

THE STAR, ST. JOHN N. B., THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1907

CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA

By George Beardsley

A Nebraska Story

Why certainly I'll debate with him of course why not, do you see? Why looky here blank blank if he wants to debate with me why in blank blank shouldn't I give him the chance, do you see?"

The speaker was Bobbie Grant, Populist candidate for the Legislature. He spoke very fast in the high-keyed voice common to a class of rural Nebraskans, without punctuation until the end, when he turned the interrogation point upside down after his inevitable "do you see?"

"That's all right, Bob," said Smith, the Fusionist county chairman, a little one-eyed old Mormon, with a quaver in his voice, "I admit your nerve, Bobbie, and all that; but Fort Ricker's lawyer's a lawyer, you want to remember, and a skilled debater; and, on top of that, he's unscrupulous as everybody knows."

"Aw, skill your left eye-wink! And as for unscrupulousness what the devil has that got to do with it when I've got the right on my side, do you see?"—the farmer smote the air with his right hand, and the substance and the hard work of Nebraska at his back, do you see? Never you worry, old man, I reckon I'll have to do more or less of the give and take kind of spoutin' up at Lincoln when I'm elected and it's as well if I get some practice this side the Redoubt, which is the North Platte, do you see?"

"But you're as good as elected now, Bobbie, my man. You've everything to lose and nothing to gain."

"Well, blank blank I don't stand on that for a minute, blank blank I do. If our side's right, blank blank, it'll win, spite of debates, grasshoppers, the devil and the long drouth itself do you see?" And what's more—the candidate riveted the watery glance of the politician with his own honest eyes—and what's more, my friend, Bobbie the Populist, blank blank, is not the man to be afraid to stand up for what he represents, do you see?"

"Why of course, yes indeed, I'll meet him and so help me Bryan I'll not make any mistake, do you see?" The emphatic Scotchman's primitive trust in the strength of his cause had convinced more pertinacious minds than that of the county chairman.

"Well, well—as you will, Bobbie," said the official. "It's yourself that's running to be sure, and if you consent to accept the challenge, why I say go in and wipe up the Platte Valley with him. How's your folks, now, Bob?"

The reply came in an altered, lower tone, with a note of anxiety.

"Only tolerable no more tolerable, I might say, Joe, thank you. As you know, the woman's ailin' consider'ble this fall—rheumatism and such; and here lately it's dected her lung, now, Bob. The really came in an altered, lower tone, with a note of anxiety."

"Well, don't worry on that score, our fences are all right on that way." The husband paid no attention to the political remark.

"She ought to have let up on the work long ago," he said, "but my goodness, she's that set, she just couldn't stop workin'." But good-day to you, Joe. You can arrange the details of that debate—any way suits me, only, say, put it the last day for election—grand climate, you know; make it a sort of picnic for the folks—they mostly need it, workin' as they are night and day with the corn and the stock, do you see?"

The candidate hurried off before the manager had time to object to this suggestion by his adversary. The debate was fixed for the very last afternoon before the election, at Plattville, where the two candidates were to meet.

Ricker, the lawyer candidate, hugged himself with surprised delight when he learned that his opponent would be taken up so unexpectedly.

"Why, I'll make a monkey of Bob," he chuckled at headquarters, "there won't be a jack-rabbit in the country but he'll be ashamed to vote for him next day."

All the particulars were arranged, and Plattville and the country around were accordingly. Half-sheet posters in gorgeous red and green types announced:

UNPRECEDENTED POLITICAL FORENSICS!
POPULIST-REPUBLICAN JOINT DEBATE

HON. PETER RICKER
vs.
HON. ROBERT GRANT,
Opposing Candidates for the Legislature

AT
Plattville (Cottonwood Grove), Monday before election, 2 p. m. Special rates on the U. P. for bringing your own ladies and hear both sides.

Come one! Come all!
Then the campaign waxed warm. Ricker, the lawyer, spoke twice a day—afternoon meetings at outlying crossroads (your sinners—pure farmers will not come to an evening meeting, as every political manager knows)—evenings in the towns. The prospect of a tongue-to-tongue set-to with his inexperienced antagonist at the critical moment put him in fine fettle. He went about with the air of confidence and good cheer of a man who expects to win. Sometimes, when his audience was one-sidedly cordial to his speech, he would throw out little daring prognostications of how he would carry the enemy's works by storm on the next, the last day. "Come and see the fun!" he shouted, and the good-natured rustic grinned and cheered and led him on. If his spirits were extremely high, perhaps he would throw reserve to the winds and troll out faintly—

Went to the animal fair, and all the Poms were there; and he and everybody laughed boisterously over the confoundedness of Bobbie's rhetorical discomfiting, and the expose of his Arcadian unfittness for the

office of legislator to the mighty interests of Nebraska.

Bobbie, meanwhile, pursued the even tenor of his own campaign. As the weeks sped on—the days before and "big debate," as he called it, became few, and he heard of Ricker's boasts, he was not disconcerted. He was the same emphatic, profane, genial Bob. "Are you shiverin', Bob?" a member of his audience called up to him once.

"Pshaw! don't be silly," said Grant, "why in—" he checked himself—"why should a fellow shiver? There's nought but one side to this question, it's a glass-pen, and that's the side we happen to stand on, do you see?" He had trained himself to leave off the blankity-blank in his public speeches; but the "do you see?" if he was momentarily off his guard, stuck, and, I think lost him no votes. He, like Ricker, as a rule, would not be drawn into any boast that he would have the advantage. Some one asked from the crowd, "What you goin' to do to him, Bobbie?" and Bobbie looked bland and replied, "Why, haven't you heard? It's a joint debate, and we're both agreed to debate the whole thing, and the women and the babies!" And the women agreed that Bobbie Grant did have a "way with him."

But these final days, those close to Grant when the meetings adjourned marked the disappearance of the confident look, and the coming in its place of a worried expression and a glass-pen, and that's the side we happen to stand on, do you see?" He had trained himself to leave off the blankity-blank in his public speeches; but the "do you see?" if he was momentarily off his guard, stuck, and, I think lost him no votes. He, like Ricker, as a rule, would not be drawn into any boast that he would have the advantage. Some one asked from the crowd, "What you goin' to do to him, Bobbie?" and Bobbie looked bland and replied, "Why, haven't you heard? It's a joint debate, and we're both agreed to debate the whole thing, and the women and the babies!" And the women agreed that Bobbie Grant did have a "way with him."

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"First time I ever seen Bob when he was cook-sure, grand cook-sure, and blankity-blank blank about a thing, do you see?" said Somerville, the wag, aside.

The afternoon of Monday, the fifth, the day before election, was crystalline. The November sun peeped through the rifts of the cottonwood trees, warming the air to a sparkling tonic, so that it was like a perfectly well-known wine. The farmers and small merchants and their families assembled in holiday spirits. Old men were seen arguing the issue earnestly with their beaming sons; wives sought to convince other wives; sweethearts in self-conscious white shoes banded the hall of debates and crowded at one another over their mother's shoulders.

Two o'clock came, and the meeting was not called to order. The minutes slipped by, and the murmur was passed round that one of the speakers was late. At 2:30 the party managers, and the vice-presidents of the meeting, the chairman, and one of the candidates climbed the flag-crowned speaking platform gingerly.

Everywhere demanded, "Where is Bobbie Grant?" Somerville, the wag, cried, "Bobbie's turned up his heels, and there was a laugh. Populist faces grew long and those of the opposition triumphant.

"Backed down!" hazarded a fellow nobody knew, evidently from the march. Half-Rome frowned, the other Half-Rome cheered and sang, and thought better of it and smothered the cheer. The chairman of the meeting used his gavel.

"So far," said he, "Mr. Grant has not put in an appearance. He is doubtless detained unavoidably. As for backing down, I think I may say that no one who has even so much as a bowing acquaintance with a single hair of Bobbie Grant's whiskers would dream of lining at such a thing."

The entire audience cheered. The chairman called the Platteville patriarch, beloved of all, and was known as a pronounced enemy of what he called the Don Quixote school of belated whistled politics; so that his defense of the absent candidate was especially gratifying as a piece of fair play. Ricker, who the law who sat on the stage complacently twirling his black mustache, cheered with the loudest of them. One of his trump cards was the admission of his opponent's solid human traits; he was content to argue that these alone could not make a statesman. His friend now called him to his feet. He responded gracefully, beginning by saying that he would be the most disappointed man on the ground "if Bobbie didn't show up."

A voice: "What were you going to do to him, Port?" "Oh, nothing much," came the ready answer from the speaker. The crowd applauded, and he added rather impudently:

"In fact, I didn't intend to do a thing to him."

At this went up a howl of delight, which, however, was not general. Bobbie's friends began to drop away from the edges of the gathering, then rapidly the meeting passed into the hands of the other side. The lawyer candidate launched into his set campaign speech, Smith, the Fusionist county chairman, tried to interrupt him to say that a messenger had been dispatched on horseback to Mr. Grant's house, but the audience jeered and yelled, "Sit down, Smith!"

The next thirty minutes were about the longest one-half of that multitude had ever waited out. Drifting from the crowd, they met in knots of eight and ten about the grove to discuss in low, serious voices the surprising turn affairs had taken.

"It will kill him at the polls," said many.

"It will," others assented, "unless he explains mighty handily, mighty soon."

"I bet his woman's worse," guessed one man.

"I expect," she's been right right here lately."

Here and there a man speculated that, perhaps, after all, it was best for Bobbie that he had stayed away. "Port's a powerful sharp 'un." But the farmer's backers would hear no apology for their favorite; they were as sure he would have come off with glory if he had met the appointment as they were that he was staunch to the last and that his absence would be well accounted for.

Yachtsmen, Ahoy!

HERE'S A LIST OF OUTFITTERS FOR
THE R. K. Y. C. CRUISE WHICH
STARTS ON SATURDAY.

WHITE DUCK TROUSERS, \$1.00 PAIR—Good serviceable quality duck, strongly made.

EXTRA GOOD DUCK TROUSERS, \$1.50 PAIR—Made with two hip pockets and fitted with flap. Extra long legs.

DOUBLE BREASTED SERGE COATS, \$3.75—Regulation marine pattern. Jaunty and sailorlike.

GREY HOMESPUN TROUSERS, \$2.75 to \$3.75—Free and easy, yet dressy.

GREY OR WHITE FLANNEL TROUSERS, \$2.25 and \$3.50—Suitable for yachting and outing purposes generally.

ENGLISH BLACK OILSKINS, \$7.00—Made of double calico, reinforced with leather. Sou' Westers to match \$1.50.

YELLOW OILSKINS, \$8.50—Made of double calico, re-inforced. Sou' Westers to match \$1.50.

JAP SILK OILSKINS, \$15.50—Absolutely waterproof and exceedingly light in weight. Compact and pliable. A yachting luxury. Hats to match \$2.40.

OUTING SHIRTS, UNDERWEAR, SWEATERS, BELTS, TIES, SOFT COLLARS, ETC.

A Large Supply of Special Togs for local lovers of the White-Winged Sport.

ALL KINDS OF FLAGS AND SIGNALS.

MANCHESTER ROBERTSON ALLISON, LIMITED.

GOODS BILLED AS JUNK
TURNED OUT TO BE
FINE AMERICAN SHOES

They Were Consigned to One "Jacobson" and Were Shipped from St. Stephen—Deception Discovered by C.P.R. Employee—Customs Authorities Took Possession of Goods—Suspect Big Conspiracy.

Yesterday afternoon about 2:30 o'clock Thomas McGowan, who is floor checker at the C. P. R. freight sheds, made the discovery that a number of boxes and a barrel that had been consigned to the railway as junk contained a fine quality of men's shoes. These boxes were all billed from St. Stephen, and the barrel by one of White's express teams, giving checks for them. McGowan found the five boxes all right, but the barrel called for as containing junk could not be placed as it was not marked. There was a barrel there all right, but the checker knew it could not be junk, as it was too light in weight. Becoming suspicious that something was wrong he determined to take a look at the contents in order to see whether it was the barrel called for by the bill.

Slitting open the canvas covering he found that the barrel was nearly packed with a fine quality of men's shoes. He called another checker, and together they examined the contents of the other boxes and found that they also contained valuable shoes.

McGowan then notified Wm. Wallace, a customs officer, who examined the other boxes with like result, the shoes being found to be of American make. The whole consignment was then placed in the bonded crib by the customs officers, who had been notified in the meantime.

The boxes, when opened showed the goods carefully packed, with exorbitant stuffed around the tops. The goods contained are valued at from \$200 to \$800.

While not prepared to say the goods had been smuggled over the line, still the authorities suspect that such has been the case. This has probably been going on for some time they think.

The very fact that the boxes were billed from St. Stephen, where they might have been smuggled across the border, lends plausibility to the theory that some secret system has been maintained by which contraband goods are received and forwarded to local dealers.

It is understood a thorough investigation will be made by the customs authorities.

Jacobson is a junk dealer on Main street.

POLICE GETTING
COUNTERFEITERS

Sixth Member of Alleged Gang Arrested in Toronto.

Robert Logie Taken as He Was About to Skip for United States—Have Good Reputations.

TORONTO, July 10.—Robert Logie, the sixth of the alleged gang of Lindsay counterfeiters, was arrested at the Union station tonight as he was about to leave for the United States.

LINDSAY, Ont., July 10.—Besides Charles Burke, under arrest here, and Robert Logie, who has been in custody at St. John's, the crown has in custody at Montreal an Englishman who has been a freeman on the G. T. R. running off of Lindsay, for the same alleged offense of uttering counterfeit money. A partner of the Englishman arrested in Montreal, also said to be a Lindsay man, suc-

ceeded in eluding the police, and is not yet arrested. The police here are very restless, but further arrests are expected within the next twenty-four hours.

Incriminating appliances were discovered at the home occupied by Burke and also counterfeit bills of the Traders Bank and other banks. A search where Burke lived with his brother brought to light quantities of forged bank notes, and a complete search reveals photographic appliances, dies, samples, counterfeiters and other necessary material.

As far as can be learned, the police seem to be of the opinion that they have discovered the headquarters of a large scheme of counterfeiting. One suspected Lindsay man is said to have been in the city for some time, but cannot be verified. Detectives Parkinson and Cowan are still in town.

Charles Burke, the man in jail here, is about sixty years of age and always had a good reputation, and as he is said to be in good circumstances people are astonished at his being mixed up in such a case. By some he is rated as being worth \$10,000, but at any rate he is a well known here, and has been formerly in business here, conducting a prosperous shingle mill up the river for a number of years.

He has lived with his brother for some time, and has been living in retirement. He has taken much interest in amateur photography of late.

Richard Wynne of Lindsay, arrested at the Soo, is about seventy years of age. Wynne is a young man. Both have well known here, and have many relatives in town and vicinity.

It is said that most of the money was got rid of in the north of the riding.

BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA

(INCORPORATED 1832.)

CAPITAL, - - \$3,000,000
RESERVE FUND, \$5,250,000

Unexcelled facilities for the transaction of all kinds of Banking Business.

Special attention given to the Savings Department and interest credited quarterly on Savings Accounts.

This is the only bank having its head office in Canada that submits its books and statements to Independent Audit.

St. John Branch, - C. H. EASSON, Manager.

ASSYRIAN WOMAN SHOT
AT McADAM BY HER
HUSBAND DIED YESTERDAY

Thomas David, Lying in Fredericton Jail, Now Faces Charge of Murder—Tells Jailer the Troubled Story of His Life and Denounces Dead Wife.

WOODSTOCK, N. B., July 10.—Mrs. Lydia David, the Assyrian woman, died in the hospital this afternoon at five o'clock. This morning Father McMurphy administered the rites of the church. Solicitor General Jones took the woman's dying declaration this afternoon at one o'clock. Coroner Hays summoned a jury tonight and after giving the necessary permit for burial, adjourned the proceedings until witnesses could be summoned. A post-mortem will be held tonight. The preliminary examination of David will have to be held at Fredericton, on the charge of murder, and it is likely that J. H. Barry will appear for the crown, as Hon. Mr. Jones has to go next week to the North Shore to act in the case against Seely.

FREDERICTON, July 10.—Word reached the city at 5:30 this afternoon that the wife of Thomas David had passed away at Woodstock. The news was communicated to David by Jailer Hawthorne in his cell. The prisoner expressed much surprise on hearing the word and exclaimed: "Is it really true?" Mr. Hawthorne assured him that it was true, and David replied, "I wish I were dead, too."

The prisoner had much to say and then became most melancholy. He told Mr. Hawthorne of the serious troubles he had passed through. He said his wife never had been faithful to him and that three times she had left him. The last time she had gone away he went to Woodstock to bring her back. She had decided to come with him when they disagreed at the very first over the purchasing of tickets and she persisted in buying her own ticket and the language she used according to David was not of the best. The prisoner was very bitter in his language against his wife and talked to the jailer in a melancholy and morbid manner. He said he had been ill treated.

In religion David is a Roman Catholic and this afternoon at request of Father Carey was sent to the chapel. Father Carey visited the man in his cell and there conversed with him. David is a peculiar character. He dislikes the food that is served him and thinks he should be better treated. He is willing to go out and work but the jailer thinks different. The man is confined to a strong cell and every precaution is being taken to protect him. He is a suicidal man and might lead to serious results if not carefully watched.

NATIONAL DIVISION
SONS OF TEMPERANCE
NOW IN SESSION

HALIFAX, N. S., July 10.—The National Division, Sons of Temperance of North America, commenced in the historic legislative halls of Halifax today, against this loss the bank is insured in the American Guarantee, which will offer a reward of \$500 for the arrest of anyone implicated in the affair. Provincial government detectives are already working on the case.

Entrance was gained by way of the front door of the bank, which the burglars managed to break open, and then proceeded to operate on the big vault with dynamite, and subsequently got into the safe that was inside, where they secured the money. No one sleeps on the bank premises, but a notice, now supposed to have been taken, made by the explosion of the dynamite, was heard by the sleepers next door, but nothing was thought of it at the time and it was not until four o'clock that the burglary was discovered. At that hour some people were passing the bank, and noticing that the door had been forced open, they gave the alarm, and the local manager was informed of what had taken place. Police and other authorities were at once communicated with and the search for the thieves began.

BURGLARS GET BIG
HAUL FROM BANK
AT ST. CROIX, QUE.

ST. CROIX, Que., July 10.—At an early hour this morning, presumably between one and two o'clock, burglars gained entrance to the Provincial Bank and succeeded in carrying off a sum of \$3,200. Against this loss the bank is insured in the American Guarantee, which will offer a reward of \$500 for the arrest of anyone implicated in the affair. Provincial government detectives are already working on the case.

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Numerous reports were presented and referred to committees. The sessions will cover three days.

W. P. Evanson and General Wagner also spoke. The former presented a national division regatta to the G. W. P. of Nova Scotia.

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MAGIC
BANK OF NOVA SCOTIA
MAKES YOUR CAKES LIGHT.
MAKES YOUR BISCUITS LIGHT.
MAKES YOUR PASTES LIGHT.
MAKES YOUR LABOR LIGHT.
MAKES YOUR EXPENSES LIGHT.
Order from your Grocer.
E. W. GILLET LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.

ST. MARTIN'S, July 10.—One day last week workman for a firm in St. Martin's called at the office for a settlement, which was at once complied with and the amount of his earnings paid over to him. Being somewhat noisy, he was politely requested to retire, but instead of doing so decided on giving the proprietor a beating; but on receiving one blow, the latter hit out from the shoulder, with the result that the attacking party was driven through the window. A hurry call for the doctor was then in order who, after considerable trouble and a number of stitches in the wounds, got the flow of blood stopped. The storekeeper then kindly harnessed up his horse and drove the invalid several miles to his home.

THE BARRIER.
"Say," said Weary as he looked up from the clover in the fence corner, "how do you git at the gold up there in Alaska?"

"By washin'," replied Weary's pard, "Count me out," said Weary.

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