

POOR DOCUMENT

WEEK 2 3 4

THE STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1908

A DARK DIPLOMATIST.

By TROY ALLISON.

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"Deed, Miss Marjorie, I don't like these new hats."

Aunt Debbie stood with arms akimbo, occupying the greater part of the tiny kitchen. Mrs. Blair, arranging a mass of dahlias in an old-fashioned jar on the dining room table, smiled on the old negro commiseratingly.

"We don't find it quite as roomy as the old place in Virginia, do we, Aunt Debbie?" but after the mortgage was foreclosed—Lewy's civil service appointment was a godsend. I don't know how the child ever got the idea of standing a civil service examination. She always was a queer child, though."

Mrs. Blair sighed as if the matter was beyond her comprehension, and followed her characteristic tendency to avoid troublesome thoughts.

Aunt Debbie beat the batter for her cake energetically.

"Miss Lesley—she's every bit as good as the old maid," she said, bristling at any idea of disparaging to her.

"Deed, she's never been a purtier child, nor young lady nobler than little Miss. En do dey of ma chile wukker for her bread—I jest can't seem to stomach it." She beat the substance in the yellow bowl vigorously. "Tain't lack her ma and her grandpa done before her. Dey had close, and pious, and married de best catches in de country. What chancet has little Missie to make a fine marriage, I wonder, know? Gosh, de old manny beat away as if she had fate in de yellow bowl and intend to render it harmless."

"It worries me dreadfully, Aunt Deb," Mrs. Blair finished the dahlias and stood off to admire them. "It seems preposterous to think that a daughter of mine should ever be an old maid. We've been here a year though—and Lesley hasn't become acquainted with a single man of desirable calling and acquaintance. It would have been so different if her poor father had lived."

"Or if he hadn't gambled away and drunk up all his money fash he died," muttered the old woman under her breath.

Mrs. Blair sat down in the Morris chair and took her embroidery from the ancient mahogany sewing table.

"Well—I'm doing all I can—I insisted on renting this flat in a fashionable neighborhood, but the house is filled with young married couples that I've never met. I don't believe there's more than one eligible man in the building, and we've never met him."

"Hush! Who's he?" demanded Aunt Debbie, counting a prospect for match-making with as much eagerness as if she had been of French instead of African ancestry.

"It's that young doctor in the first floor front. He seems to have all the swell automobiles in the neighborhood, and town stop at the door. But no matter how desirable an acquaintance he might be, it's no use. He's too young, too strong. He's been eating anything that might give her acute indigestion."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Mrs. Blair helplessly. "I was asleep when she called me—and she grumbled several times then became absolutely unconscious."

"Has she been drinking?" the doctor sniffed the atmosphere suspiciously. "No, indeed," said the girl indignantly. "Mammy never was intoxicated in her life—I spilled that on her trying to force some down her throat."

The doctor after several minutes' work held some strong ammonia to his nostrils and she opened her eyes.

"Take dat dar stuff away," she said indignantly—"do you want to get me jes' cause I's a wuthless old nigger?"

Dr. Fenton patted her shoulder indulgently.

"There—there—I guess you are not dead yet—it's a sign of a good constitution when they recover and begin fussing and fuming. Shows they have grit enough to pull through all right. Where do you feel bad, Auntie?"

"In ma head and back—and ma laigs—and an awful misery in ma stomach. I reckon I'm mos' done for," and she groaned in self pity.

"I'm going to give you a powder that will stop all in de tomorrow and I'll come in and see how things are going with you. I expect you have taken cold and have neuralgia and cramp. You'll be bustling around as lively as anybody in a few days."

"Be sure to come tomorrow, doctor, I'm scairt plum to death," the old negro whimpered.

One night long after Aunt Deb's recovery, Dr. Fenton sat in the tiny parlor of Mrs. Blair's apartment—and a casual observer might have thought he was noting Lesley's pulse.

"And to think I saw you going in and out of this building a whole year before I had an opportunity of meeting you. I tried my best to find a mutual acquaintance, but could not find one. I'm sure you must have known you. Do you like the way that diamond is set, doctor?" he asked, holding the girl's slender hand at arm's length to admire the very new and glittering ring.

"It's just lovely," she said, "everything is lovely—don't believe there's a single disagreeable thing in the world. Let's call man Debbie—I haven't told her yet."

When Aunt Debbie came to the door and heard their news, she laughed at an enjoyment too large for the small apartment.

"You think you are surprised, your old Mammy, do you? Little Missie—Lewy chile—I see it coming long before you children thought of it."

When she reached the section of the kitchen she sat down and looked at and fro in silent merriment, her cheeks apron held over her face.

This Missie Massey won't be no old maid," she chuckled, "but dey certainly is one culd pussed dat would have made a fine actress. An' wasn't I cute to ask a time when little Missy would put on dat blue furry wrapper? I knowed she looked like one of de Lawd's angels in it. I didn't have no misery—I didn't have no nothing—but dem powders she did make me sleep."

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Let Lyons, the advertiser, boom your business. Phone 2606.

GRANITE CUTTERS' STRIKE IS OVER

Some Concessions Made at St. George by Both Sides

MUCH REJOICING

ST. GEORGE, N. B., Aug. 21.—The Granite Cutters Union and O'Brien & Baldwin reached a settlement tonight, and the men have returned to work.

The men have gained an eight-hour day, two pay days a month and the right to work on the old basis of piece work. It is stated that this firm have an abundance of orders and all cutters now in town will be put to work.

The strike was declared June 1. Many who have left town for other granite centres will probably return. It is not known what action the other granite firms will take. There is much rejoicing over the outcome of the meeting which was held tonight. It is generally understood that Senator Gilmore and Mayor Lawrence were instrumental in bringing about the settlement.

DEATH OR RENO, WHICH IS IT FOR YOU?

Always Danger of Fatal End by Allowing Fat to Accumulate—How to Prevent the "Terrible End"

As a rule the victim of fat grows fatter. There is no stopping the growing of fat save by death. This is true, and sad because it is true. There are hundreds of fat people who positively do not believe it. And they do refusing to believe it. At first there is flabby fat and then it grows solid. This solid fat accumulates, especially around the heart; and although the heart beats, it beats with difficulty, until finally it will skip a beat now and then, then skip two beats, and when it skips more than that—well, you will be already dead. These are facts. Startled relatives before whom fat victims have smiled one minute and died the next can testify to it. It is not a laughing matter.

If you are a victim of this terrifying ever-growing disease, you can save yourself from the day you begin to use Rengo.

How long, for instance, will it take you to lose 50 pounds? As a rule only 60 days. In most cases there is a safe loss of a pound a day. Some of those 60 pounds will come off from that fat coating over your heart and save your life. Your health will be once more better, the fringe of new flesh blood will make your muscle grow, clear your mind, regulate your whole body and make you happy.

This is exactly what has happened to hundreds of fat people who have taken Rengo. It can do the same for you—save you before it is too late.

There is nothing "just as good" as Rengo. For sale by all druggists at \$1.00 per full sized box, or by mail prepaid, by The Rengo Co., 338 Rengo Bldg., Detroit, Mich. The company will gladly send you a trial package free by mail if you write them direct to Detroit; no free packages at drug stores.

For sale in St. John by all druggists. National Drug and Chemical Co., wholesale distributors.

WINNIPEG, Aug. 21.—The past twenty-four hours have seen some remarkable changes in temperature. Five cold yesterday afternoon the thermometer stood around ninety, but a cold dip about midnight took the mercury down very near to the freezing point early this morning. The coldest records come from Northern Alberta, where two degrees of frost were registered at Red Deer and thirty-two at Edmonton, with thirty-four at Battleford and thirty-five at Saskatoon. To-day the weather is decidedly cool, with cold showers and prospects of frost tonight should the wind drop.

Has Been Very Bad

The distribution of harvesters has been very bad, and while some districts like those of the Red River valley, others have none to give the farmers necessary assistance with the crop. The first unofficial passenger train to leave for the westward bound train to travel over the G. T. P. westward went out from Portage La Prairie yesterday with 150 American settlers on board.

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Mr. Foley was the first principal of the present St. Malachi's school. He was a student at St. Joseph's College and afterwards became a professor. He was remembered by James Barry, M. G. Ted, Daniel Mullin and Dr. McInerney, M. P. P. in this city. Mr. Foley was now the high honor to be a member of the Kansas State Legislature. He is one of the New Brunswickers who have risen to high honor in a foreign country. He intends to retire from active life in a few years.

Charles Foley of Lynn, Kansas, has been visiting this city for a few days. Mr. Foley is an old New Brunswicker but has been in the Western States for the past twenty-five years. He speaks of St. John as having made much headway, although he expected that our progress would have been more rapid.

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As the reporter sat beside her the other day she spread a sheet of paper before her, picked up one of the boxes and emptied out 10 or 12 charred pieces of paper ranging from bits about the size of an inch square to a couple of pieces containing a square inch or a little more. They looked abnormally blank at first. They might have been any pieces of burned paper.

Mrs. Brown did not handle them with her fingers, but with a pair of steel tongs, indicating one of the lower fragments of the burned money and showing the word "dollar" and a figure of design found only on United States \$20.

This is the case of the burning of a store building," said Mrs. Brown. "We rescued this bit, about 4 by 6 inches, from a pile of charred pieces scattered by a letter stating that it was the remains of \$50—two twenties, two tens and a five."

"When I first turned the contents out it seemed as if there was nothing but mere burned paper. But I carefully sorted it until I discovered these pieces, which were unmistakable fragments of currency."

"You know it is an easy matter, at least for the experienced eye, to distinguish between the burned money and any other burned paper. Currency is made of the best linen paper, especially manufactured for the government. When burned it looks almost like burned linen cloth and can be separated at once from ordinary paper."

"After I had identified these fragments of money I gave them several washings in a dish which brought out traces of the engraving. I have not finished the case yet, but the identification of one \$20 note is now practically certain."

As the fragment contains less than two-fifths of the original size of the note the person having it related with the note to make affidavit to the circumstances of its loss. He will then receive one-half the face value of the note. In that way you see, the government is protected against relieving the same note twice for full value, and as attempts are often undoubtedly made, but owing to the precautions taken they do not succeed."

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appeared at this moment a bank messenger appeared at the wicket near by and handed in two envelopes and some other slips. Mrs. Brown took out the contents of the first envelope. It proved to be—well, call it a five dollar bill and a strip of surgeon's plaster going up and down the centre on both sides. Mrs. Brown began pulling this

PUZZLES MRS. BROWN SOLVES REDEEMING DAMAGED MONEY

It is She Who Decides Whether Little Shreds and Patches That Have Passed Through Fire and Other Accidents Were Money.

plaster off.

"You are," she exclaimed almost before the bill was out of the envelope, so quick was her estimate of it, "those are halves of two different bills. Probably some one has taken the patching up note and found out his mistake and has sent it to the bank for redemption. The adhesive plaster was put on so as to leave a little space between the two pieces and conceal the fact that the bill is not full size."

She passed one torn piece on a sheet of Manila paper and checked over it with a pencil outlined what would be the full size of the note were it complete. Then she noted whether more than two-fifths was including in the section existing.

There was just a trifle more than the necessary amount. She indorsed the blank space for \$2.50 and took up the other torn half. This was simply in excess of the required two-fifths and was indorsed.

She immediately took the pieces with her to consult the records and see whether fragments bearing the same record number had already been reported. They had not. The number of these notes were entered in the books and they were redeemed at \$2.50 each. If other fragments of the same note should turn up later they will be dealt with accordingly.

The second envelope was then emptied. It contained good sized fragments of a dollar bill looking uncommonly as if they had been chewed by a dog. Without touching them with her fingers Mrs. Brown swiftly spread them out with deft movements of the hands. There was no question of the denomination or of the total area of the pieces being fully three-fifths that of the original bill. The fragments were returned to their envelope, a clean new dollar bill was taken from the stock on hand and the messenger delivered the sum. "Do you suppose that last bill had been chewed by a dog?" asked the reporter.

"More than likely," said Mrs. Brown. "We receive bills that have been chewed by every animal, it seems to me, and I have seen them occasionally," she added, "by some who walk on two."

"Dogs are the worst offenders, but cats, rabbits, swine, sheep, goats and cattle occasionally figure in our cases. Farmers leave over pens or stalls in which they keep their animals, drop the money in their pockets and before it can be recovered it has been trampled and torn."

"We do not have to handle such bills. In the first place they are thoroughly cleaned before coming to us. And even then I do not touch any suspicious looking bill with my fingers. With the scalpel I can do everything necessary and do it better than I could with my hands. So it has become second nature for me to use it."

"When we receive a package of bills which has suffered from dampness the only way we can do anything with them is by using the scalpel. For instance, if a roll of bills has been buried for fancied safekeeping, or accidentally, it sometimes becomes so affected by mould that the notes stick together in a damp mass."

"When taken out into the light and air this mass becomes hard and brittle. The only way in which we can separate it is to dampen it again and work so carefully that instead of saving him I might say have his breadth by hair's breadth."

"Do you ever receive money from wrecked vessels?"

"Yes. We often have money that has been in salt water some time, but those cases are rarely difficult. The money is generally in good shape, and get them and can be spread out to dry."

"Is most of the money you receive damaged by fire?"

"Yes. After a great many we always have particularly heavy receipts of injured bills. Now we are getting money

from the Chelsea fire, but we are also still receiving damaged bills from California, even though it is two years since the disaster.

"We have received hundreds of thousands of dollars from San Francisco for redemption and 90 per cent. of it has been made good by the treasury. That is an unusual percentage, but the San Francisco money came to us in excellent condition."

"In the first place most of it had been put away carefully. The bills had been laid in piles instead of being all crumpled up, as they often are in small stores or in private houses. The fire coming on at night, the money was in safes, which at least prevented some injury, even when the safes were not fire-proof."

"Then, too, our men were on the ground when the work of recovery began and told people how to ship the burned money. The piles of bills must not be handled more than is absolutely necessary. They must be packed in cotton and put into stout boxes which contain nothing else."

"We sometimes receive packages containing both bills and coin which have been through a fire. The coin, no matter, how it is wrapped, is so heavy that it will slide about, and as nothing is much more fragile than burned paper, the bills are broken into little pieces, which are entirely useless for identification."

"Suppose some one had a counterfeit bill and burned it and sent the fragments for redemption—has that happened?"

"Well, we have had burned counterfeit money, but it may have come with other bills, you know, and not have been recognized till it came to us."

"Then you can detect a counterfeit even in these little black scraps?"

"Oh, that is one of the most important requirements. And it is not so difficult as you would think. The quality of the paper is as distinguishable when a good bill and a bad bill have been charred as when they were before."

"Do you receive much money from women?"

Mrs. Brown smiled.

"In the spring and the fall we get it every day from people—chiefly women I am afraid—who have hidden it in the stove or in a rug."

"Oh, not every day!"

"Every day, I assure you. Sometimes two or three cases a day. Here's one now. The woman writes that the bills were in the fire all the time it burned and remained in the ashes several hours after the fire was out. Two hundred and ten dollars in all. Too bad, I suppose," said the reporter, "you get many letters full of appreciation and gratitude?"

Mrs. Brown smiled again, this time with a peculiarly significant expression. She admitted that the redemption division is not embarrassed by any particular richness in the shape of thanks.

Of course people do receive only their legal dues, but if they could see the infinite pains and care taken by this wonderful little woman to rescue for them some savings from the results of either misfortune or their carelessness, it does seem as if they would realize that but for her extraordinary patience and skill they would be many dollars poorer than they are."

Not long ago a small bank in a western state was burned and as the safe was not fireproof the money contained in it was reduced to a charred mass. The banker, not wanting to trust the burned bills to the express or the mail, put them in a suit case and brought them himself to Washington.

He said the package contained about \$5,000. He was very much distressed over what looked to him like a total loss and said that if he could only send word back to his depositors that he could get at least something for that hopeless looking bunch of blackened paper, it would lighten a good many hearts, his own included.

Mrs. Brown went to work on the case at once. She worked hard over it for three days in the intervals of current business, by that time she had identified more than half the full amount. The banker felt that he could not remain any longer, so he took the cash for the amount which had been identified and returned to tell the good news to the waiting depositors. The Treasurer of the United States said that they could make out of what remained, but inside of a few days after his departure the entire remainder of the "sunny" work was said to have been burned with the exception of only \$5 was sent to him.

Probably he and the depositors were paralyzed with joy. At any rate, no acknowledgment of the service rendered them was received in Washington.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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TENDER.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the

undersigned and marked on the

outside "Tender for Stores and Office

Building, Riviere-du-Loup," will be

received up to and including TUESDAY,

SEPTEMBER 1ST, 1908, for the con-

struction of a brick building with con-

crete foundation at Riviere-du-Loup, P.

Plans and specifications may be seen

at the Station Master's Office, Riviere-

du-Loup, P. Q., and at the Chief En-

gineer's Office, Moncton, N. B., at

which places forms of tender may be

obtained.

All the conditions of the specification

must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER,

General Manager.

Railway Office,

Moncton, N. B.,

August 14th, 1908.

13-8-13

REACHED THE LIMIT.

It is supposed by travellers that the

tippling system is universal. A Toronto

man who visited England last summer

appears to think that country is the

champion tip-taker, and he related

some of his experiences.

"Well, I had tipped every man, from

the swell gent who seemed to own the