

SIX

THE STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B. WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 5, 1933

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, which I myself was not brave enough to accomplish, and this was that, 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 nights, 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 heart. One night, as I sat here, I spied my unopened mail lying on the table. Usually I am 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.

My desk was piled high with uncorrected work, and it was growing dark, but still I sat, reading that letter over and over. Across the hall Uncle was playing a soft overture to one of his scholars, outside, the rain spatting against the windows, and willingly 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 remember Star?—I 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 fainted.

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 place, but he had promised to visit her some time in the winter. Then I formed wild plans.

I had always taken things in the very worst way. Uncle often said that my face had been the reddest along the block when I caught the measles; that, without doubt, I had cost him a small fortune in sine-shots and wind dows. And now I tried to think that I was not having something else in its worst form. I was in a mess, for one is apt to be overwhelmed.

Then I folded my letter, tucking it away in my dress, and when Uncle came in a few moments later, I had lighted the reading lamp and was pulling the curtains together. He looked at me in amazement, for I was humming a little song. I had been grim for months.

I spoke after he had asked me what was up. I explained that since he had planned a trip to some wonderful musical convention for the coming holidays that I would spend New Year week in a wee excursion of my own. He asked me no questions, for he has always respected my queer notions, as I have this. So three days later I locked the empty house, and started for Aunt Phoebe's, trying to convince myself that all I wished to see was the lake, the sky and A. P.

There was only one daily train at the lake village, and when I stepped off at the tiny station, familiar as I was with the place, I felt lonesome. It was two lone miles to Aunt Phoebe's, and if I wished to reach there before dark, I would need to hurry.

I seemed always to be hurrying to Aunt Phoebe's in the dusk. The crisp air with its spicy odors of pine and fir made me fairly dance along, and before it was the least bit dark I was chasing the chickens away from her back door. Now I began to feel happy. I had neglected going through the orchard, purposely, for I did not care for any surplus emotions; I did with me all I could take care of.

I walked into the kitchen, but saw no one. Then I stepped into the little room A. P. had used as her parlor. Tea

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 crystal 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; and an old black tabby lay curled up before it, sleeping. I threw off my coat and hat, and squatted down before the fire, gathering the cat's warm body into my arms. How contented I was.

Nestling the cat's head under my chin, I opened my bag and pulled out a picture. The edges were worn, but the back of the fisherman was just as expressive as ever, and I wanted to feel that I was listening to the rain again and a voice reading George Ade. Then 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. I might not get up, so Wilson came to me; I suddenly desire to throw on my hat and coat again, and run back to the station. It was not customary for girls to place themselves 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 laughed. I forgot everything else at that instant. 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; I suddenly desire to throw on my hat and coat again, and run back to the station. It was not customary for girls to place themselves 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?

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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 150 members of the association are in attendance.

A resolution was passed expressing regret of the association at the death of Dr. W. S. McNair, 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 paper 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 Mother's Sickness Remedy, The Only One For Sale and Recommended On All Steamships

Do not hesitate buying ticket by Ocean, Lake or through Mountains, from fear of sea or car sickness, for Mother's Sickness Remedy will guarantee 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 senses.

"I wish I knew. It is something I have been torturing myself about all this winter. Do you know, I expected to find you here some time today. If you had not appeared, I was coming after you. I was in a dim way, he took my chin in his hand and made me look up. "I was going to give up bridge-building in the past, but I had not time to tell you where your home was. I could not have found you, Cell Warner." I looked down, and knew that he could have. "That was a mean way you treated me that night. How was 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, Cecil." But his hand trembled, too, under my chin. Then he did not talk any more, but let his arm around me, 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 hopelessly. 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 hand off 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 held one. So this was Uncle's important convention. But Wilson and I scotched.

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?" asked a man who had made a study of the own case. "I'd like some short sighted ones to use on bill collectors."

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.

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 are concerned, Lloyd's 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 Lloyd's) are paid. All other insurance in the name of Lloyd's is done by the individual members on their own responsibility.

An underwriter who is a member of the society, and who is a member of the organization, and such groups and individuals subscribe for this, that or the other risks and divide the losses or the profits among themselves.

A man wants to be insured say for \$5,000 against a rainstorm on a certain day. His underwriter in Lloyd's undertakes the matter, and pledges himself to pay the sum of \$5,000 if it rains. 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 Lloyd's to pay.

"LLOYDS" ALWAYS READY TO "TAKE A CHANCE"

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, should 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 Lloyd's 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 are not international business, the number of such 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 with the \$10.00. "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 to them. But hedge betting was a little too much.

Four years ago an election better than this was the one that Parker, a candidate in the United States that any of the local brokers can recall.

PROTECTION AGAINST RAIN. 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 account of the voyage of the Tiger to Tripoli in Hakluyt's Voyages.

When the Shah of Persia, was in England a few years ago he purchased a valuable horse from a London jeweller, and offered his note, payable in a year, for the whole amount.

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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 can find a chance to compete, and the prize list will tell how and where.

Be sure you call at the Exhibition offices, 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.

R. H. ARNOLD, Manager

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.

Every Woman is interested and should know of this new method of cleaning and whitening the face and body. It is a simple and easy method, and it gives a clear, healthy complexion. It is a new discovery, and it is a great help to every woman who is interested in her appearance.

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BROWSON HOWARD DEAD IN NEW JERSEY

Dramatist and Author of Note Has Passed Away

NEW YORK, Aug. 4.—Browson Howard, dramatist and author, writer of several plays which stand as landmarks in the American dramatic field, died today of a 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.

Browson Howard began his journalistic career in 1899, when he came to this city, where he was connected with various papers with the Tribune and the Evening Mail and the Evening Post. He practically retired from newspaper work in 1912, 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 Harlequin, Shenandoah, and Aristocracy. From 1910 to the date of Saratoga, in 1906, when he published Kate, he was engaged primarily with characters essentially American.

In 1930 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 Blue Hill avenue, near the campment of the Knights of Pythias tonight.

An automobile owned and driven by W. G. Seavey, Jr., of Blue Hill avenue, struck an electric car and, bounding back, hit several people in the crowded street near the campment. One woman was killed and her body was taken to the Emergency Hospital department of the Pythian camp, where it awaits identification. Miss Alice Cobb, of Adams street, was seriously injured. Waters received internal injuries which may prove serious, said R. Montgomery, of Woodbury street. 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 accident, besides the driver, were Miss Irene Schaeffer of 30 Michigan avenue, Miss Mabel Murry of 30 Fowler street, and Mr. Schaeffer of 30 Michigan avenue.

UNWILLING IMMIGRANTS ALL BEING DEPORTED

MONTREAL, Aug. 4.—Twenty immigrants from England who recently arrived in Canada, have been returned from 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 McSWEENEY OF MONCTON DEAD

MONCTON, Aug. 4.—Miss Ellen McSweeney died this afternoon after a long illness. Miss McSweeney was a woman of literary gifts and brilliant conversational powers. She was a daughter of the late Peter McSweeney and sister of Senator McSweeney and George McSweeney. The sisters are Mrs. Henry Young of Florida, Mrs. Edgar Newhouse of West Orange, N. J., Mrs. J. J. Walker, Moncton; Sister Saint Alloysius, 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. Poltron, who was formerly secretary-treasurer of the School Commission of Lacolle, and who pleaded guilty a few days ago to the charge of embezzlement of \$2,000, was sentenced this morning by Judge Chénier in the Court of Sessions, to three years in the penitentiary.

PATERSON'S

Delicious, dainty new biscuit, made from cream of wheat... ex-quisitely crisp and tempting. In tins only from good grocers. They are by name Cambridge Wafers