

SIX

### The Foolish Niece of My Uncle

By F. D. BARROWS.

(Continued.)

All through the months of work that followed I was a hopeful creature. Like all inconsistent people, I trusted that the impossible might happen, somehow, somewhere, I should see Wilson Roberts again, and we would be the jolly companions we had been for two short weeks in the autumn. Strangely enough, I refused to think of Star, and believed that what I hoped might be possible.

I was far too busy a person, writing days and keeping house for Uncle Robert, to think of anyone much, but it was in the twilight, when I rested for a few moments and sat reading alone, that I dreamed wild things. Perhaps Uncle would be studying a new sonata or giving some lessons in his study across the hall, and the harmony would steal in close to my head. One night, as I sat here, I spied my unopened mail lying on the table. Mail usually is dull and uninteresting, and I was never in any hurry to open it, but tonight I made a dive for it, and afterwards I was glad I had dived, but still I sat reading that letter over and over. Across the hall Uncle was playing a soft overtone to one of his scholars, outside, the rain splattered against the windows, and willfully enough I thought of another rainy afternoon in the autumn.

I felt wildly happy as I sat smiling down on those sheets of paper, for a long time, so many thoughts came rushing over me that I was bewildered. First, there was joy—and then sorrow—then joy again. It was all clear now.

The letter was from A. P., and just full of news of Wilson Roberts. He was off in some outlandish place, building a bridge, and she had news for him. He had left Star behind with her—of course I remembered Star?—she shivered at the remembrance. Star had been taken away and was to live with some of her parents' relatives, because I knew that she wasn't Wilson's child—simply the child of a dead friend of his. Here I almost faint! The idea had flashed into Aunt Phoebe's head that perhaps I had thought she belonged to Wilson, and that was why I had expressed such a longing for him in my letters. He had mentioned that to her, for she had told him some of the things I had said about him in them. Here I cried, and to think I had forbidden her to give him the slightest clue as to where I lived. (Just as if he might have wanted it!) Of course, now he had no time to search out a silly girl, when he had to build. A. P. could not tell when he would be back, but he had promised to visit her some time in the winter. Then I formed wild plans.

I had always taken things in my very worst form. Uncle often said that made him look at me so steadily, so it must have been the way I said it. My moment's bravery left me, and there I stood not daring to take my hands from his shoulders, for fear I should sit down on the floor in a limp heap; and in a second I could not, for he was holding me so close that I could scarcely breathe, and he just made me tell him how much I loved him before he let me go. But he did afterward, and it took so long to do it, that it became dark, and we heard voices on the porch.

"It's A. P. and your uncle!" Wilson whispered, grasping my other hand—for he already had one. So this was Uncle's important convention. But Wilson and I scoted.

was on a tiny table, set for three. I was disappointed. I had not expected to find visitors at Aunt Phoebe's. I spied pink salmon on shining curly leaves of lettuce, and realized that I was hungry. The last of the sunset glow shone through the curtains and lighted up the cozy room; an old black tabby lay curled up before it, sleeping. I threw off my coat and hat, and squatter down before the fire, gathering the cat's warm body into my arms. How contented I was!

Needing the cat's head under my chin, I opened my stories and pulled out a picture. The edges were worn, but the back of the subscriber was just as expressive as ever, and I wanted to feel that I was listening to the rain again, to place myself in the rain again. I began to be ashamed. Of course, I had not expected to find Wilson Roberts, but I had come, hoping, and that was almost as bad. Then I saw the table again, set for three. Might he not be one of the three? I had a sudden desire to throw on my hat and coat again, and run back to the station. It was not customary for me to place myself in the way of the one person they happened to like. I should have stayed at home—but then, I had run away from Wilson, why shouldn't I come back?

Someone behind me suddenly asked, "I forgot everything else that I wanted to do. I knew that the person I most longed and most feared to see stood there, so I turned and looked right up into his eyes—and looked away again in double quick time!"

"I could not get up, so Wilson came to me; knelt down and put his arm around my shoulders, holding some-thing under my eyes. It was a picture of myself, sitting on a stone wall, sun-bonnet and all."

"You see I have one, too. I've been admiring myself, though, for the last five minutes."

"Where did you get it?" I asked breathlessly.

"Why I snapped it long before you saw me, that afternoon. I sat and admired the original of it until I wanted to keep her. And I got you."

"Did you?" I asked, looking up. But I had not expected to find his head so close and his eyes so searching, and I looked down again, almost losing my seat.

"I wish I knew. It is something I have been torturing myself about all the winter. Do you know, I wanted to find you here some time today. If you had not appeared, I was coming after you tonight. I had a dinner, he took my chin in his hand and made me look up. "I was going to give up bridge-building in this town and hunt you up. Do you think because A. P. refused to tell me where your home was, I could not have found you, O'Warner?" I looked down, and knew that he could have. "That was a mean way you deserted me that night. How dare I to know what you meant; and I don't know yet—or what crazy idea you had taken into your little head. Please don't tremble so. Decl. But his hand trembled, too, under my chin. Then he did not talk any more, but let me alone the rug, and walked up and down the room, scowling.

"I felt as if the spell was about to be broken, and I was longing to hear him speak again. So I did stop trembling, and ran up to him, and took him by the shoulders, trying to shake him a little.

"Now stop being cross right away. I suppose you," I began, then ended hopefully. I tried again. "You suppose I am thinking of—Star, but I'm not—I am thinking about you."

"It could not have been what I said that made him look at me so steadily, so it must have been the way I said it. My moment's bravery left me, and there I stood not daring to take my hands from his shoulders, for fear I should sit down on the floor in a limp heap; and in a second I could not, for he was holding me so close that I could scarcely breathe, and he just made me tell him how much I loved him before he let me go. But he did afterward, and it took so long to do it, that it became dark, and we heard voices on the porch.

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#### A THIRD NEEDED.

"You need" said the expert to the sufferer, "two pairs of glasses, one for reading and one for long distance."

"Can't you make it three pairs?"

"I'm sorry, but no. You need a pair of glasses for your eyes. It's like some short sighted ones to use on bill collectors."

### ST. JOHN MAN PRESIDENT OF DENTAL ASS'N.

OTTAWA, Aug. 4.—The Canadian Dental Association opened its fourth biennial meeting this morning at the Normal School. About 100 members of the association are in attendance.

A resolution was passed expressing regret of the association at the death of Dr. W. S. McInnis, late president of the association, and James M. Magee, D. D. S., of St. John, N. B., was elected as his successor for the ensuing year.

The opening report was read by Dr. George K. Thompson of Halifax, who discussed the question of the dental education of the public and school children. He advocated examination of the children in the schools by capable dentists, who would be able to give a verdict concerning the condition of teeth and mouth. The members of the association who took up the question after Dr. Thompson were a unit in demanding legislation making it imperative that school children be examined by dentists as a preventive measure. The general opinion was that a great deal of suffering and misery and permanent ill-health is due to neglect of the teeth.

A general discussion on the subject was led by Dr. R. J. Reade of Toronto and Dr. W. C. Davy of Morrisburg. The association will remain in session until Thursday afternoon.

### Sea and Car Sickness Quickly Cured

By Motherell's Sesslek Remedy, The Only One For Sale and Recommended On All Steamships.

Do not hesitate buying ticket by Ocean. Let us recommend you to take from fear of sea or car sickness, for Motherell's Sesslek Remedy will guarantee you all the pleasures of travel. Motherell's Sesslek Remedy is guaranteed not to contain cocaine, morphine, opium or other injurious drugs. It is the only remedy for seasickness or car sickness which has been unhesitatingly recommended by all first-class steamships.

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For sale at recommended in St. John and Charlottetown, N. B., at Moore and Royal Pharmacy, and G. A. Riecker.

### WILL SPEND ONE MORE DAY IN OTTAWA

OTTAWA, Aug. 4.—The people of Ottawa will have a chance of seeing Lord Roberts tomorrow evening. The field marshal is arranged to spend one more day in the capital, leaving at 7:30 p. m. tomorrow by special train for Montreal. Lord Roberts will receive the civic address at 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon in a private meeting with the mayor and council at Rideau Hall. His reception of the South Atlantic veterans in Ottawa was arranged for the same time. In the evening before leaving for Montreal he will, at the request of Mayor Scott, drive to the station by a circuitous route, so as to gratify the desire of Ottawans for a glimpse at the empire's most famous soldier.

### RETURNING BY THE EMPRESS

MONTREAL, Aug. 4.—The C. P. R. Empress of Britain, which sails from Quebec on Friday afternoon next will carry a very large list of saloon passengers, among whom will be the following: Field Marshal Lord Roberts, Lady Alberta Roberts, Lord Strathcona, Lord Bruce and other notables.

### "LOYDS" ALWAYS READY TO "TAKE A CHANCE" TO "FAMOUS BRITISH ORGANIZATION WILL INSURE AGAINST ANY CONTINGENCY FROM BAD WEATHER TO SUDDEN DEATH—ITS ORIGIN AND HISTORY.

Advocates of the anti-gambling measures of this state and, especially those who believe in the spirit as well as the letter of the law, would not take too much to heart the stories about men who, wishing to bet on the results of the Presidential election, have resorted to the device of insuring themselves, through Lloyds against the election of Bryan, says the New York Evening Post.

Some such policies have been written in the last week, but there are very few of them in existence, and, in the opinion of insurance brokers who do an international business, the number of transactions between now and November will not be large.

Many of the brokers in this city will not take the election business at all, and the few who do are very careful about their clients, so it should be supposed that any Tom, Dick or Harry of a "piker" can run into an insurance office with a ten-dollar bill and get a policy against Bryan at a 20 per cent. premium, and one against Tatt at a 60 per cent. premium.

"You must think I'm a bookmaker," said the broker to the man who had the \$10,000. "If you do, you're very much mistaken. You can't do that sort of business through me."

This broker had secured for several of his clients insurance against the election of Bryan upon their assurance that such a contingency would mean a real loss of money. But he had to hedge betting was a little too much.

Four years ago an election bettor had \$500,000 stake against Bryan. "I see you had that I can lose," he said, "unless Roosevelt drops dead."

"You don't want to lose that?" asked the man who took the suggestion, and the bettor said, "I'm a candidate in the United States that any of the local brokers can recall."

### PROTECTION AGAINST RAIN.

But there are other policies just as curious, which may be obtained from the historic Lloyds, the oldest insurance and mercantile organization that association more than 200 years ago never dreamed of.

"For instance, there is not infrequently the insurance against rain or the lack of rain. A fortnight ago the manager of a horse shoe business insured himself against rain and consequent loss of gate receipts. Still more recently he had \$500,000 stake against rain, who had spent \$15,000 in advertising the sale of a big estate in Westchester County, secured by a Lloyds policy of \$100,000 for one year against the death of the Shah. Everybody, of course, is familiar with the insurance on the life of the King taken by the public as a precaution.

So there is much ground for the saying that Lloyds will insure anything or against anything. But that is not literally true.

"For instance, the race-track laws be evaded," one broker was asked, "by getting insurance against this or that horse falling to win."

"Most all valuable show and race horses, and many of the valuable polo ponies, are insured, but only against damage in transit or in the stable. Lloyds used to insure horses against death or accident, but actually following the hours or running on the track, but insurance has been curtailed."

### WHEN HIGHBALL BROKE A LEG.

The last famous case of horse insurance in this country was that of Highball, the odd-on favorite, that broke his leg when coming down the home stretch many lengths ahead of every other horse in the race.

So far as integrity and responsibility is concerned Lloyds may be considered as ranking with the Bank of England, and yet it is little more than a club. It is, in fact, a society of many subscribers, each one of whom contributes £5,000 upon his election, and from this aggregate sum the losses on marine insurance (the real business of Lloyds) are paid. All other insurance in the name of Lloyds is done by the individual members on their own responsibility.

An underwriter who is a member of the society, has his own circle of intimate friends and business associates in the organization, and such groups and individuals subscribe for this, that and the other risks and divide the losses or the profits among themselves.

A man wants to be insured say for \$500 against a firestorm on a certain day. His underwriter in Lloyds undertakes the matter, and pledges himself for the sum of his friends for \$500. That, in its simplest form, is the way of the so-called water insurance.

Two centuries or more there has never been a conspicuous failure on the part of Lloyds to pay.

It all began in a coffee house, Edward Lloyd's coffee house in London, where the merchants and ship owners gathered every day to discuss the weather over the cakes and ale. Marine insurance was then over a century old. In fact there was a fireproof ordinance covering the matter in 1583, but the coffee-house group decided to do

### Just a Few Ideas.

How many of the people who read this have taken the trouble to send for or get an Exhibition Prize List?

Probably not one in a hundred, and yet the Prize List is the Fount of Official Information of the Exhibition.

There are suggestions on almost every page for Exhibits.

The conclusions of Exhibition Associations for the last 25 years are found there—in the list of competitors for which prizes are offered.

There's where you'll get ideas. So first of all in your effort to help the Exhibition, get a Prize List.

If you own a good horse, Show Him at the Exhibition. If you read the prize list you will be surprised into how many classes he may enter and compete. You may have a prize winner and don't know it.

Follow this up and get busy.

There are many matched teams—carriage and draught—in the city. Some of them are always on hand—why not more of them? We could have a great horse show—a splendid Exhibition feature—if the horse owners will come in.

Think it over and Send in Your Entry.

Then there are the big horses—the handsome strong horses—which haul for the wholesale trade—what a show they would make if all competed.

What do their teamsters say?

All kinds of horses in all kinds of business can find a chance to compete, and the prize list will tell how and where.

Be sure you call at the Exhibition office, 23 King Street, (up stairs), and get a copy.

These are ideas for owners and lovers of horses—ideas which, if put into practical shape for September 12th to 19th will help the Exhibition.

### PERHAPS SHAKESPEARE KNEW SHAKESPEARE.

Eighty years before the cruise of the *Tiger*, the "good ship *Tiger*" was insured in such a way that she might touch not only at Christian ports, but also at places along the Barbary coast. That was at about the time Shakespeare wrote *Macbeth* and in *Gow's* history of marine insurance it was thought worth while to suggest the possible connection by quoting the line, "Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master of the *Tiger*."

"In *Twelfth Night* there is this reference, "And this is he that did the *Tiger*," and also an account of the voyage of the *Tiger* to Tripoli in Hakluyt's *Voyages*.

The insurance policy taken from the original Tanner manuscript No. 74 in the Bodleian Library.

"In the name of God, amen. Be it known unto all by these presents that Morris Abbott and Davenport Wagon, of London, merchants, do make assurance and cause themselves and heirs and assigns to be assured for loss of not lost from London to Genoa, Petrasa and Sophonia of any of them upon woolen and Linnen cloth, Dead Kettle Iron and any other goods and merchandise heretofore Laden aboard the good ship *Tiger* of London of the amount of 200 pounds or thereabouts, whereof is Master under God in this present voyage Thomas Crowder or whosoever else shall go for master in the said ship. And it shall and may be lawful for the said ship to touch at any port or ports in the Indies, Zaire, as well on the Barbary as the Christian shores."

### FIRST ENGLISH POLICY.

The first policy written in English of which there is any record was made in 1583. It was found in the records of selected pleas of the Court of Admiralty and edited for the Sheldon Society as follows:

"Spanyard dwelling in London doth cause to be assured in the name of Anthony of Andover from any part of the Indies of Calicut until Lixborne in the ship called *Sancta Cruz* whereof he is captain and master Peter de la Zere, of London, merchant, and Anthony de Ferras or of other goods and perennings to Anthony de Ferras and Ventura de Ferras or to whomever they shall appoint."

"The adventures sayegheth from the owner that the said merchants or part thereof shall be bound to pay the said ship to be insured and the cost of the assurance. And we will that he shall not be bound to bring any bills of lading, but only the charges of his othe.

"And so we are contented to bere this adventure. And we will that this assurance shall be so strong and good as the most ample writings of assurers which is used to be made in the streets of London or in the burse of Andover or in any other forme that shalbe here more force.

"And yf gods will be that the said shippe shall not well proceed we promys to reuryt it to honest merchants and not go to the law maid as aforesaid."

There were twenty-two signers of that policy of 1583 and their subscriptions ranged from 10 to 100 pounds.

### TO ASSIST STEAMER PORS

HALIFAX, N. S., Aug. 4.—The Dominion Coal Company's tug Douglas H. Thomas has gone to the assistance of the steamer *Pors*, which was driven ashore at Port Hood in the storm of Sunday night. The steamer is not in a dangerous position and the chances of floating her are favorable.

### Every Woman

is interested and should know of this marvelous spray. It is the only one of its kind. It is the only one that is guaranteed to cure. It is the only one that is guaranteed to cure. It is the only one that is guaranteed to cure.

### LAST OF DESCENDANTS

Joseph Howe Dickson, clerk of the executive council, who is in the city in attendance at the meeting of the provincial government, returned but a short time since from the funeral of his uncle, Titus Knapp Dickson, who was buried at Point de Bute on Friday last.

Mr. Dickson is of the opinion that his uncle, who died at the advanced age of eighty-eight, was the last of the second generation of the descendants of the men who under Colonel Moncton captured Fort Beauséjour from the French in 1755. The grandfather of the late Mr. Dickson at that time was a lieutenant in Lieutenant-Colonel Scott's battalion of New England infantry, which together with Lieutenant-Colonel Winslow's battalion, constituted Moncton's force. After serving through the seven years' war and being present at the capture of Havana by the British, Lieutenant Dickson came to New Brunswick and settled in Westmorland county. He afterward took a prominent place in the affairs of the province and reared a large family. Although he was born in 1732 the last of his grandsons, the late Mr. Dickson, lived until 1908.

### BRONSON HOWARD DEAD IN NEW JERSEY

Dramatist and Author of Note Has Passed Away

NEW YORK, Aug. 4.—Bronson Howard, dramatist and author, writer of several plays which stand as landmarks in the American dramatic field, died today of heart failure at Avon-by-the-Sea, N. J., after an illness of about a year. Mr. Howard, who went to the coast resort on June 25 in the hope that the sea air might benefit him, improved in health for a time, but in the last two weeks failed rapidly. Mrs. Howard and several near relatives were with him as he died. His funeral will take place at Avon Thursday afternoon, and shortly afterward the body will be removed for interment to Detroit, where Mr. Howard was born sixty-eight years ago.

Bronson Howard began his journalistic career in 1859, when he came to this city, where he was connected at various times with the *Tribune* and the *Evening Post*. He practically retired from newspaper work in 1872, devoting himself largely thereafter to dramatic work. As a dramatist he was best known by reason of the successes of *Saratoga*, *The Banker's Daughter*, *Old Love Letters*, *Young Mrs. Winthrop*, *The Harriet*, *Shenandoah*, and *Aristocracy*. From 1870, the date of *Saratoga*, to 1898, when he published *Kate*, he was engaged primarily with characters essentially American.

In 1880 Mr. Howard married Miss Wyndham, a sister of Sir Charles Wyndham, the English comedian.

### WOMAN KILLED IN AUTO ACCIDENT

Owner and Driver is Held by Police Without Bail

BOSTON, Mass., Aug. 4.—One unknown young woman was instantly killed and three others were seriously injured in an unusual automobile accident on Elm Hill avenue, near the campment of the Knights of Pythias tonight.

An automobile owned and driven by W. G. Seavey, Jr., of Elm Hill avenue, struck an electric car and, bounding back, hit several people in the crowd of the Pythian camp, where it awaits identification. Miss Alice Cobb, of Adams street, and Miss Winifred Waters received internal injuries which may prove serious, and R. Montgomery, of the Woodbine street, was injured about the body. All the injured lie in the vicinity, either in Dorchester or Roxbury.

The police immediately placed Mr. Seavey under arrest and he is held by the police without bail. In the auto, besides the driver, were Miss Irene Schaeffer of 30 Michigan avenue, Miss Mabel Murray of 20 Fowler street, and Mr. Schaeffer of 30 Michigan

### UNWILLING IMMIGRANTS ALL BEING DEPORTED

MONTREAL, Aug. 4.—Twenty immigrants from England who recently arrived in Canada, have been returned from the ship to their native land, as unwilling immigrants in connection with the Dominion immigration agency to be deported. Eleven of them are adults, and nine are children. They are being deported because they are either unable or unwilling to work in Canada.

### MISS ELLEN MCGWENEY OF MONCTON DEAD

MONCTON, Aug. 4.—Miss Ellen McGweeney died this afternoon after a long illness. Miss McGweeney was a woman of literary gifts and brilliant conversational powers. She was a daughter of the late Peter McGweeney and sister of Senator McGweeney and George McGweeney. The sisters are Mrs. Henry Young of Florida, Mrs. Edgar Newhouse of West Orange, N. J., Mrs. J. J. Walker, Moncton; Sister Saint Aloysius, Sister of Charity at Dorchester, Mass., and Misses Johanna and Agnes at home. Deceased was born in Moncton, where she resided during her entire life.

### SENT TO PENITENTIARY

MONTREAL, Aug. 4.—J. A. D. Poltraz, who was formerly secretary-treasurer of the School Commission of Quebec, and who pleaded guilty a few days ago to the charge of embezzlement of \$2,000, was sentenced this morning by Judge Choquet, in the Court of Sessions, to three years in the penitentiary.

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There is no need of anyone suffering long with this disease, for to effect a quick cure it is only necessary to take a few doses of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

In fact, in most cases one dose is sufficient. It never fails and can be relied upon in the most severe and dangerous cases. It is equally valuable for children and is the means of saving the lives of many children each year. In the world's history no medicine has ever met with greater success.

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