

178

# "TAFFY."

By FRANK SAVILE.

Confession is good for the soul. As it is impossible for me to ease my conscience of its load in my household the public shall judge of my temptations. Listen to the plain tale.

Bertha, my eldest daughter, got into a bad way. She seemed to convalesce somewhat slowly, my wife ordered our doctor to order me to order Bertha to the seashore. We sent her accordingly to the care of Mr. Llewellyn Jones, at the farm above Aberllynthieb (don't attempt to pronounce it if your bodily vigor is below par, or I won't answer for the consequences), whence she returned after a stay of three weeks, the picture of sun-burnt, sea-tanned health. I met her myself at the station.

After I had been kissed on each cheek, and had possessed myself of two rugs, three books, a couple of magazines, a bag and a hat box, Bertha followed with the hold-all, and a few brown paper packages coming out of their strings. I suggested that this was a sufficient caravan to start the journey towards the brougham, and that she might describe her heavier luggage to a porter. But she made indignant dissent.

"Not for worlds!" she cried. "I must see to him myself!"

Upon which she heaped upon me her remaining impedimenta, and dived empty-handed into the crowd. I made a gallant effort to maintain my manly virtue.

The station-master respectfully and considerably rescued me from a most undignified position, and because my wife's protests, after our arrival, made my own reputation feeble. But I did not permit Taffy's bonds to be relaxed till I had seen him safely deposited in the stable. All the while Michael Fessy, our Irish groom, "begob!" grunted the latter, as he looked at his diminutive charge, "how will I have the nerve to expatriate wid that one? I've strong fears he'll be either throwin' me when I curriumb him, miss."

Words said in irony, but amply fulfilled. As the speaker stooped to arrange a small bundle of hay in a convenient corner, Taffy, who since his release had stood in a trance-like state of apathy, grew suddenly alert. He bounded forward, and his tiny sprouts of horns patted Michael on the back!

The groom staggered, lurched, and bumped his head resoundingly upon a manger. As if a sudden spring had been released within him, Taffy reared round his prison, crossing and re-crossing his warden's prostrate form in a sort of delicious cake-walk. Michael gathered himself up, and raised a doleful hand.

"Not before Miss Bertha, Michael!" I admonished him warningly, and down my daughter away. And I banged the stable door as we came out. I thought I heard a bleat. It seemed possible that the little Taffy's neck which was being patted this time.

I am fond of animals. I maintain that the half-donkey dogs and the two cats which we accommodate to us and themselves credit by their decorum. Nothing can be in better taste than my daughter's pet. I have a lamb—a black lamb of undoubted Welsh descent.

Bertha emitted a cry of anguished commiseration, and was answered by a breathless bleat. The porter rolled sullenly aside.

His victim lay prone, and permitted itself to be garnered into Bertha's embrace without a struggle. He lay there, blinking his eyes, blinking the plaintive eyes of one wholly misunderstood.

I adjusted my glasses, and allowed my astonishment to find words. "Bertha!" I said sternly. "Kindly explain this extraordinary proceeding!"

She held her nursing towards me. "It's Taffy!" she explained, fondling him. "They made him travel in the van!"

"They showed extreme consideration in not insisting on a cattle truck!" I retorted. "Why it's a—sheep!"

"A lamb—my pet lamb!" said Bertha, "and the sweetest, sweetest, wasn't it, darling?"

The darling, recuperated by his trifling rest, shot out of her arms. But the station-master, resolutely tripping him, enfolded his hands in his wool, and pinched him securely against the platform under his knee. Producing a string from his pocket, he secured his captive's legs, and handed him to a grinning porter as a draper's assistant might hand a neatly-wrapped parcel to a customer. He bowed—a modest, but self-respecting little bow.

"How intensely clever!" said Taffy's mistress admiringly. "And here is his ticket!"

The station-master took it with another bow, and opened the door of the brougham. Bertha, after brief explanations, entered it and held out her arms. I raised my eyebrows.

"What do you want?" I demanded coldly.

"Taffy, of course!" she cried. "Taffy!"

The porter touched his cap. "He's all right; just put him on the roof, miss," he explained. She heaped out as if she had been stung.

"On the roof?" she shrieked. "You put my Taffy on the roof?"

Taffy heard. A convulsed object, writhing in its bonds, suddenly erupted from the luggage basket, quivered across a portmanteau, and fell without warning upon the creaked hat of Custance, my coachman.

His presence of mind utterly destroyed by this portent, Custance dropped the reins to pluck wildly at his brow, and was shaken by the sudden

starting of the horses from his place. For a moment it appeared that we were to be driven out of the station by a black lamb throned upon the driving seat, and supporting the tangled reins with his bound limbs!

If it hadn't been for that policeman! It seemed certain that the calm of the entire district between the station and my home would be destroyed unless Taffy travelled inside. Under these circumstances I consented to this course, and Bertha, nursed him over the whole distance. But for one chaffed—which shattered a window—she maintained her hold till we reached our door. Meanwhile she favoured me with a few details of her charge's upbringing.

Nurtured as an orphan in Ap Jones's kitchen, he had acquired a contempt for familiarity with the human kind, and to this aspect my daughter claimed to be the sole exception.

"I can't do anything with him!" she informed me.

"I noticed it at the station," I said drily. "It's astounding." "I am so tired of cats and dogs," she continued, rocking her treasure fondly. "He'll live in the stable, and feed on the hay, and I'll take him out for exercise."

"No!" I said confidently. "He will be the taking. And if he appears in the garden I insist that it shall be only at the end of the strongest possible rope!"

She seemed inclined to combat my "absurd prejudice," but there are moments when even I can be firm, though my wife's protests, after our arrival, made my own reputation feeble. But I did not permit Taffy's bonds to be relaxed till I had seen him safely deposited in the stable. All the while Michael Fessy, our Irish groom, "begob!" grunted the latter, as he looked at his diminutive charge, "how will I have the nerve to expatriate wid that one? I've strong fears he'll be either throwin' me when I curriumb him, miss."

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## BRITISH PAPERS FEAR

## NEW FRENCH TREATY

Lord Strathcona Issues Statement to

Counteract Alarmist Crop Reports—

His Estimate 80,000,000 Bushels.

LONDON, Sept. 7.—Paris telegrams today say the French government refuses to publish the particulars of the Franco-Canadian treaty, owing to the special desire of the Canadian negotiators to keep the details secret at present.

The Morning Post, in an editorial following the Yorkshire Post's lead of yesterday, says:

"If the new treaty achieves its object it seems only too probable that the commercial policy of Canada will gradually be more and more deflected from the lines established by the institution of the imperial preference ten years ago. Germany is well known to be only too anxious to secure the benefits of the intermediate tariff."

Other commentators add that Germany is likely to specially welcome the French precedent, which shows that the Canadian ministers can be induced to go below the intermediate tariff rates at the expense of the British preference.

Lord Strathcona issues to the press today a lengthy official statement seeking to counteract what he calls the "Alarmist crop reports without justification." He bounces forward, and his tiny sprouts of horns patted Michael on the back!

He quotes as from the Minister of Interior a number of authoritative estimates of the wheat crop reaching 80,000,000 bushels which, at the increased prices now ruling, would yield a greater cash equivalent than the 1906 crop.

Some Canadian securities advanced somewhat on this reassuring official statement, though the local market was somewhat disturbed by the next morning. There must be some explanation of the hardly less authoritative reports of an entirely different complexion.

## TURKISH SOLDIERS WERE

## GUILTY OF MANY MURDERS

Discharged Troops Attacked Men and

Women at Hodeidah—Threw People

to the Sharks.

MILAN, Sept. 7.—The Corriere della Sera has received a letter from Hodeidah stating that serious excesses have been committed by discharged Turkish soldiers who arrived there from the inland part of Yemen, but were prevented from going home immediately by the lack of steamers. When one steamer arrived 2,000 soldiers embarked thereon, several with their sweethearts, and terrible quarrels broke out on board. There were 10 people killed or wounded. Two women were thrown overboard alive to the sharks, and twenty times upon the quill which, with the bedclothes, was my wife's only protection from his extremely sensitive test. She continued to scream.

There was an answer from the passage. Every dog in our establishment heard her scream and burst in full cry into the room!

Taffy recognized that the odds were against him, and that the long French words to the balcony was open. The next instant he had passed through it, leaped upon the parapet, tottered, and disappeared. There was a thud below.

I looked over. With the complacent air of one who has long sought and at last attained a well-deserved goal, Taffy was cropping a bed of choice begonias, plants which had cost me something like five shillings apiece to bring to their present perfection!

A prey to the fiercest anger I fled downstairs, and erupted into the garden to find an obstacle race in full swing. The contestants were my gardener and his assistant. The prize—Taffy. I made a hurried port entry myself.

The damage done during the next three minutes simply won't bear thinking of. Brooms perished by the hand, gravel flew broadcast, pots were shattered, the lawn devastated. Having thoroughly wrecked my few poor pots, Taffy slipped for wider fields to conquer. He heaped the hedge and cantered joyously up the adjoining field.

"And then—Fortune deserted him. He paused by a shed at the far end of the paddock. He peeped, he entered. I raced upon his refuge, gained the entrance, banged the door. I panted violently, and then perceived that we were not alone. A man was descending from the left, who greeted me with surprise, and—in spite of my attire—'with respect.' I recognized our family

discrepancy. "I suppose my eyes expressed some bewilderment, for it was he, not I, who began to proffer explanations. "I was just seeing to a calf or two

## KING LEOPOLD PARTNER

## WITH RYAN AND JOHN D.

Bulk of Congo Free State Turned Over

to a Cong of American

Capitalists

BRUSSELS, Sept. 8.—King Leopold made another momentous move on the Congo question today by turning over the "domain of the crown" in the Congo to the owners of the North Chandler line stores between here and Houlton, it is alleged, leased the premises to the inspectors under which he is to receive \$15 for each conviction, but where the case falls through, he is not to get anything.

This afternoon a case which partook of a rather pronounced international flavor came up. Some three or four weeks ago the owners of the North Chandler line stores between here and Houlton, it is alleged, leased the premises to the inspectors under which he is to receive \$15 for each conviction, but where the case falls through, he is not to get anything.

A bright idea it seems struck the local officers in Houlton. Why not use this man against the line store people? Accordingly, Chas. E. Dunn, county commissioner, went into the jail, handed Green \$2 and told him to go to the line store people and demand a bribe of \$100. The man was hustled into jail immediately, with the prospect of a trip to Portland starting him in the face, to answer in the federal court to the charge of violating the revenue laws, the penalty for which on the other side is generally a year in the state's prison.

Thomas P. Ryan and others have large interests there. A year ago it was reported that Leopold had given Mr. Ryan a concession of 2,500,000 acres in the heart of the rubber country. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is another wealthy American who is said to have large interests in the Congo Free State.

## CHASING CAT, BOY

## DIVES 5 STORIES

NEW YORK, Sept. 8.—One old cat up on the roof of a five story building at No. 414 East 101st street came near causing the death of four year old Tony Sabini yesterday afternoon, when he fell about seventy feet and landed on a banana pedler.

Tony was not playing the game of "hide and seek" but was in pursuit of a live cat which nightly serenades the neighborhood about Tony's home. Tony decided to catch the cat, and the long neck, carried it into Houlton and handed the goods to the commissioner.

The sequel developed very quickly. In the federal court to the charge of violating the revenue laws, the penalty for which on the other side is generally a year in the state's prison.

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## PRAYED FOR RAIN

## TO MAKE FAIR FALL

WORCHESTER, Mass., Sept. 6.—The poor old prayer is a subject of comment today because the rain spoiled the New England Fair after the Rev. Oren E. Malloy had prayed for rain. It had been a hard fight since 1901. The Liberals claimed that the Conservative minority in the house was weak and incompetent, and they never tired of claiming that not only was the cabinet of exceeding great strength, but also that from private members on the government side there was material enough to form three or four splendid governments.

"Why then is it?" Mr. Borden asked, "that Aylesworth was called from private life to succeed Sir William Mulock as postmaster general and that recently when the two great departments of Railways and Public Works had become vacant two honest and capable men for these positions could not be found among the liberal members of parliament?"

Mr. Borden made a vigorous plea for government ownership of telegraphs and telephones. This was not a new or very radical suggestion. This system had been tried and tried successfully in many countries. We need only be keeping abreast of the motherland.

He also strongly urged the introduction of the rural mail delivery system.

## SANDY'S CRITICISM.

A young Scotchman went to a London school of music, where he learned to play the violin. He was so good that he was called upon to play at a party. He was so good that he was called upon to play at a party. He was so good that he was called upon to play at a party.

"The flat taste of drinking water which has been boiled is due to the fact that the dissolved air, which it contained has been expelled in the process of boiling. By putting the boiled water in bottles until they are only three-quarters full and shaking well enough air will be incorporated with the water to restore its palatability."

## SPOTTER GETS \$15

## EACH CONVICTION

Scott Act Matters Lively in Carleton—

Proprietor of Border Joint

Neatly Caught.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., Sept. 7.—Scott Act matters are again becoming quite lively, Magistrate Dibble being all day hearing cases from the county. This morning there were several against up-river residents, the information being supplied by a well known spotter named Belyea, who claims to be an American detective. Under cross-examination at the hands of Mr. Hartley, he said he had an arrangement with the inspectors under which he is to receive \$15 for each conviction, but where the case falls through, he is not to get anything.

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## ONE MAN SHOT;

## ONE DROWNED

Two Tragedies Saturday

Near Campbellton.

Companion—Investigation is

Being Held.

CAMPBELLTON, N. B., Sept. 8.—A tragic event took place at 10.30 on Saturday night, when Oliver Peters, Ben. Beattie, Charles Beattie, Joseph Dulong and Edward Doucet, all residents of Campbellton, across the bridge from Purvis mill, went out in the vicinity of Lily Lake, five miles from Campbellton, on a hunting expedition, armed with rifles and six bottles of gin. While under the influence of liquor, Oliver Peters, a son of Edmund Peters, of the I. C. R. employ, was accidentally shot through the heart by Ben. Beattie, one of his comrades.

Frank Savoy of Dalhousie, who has been working this summer at Hilyard's mill, lost his life about midnight on Friday by falling from a saw into the water at the railway bridge. He and Duncan Love were on their way down to the bridge to bring up logs to the mill. In some way Savoy, who was pulling the saw, lost his balance and went overboard. Love, who was on the boom, after calling out and receiving no reply, ran to the cook house for assistance. Two of the men came down and they searched all night without finding the body. About 6 o'clock next morning, after the tide had gone out, they found the body in about four feet of water. Coroner Doherty was called in and after viewing the body and questioning the men, decided that no inquest was necessary, and gave a permit for burial. The body of the unfortunate young man was taken by team to Dalhousie, where the interment will be made.

A through sleeper is to be run by the Ocean Limited from St. John to Montreal. The through sleeper on the Maritime Express has been discontinued. All trains run by Atlantic Standard Time, 2400 o'clock is midnight.

CITY TICKET OFFICE, 3 King street, St. John, N. B. Telephone 271. Montreal, N. B., June 12th, 1907.

HALIFAX, N. S., Sept. 8.—In a runaway accident at Bridgewater on Saturday afternoon Mrs. T. Netting, aged 60, wife of Col. Netting, retired U. S. A. officer, was instantly killed. Her daughter, Mrs. Phil. A. Moore, had her wrist broken and several other injuries. Quitta Moore, aged two years, daughter of Mrs. Moore, had her hip broken, and the driver of the team was severely cut and bruised. The party were returning from a drive, and as they reached the top of a steep hill the harness broke, and the horse ran away. On the way down the incline the horse collided with an ox cart, upsetting the wagon, with the above result. Mrs. Moore is the wife of Phil. A. Moore, manager of the Micmac gold mine, who owned the turnout.

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