

POOR DOCUMENT

192034

ST. JOHN STAR, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1905.

THOROUGHBREDS

By W. A. FRASER.

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Alan went up to New York that evening. Earlier in the day he had what hesitatingly confided to Mortimer that he had backed Lucetta when she was well and looked to have a good chance to win her race, now she was scratched, and his money was lost. He had been in the office routine, there was not a busy bank, and that day was not like the Dutchman's chance of win, but he would have to shoulder some of the labor.

Full of the terrible situation, Mortimer cared not who worked, so that he got away in time to save Alan's brother from himself. At last he was free. He almost ran to the station.

Looking from the window of the bank, the cashier seeing Mortimer's rapid pace, muttered: "I guess the poor man's mother is pretty bad; I'm glad I let him go. He's a good son to that mother of his."

At eleven o'clock Mortimer got a train for New York. During the ride at the station he had paced up and down the platform with nervous stride. A dozen times he looked at his watch; would he be too late? He had no idea how long it would take to reach Gravesend; he knew nothing of the race track's location. As the train whirled him through Emerson, where his mother lived, he could see the little drab cottage, and wondered pathetically what the good woman would say if she knew her son was going to a race meeting. At twelve he was in New York.

Mortimer found that he could take an "L" train to the Bridge, and transfer there to another taking him direct to the course. At the Bridge he was thrust into a motley crowd, eager, expectant, full of joyous anticipation of the course. At the Bridge he was thrust into a motley crowd, eager, expectant, full of joyous anticipation of the course.

"Oh, never mind then," answered Alan, angrily, stiffening up, because of Mortimer's lecture. "I'll lend you what I've got." "I'll lend you what I've got." "I'll lend you what I've got." "I'll lend you what I've got."

"You'd better take—"

"Take nothing—I don't want it." "Very well, I'm sorry I can't oblige you. But take my advice and don't bet at all; it'll only get you into trouble. "Thank you, I don't need your advice. I was a fool to ask you for the money."

He detected a look of incredulous belief in Mortimer's face, evidently, for he added, "You think I ain't got no dough, eh? Well, I dug down into the folds of his somewhat voluminous pants and drew forth a fair-sized roll. "See? That was just to let you see I ain't no fool. I got a gal owing him, an' dat's why he'll be ten to one. But dat don't out no fee wit' me. He'll be out for de goods; it's a gal owns him, an' der'll be nuttin' doin'." Gal's name's Porter."

Again Mortimer started. What a little word it was to be sure! Even here on the ferry boat, crowded with men of unchristian aspect, he heard the name of the woman he loved, and standing symbolical of honesty.

"What's the name of this—this horse?" he asked.

"Do you mean Luzeanne?"

"Yes, dat's it. I jes' heered it, an' I thought it was Luzeanne. You've got it straight, stranger. Say, are you wise to anytin'?"

"Not about the horse; but I know the people in the crowd, and they'll win if they can—that's sure."

"Der won't be many dead 'uns in de Derby. First horse's good enough, I see him gallop like a good 'un. An' I'm a piker, I like a bit of odds fer my stuff."

Mortimer saw the other occupants of the train moving toward the front end. "I guess we're here," said his companion; "perhaps I'll see you on de course. Say, I didn't catch your name. Mortimer?"

"Well, take care of yourself, Mr. Morton. See you later."

In his ignorance of a race meet Mortimer had felt sure he would be able to find Alan Porter without trouble. The true difficulty of his quest now dawned upon him. Wedged into the pushing, shoving, hurrying crowd, in three minutes he had completely lost himself. A dozen times he glanced at his watch, taking a certain kind of steps leading up to the grand stand as the base of his peregrinations; a dozen times he returned to the point, having accomplished nothing but complete bewilderment.

He asked questions, but the men he addressed were too busy to bother with him; some did not hear, others stared at him in distrust, and many looked at him with a certain amount of contempt. "You'll find him in the bar," "He's gone to the bar."

Even Mortimer's unpracticed mind realized speedily that it would be no thing short of a miracle if he were to find anyone in all those impatient thousands who even knew the person he was seeking. One young man, a clerk, obliging stranger, took him into the long race track bar room, which some of the other guests suggested to Mortimer was a cattle stable.

Behind the bar young men in white coats, even some in their shirt sleeves, were setting forth on its top, with feverish haste, clinking glasses that foamed and frothed, and the thirty souls who called vociferously for liquid refreshment. Everybody seemed on fire—burst of racing as occurred every few minutes, the fever of speculation.

Mortimer's own friend suggested that they look for him in the bar. "You'll find him in the bar," "He's gone to the bar."

"I must find my friend," he said, cutting the garrulous man short. "Excuse me, I'll go and look for him."

But the other was insistent; ferret-like, he had unearthed good meat—a rare green one—and he was determined to let his prey escape. His insistence matured into insolence as Mortimer spoke somewhat sharply to him. In leath, he suddenly stretched out a strong hand, and, seizing his insulter by the collar, gave him a quick twist that laid him on his back. Mortimer held him there, exclaiming for a full minute, while men gathered so close that the air became stifling. Presently a heavy hand was laid on Mortimer's shoulder and a gruff policeman's voice asked, "What's the matter here?"

"Nothing much," Mortimer replied, releasing his hold and straightening up. "This blackguard wanted me to bet on some horse, and when I refused, insulted me; that's all."

The other man had risen, his face purple from the twist at his throat. The officer looked at him. "At it again, Mr. Bunco. I'll take care of him," he continued, turning to the other man. Then, tucked in the ribs by the end of the policeman's baton, the tout was driven from the enclosure; the spectators merged into a larger crowd, and Mortimer was left once more to pursue his fruitless search.

As he merged into the open of the lawn he saw a gentleman standing somewhat listlessly, self-absorbed, as though he were not a party to the incessant turmoil of the others, who were so men mad.

(To be continued.)

ST. JOHN RIVER IN HISTORY.

Interesting and Valuable Historical Work

Has Just Been Published by

Rev. W. G. Raymond.

Those who have followed with pleasure Rev. Dr. Raymond's interesting serial history of the St. John River as published in the Telegraph will be glad to learn of its issue in book form. The new volume which contains 370 pages and numerous illustrations is a valuable contribution to the historical literature of the province and demands a place on the bookshelves of every New Brunswicker. Its great mass of information and the interesting handling of it combine to claim for the book a permanent place in the esteem of all whom the lives and work of the men who made this province what it is, seem worthy of remembrance.

The book begins with a comprehensive sketch of the early history of the province preceding and subsequent to its first exploration, the struggles between the early settlers and the Aborigines and the Anglo-French wars form the subject of the following chapters. Dr. Raymond deals fully with the condition of affairs on the river during the period extending from the treaty of Utrecht in 1713 to the conquest of Canada in 1763. All this time the St. John River was the scene of the struggle between England and France. The French strove to retain possession and built forts at Menagouche (the name they applied to St. John), and at Woodman's Point at the mouth of the Nepesiga. The Abbe Le Loup, and Comander Boilebert strove to maintain the French ascendancy against Governor Shirley of Massachusetts, and Lawrence of Nova Scotia, but in vain. The French were expelled from Acadia soon after the fall of Louisbourg, and became for a time the foot ball of fortune. On the 20th of September, 1763, Colonel Robert Monckton landed at St. John and took formal possession of Port Menagouche, which he rebuilt and renamed Port Frederick. With this event began the period of English occupation.

Governor Lawrence's proclamation of the results of the treaty of 1763, and the early religious teachers who labored on the St. John, commencing with the Baptist missionaries, treating also of the closing chapter on the coming of the Loyalists nearly thirty years ago and give with more fulness of detail than has yet been attempted, the story of the Loyalist migration. The voyages of the spring and fall, the hardships and the sufferings are described in detail, and the hardships endured by the founders of this event begin the period of English occupation.

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The book may be obtained at a very moderate price. It is also on sale at the principal bookstores. Special arrangements will be made with teachers and those engaged in educational work.

TRAPPED.

(Louisville Courier-Journal.) "Well, he's a strange one, I'm a New Yorker."

"How is the political situation over there?" inquired Herlock Sholmes. "Quite mixed."

"Mixed? My dear sir, do you not know that the general New Yorker is no adjective other than 'ferce'?" The fellow then sheepishly admitted that he was from Kankakee.

GRUESOME STORY OF CHINESE REVENGE.

Steward Buried His Mistress Alive—He is Tortured to Death.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Dec. 9.—The latest issues received here of the North China Daily News tell a gruesome story of Chinese barbarity as having occurred recently at Peking. A certain Mandarin's wife had incurred the hatred of her husband's head steward because she had refused to procure for the latter's son a coveted government appointment. The opportunity to revenge himself, for which the aggrieved steward had long waited, at last presented itself. The Mandarin was leaving on a short journey, and was overheard by his wife that he had fully made up his mind to have her buried alive.

After his master's departure, the chief of the household solicited an interview with the wife, and making the customary low obeisance, told her that he had come to carry out his master's orders. The terrified lady protested that it had been a joke, but was over-gagged and gagged her alive in her own garden.

The fury of the prince when he returned knew no bounds. The culprit was arrested and subjected to terrible tortures before he was finally beheaded. As many of his abettors as could be found were put to death by strangling.

EVERYBODY GLAD.

Now that the opening of Victoria Park is but a short distance in the future the children—and many grown-ups too—are clamoring for Santa Claus to bring them a season ticket. Hundreds will be disposed of this way, for no better gift could be conceived than a three month's continuous round of exhilaration and amusement under the vault of that grand old building on City Road. The Vic's Own Band is rehearsing a charming programme of new and catchy music, and the modern sounding board that is being installed will make the sweet strains all the louder. There is a new promenade, a new heating plant, and a general renovating of the whole rink. Watch the papers for the opening date.

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IT CAN HAVE BUT ONE RESULT. IT LEAVES THE THROAT OR LUNGS, OR BOTH, AFFECTED.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP IS THE MEDICINE YOU NEED.

It is without an equal as a remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throats, Whooping Cough, Quinsy and all affections of the Throat and Lungs. A single dose of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will stop the cough, soothe the throat and if the cough or cold has become settled on the lungs, the healing properties of the Norway Pine Tree will proclaim its great virtue by promptly radiating the bad effects, and a permanent use of the remedy cannot fail to bring about a complete cure.

Do not be humbugged into buying so-called Norway Pine Syrup, but be sure and get the genuine Dr. Wood's. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and price 25c. Mrs. Henry Seabrook, Newport, Oct., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup in our family for the past three years and I consider it the best remedy known for the cure of colds. It has cured all my children and myself."

St. John, N. B., Dec. 11, 1905.

Swell Xmas Gifts For Men and Boys.

We have been planning for the last six months to help you get suitable gifts for your men folk, and we have been successful in getting together some very attractive lines, a few of which we mention here.

A Free Box With Each Gift Purchase.

Black Made-up Mufflers at 25c, 50c, 75c, and \$1.50
Earl Grey Mufflers, in many shades, up to \$1.50
Handkerchiefs galore, from 5c to \$1.00 each
Initialed Handkerchiefs from 15c to 75c

Ties of all descriptions, all new and up-to-date
15c to 75c each
Umbrellas at 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 to \$5 each
Gloves, from 50c to \$2.50 a pair

In fact nearly everything in the dress line that appeals to Men and Boys will be found here in abundance at very low prices in our new Gent's Furnishing Department.

J. N. HARVEY,

190 and 201 Union Street.

KAISER'S RULES OF HEALTH.

(Detroit News.)

The German Kaiser endeavors to follow the "rules of life" laid down by his favorite physician, as follows: "Eat fruit for breakfast, Eat fruit for lunch."



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PEA HARD COAL \$4.00 PER TON DELIVERED.

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Bargains in \$6000 worth of Goods slightly damaged by water. Must be sold.

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W. & K. PEDERSEN,

Florists, City Market Greenhouse Sandy Point Road. Phone 2194.—

you RUN NO CHANCES of getting anything but the best quality of coal when you give us your order.

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Coals of All Kinds LOWEST CASH PRICES. Call and get prices. Prompt delivery.

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YORK BAKERY, 2 Stores, 200 Brussels Street, 565 Main St., N. E.

STORM SASHES. Phone 1028. When You Want Them On.

A. E. HAMILTON, Contractor and Builder. Shop, 209 Brussels St. Residence 88 Exmouth St.

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The North End Office of St. John STAR

GEORGE W. HOBEN,

DRUGGIST, 357 MAIN STREET.

Advertisements and Subscriptions left there will receive careful attention.

Dolly—Why did Molly accept that funny little Jingleby fellow? Polly—Well, you know she never could resist a bargain. And she says the face she bath every day. Wash the face every night in warm water. Sleep eight hours every night. The Kaiser ascribes his excellent health to this advice.