

THANKS OF THE WEATHER

(Copyright, 1907, by E. C. Purcell.)  
It was the weather in the first place, thought Editha, as she watched the rain beat against the window. If she and Richard had not been caught in a sudden shower to the utter ruin of her very prettiest dress, she would never have been irritable and quarrelsome with him about nothing at all, and she would not have expected him to take the fault upon himself when she alone—after the weather—was to blame. And now it had rained for nearly a week and the inaction was driving her wild; she could only think, think, and vainly try to overcome her pride and send for him.

For the thousandth time she drew from her dress his last letter, and re-read it:  
"Dearest—We have been friends and neighbors and sweethearts all our lives and should not let anything come between us. I love you, and if you will just send one word saying you want me I will come at your call and forget the nothing we quarreled about. Should we let anything so childish part us? I look for a word from you, if it does not come I shall know—that you really couldn't break our engagement, and shall of course not trouble you. But you couldn't have meant it, Editha."  
"Fraternal yours,  
"Richard Copeland."

That was all, but she had sent him no word, thinking that in time he would come anyhow and then she would let him coax her out of her anger. But he had not come, and she could not fail to respect him for refusing to be played with.

So she was very wretched and blamed her own pride and the weather. The rain beat down warmly and infernally, and all nature seemed to throw under its moist influence. Editha looked across the fields to the south to Richard's home, which one day was to have been also hers, and saw him out in the rain on his horse, coming from the town a few miles away. How often they two had ridden about the country together, and now it was as over—he would never come back to her—unless she sent for him. Could she do it? It was early in the afternoon and she might send her little brother over with a note. She hesitated, then she went to her room and sat down to her desk. It would be a relief to write to him—even if she could not bring herself to send it to him.

"Dear Richard,  
"Will you come to see me tonight? I was horrid, and I am very sorry. If I had not been so wretched I should not have thought of caring, because you rode to town with Fay. Of course, you could not help her, but I am sure you always was forward.  
"Forgive me and come back. You know that I love you—Editha."

She sat looking at it. Then her heart misgave her. It had been two long months since they parted, and he might no longer care for her; he might care for Fay—the neighbors had said that he had been to see her. The letter was altogether too unguarded—she could not tell him she loved him. So she carefully thrust it into her dress with the letter from him.

She tried to busy herself about the house, but somehow she could not work; she was restless, and felt as if her mother and sister saw it and would know that she fretted for Richard. She tried to read in her own room, but it seemed like a prison.

About about 1 o'clock she felt as if the day had been years long; she could bear it no longer. She put on some heavy shoes and an old waterproof riding habit, wound her hair fairly close under a little cap and stood before the glass thinking what a fright she looked and rather rejoicing in the fact. What was the use of being beautiful when Richard no longer cared? She slipped out to the barn and saddled Ginger, her little mare, and rode quickly out of the gate and northward, as she did not want to pass Richard's house. Her mother saw her ride off in the storm, and wondered if the girl was crazy, but it was not her mother's business to know. At first Ginger seemed to refuse to believe that she was expected to ride in the rain, but after a few moments of protest, Editha convinced her with the quiet that this wind and rain were really to be faced, and the little beast settled into a stolid trot.

Editha rather rejoiced in buffeting the storm; the rain and wind cooled her hot cheeks, and the open air relieved the unbearable tension of her nervousness. For the first time since the trouble with Richard, she allowed herself the unrestrained luxury of tears. Here, out in the open, with the stinging of rain-drops in her face, she was free from prying eyes, she did not need to keep up her pride, and she could be as wretched as she really felt. She did not look about her, but rode mile after mile, letting the mare take her own course.

After riding an hour or so she noticed that the storm abated, and looking up saw that the clouds were less dark. Here and there was a gleam of blue, though the warm wind still blew intermittent drops into her face. She drew her collar closely about her neck and pulled her cap over her eyes and rode on with her own thoughts.

"At last an idea came to her. Why not phone to Richard? Just call him up and talk to him in the old way about nothing in particular? And if he made it easy for her, ask him to come to see her that evening? Strong in this new resolve she looked to see where she was, and realized that after a long detour they were about a mile below Richard's house, which they must pass. She could not go back, for it was probably near evening. The sun threatened to break through the clouds near the horizon. The rain had entirely ceased. She felt tired, but happier, and quiet after the relief of tears.

Then she remembered a way through Richard's fields that they had often taken. She would have to pass a bad slough, but that could not be helped—he must not see her in her present plight. She realized that her face was swollen and her eyes red with weeping, and that she was covered with mud, her hair was flying wildly, though the dampness always made it curl. She turned into the pasture, after dismounting to open a heavy gate, and as she rode along she removed her cap, and, transferring her hairpins to

her mouth, let the reins fall on Ginger's neck while she shook out her long hair and prepared to coil it more closely; but Ginger gave a sudden jerk, and in calling "Woe!" fell from her mouth into the mud and water. Then she laughed, long and heartily, and gave the wind its will with her hair. No one would see her, anyway.

As she neared the slough she felt very warm and unfettered her habit at the throat. Ginger was plunging and smothering through the mud, and stopped once with a jerk that almost threw the girl from her saddle. The wind caught at her dress, and before she realized it the two luckless letters were spread out in the mud. It was so deep she could not possibly dismount. She drove Ginger as close to them as possible and was leaning over reaching for them so attentively that she did not see Richard till he rode up almost against her.

Her eyes met his, defiantly conscious of her floating hair and her soiled face, and above all, the tell-tale letters. She wished her writing was finer—she could see that hateful "I love you" from where she now was. He lifted his hat and was getting down to hand her the letters when she stopped him.

"Richard Copeland, you 'ow' right away. Don't touch them. I will get them myself."  
"You can't. You'd get stuck in the mud. Let me."  
"If you do, I'll hate you."  
"You do anyway, and besides, I won't look at whatever it is you seem to value so." He coolly dismissed her, but she sprang down ahead of him and snatched at them, sticking to her knees in the mud. Ginger started and Richard called "Whoa!" but gave the horse a slap cut with his whip that sent her on a mad gallop for home. He held Colonel by the bridle. Editha faced him.

"Now, Editha," he said, "hate me or not. You will have to get on Colonel and take him home. Come—dear."  
"I'll get her first!" He mounted, and, riding close to her, suddenly caught her in his arms and drew her struggling and angry to the saddle in front of him.

"Editha," he said, "I couldn't help seeing the 'I love you' on the letter you were so anxious about. Was it written for me?" Suddenly she felt that she could bear it no longer. She turned her face against him, and he saw Peter Fontaine's hand on her shoulder, long hair and held her very close. Her pride was quite gone; she was in tears and a fright generally. She felt that it was positively a miracle that he could still love her. He kissed the only available place, which happened to be her left ear. Then he asked her again about the letter.

"I meant it for you," she owned, "but I couldn't send it and I was miserable." He laughed softly and bade her look up, and Colonel snatched understandingly that he was expected to go very, very slow.

GENERAL BOOTH'S  
FAREWELL MESSAGE  
TO PEOPLE OF CANADA

NORTH SYDNEY, June 17.—Before the departure of the Empress of Ireland from North Sydney yesterday General Booth of the Salvation Army, who is a passenger on the steamer, gave out the following farewell message to the people of Canada:

"I have enjoyed my visit to Canada. My last words to Canadians is to be strong and do right; righteousness is the one thing that counts. God bless you all, may we meet at the feet of the throne and flowers and the music of the angels."

OUTPUT OF CANADIAN  
FABRIQUES INCREASED

OTTAWA, June 17.—The output of Canadian factories has increased in the last five years from four hundred and eighty-one millions to seven hundred and fifteen millions, a gain of about thirty-three per cent. The greatest gain was made by something which increased four fold to twenty-eight and a half million. The biggest industry in classification is lumber, having the mills having increased from fifty-one to sixty-eight millions. Great gains are shown in most industries.

Every Woman  
is interested and should know  
of this wonderful  
MARVEL Whirling Spray  
the new Toilet Preparation  
which is the most  
perfect and complete  
toilet preparation  
yet devised.  
It is a perfect  
skin and hair  
preparation.  
It gives  
the skin a soft  
and delicate  
texture and  
the hair a  
natural and  
beautiful  
growth.  
It is  
sold by  
all  
druggists  
and  
grocers.  
General Agents for Canada,  
W. L. GILBERT & CO., Ltd.,  
Toronto, Ont.

CONFLICTING STORES AT  
BALMORAL INQUEST

Body of Dead Man May be Exhumed to Ascertain the Number of Bullet Holes — Jury will Visit Scene of the Shooting in Order to Judge for Themselves.

DALHOUSIE, N. B., June 17.—The inquest over the shooting affray at Balmorale opened Monday at 10 a. m. in the court house here. It was crowded with people from all parts of the country. Several newspapers were represented. The crown was represented by W. A. Tremblay, the defense by R. A. Lawlor, K. C., and the constables, Sealy and Gallop, by W. A. Mott. The first witness called was Andrew Fontaine. He swore that Jalbert was the first man who met Sealy at the door. They clinched. All his evidence went to show that Jalbert was the first man who met Sealy at the door. Gallop dragged him to the scene after he had been arrested. Gallop struck Jalbert with the baton, Jalbert ran away, and he also made his escape. Before he left he saw Peter Fontaine run around the house, and both fired at him.

The fact witness, Joseph Jalbert, swore that Sealy came to his house, knocked at the door, pushed it in, and ran to the door and pushed Sealy out and knocked him over with a piece of firewood. His wife then called out to Peter Fontaine to come down and Gallop appeared and struck him on the head and he ran away and hid behind the barn. From there he saw Peter Fontaine run around the house and came back to go in the house crawling on his hands and feet. He heard "several" shots.

William Gallop swore that he saw two men at Sealy's at the door of Joseph Jalbert. He had Andrew Fontaine in custody. He dragged him over to help Sealy. Struck Jalbert on the head with a baton and tried to strike Peter Fontaine, but missed him. Peter Fontaine ran round the house, and Sealy fired one shot.

Mr. Mott, he said he would not swear that Sealy aimed at Fontaine.

Fontaine ran back into the house and started upstairs and one of the steps broke away. Both men fell to the ground. The both Sealy and Gallop got Peter Fontaine and handcuffed him and placed him on the bench. Then they started to look for the prisoner. There was a telephone in the house. He heard a noise at the woods and going in that direction saw a man coming with an axe in a threatening position and both fired to frighten him away. When they returned to Jalbert's house, he saw blood running from Peter Fontaine's hip and saw he was in a dying condition. Then he travelled five miles to D. C. Arsenault's "Iduna," where there was a telephone to have the doctor come at once, but Fontaine died in a few minutes. He also swore that he had been told that the Fontaines were dangerous men to arrest. He had taken precautions accordingly.

Anthony Fontaine was the next witness called. He was the man who came with the axe from the woods, having been notified by his sister, Mrs. Jalbert, who said there was a murder at the house. On the way down he met the officers, who fired at him, striking one of his fingers. He exhibited the wound to the jury. He was away, he said, and in about one hour returned to Jalbert's house, where he found his brother dead and saw blood in all directions.

R. A. Lawlor suggested that the body be exhumed again to ascertain the number of bullets that entered the body, also the culture of the bullets. It is supposed that the revolver used by the two officers were different. The inquest was then adjourned until Wednesday at 10 o'clock. In the meantime the jury will visit the scene of the tragedy to see for themselves on account of the conflicting testimony.

BATTERY OF FIELD  
ARTILLERY IN MONCTON  
Transfer From St. John Will be Made  
Today—Dear Peopleful in Railway  
Town.

MONCTON, N. B., June 17.—That Moncton is to have a battery of field artillery has become a fact. Word has been received from the military council that the transfer will be gazetted on June 18, and the equipment will reach here this week from St. John. As it is the intention of the militia department to supply all the field batteries with the most modern pattern of supplies, in the way of harness for draught horses, and the new colonial saddlery for the saddle horses, it has been found that the ordinance stores at Ottawa could not supply all the batteries with this kind of equipment in time to start Camp Sussex on June 25. Therefore the Moncton field battery will not go to Sussex, but will perform its twelve days of annual training in Moncton this year, a suitable location near the city having been chosen for the camp. A detachment of the battery is at present at Petawawa. Great interest is being taken here in the recruiting of the corps.

John M. Beaton, aged fifty-four, died yesterday at his home here after a lengthy illness. He was a native of Rose Valley, P. E. Island, coming to Moncton with his parents when two years old. He conducted a grocery business here for many years. Game is so plentiful in the vicinity of Moncton that wild animals are frequently seen in the streets. A few days ago a large cow mouse came out of the woods north of Moncton, and in the early morning hours wandered down through the woods and to the J. C. R. depot, and across the Petitcodiac River bridge to Coverdale. This morning a deer and two young deer were seen on the streets in the west end. They were not molested and went into the woods.

R. Clark, Moncton manager of the Bank of Montreal, has made an offer of thirty dollars in prizes, ten for the candidate for high school entrance securing the best result in reading, ten for the best reader in Grade VIII, and ten to be given similarly in the high school. The high school entrance examinations started here today, there being 105 candidates.

Moncton is to have an athletic club, to keep this city in line with the athletic revival which is being manifested in athletics all over the province. A general meeting has been called for Tuesday evening at which an athletic club will be formed. It is hoped that the splendid athletic talent available in the city at the present time, but a great lack of initiation has been shown in its development.

FOUND DYNAMITE  
IN SHIP'S HOLD  
Believed to Have Been Placed There  
During Longshoremen's Strike in  
Montreal.

HALIFAX, June 17.—The finding of two sticks of dynamite in the hold of a steamer from Montreal Saturday morning caused a small sensation about the city, also the culture of the bullets. It is supposed that the revolver used by the two officers were different. The inquest was then adjourned until Wednesday at 10 o'clock. In the meantime the jury will visit the scene of the tragedy to see for themselves on account of the conflicting testimony.

McGraw TO APPEAR  
BEFORE COURT JUNE 19th

MONTREAL, June 17.—Wallace McGraw found guilty at Three Rivers, over a year ago for the murder of Percy W. H. Bond, was taken here in the recruiting of the corps.

Go to the Queen Tonight.

THE INSPECTOR'S LIFE



Because—you have to pay a high import duty on imported meats of only average quality.

Because—you can always be sure that when you get Clark's Meats, you have the very best.

Because—only Prime Canadian Meat is used in their manufacture;

Because—the name of Wm. Clark guarantees their purity and high quality;

Because—they save cooking and are ready to serve at a moment's notice for unexpected meals;

Because—they are wasteless—every tin holds its full of fine Meat without any useless bone, gristle or fat.

Because—they can be made up easily, quickly and economically into many an appetizing dish;

These are seven reasons why you should always insist on getting Clark's Canned Meats.

Clark's Corned Beef, Clark's Ready Lunch Veal Loaf, Clark's Sliced Smoked Beef, Clark's Ready Lunch Beef Loaf, Clark's Ox Tongue, Clark's Ready Lunch Ham Loaf, Clark's Potted Meats, Etc., Etc.

WM. CLARK, Mfr. - MONTREAL.

7 Reasons why you should only use Clark's Corned Beef—and Clark's other Preserved Meats in tins.

Because—you have to pay a high import duty on imported meats of only average quality.

Because—you can always be sure that when you get Clark's Meats, you have the very best.

Because—only Prime Canadian Meat is used in their manufacture;

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WM. CLARK, Mfr. - MONTREAL.

IF ST. JOHN ONLY  
HAD A LITTLE  
Intense Heat In Ottawa Cause of Several  
Prostrations—Will Get Honorary  
Degrees.

OTTAWA, June 17.—Continuation of intense heat caused several prostrations in Ottawa. Sunday the temperature rose to eighty-six, and today eighty-eight degrees in the shade were recorded. Humidity added to the effects of the heat, and the result was a feeling of oppression. Several cases of prostration were reported, and it is believed that the heat was the cause of several deaths.

Another Big Nickel Week.

The Nickel performances during the remaining days of the half week will be full of interest to old and young alike, inasmuch as they give a variety of motion pictures quite unusual. Yesterday afternoon the attendance was up to the usual high average, and much favorable comment was heard from parents, while the little ones' merry chatter left no doubt as to their enjoyment. The new pictures are entitled Married For Millions, Two Brave Children, and The Tramp Dog, while the illustrated song, Won't You Come Over to My House, is a pretty song-story, pleasing to all, and sumptuously illuminated.

The Nickel management withdrew the Magic Hen picture after its initial production at 12.30 yesterday, as it was deemed unsuitable to many of the more youthful patrons of the resort. It was the first time the pictures had been run through the stereoscope, owing to its late arrival, and in keeping with the strict policy of the house—that of absolute purity of entertainment and suitability to all ages—it was quickly removed from the programme. The picture was by no means indelicate or unseemly, merely too striking for childish eyes.

Who is there who can honestly say he or she is absolutely free from chronic disorders? It may not be from dyspepsia, only indigestion; it may not be inability to eat nearly all foods, only certain kinds. No matter what your digestive ailment, Hemen's Dyspepsia Cure will give you relief and in a short time complete release from stomach ills. 35c. and \$1.00, at all good druggists.

NEW STEAMSHIP LINE  
FOR ST. JOHN AND FLORIDA  
WITH CALL AT BERMUDA.

Captain Mark Golinisky, of Hamilton, Bermuda, was registered at the Royal Yacht Club here. He will leave for Boston today. Captain Golinisky's presence in St. John is for the purpose of promoting a St. John-Bermuda line of steamers to be devoted to both freight and passenger traffic.

Last evening Capt. Golinisky outlined to a Sun reporter the plan on which the new steamship line which he is promoting, would be operated. The line will have as its terminus St. John and some Florida port, either Fernandina or Jacksonville, more probably the latter. Boston and Bermuda will be ports of call on the route. Besides this line there will be in connection with it another line from Liverpool to Florida.

"Both of these lines," said the captain, "will be in operation on the first of December."

One steamer giving a fortnightly service will be put on the St. John-Jacksonville route, while two vessels will ply between Great Britain and Jacksonville. The aim of the promoters of the new service is to attract people who winter in Florida. Many persons, both English and American, who state as a winter resort, and it is thought that the new line will be patronized by many who travel at present via New York. It is intended to give travellers the opportunity to stop over for about a week in Bermuda in order that they may enjoy the delightful climate.

By using both the St. John-Florida and the English routes a winter voyage to Europe may be made so as to avoid the rough and stormy weather prevalent on the northern routes in winter. The new line will also look after freight business. Trade between Canada and Bermuda, according to Capt. Golinisky, can be greatly developed by a direct steamship line running from St. John the whole year around. No other Canadian port is to be used. Capt. Golinisky claims that existing lines will not be interfered with, as the new line is entirely to the west of the Indian trade, merely touching at Bermuda. The capital behind the project was subscribed in England, the United States and Bermuda. No Canadian money has yet been invested, although the promoters would welcome it.

It was originally intended to name the new line B. B. B. Boston, Bermuda and Brunswick, the last named port in Georgia. The line was considered as a likely terminus. The change in route has caused a change in name. The new name has not yet been decided upon. It may be New Brunswick, Boston and Bermuda. Captain Golinisky is an American citizen, having been born in New Jersey, but has resided for some time in Bermuda. Besides being a promoter of steamship lines he is an inventor. An invention which he patented two years ago is a new type of steamer. The kind of steamship that Capt. Golinisky proposes to build is the "arrow-head" type. This vessel has its greatest beam but a short distance from the bow. Its side after being as far as possible from one another suddenly approach one another to form what might be termed a beam propeller are placed one on either side of the hull. A third propeller is in its usual position at the stern. Captain Golinisky claims that a vessel built on the lines described would be much more easily propelled and handled than those built on the generally accepted lines.

PRINCE FUSHIMI  
SENDS LOVING CUP

KINGSTON, June 17.—Prince Fushimi, who spent an hour in the Royal Military College on his westward tour, has marked the occasion by having sent the college a handsome silver loving cup accompanied by a telegram especially acknowledging the honor done him by the cadets in drawing his carriage back to the station.

FORCE OF HABIT.

"I must not listen to you, Mr. Pen-yalline," protested the blushing girl, with eyes downcast. "You are only trifling, and—and, besides, it is getting late."  
"Please hear me out, Miss Helen," pleaded the infatuated young reporter. "I'll cut it down to 250 words."

WRIT AGAINST EX-  
PRESIDENT COCKBURN

TORONTO, Ont., June 17.—The directors of the Ontario Bank today issued a writ against ex-President George R. Cockburn for \$37,500, being the purchase price of 275 shares of the Ontario Bank stock which the plaintiffs allege Cockburn undertook to sell, but for which no return was ever made to the bank. The transaction took place in March, 1905.

GRUMPY.

Miss Ouch—It was so funny I thought I'd die!

Mr. Grouch—Why did you change your mind?—Cleveland Leader.

"The other fellow's advice may be all right, but you'd better use a little horse sense with it."