

# THOROUGHBREDS

By W. A. FRASER.

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"Perhaps we'd better put the money on right away," he said. "She's sure to keep well, and we'll be forced to take a much shorter price race day."

"Back the stable," advised Allie, "then if anything happens Lucretia we can start Lucretia."

The Trainer laughed in good-natured derision. "That wouldn't do much good; we'd be of the fifth pan in the first; we'd be just that much more money out for jockey an' startin' fees; he'd oughter been struck out on the first of January to have fifty dollars, but I guess you all had your troubles about that time an' wasn't thinkin' of declarations."

"It may have been luck; if Lucretia would only try, something tells me he'd win," said the girl.

"And something tells me he wouldn't try a yard," answered Dixon, in good-humored opposition. "But I don't think it'll make no difference in the odds we get whether we back the stable or Lucretia alone; they won't take no stock in the Chestnut's prospects."

So Dixon made a little pilgrimage among the pencils. He was somewhat dismayed and greatly astonished that these gentry also had a somewhat rosy opinion of Lucretia's chances. A good gallop in the Brooklyn Handicap had been observed by other eyes than Crane's. Ten to one was the best offer he could get.

Dixon was remonstrating with a bookmaker, Ulmer, when the latter answered, "Ten's the best I'll lay—I'd rather take it myself; in fact, I have backed your mare because I think she's got a great chance; she'll be at four to one day. But I'll give you a tip—it's my game to see the owner's money on," said he winked at the Trainer as much as to say, "I'll feel happier about it if we're both in the same boat."

"I'll be on, sure thing, if I can get a decent price."

"Well, you go to Cherub Faust; he'll lay you longer odds. I put my bit on with him at twelve, see? If I didn't know that you an' Porter was away on the straight I'd a thought there was somethin' doin', an' Faust was next to it, stretchin' the odds that way. How's the mare doin'—is she none the worse?" Ulmer asked, a suspicious thought crossing his mind.

"We're lackin' her own money talks," said Dixon, with quiet assurance. "Well, Faust is wise to some extent—stands in with Langdon, an' I suppose they think they've got a cinch in the Dutchman. Yes, that must be it," he added, reflectively. "They made a killin' over Diablo, an' likely they got a good line on the Dutchman through him in a trial. But a three-year-old mare that runs as prominent in the big Handicap as Lucretia, she's got to take a lot of beatin'! She's good enough for my money."

Thanking him, Dixon found Faust, and asked of him a quotation against Porter's stable.

"Twelve is the best I can do," answered the Cherub.

"I'll take fifteen to one," declared Dixon.

"Can't lay it; some of the talent-men as doesn't make no mistake, is takin' twelve to one in my book fast as I open my mouth."

"I want fifteen," replied Dixon, doggedly. "Surely the owner is entitled to a shade the best of it."

"What's the size of your bet?" queried the Cherub.

"If you lay me fifteen, I'll take it to a thousand."

"But you want it ag'in' the stable, an' you've two in; with two horses twelve is a long price."

"I'm takin' it against the stable just because it's the usual thing to couple it in the bettin'. It's a million to one against Lucretia's startin' if Lucretia keeps well."

Faust gave a little start and searched Dixon's face, furiously. The Trainer's stolid look reassured him, and in a most sudden burst of generosity he said: "Well, I'll stretch a point, for you, Dixon. Your boss is up ag'in' a frost good and hard. I'll lay you fifteen thousand to one ag'in' the stable, an' if Lucretia wins you'll buy me a nice tie-pin."

His round, fat sides heaved spasmodically with suppressed merriment at the idea of Lucretia in the Brooklyn Derby.

"You," she said, regretfully; "he's as notional as most of his sire's line. But if he won't try he won't, and the more you fight him the sulkier he'll get; I wish I could ride him myself," she added, playfully; then fearing that she had hurt the boy's feelings by discounting his ability, she added, hastily, "I'm afraid I've spoiled Lucretia; he has taken a liking to me, and I've learned how to make him think he's having his own way when he's really doing just what I want him to do."

Redpath's admiration for Allie Porter was limited to his admiration for her as a young lady. Being young, and a jockey, he naturally had notions, and a very prominent, all-absorbing notion was that he could manage his mount in a race much better than other boys. Constrained to silent acquiescence by respect for Allie, he assured himself mentally that in race he had a chance, and he was not without experience and readiness of judgment when he would render him far better service than other boys could give him.

The Chestnut was a slow beginner; he was a trait which Allie's seductive handling had failed to eradicate.

When the starter sent Lucretia off trailing behind the other seven runners in the race that afternoon, Redpath held to Allie's orders, by patiently nailing over the Chestnut's strong withers in a vain hope that his mount would speedily seek to overtake the leaders.

But evidently Lucretia had no such intention; she seemed quite satisfied with things as they were. That the horses galloping so frantically in front interested him slightly was evidenced by his cooled ears; but beyond that he might as well have been the starter's back bringing that gentleman along placidly in the rear.

"Just as I thought," muttered the boy; "this skater's kidin' me just as he does the gal. He's a lazy brute—it's the bad he wants."

Convinced that he was right, and that his orders were all wrong, the jockey asserted himself. He proceeded to ride Lucretia more energetically.

In the horse's mind this sort of thing was associated with unlimited punishment. It had always been that way in his two-year-old days; first, the general hustled—small legs and arms working with concentric swiftness; then the impatient admonishment of fierce-labbing spurs; and finally the waiting—waiting for a vicious, unreasoning whip. It was not a pleasurable prospect; and at the coming. All thoughts of overtaking the horses in front fled from his mind; it was the dreaded punishment that he dreaded.

Redpath felt the unmistakable sign of his horse sulking; and he promptly had recourse to the jockey's usual argument.

Sitting in the stand Allie saw, with a cry of dismay, Redpath's whip crack over his horse's back. He was right, and that his orders were all wrong, the jockey asserted himself. He proceeded to ride Lucretia more energetically.

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they were in the stall. The Trainer felt Lucretia's throat and ears; he put his hand over her heart, a look of anxious dismay on his usually stolid face.

"She coughed a little, sir, when I pulled her up," volunteered Carter, seeing Dixon's investigation.

"I'm afraid she's took cold," muttered Dixon. "Have you had her near any horses that's got the influenza?" he asked, looking inquiringly at Carter.

"She ain't been near nothing; I kept her away from everything, for fear she'd get a key, or get run into."

"I hope to God it's nothin'," said the Trainer; and his voice was quite different from the usual rough tone. Then a sudden suspicion took possession of him. Faust's readiness to lay long odds against the mare had seemed most emphatically that he had not. Then, suddenly remembering an incident he had taken at the time to be of little import, he said: "Two mornin's ago when I opened her stall and she poked her head out, I noticed a little sound in her nose; but I thought it was dust. I wiped it out, and there was nuthin' more come that I could see."

"What's the row?" asked Mike Gaynor, as he joined Dixon.

When the details were explained to him, Mike declared that he had never known of her approaching illness, unless he had been the cause of it.

The Trainer pursued his investigation among the stable lads. When he asked Finn if he had noticed anything unusual about the mare, the boy declared most emphatically that he had not. Then, suddenly remembering an incident he had taken at the time to be of little import, he said: "Two mornin's ago when I opened her stall and she poked her head out, I noticed a little sound in her nose; but I thought it was dust. I wiped it out, and there was nuthin' more come that I could see."

"Well, if the mare's got it we're in the soup. Have you seen Miss Porter about, Mike?"

"I did a minute ago. I'll pass the word you want to see her—she comes now. I'll skip. Damn if I want to see them gray eyes when ye're about the little mare. If I just break her heart; that's what I'll do. An' maybe I wouldn't break the back an' the devil set up this dirty job. It ain't shandy that's as much to blame as the blackguard that worked him."

Dixon ran over in his mind many contorted ways of breaking the news to Allie, and finished up by blurring out: "The mare's coughin' this mornin'."

"I'm afraid she's in for a sick spell," he said. "Of course, the girl had allowed rosy hope to tint the gray gloom of her own doubts until she had worried herself into a fit of happy mood. Lucretia's win would put everything right; even her father, relieved of financial worry, would improve. The bright morning seemed to her a victory; Lucretia would surely win. It was not within the laws of fate that they should go on forever and ever having bad luck. She had come to have a reassuring look at the grand little mare that was to turn the tide of all their evil fortune. The Trainer's words, 'The mare's coughin'' struck a chill to her heart. She could not resist the misery was too great—stood dejectedly listening while Dixon spoke of his manacles of fear."

What villains there were in the world, the girl thought; for a man to lay them odds against their horse, knowing that she had been poisoned, was a hundred times worse than stealing the money from their pockets.

"I don't suppose we'll ever be able to prove it," declared Dixon, regretfully; "but that doesn't matter so much as the mare being done for; we're out of it now good and strong. If we'd known it two days ago we might a-saved the money, but we've burned up a thousand."

"We'll have to start Lucretia," said Allie, taking a brave pull at herself, and speaking with decision.

"We might send him to the post, but that's all the good I'll do us, I'm feared."

"I've seen him do a great gallop," contended Allie.

"He did it for you, but he won't do it for anybody else. There ain't no boy ridin' on make him go fast enough for a live funeral. But we'll start him, an' I'll speak to Redpath about takin' the mount."

Allie was thinking very fast; her head, drooped low in heavy meditation. "Don't engage him just yet, Dixon," she said, looking up suddenly, the shadow of a new resolve in her gray eyes. "I'll talk it over with you when we go back to the house. I'm thinkin' of something, but I don't want to speak of it just now—let me think it over a while."

Dixon was deep in thought, too, as he went back to his own stable. He hadn't got a million to one chance," he was muttering; "the money's burned up, an' the race is dead to the world, as far as we're concerned."

(To be continued.)

## POSSIBILITY OF CRIMINAL ACTION

As a Result of the Insurance Investigation

NEW YORK, Dec. 7.—Attention was directed to the possibility of criminal action growing out of the investigation of life insurance methods by a visit paid by District Attorney Jerome to the legislative committee while it was holding its hearing today. Mr. Jerome said that he wanted to find out where he could get possession of a copy of the report of the committee. Chairman Armstrong already has said that he hopes to have it ready for the legislature when it meets next January.

Counsel for Thomas F. Ryan, who bought the James H. Hyde stock of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, conferred with Charles E. G. Hughes, counsel for the investigating committee, today, and said that Mr. Ryan is holding himself in readiness to testify before the committee.

One of the points brought out by the widow of Edward E. Harper, the former president of the company, since Mr. Harper's death in 1915. The money is derived from commissions which former President Harper drew on the company's business written by the company. His widow, who has since remarried, continues to receive the commissions.

Incident to this inquiry, Mr. Hughes discovered an instance in which \$8,000 had been paid to President Frederick A. Burnham of the Mutual Reserve Life Insurance Company, in 1915, and concerning which Vice-president Geo. D. Eldridge of the company testified that he knew nothing.

The affairs of the Security Mutual Life Insurance Co. of Birmingham, N. Y., again were under investigation today. One of the interesting facts brought out was the statement of President Charles M. Turner of that company that he had employed a few years ago D. H. Keefe, one of the clerks in the office of the superintendent of insurance at Albany, to act as consulting actuary for the company.

For all Mr. Turner knew, he said the arrangement is still in force.

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## FAVORABLE OUTLOOK FOR SYDNEY WORKS

Many Orders Being Received for Steel Rails—Mr. Plummer Leaving for Europe.

MONTREAL, Dec. 7.—J. H. Plummer, president of the Dominion Iron and Steel Co., before leaving for New York en route for Europe, said tonight that the works at Sydney were now turning out pig iron at the rate of twenty thousand tons a month, which was all being converted into steel, and he expected that by spring they would turn out twenty-five thousand tons. The November output had been considerably ahead of October. A defect in the cylinder rail mill had been fully repaired, but a new one of greater capacity would be installed next month. Many orders were being received for steel rails and the mill would be kept steadily occupied. Mr. Plummer ascribes the large demand for their rails to the popularity of the open hearth make.

## GRIEF STRICKEN GIRL MISSING

BOSTON, Dec. 6.—Miss Lillian Short, a sixteen year old girl, who had been missing since she was last seen on the morning of the 2nd inst., was found by her mother, who had been looking for her in the efforts to locate her.

## PAT CROWE ACQUITTED.

OMAHA, Dec. 7.—Pat Crowe, who was charged with the murder of a highway robbery, was acquitted today.

## WHO READS POLLY GADABOUT'S STYLE-TALKS IN EVERY SATURDAY'S STAR

Will know how to dress fashionably, yet inexpensively. "Polly" treats the subject not from the New York or Paris standpoint, but from the St. John standpoint.

## AGED FARMER DIES FROM WOUNDS

Shot Down in His Own Barn—Nephew is Arrested.

KESAR FALLS, Mo., Dec. 7.—David Varney, the aged farmer, who was shot down in his barn in the town of Porter, two miles from here, last night, died today without regaining consciousness. Westly Chick, a nephew of the dead man, who had been under surveillance since an early hour today, was taken into custody by the Oxford county authorities tonight, and it is expected that he will be given a hearing tomorrow on the charge of murder. There is a theory that two persons were concerned in a plot to kill Varney, and it is said that a second arrest may be made within a short time.

The directors are: D. W. Bole, Winnipeg, president; J. W. Knox, Montreal, first vice-president; A. B. Evans, Montreal, second vice-president; C. W. Pinkling, Hamilton, treasurer; James Mathewson, London, secretary; T. H. Wardlaw, Hamilton; C. H. Lyman, Montreal; W. S. Kerry, Montreal; T. M. Henderson, Victoria; Wm. Henderson, Vancouver; H. W. Barker, St. John, N. B.; W. S. Elliott, Toronto; J. R. Hattie, Halifax; F. C. Simon, Halifax; W. Bole, Winnipeg.

The following houses are represented: Mattie & Myllym, Halifax; Simpson Bros., Halifax; The Canadian Drug Co., St. John, N. B.; T. B. Barker & Sons, St. John, N. B.; The McDermott Co., St. John, N. B.; Lyman, Knox & Co., Kingston; The Dominion Drug Co., Hamilton; J. Winner & Co., Hamilton; London Drug Co., London; The Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg; and Calgary; Henderson Bros., Vancouver and Victoria.

When Varney was shot he was robbed of \$200. It is said that Chick was not known to have any large sum of money and suspicion fell upon him last evening when the officers heard that he had been spending money freely in the village. Chick endeavored to buy a revolver last night, it is claimed, but could not find one to suit him. Chick was found on him has been identified. Chick is 22 years of age, six feet tall, and is rather stout and muscular.

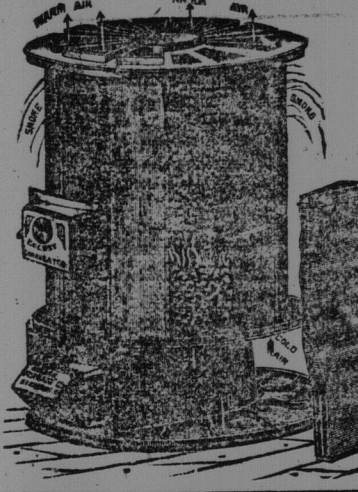
## GREAT DRUG TRUST FULLY ORGANIZED.

MONTREAL, Dec. 7.—The National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, with a capital of \$6,000,000, was fully organized here today, after two days' discussion. The retail trade appeared quite satisfied with the prospects, and eighteen houses are comprised in the merger.

The directors are: D. W. Bole, Winnipeg, president; J. W. Knox, Montreal, first vice-president; A. B. Evans, Montreal, second vice-president; C. W. Pinkling, Hamilton, treasurer; James Mathewson, London, secretary; T. H. Wardlaw, Hamilton; C. H. Lyman, Montreal; W. S. Kerry, Montreal; T. M. Henderson, Victoria; Wm. Henderson, Vancouver; H. W. Barker, St. John, N. B.; W. S. Elliott, Toronto; J. R. Hattie, Halifax; F. C. Simon, Halifax; W. Bole, Winnipeg.

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## The Scenic Route. Stmr. Maggie Miller leaves Millville for Summerville, Kennebocott Island and Baywater daily (except Saturday and Sunday) at 9:00 a. m. and 5:30 and 6:00 p. m.

Returning from Baywater at 7:00 and 10:00 a. m. and 4:15 p. m. SATURDAY.

Leaves Millville at 7:15 and 9:00 a. m. and 4:30 and 6:00 p. m.

Returning at 6:30, 8:00 and 10:00 a. m. and 4:15 and 5:45 p. m. SUNDAY.

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## The North End Office of St. John STAR

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