POOR DOCUMENT

ST. JOHN STAR, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1904

"The general manager wants to see you, Jim," said Bob Fleet, hanging up the receiver of the roundhouse tele-

"No such luck," said Jim, pulling on this time, most likely."

he saw Jim, although that young man but wandering housebreakers; but the latter, thanks to the impossibility of was not ordinarily an unpleasant object to most persons. When Jim had washed up, after his run, his skin was dark, but smooth, with a fresh heal-thy glow in cheeks and lips. His fine dark eyes were clear and bright, and he carried his well-shaped head

opened easily at his touch. In another momently.

"You're discharged," said the other man, soowling over his paper. "This is the third time you've been reported for letting your engine slide. This road has something to do besides buying wheels for you to flatten."

"It wasn't my fault," began Jim.

"Get out!" roared the irascible gentleman, who was really quite a delightful old gentleman out of business hours, but whose temper was uncertain. That particular morning his mall had disagreed with him and Jim suffered in consequence. "Get out! I'm done with you. Get out, I say!"

So threatening was the officer's as-

agreed with him and Jim suited in consequence. "Get out! I'm done with you. Get out, I say!"

So threatening was the officer's aspect that Jim was glad to get out; he lost no time in doing it.

The discharged man rather enjoyed the first days of his enforced idleness, for it was long since he had a vacation. He followed the streams for trout, and spent long, pleasant hours with Mollie Fleet, who was even more attractive than the fish. Altogether, the first two weeks of his vacation passed quickly and pleasantly. Incidentally, he looked about him for employment. He had expected to find it an easy matter to find work. But nothing seemed to come his way. His training for an occupation had unfitted him for any other, and there was but one railroad in that part of the country. Moreover, Mollie complicated matters. At that time there was only one town if the universe for Jim; one town if the universe for Jim; only one town if the universe for Jim; one town if the universe for Jim; only one town if the universe for Jim; on the permander. Jim had once taken a brief tide in a palatial private car, but in all his twenty-two years he had never seen anything so absolutely fairylike as that room. His astonished gaze anything so absolutely fairylike as that room. His astonished gaze anything so absolutely fairylike as that room. His astonished gaze anything so absolutely fairylike as that room. His astonished gaze anything so absolutely fairylike as that room. His astonished gaze anything so absolutely fairylike as that room. His astonished gaze anything so absolute my one town in the universe for Jim; and that, of course, was the one that

contained Molile.

When a month had slipped away, if the second mouth he was decidedly amsions. Before the third was over, he had seem saving to bon, a little home for himself and been saving to bon, a little home for himself and been saving to bon, a little home for himself and been saving to bon, a little home for himself and been say, but when Jim lost his job it seemed wiser to postpone the waiting until the young man's prospects were somewhat brigh-

At first, Mollie had been sweetly, sympathetic, but as fim grew more and more dismal, Mollie, too began to change. This, perhaps, was natural, for despondency is always more or less contagious. Moreover, certain other youths of the village, among them a clerk in a dry goods shop and his hair parted in the middle and redolent of musk, were paying pretty Mollie more attention than met with Jim's approval. Mollie, who was an attractive attention than met with Jim's approval. Mollie, who was an attractive first, with a fondness for admiration, appeared only too well pleased with the musk scented one's attentions. Possibly she found that the badinage of the cheerful clerk an acceptable another hasty glance toward the open door. "Let me go now, little chap."

"Say pig went to market—fink I'm goin' to cry if oo don't."

This was a veiled threat, and Jim recognized it. A bare, fat leg, with a dimpled knee, was thrown outside the covers, and a small pink foot was thrust into Jim's rough hand. He hesitated, looked curiously at the sweet, dimpled face, and was lost. He had always loved children, and this was a child of more than average attractiveness. Jim laid the formidable revolver among the dainty trifles on the dressing table and seated himself on the edge of the bed.

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the four months of idleness, he wandered out on the long government breakwater. When he reached the end of the lengthy structure, he sat down, dangling his chabby legs over the edge of the water below, and gazing down into the dark green depths. There were fish on the rocky bottom, and occasionally a big speckied lake trout diffeted lazily under the crib, but Jim saw nothing but the angry countanance of the general manager. Big

ly, between the general manager and fickle Möllie, Jim had reached an un-

Hours later, when the desperate man returned to the town, he visited a lit-tle shop where all sorts of sporting

to the shopkeeper, "but just a plain little one that will short straight ev-

ery time."
"Have you got a job yet?" asked the man uneasily, not liking the hard look on Jim's face.
"Yes," replied Jim, unhesitatingly.

"Yes," replied Jim, unnestatingly.
"I've got a job and a good one, too."
"When do you go on?"
"Tonight," said Jim, laconically.

Jim, who was not a drinking man,
made one other purchase — a small

"a little of that might brace me

After a miserable evening at Molle's with the omnipresent musk-scented clerk, who out-stayed thin, Jim left easely. Why! That's just clerk who out-stayed thin, Jim left easely in the deaf old ady and ended with fine for the ment of the deaf old lady and ended with fine for the ment of the ment

tiently under the lilac bushes until the

town clock struck one.

If the law-abiding citizens had ever locked their doors they had long out-grown that prudent habit. No burg-"No such luck," said Jim, pulling on his coat. "I've flattened another wheel lar had ever entered the town, no sneak-thief had ever robbed a clothes line. If 'the weather happened to be The general manager frowned when night, inviting not only cooling breezes getting out of town afterward, never accepted the invitation.

At the sound of the clock, Jim crept stealthily across the gravelled path and up the front steps. As he had hoped, the door was unlocked, and opened easily at his touch. In another moment he stood, almost breathless, in the dark, lower hall. He groped

"No, I don't," growled Jim, glancing uneasily over his shoulder, "You'd better shut up."
"Baby got nice toe-toes," pleaded the baby, seizing Jim's hand.

"Well, you're a queer customer," said Jim. "Say, where does your granddaddy sleep—curse him?"

But the baby paid no attention to clung to Jim.
"Baby likes oo, nicey man. Did oo come to play wif me?"

"No, I should say I didn't."
"Did oo come to see my mamma"
"Not on your life," replied Jim, with another hasty glance toward the open door. "Let me go now, little chap."
"Say pig went to market—fink I'm

the musk scented one's attentions. Possibly she found that the badinage of the cheerful clerk an acceptable antidote to Jim's settled gloom.

"No job, no girl," sighed Jim, dolefully, when affairs had reached this state. It's all the old man's fault, too. He wouldn't let me explain that I had to stop or else rum over a deaf old woman. He wouldn't listen, either, when I sent Bob Fleet to explain it. I wish now I had run over her — her folks would have sued the road for damages enough to pay for engine the damages enough to pay for engine the damages and part of the bloomin's thing go?"

It know now. Just hush up and I'll say it. This little pig went to market," persisted the baby. "This little pig went to market," persisted the baby. "This little pig," prompted the baby. "This little pig," or normal the bloomin's thing go?"

"I know now. Just hush up and I'll say it. This little pig went to market, "yes, thank you," said imprisoned little pig had bread and butter—" "Yes, thank you," said imprisoned Jim, gratefully, "if you'll show me little pig had bread and butter—" "No, roast beef," corrected the baby, gently, removing Jim's fingers back to the third small toe, "Say 'roast beef," "Yes, thank you," said imprisoned Jim, gratefully, "if you'll show me little pig had bread and butter—" "Yes, thank you," said imprisoned you'll take the baby—he's asleep."— (Carroll Watson Rankin, in the Critical watson Ranki

"Roast beef, and this little pig had none. This little pig—"
"Cried 'wee, wee, wee,'" interrupted the delighted baby, squealing like a dozen little pigs.
"Good grief," ejaculated Jim, making a frantic, but ineffectual effort, to disentangle his legs from the lace draperies of the bed. "You've done it now sure!"

now, sure!"
He was not mistaken. "What are you doing here?" asked what are you doing here? asked a stern-voice from the doorway. "Playing with the kid's toes," replied Jim, sheepishly. "He asked me to." It was a strange and not unpleasing picture that met the older man's as-

manager, suddenly coming to earth and ously wrought ornaments, made from jucking up the revolver. Jim had forgotten that he owned such an article.

saw the lights go your present occupation. If you'll go

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\$2.25, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.25 \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50.

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Department.

Enterprise Every-

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in the Sunshade

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Others at 30c., 33c., 35c., 38c., 40c. Out Sizes in Plain Black Cotton Hose. Hermsdorf dye, 85c., 40c.

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45c., 50c. pair.

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WHITE	MISTIN	SKIRTS	 50c.	to	\$3.00	each.	
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Everything Exactly as Advertised.

The Ring,

(Toronto News.)
Ald. James Carty, of St. Catharines

It was a strange and not unpleasing picture that met the older man's aspliciture that met the older man's asplicitures of the man's asplicitures. One room in his modest home is fitted with cabinets around the four sides, containing some thousands of specimens, all properly labelled and ready for a museum. Nearly all his collection have been found by him in the County of Well-had clasped him about the neck and Jim's dark face and darker hair and eyes contrasted sharply but pictures-quely with the fair beauty of the laughing child. The general manager gazed in silence at the living picture, so strikingly like a copy of Murillo's "St. Anthony of Padua," which, by a strange coincidence, hung on the wall beside the bed.

"What's this for?" asked the general manager, suddenly coming to earth and manager from Manager.

How much this study has contri-"For you, sir," said Jim, remembering.

"At any rate, I've got it," said the railroad man, holding it gingerly. "Now, suppose you explain matters. This child's mother is away for the night, and we're not likely to be inter-

blinds. He saw the lights go darkness; but he waited pa-

JEFF TRAINING HARD; MUNROE STILL MISSING. Ald. James Carty, of St. Catharines, is a type of workingman who would be a credit to any country. He represents the labor element of that city in the council. His popularity is not due to extreme views on the labor question, as is the case so often. There is a steadiness of purpose in his conduct that has won for him the confidence of all classes of the city. The largest vote ever given for an alderman in St. Catharines was polled for Ald. Carty three years ago.

He spends his spare hours in archaeological research. One room in his modest home is fitted with cabinets around the four sides, containing some in the candidate for the ring's greatest honor is giving himself none

weeks. The contrast in the tactics of the two fighters is the cause of re-marks that Munroe is either confidence a few of his critics are not quite sure that he doesn't fill both ends of the

story. If Jack gets here in accord-ance with the promises of his glib-ton-gued handlers and starts to work in bound in bygone hunting expeditions. "Explain!" cried the would-be murderer, eagerly, "Why! That's just what I'd like to do."

Jim, still holding the baby, began with the deaf old lady and ended with Mollie. It was a long story, and not well told, but the general manager listened with patience, even with interest.

"Well," said the general manager, when the take was ended, "I believe I was a little hot that morning, but I was a little hot that morning the scanty attire) I'm

"Explain!" cried the would-be murded from I was a little tactful talk from him to the end that he has been traing.

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"Of a

Turf, Etc.

take charge of the miner's training.

Meanwhile extracts from letters printed here intimate that Munroe wants to condition himself under the watchful eye of RfM McCoy, and is delaying his departure from Hot Springs for the coast until he can be joined there by McCoy on May ib. This, however, is a difficulty that can be easily arranged, the paramount question at present being: When will Munroe arrive?

The stories to hand from Harbin Springs make it appear that Jeffries is training faithfully and that great interest is being taken in his work by his wee, winsome wife. The prophecy that Jeffries would go in for something more feething in the way of a symnasium costume is about to be verified, apparently, for it is said that Jeffries has written his bosom friend, Dick Adams to select for Min services and the season and the season and the prophecy that services and the season and th apparently, for it is said that Jeffries has written his bosom friend, Dick Adams to select for him something neat but not gaudy in the way of a boxing suit, truits and stockings.

Some of Jeff's old cronies around the Springs are complaining that they see very little of him since he has changed his state. It is claimed that he gives himself up to the training routine in the daytime, and that the long spring evenings are spent in the complaining state.

The decision of the Board of Ap-

spring evenings are spent in the com-pany of his wife. In this connection no one probably misses Jeffries' com-panionship more than Jim Hays, the panionship more than Jim Hays, the proprietor of the Springs.

Hays, like Jeffries, is a mountaineer through and through. The ties of Freemasonry could not bind two men more tightly than a mutual love of the free life of the range bound Jeffries and Hays. They used to sit together late the picture in past training sea. However, a few days should tell the late into the night in past training seasons and tell each other stories of big

tinuous hammering, I guess, develop-ed every minute muscle so that when I entered the boxing game I was pretty well fortified against any great in-

to stand the strain of continuous punching, especially when your hands come in contact so often with hard bones. It is the easiest thing in the world for a boxer to discolate his thumb when trying to land a blow. At other times you are ant to break one of the to South Africa and had a very suc-

use various solutions in an effort to harden their hands, but the best thing I know of is development of the various back. Arrange-

pears of the American Trotting Association in refusing to recognize the record of 1.59 3-4 claimed to have been made by Cresceus at Wichita, Kan., last fall has met with the approval of every horseman. The decision was pre-dicted by many prominent horsemen who had sent representatives to the up. The only regret horsemen have is that such a grand horse is Cresceus

to establish a false record. There are few horses on the trotting turf who have so many admirers as the same son of Robert McGregor. Cres-

whereby a team of English association football players will tour Canada next fail, playing over the country from one

points on the way back. Arrangements have been made, I believe, for games at Philadelphia, which they could

In a recent letter from Japan Laf-cadio Hearn speaks of Oyama the chief

of the Japanese general staff.

"A pretty story of Oyama," he says,

"has been told of late. During his
service as judge advocate at Tokio he
attended a ball one night. He was standing near a doorway at this ball when a beautiful European woman swept by, and so greatly did her charm impress Judge Oyama that he ex-claimed involuntarily:

"'What a lovely woman!"" "She overhead him. With a little smile she looked back over her white

WANTED

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