

SURELY HAYDEN, A. HAYDEN "IN A STUDY," WITH EX-MAYOR SUTTON HE TALKED SUBMARINES

Woodstock's Leading Captains of Industry "Take up" with Our Fugitive Business Propositions that Offer Some Peculiarities They Admit They Had Never Heard of.

Fox Seeks Farm Lands to Raise Goats and to Start a Snake Ranch Over in Grafton and Demands of a Furniture Man the Repair of His Sidewalk.

When Woodstock had gathered the clues Fox the fugitive left in that town the sleuths learned for the first time the chance they had to get ten dollars in easy money.

The brightest saleswoman, just a girl, at Manzer's dry goods store went out the next day on the fugitive's trail. A Toronto salesman who is personally acquainted with Fox stood by the little lady when she held up a sporty looking gentleman in an automobile drawn up in front of the store.

And this Toronto salesman "egged her on." Now that was mean of him. But he got a barrel full of fun out of it.

Clues were left at the station lunch room; at Manzer's and at Hanson's, the book store—little "tall-tales" or "tattlers" I call them.

Ex-Mayor W. S. Sutton and J. A. Hayden, president of the Electric Light Co. discussed the "floating motor wheel" with Fox the fugitive.

Mr. Post over in Grafton learned of the "snake ranch" to be located back of his house. This story appears tomorrow.

Mr. J. Albert Hayden, president of the Woodstock Electric Light and Power Company and the owner of large properties in Woodstock is now studying the possibility of the "Symonds Automatic Water Wheel" THAT FLOATS.

Now Mr. Hayden's great success in life has been due to his discernment of "financial opportunities." And while such as command his attention involve financial gains in large sums of money like all other captains of industry, Mr. Hayden does not generally pass up good things because they happen to offer small rewards. Yet the ten dollars for the capture of Fox in Woodstock "got by" him. And his friends will wonder at it.

Mr. Hayden was seated on the porch to his residence when a stranger to him introduced a new thing in water wheels.

"The latest and greatest power producer ever designed and practically demonstrated," I said to him as I handed him my card.

"Simple, economic and on a scientific principle of construction that draws greater power from flowing water than any known wheel." This introduction punctuated with superlatives "fetched him."

"The water wheel that floats!"

"Did you ever see anything like it, Mr. Hayden?"

"It rises and falls with the tide in tidal streams. No race or dam is needed. No shutting-down and opening of gates. No fall—head as you call it—is required. A simple lever that locks and unlocks the wheel in motion the wheels of industry, and stops them from moving when you want to shut down. Whenever you find a moving current of water, Mr. Hayden, a boon to humanity. A great mobilizer of dividends."

Mr. Hayden was handed printed pictures and diagrams which he received and studied carefully. There he was shown this marvellous invention. He still has the documents.

If any of his Woodstock friends would like to copy themselves of the plausibility of this "great industrial agent" Mr. Hayden will doubtless show them the prints and diagrams which Fox the fugitive left with him.

"All you need to do when you install this wizard of power, Mr. Hayden, is to anchor the wheel to the shore of the St. John river; or you can anchor it in mid-stream. It will float. It will turn. Nothing but a break-down can stop it where there is a current. When water is low or high it goes round just the same."

Yes, he could see that. With the projecting blades the wheel would have to move.

And the power it drives? Ah, indeed! That is another story which I left the gentleman to find out for himself.

Now when Ex-Mayor W. S. Sutton seated on the sofa in his own home where I had broken in on his afternoon nap, was shown this device, he scratched his head, studied the document awhile, then without expressing any opinion of his own suggested that I might well show it to the manager of the Light and Power Co. He pointed out that gentleman's residence across the street. He took the trouble to accompany me out on his porch where I thanked him for his advice and said I "guessed I would be going."

His indifference to the character of this marvellous motor wheel excited my suspicion. Did he have his own suspicion? I think so. When I saw the peculiar look his wife directed at me, then the way she looked at him, I was sure that Fox the fugitive was on her mind from the start.

When I got him on the porch away from the subtle influence of the lady I knew that my "floating water wheel" stunt was "all dough" with him.

But I had another "shot in my locker." Mr. Sutton is the proprietor of a large woodworking factory. He is an expert in woods. So I turned the subject to wooden submarines. What did he think of wooden submarines? He didn't have any opinion on that subject. He hadn't thought of it.

"The great difficulty, Mr. Sutton, is the time required, and the cost of building the steel submarine."

Yes, he admitted that.

"There is plenty of wood—and steel is not always immediately available," I persisted. I asked him if he thought wood would be too "impervious" too easily water soaked?

"What kind of wood?" he shot back at me.

"Hardwood, of course."

"Well there is plenty of hardwood around here," he answered.

"But it can't be got out at the prevailing prices. It is too heavy too handle. The cartage is too great. The cost of cutting and moving it is too much."

At last I had got him into a discussion. If not on water wheels at any rate on timber. Then I sprang my clue.

"What kind of wood do you think would make a good ELBOW FOR SUBMARINES?"

He spoke of birch. Then I thought

of the woods right back of Post's house.

But Greeley Shea has a better grove," he urged. "It is further away from Post's property. It is hard wood," he said.

"No!" I responded. "They'll do better right up here. It's a better prospect and they do better in soft wood groves anyway."

It was time to decamp. And as he pointed out to me Mr. Hayden's house I wondered what "grudge" he might have to be worked out by turning me over to that gentleman.

I had found Mr. Hayden and his car and chauffeur at the door. And now with the doubts I had as to what might happen up there in Ex-Mayor Sutton's residence after his wife had disclosed to him her suspicions, you can understand how anxious I was to get out of the neighborhood.

And yet it was plain that my wonderful device had aroused Mr. Hayden's interest. It had got him into a deep study of the "plans and specifications" I showed him. He was evidently puzzled, for it all looked so plausible yet reason, which a successful man like Mr. Hayden would naturally invoke, would have "something to say."

How much of a current is necessary to feed this wheel? How deep would the water have to be? Those were the essentials he was puzzling himself over and the questions he put to me. And so the gentleman went on—with question after question, such as would naturally arise. And I answered each one; with caution it is true. And the best I knew how, for I realized I had to deal with a practical man and I didn't want to get summarily "snuffed out."

I appeared to satisfy him with my answers except on one point.

This wheel would require a speedy current. Why so, Mr. Hayden? Because speed is power.

"A sluggish current such as we have in the St. John would not give power."

"But it would turn the wheel?" I declared.

"To get speed, such as you might want to run your generators, Mr. Hayden, you would only have to COG UP—or BELT UP—the wheels of the necessary size, large or small."

"There are places on the river where the current would be swift enough," he went on to say.

As for "cogging up" to speed, "belting up" as I said, he passed over apparently without noticing it. His eyes and attention were held to that document.

As any reader may know I am not familiar with machinery. The remarks were a shot I fired. I took that chance, wondering how he would meet it. Without answering my suggestion directly he said:

"Speed is power. A current of water might be slow enough to turn the wheel. It might not flow fast enough to give power."

But he continued to study the document. Apparently there was something about it that was not so absurd after all.

Then he told me that his company had already decided to install another wheel or two. So you see I had stepped in at the psychological time.

I made an appointment to demonstrate it. That was the natural thing to do. He agreed to it.

"If you can show us it should be glad to have you do so."

Yet when I walked away he was still going over the document I had given him. "Let me see, Mr. Hayden. What are your initials?"

"J. A. But they all call me Albert."

"See you again, Mr. Hayden."

"Glad to have you." Then he turned to the floating water wheel document which he was still perusing when I crossed the street.

I scattered inquiries for the location of the cemetery down Queen street and Broadway. I told the workmen in the cemetery my name was "Harry Graves." One of them said he could see I was a stranger in town. I hobnobbed with the school girls on the Fisher Memorial School grounds.

I demanded of J. Vaarwa, the furniture man, that the walk in front of his place be fixed. He said he had warned the authorities.

Mr. Post in Grafton who I called out from his house was not pleased that I was to "raise snakes" in the groves back of the house. Especially as they would run from seven to twelve feet long.

"My!" he exclaimed, "those are big snakes. Are they dangerous? What kind are they?"

"Schneppers," I replied. "We'll keep them in." I assured him. But he shook his head and looked dubious for I decided as a preference to purchase Olm-



"AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM"—Dr. Michael Clark, M. P.

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MAN IN COUNTY HAS NEVER PAID TAXES

Approaching Middle Age He Has Always Refused to Pay Share of Municipal Expenditures.

"Checking up the arrearage in taxes brings to light some odd and interesting facts," said County Secretary J. King Kelley, to The Standard yesterday, and then he proceeded to tell the reporter one of them. A man nearing middle age living in the Parish of Simonds, owes the county the sum of \$42.39. This man has never paid taxes to the county nor has he ever done his road work, and all he has done is to pay in any one year has been a poll tax of \$1 and on an income of \$100.00.

This is an extreme case, but many have not paid their personal property, income and poll tax for a number of years, and at the recent meeting of the assessors and the county secretary, held in St. Martins, it was decided to issue executions against those who are in arrears in these items.

WHY GEN. NIVELLE LOST COMMAND OF THE ARMY

Chamber of Deputies Holds Noisy Discussion of Mistakes of Offensive of April 16.

Paris, July 9.—Noisy scenes attended the public sitting of the chamber of deputies which followed a week of secret sessions at which were discussed events connected with the offensive of April 16. Premier Ribot closed the debate for the government, declaring that the April offensive was costly but that, instead of being checked, as asserted by some, it was a real success. Mistakes undoubtedly had been made, the premier said, "but we cannot rob our generals of the audacity that gives victory."

Paul Painlevé, minister of war, dwelt upon the successes obtained in the April offensive, but did not deny that serious faults were committed. He said the responsible chiefs, among them the commander-in-chief (General Nivelle), had been relieved of command. Investigations will be begun in a few days, he said, to fix responsibility and permit the government to take necessary steps.

A resolution of confidence accepted by the government was adopted in a test vote by 375 to 23.

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"TIZ" FOR TIRED PUFFED-UP FEET

Instant relief for sore, aching, tender, calloused feet and corns.

"Pull, Johnny, Pull!"

You're footsick! Your feet feel tired, puffed-up, chafed, aching, sweaty, and they need "Tiz."

"Tiz" makes feet remarkably fresh and sore-proof. "Tiz" takes the pain and burns right out of corns, callouses and bunions. "Tiz" is the grandest foot-gladener the world has ever known.

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COLOGNE UNDER MARTIAL RULE

Fresh Riots Break Out in Big German City.

The Hague, July 9.—Cologne, one of the chief manufacturing cities of west Prussia, is under the most strict martial law following fresh riots which occurred there Saturday, according to reports received here.

The outbreak was due to the reduction in the number of meat cards issued. Police and soldiers charged the crowds and many persons were wounded.

Frank Patterson of Winnipeg, formerly with the local C. P. R. staff is home on a short visit. Mr. Patterson is with the Imperial Tobacco Co.

BOMBS DROPPED ON KRUPP WORKS

Amsterdam, July 9.—A frontier correspondent of the Handelsblad reports that five persons were killed and several houses were destroyed during the bombardment of the German city of Essen, home of the great Krupp works, on Friday night. A correspondent of the Telegraaf says bombs were dropped on the Krupp works and reports of damage inflicted are conflicting.

QUAKE SHAKES ETERNAL CITY

Rome, July 9.—Pope Benedict was awakened by an earth shock which shook the whole of Rome early on Sunday morning. Many people dressed, others left their homes fearing a second shock. The Pope inquired as to the extent of the earthquake and learned there was no damage or victims. The shock was especially felt at Avezzano, which was practically destroyed in the earthquake of January, 1915.

County Taxes Well Paid

The property owners in the county have paid their taxes earlier this year than usual, and the number of those in arrears is in consequence small. The number of delinquents by parish is as follows:—Lancaster, 31; Musquash, 20; Simonds, 86; St. Martins, 38.

HOLLWEG MAY QUIT

Amsterdam July.—The Tageblatt of Berlin says it is rumored that a change in the German chancellorship may be expected. Among those mentioned as the possible successor of Von Bethmann Hollweg it names Prince Von Buelow, former chancellor, Count Von Hartling, Bavarian prime minister, and Count Rosenau, secretary of the imperial treasury.



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Old tea looks just the same as fresh tea;
Poor, cheap tea looks the same as good tea;
Damaged tea looks the same as sound tea;
The tea in the scoop looks all right;

— BUT —

The tea in the Red Rose package is all right. It is guaranteed to be pure, fresh, fine quality tea—Guaranteed so fully that if you ever should happen to find a package not right up to the standard, and that is a very rare occurrence, your grocer will give you another package free of charge, or refund your money, and we will pay him for it.

You don't have to depend on looks when you buy Red Rose. The name, the sealed package and our guarantee insures you getting tea worth every cent of the price marked on the package.

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I. E. ESTABROOKS CO. LIMITED
ST. JOHN TORONTO WINNIPEG CALGARY

Red Rose crushed coffee is as generously good as Red Rose Tea and just as easy to make.



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Magneto—Built-In Flywheel Type—Automatic Reverse—More power and speed.

Sold by The A. R. Williams Machinery Co., Ltd., St. John, N. B. Distributors for the Maritime Provinces.

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This is the red, white and green package which you have been buying for over eleven years.



Kellogg's TOASTED CORN FLAKES

The increasing sales, year by year, prove that their good qualities have been kept up to the standard since the beginning, and are appreciated by Canadians.

To be sure you get Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes, insist on this package. It is the original. Refuse all substitutes.

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FRANCE'S DAY.

GAPE, JULY 7.

FRANCE'S DAY.

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