printing offices in Chicago that were formerly non-union have been unorganized since the eight-hour strike was called.

Wharf lumps at Fort Augusta, South Australia, recently went on strike as a protest against the employment of non-unionists.

In the 27th British trade unions, with an aggregate membership of 176,427, making returns to the Board of Trade, 28,448 (or 15.5 per cent.) were reported as unemployed at the end of July, as compared with 52 per cent. at the end of June, and 41 per cent. at the end of July, 1904.

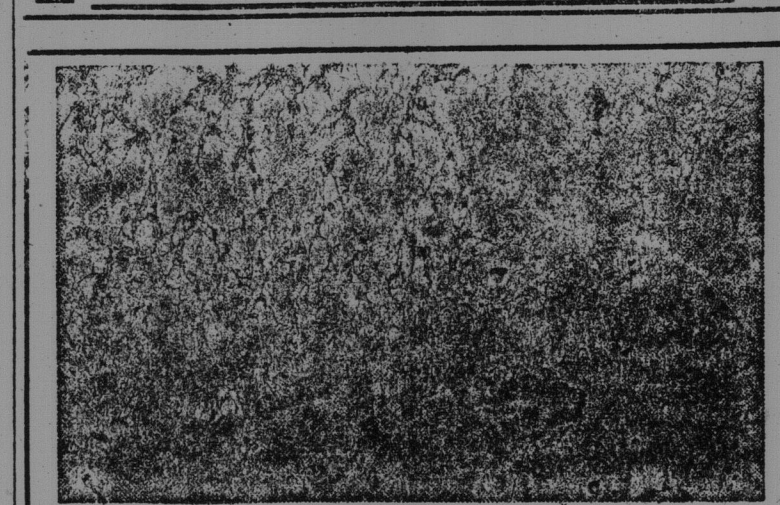
ENGINEER CRUSHED TO DEATH.

BUFFALO, Nov. 7.—A switching train on the Delaware and Lackawanna road, collided with a train of empty cars of the New York Central at the crossing of the Lackawanna and Buffalo Creek roads early today. Bartholomew Mortality, engineer of the Lackawanna train was caught between his engine and tender and crushed to death.

FRANK STATUE.

One of the most interesting, frank statues in England is to the memory of Sir R. Holmes. It is to be seen in the church at Yarmouth, Isle of Wight. The funny thing about it is that it was not originally intended to represent that naval celebrity. It was sculptured for, and represents, Louis XIV. of France, and was being conveyed to that country when the vessel containing it (and also the sculptor) was captured by English ships commanded by Sir R. Holmes. The body was finished, the head being left for completion on its arrival in France. On learning who it was for the English commander compelled the sculptor to finish it by chiselling his (Holmes') head on the king's body. Sir R. Holmes was afterwards made governor of the Isle of Wight, and held this office from 1671 till 1682, and after his death the statue was erected to his memory.

THOROUGHBREDS



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JOHN'S DIVIDEND

Mr. Black, an eminent and wealthy coal-dealer, called one of his oldest drivers into the office the other morning, and tendered him quite a large sum of money.

"What is this for?" asked the astonished driver.

"Merely a token of appreciation for services rendered," replied Mr. Black, kindly.

"But, sir, you've always paid me enough."

"There is more than that in it, John," continued the dealer. "I really owe you the money."

"I don't understand."

"Let me tell you," said Mr. Black, and he dropped his voice to a whisper. "You have been with me for twenty years, working 300 days every year and averaging three loads a day; that makes 18,000 loads. You weigh about 150 lb., John, and we have never failed to weigh you in with every load of our superior coal; that makes 2,700,000 lb., or, say, 1,200 tons. That at 20s. per ton, John, represents 21,600. The pocket you hold in your hand contains £100, or 10 per cent., which we think is yours by right. We are honest men, John, and don't desire to defraud any man out of what is justly his."

John bowed bowed in humble submission and is now anxiously waiting for the next dividend.

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