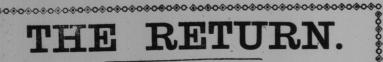


ST. JOHN STAR, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1904.



By Guy de Maupassant.

The sea lashed the shore with short, monotonous waves. Small white clouds passed quickly athwart the great blue passed quickly athwart the great blue

vault like birds borne upon the wind. The village in the fold of the valley, which slopes down toward the ocean, And both entered the house follow-ed by the woman and the children.

"Where were you bound?" :

Easter.

Kid Gloves

Neck Wear.

Linen Collars.

Handkerchiefs.

Silk Waists.

Belt Buckles,

Silk Collar Taps.

Belts, black and colored.

Hosiery, plain and fancy.

hestad in the sun.

basked in the sun. Alone at the entrance to the village, slose to the highway, stood the house of the Martin-Levesques. It was a small fisher's dwelling, with claw walls and a thatched roof bearing tufts of blue iris. Before the door was a rec-tangular garden, big as a pocket hand-kerchief, in which grew onions, a few cabbages, some parsley and a little shervil. The man was away at the fishing, and the wife in front of the abode was repairing the meshes of a great brown net, which was hanging against the wall like an enormous spider's web. A little girl of 14 years, at the entrance to the garden, seated upon a straw bot, to make a from Of the against the gate. "And a fort, like that?" "Yes, afoot. When you haven't the means, it can't be helped." "Where were you bound?" to the garden, seated upon a straw bot-tomed chair, which was placed for support with its back against the gate, tomed chair, which was against the gate, support with its back against the gate, was mending linen, such linen as the poor may have, pieced together and already much darned. Another urchin, ber sister, younger by a year, cradled in her arms a tiny infant, which as ret, could neither talk nor move its limbs; and two brats, two and three rears old, sitting face to face upon the round, were digging in the garden with their clumsy little fists and throw-ing handfuls of dust into each other's wes. He answered without lifting his

No one spoke. Only the babe, whose head wister was trying to soothe it to clum-ber, cried continuously, with a shrill, "My name is Martin." A strange chill shook the mother's ber, cried continuously, with a smith, frail little voice. A cat slept on the window-sill; and a whole people of dies were buzzing about the round cluster of full blown silly-flowers, at A strange chin show in monors heart. She took a step forward to see the vagabond more closely; and there she stood before him, her arms hang-ing lossely, her mouth open. Nobody The little girl who was sewing at the said anything until Levesque resumed: "Are you of these parts?"

on board.

SON, TRITES CO. (LIMITED).

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THE RING.

BATTLE. Whenever the lovers of the manly art of self-defence become gossips and the great fights of ring history are on the carpet, there is always one battle that putranks all the rest, writes Dr. Left Hook. It is the international will be-tween John C. Heenan and Tom Say-ers. What Cressy, Agincourt, Water-loo, Gettysburg and Sedan were to the destinies of nations this fist fight was to ring history. It ohanged the pugli-listic map from England to America. Heenan and Sayers fought at Farns-boro, England, April 19, 1860, for the championship of the world. Heenan won, although the referee, intimidated by the English mob, declared the fight BATTLE.

by the English mob, declared the fight draw.

The "Benecia Boy," as Heenan was called, was a famous American character. He was a particularly handsome man, a reputable gambler, and in his days was the most popular man in his class. In 1858-59 John Morrisey was then at the head of American pugilism.

was really of the rough-and-tumble character, and he was famed as being almost invincible by his "go-as-you-

men were matched to fight for \$5,000 a side, to take place October 29, 1858, and they were compelled to go to Long Point, Canada, to bring off the affair. Point, Canada, to bring off the affair. It was claimed that Heenan was not in perfect condition, and although he had the better of the fight in the early stages, the bulldog courage of Mor-risey enabled him to pull through, and Morrisey was hailed the victor. Heenan begged and pleaded for an-other match, and when the Benecia

ther match, and when the Benecia

154. And I'll tell you something els REMINISCENCE OF OLD TIME beat any lightweight in the world."

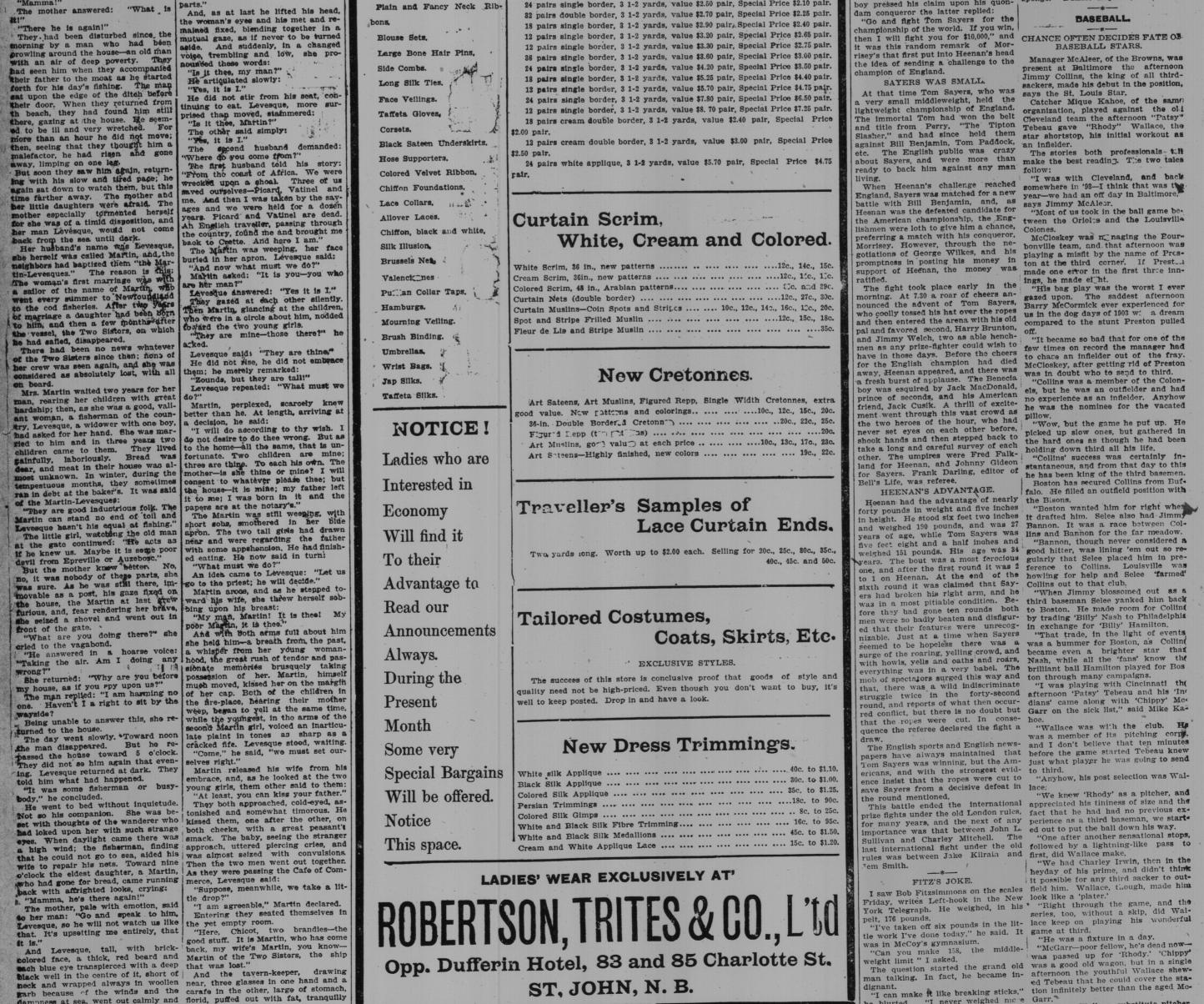
This was a new one. "That's what I can do," repeated

now passe heavyweight fighter, has probably offered the scribes more fun than any other boxer who has posed before the limelight in the last ten years. Tom's stinginess is one unfailing source of diversion, and a fountain whence can be dipped innumerable jokes, and his desperate attempts to learn the ways of polite society have furnished material for yarns ad libi-

then at the head of American pugnism. He had established a reputation of be-tum. ing a veritable buildog in the prize ring, and succeeded Tom Hyer as champion of America. Morrisey's style with what result The sailor, who if whether the sailor of the sai now perhaps 32 years old, may be all in as a fighter, but he has plenty of money stored up to keep him from want the balance of his days, and still a young almost invincible by have been as a great athlete and fighter of the Pacific coast, was brought from there for the express purpose of fighting the talk the his aged parents and his sisters in roy-al fashion. There is nothing too good for his people, and they, at least, do not call Tom a miser.

Sharkey, it is said, is extremely sen

sponge."-Buffalo Inquirer.



colored face, a thick, red beard and Martin of the Twy Status, the unip such blue eye transpierced with a deep black well in the centre of it, short of meck and wrapped always in woollen garb because of the winds and the garb because of the winds and the dampness at sea, went out calmly and

ST, JOHN, N. B.

