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TO H.M. THE KING

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BY SPECIAL WARRANT OF APPOINTMENT

TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

Shannahan, Tucker and Mrs. Tucker

AT TOPSAIL — WHAT THEY SAW AND HOW THEY SAW IT.

Myself and Tucker and Mrs. Tucker—the three of us—went out on the train the other evening. We went as far as Topsail to restore our health after the winter. There were a few more like ourselves going out, but if you were after a good square dose of the blues, that was the place to get it. The train steamed along—certainly she couldn't very well get along without steaming; but she moved ahead with an occasional tat, tut, tut and an occasional roar of the whistle which made the cows in the nearby fields move away from their dandelion. Puff, puff she went; and 'tis a good thing that trains make a noise, otherwise you'd be off your head with loneliness. Every one inside the train sat up, very stiff and straight, Tucker and Mrs. Tucker included. Mrs. Tucker had on her headed jacket and her new bonnet with tufts of green grass sticking up out of it; and when Mrs. Tucker adorns herself with this fit-out she always puts on a "trying-to-be-some-one" face. I wonder will poor unfortunate people like us ever learn to be natural, not to be straining ourselves to chase people with whom we can't keep up. We'd enjoy life a great deal more if we would. It's awful to be in company with a crowd of

"Trying to be Just So's." They give me the creeps. There we were, moving along, God's creatures given a tongue to converse with one another, but stiffness and empty pride got in their work and the result is a monotonous journey. Arrived at Topsail, we journeyed down over the hill (we would have hired a horse but we don't believe in being taken in, nor do we want to buy a fit-out). The sight was grand, nice and quiet with an odd cackle of a stray hen or a sleepy duck. No natives were out on the road and we wondered where they

all could be. Some one said they were in picking berries, but I don't think that can be true. Anyway, there was no sign of any of the natives around the locality. We hear a great deal of the hospitality of the outboard man and consequently we expect a great deal. Our experience was that if you expect anything and have the money to pay for it, you'll run a good chance of getting it; but if you are short of money—well, you needn't come around. Looking out over the great bay Tucker wiped away a tear as he gazed on his native shore. Visions of his boyhood days came up before him until he actually stood still and looked. It was a grand sight, the different lights that appeared on the waters as they leaped. But that will do, a description of that kind I'll leave to I. C. M. or H. F. S. We sauntered up the road and the thought struck Mrs. Tucker that we'd take a sit down. "I don't know but you're right," said I, and soon we were

Enjoying the Country Air. "Well," said Mrs. Tucker, "I never could see the force of going on the train for an outing. Why you could take your basket and go up on the South Side Hill and have just as good

A Trip to St. Helena. There's nothin' to do when you get out here. Moose around all the evening and wait till it's time to get your tea, and after tea start off to walk for

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lies in the sparkling eyes—the creamy skin—the glowing vitality—that comes with good health. Abbey's Salt gives the beauty of health. It is a pleasant, cooling, invigorating tonic—as well as a laxative and aperient.

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the train. There's no summer film about it out here, anyway. Everybody is as stiff as brewis, and even the natives try to clip the grand; the natural effect is gone, and were it not that we have a fine bay there'd be nothin' worth lookin' for." Mrs. Tucker asked him why he came back here; why he didn't stay in the States. "Well," said he, "we have a trifle of property here, and I guess after I get that fixed up a bit I'll take all the family." "Yes," said Mrs. Tucker, "there are lots of people come down here after being up to the States to see the time, and they tell us they come down for their families; but the family ties are so strong that they forget what they come for." "Let's go up to the house," said he; "tis just a hop, step and a leap up the road." But we thanked him and soon we parted company. "He's a bit of a gasser," said Tucker, but there's a lot of truth in what he says. It wouldn't take a great deal of money to make this place something worth looking at. A little amusement, you know, makes all hands feel right, and there's no use trying to amuse yourself when nothing but solitariness hangs around. We went to one of the "hotels" for our tea. Very clean, nicely hooked mats, pictures of father and mother enlarged, looking fierce; everlasting hay in vases, all showed that the place had been kept by a woman that

Believed in Soap and Water. We were conducted to the front room, and Tucker and Mrs. Tucker sat side by side on the sofa. I sat opposite and took a square look at 'em. I don't know if ever I took a look at Tucker before that I enjoyed so much. He would sooner be in St. John's sound asleep, I'd better a dollar on that. But there he sat up straight with his new boots pinching the toes off him, his collar pressing in on his windpipe and he losing his patience trying to keep his sly penny bow in place under the collar. 'Twas Sunday afternoon and Tucker was out in Topsail with his wife. I had to excuse myself and go out aback and laugh—laugh myself sick. Tea time. 'Tis arrived after a long wait. The usual amount of plates that are not needed are placed on the table. Flicking in and out are innumerable maids, too solemn looking for anything; but when you come face to face with hard facts, it ends up in half enough ham, a lot of time lost-jigging pickles and half cold tea. Then a sit-out outside the door and whisper of 'tis time to make a move; a wait a half an hour at the station, mixed with people who don't know you; at last you are safely aboard and soon you reach St. John's. Carry a bunch of flowers, 1/2 dozen eggs and the coat on your arm, sing out "Is that you, ma?" and then step off mingle with the crowd—the enormous crowd that awaits you at the station listen to the "ain't she nice?" or look at Mrs. Tucker, and there's Mrs. Shannahan, and so ends the much talked of "time" that was talked about all winter. Oh, give me the South Side Hill, Smithville, Signal Hill, any old hill for my hard earned spondoolies, for you can walk home when you get tired of these places and don't have to wait till you're carried home almost insensible from acting unnatural.

Battered Down Johnson's Camp.

San Francisco, Cal., June 22.—Jack Johnson was taken to the city prison to-day on a charge of violating the automobile speed laws. He was released on \$50 bail. Johnson was arrested at his training camp where lieutenants broke in, and with drawn ree he had locked himself in. Three po-volvers took the negro from the room. Under advice of Chief of Police Martin, a charge of resisting an officer was changed to one of exceeding the speed limit.

Johnson had been down town getting transportation to Reno for the members of his camp, and was speeding for his quarters at what Patrolman Lewis says was fifty miles an hour. Lewis attempted to haul him. Johnson laughed derisively at Lewis shouting "on your way kid," and was lost in a cloud of dust. Following as fast as his horse could carry him, Lewis arrived a few minutes after the champion at the training camp.

Johnson then dramatically declared that an arrest could be made only over his dead body and looked himself in his room. Summoning two other patrolmen, Lewis shoved aside some of the camp followers, who attempted to interfere, and kicked in the door. The champion submitted to arrest and accompanied the officers to the office of Chief of Police Martin, who persuaded Lewis to reduce the charge of resisting an officer to that of speeding. Producing \$50 cash bail, Johnson was released and instructed to appear for a hearing in the Police Court to-morrow morning. If the champion escapes with a fine he will be able to start for Reno.

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