## The Daughter of the Man With the Hoe.

"WHEN I- WAS DARK!"

If you had seen her on a certain morning early in Soptember in the middle of Wesley Court, punching her with the Wesley Court, punching her in the middle of Wesley Court, punching her in the solid man the season where the suffernment is so hidden beneath as that was hard violence of the in the squirming piece of Them to hem you had called a "girl," you might have thought that it was a case of mistaken eredity, and that this punching marionette was not really the, daughter of "The Man with the Birst of the with man the man that the should have been the second much in the strong appreciation of the strangement of the with without the strong had been the second much in the strong had been the strong and the strong had been the strong and the strong had been the strong and the strong had been the strong court of the strong had been the strong that the strong had been the strong that the strong had been that the stron

alone, that saved Polly.

By the time they reached the school door victor and victim were togeter, door victor and victim were togeth, and it speaks well for the restraining influences of our great educational system that both of the children reached tem that both of the children reached the that both of the children reached the satisfactory and in a comparatively their seats alive and in a comparatively their seats alive and in a comparatively gether as she answered quite cheerfully, "Yes, ma'am! I whispered! It tem that both of the children reactively their seats alive and in a comparatively good condition to begin their daily labors—for the little affair in Wesley Court was merely daily exercise that apparently was keeping them both in good physical condition.

physical condition.

With hand jerking in the air, but with all connection lost between the operation and permission to speak, Polly rushed to her teacher's desk. "Annie Buttinsky smasher me!" she whimpered — Polly always whimpered. "I said I'd tell teacher!" she whimpered again, but triumphantly this time. Have you ever heard a triumphant whimper? It is a wonderful combination in tones to stir up the passions of an enemy, but don't try it yourself un-

an enemy, but don't try it yourself un-less you are under cover! Without Polly was under cover! Without even pretending to jerk the air, Annie spoke. "Sneak!" coldly and deliber-

spoke. "Sneak!" coldly and deliberately she hissed.

Pooh Polly was "smashed" again, and back toher seat slunk, defeated, to find her comfort in a wad of chewing gum that, with a wonderfully provident eye for the future, she had stored for just some such "bad hour."

With an air of conscious greatues, "Annie the Smasher" retired behind the pages of her history, to devise new means of punishment for her enemy. The teacher looked at the two little girls and her heart sank with her. Polly Sisonsky was not a child to pleasantly hold anyone's attention. Neither was Anna Buttinsky, and yet in the latter was a suggestion of possibilities, almost intangible, that the weaker face of Polly lacked. There was no doubt that Annie Buttinsky was an ugly-looking child, excepting when interested in something. As there was just one thing in the universe, so far in her career that she had found interesting, and that thing was fighting the world in general, and fighting Polly in particular, it would seem if the principle of peaceful arbitration once entered her system of philosophy, that ever afterward she would lost all opportunity for looking beautiful.

Short, thick-set, with dingy, coarse black hair that nature had grown too long wupon the forehead, and whom Annie herself had assisted in her mistake; strong but too pronounced features; big white animal teeth, thick lips, it teacher's teacher's the provident of the policy in the content of the principle of peaceful arbitration once entered her system of philosophy, that ever afterward she would lost all opportunity for looking beautiful.

Short, thick-set, with dingy, coarse black hair that nature had grown too long sought p. She ha apple o school, a sentmen.

nie herself had assisted in her mistake; strong but too pronounced features; big white animal teeth, thick lips, large nose, swarthy skin:—this was all 'Annie, but there was more besides, and that more was eyes. Usually they were dull and stolid, but when she was fighting you forgot she had any other feature, just by looking at them. You felt all the forces of an imprisoned animal through them, trying to find ex-

peration.

The days went on, and once in a while the teacher would catch some half-tender, half-wistful look from the "eyes" that made her wonder if Annie Buttinsky was not, after all, gaining a little in moral strength, but this hope was always suddenly dashed by universal complaints:—"Annie whispered on the stairs!" "Please, Annie Buttinsky is in the recess yard sticking

"What! Annie!" said the teacher in A price you are willing to pay. despair.

"Mash her! Polly Sisonsky! She said you could go to he, and I said you marked with the Pen-Angle in red that is defective shouldn't: and I'm going to mash her in marked on marked with the pen-Angle in red that is defective shouldn't:

"O! You! Annie!" exclaimed Miss B. in her seat.
A sense o

"Oh! Annie, I am so discouraged! I thought I could trust you. I thought you were gaining strength, but I have done my best, and it is no use! I see

done my best, and it is no use! I see no other way out of it. You must go down in the eighth grade!"
"Oh, teacher, please, oh, please don't! You don't mean that, do you?"
"Yes, Annie! I am sorry, but I have tried you so many times without success that I feel I can't keep you in my class any longer. You may go down

cess that I feel I can't keep you in my class any longer. You may go down in the eighth!"

"O-o-o!" sobbed Annie. Who had ever heard Annie Buttinsky sob before? "Oh, Miss B., I didn't whisper! I didn't whisper at all! Polly whispered, herself, but you said to 'forget yourself and remember others,' and poor Polly is always getting smashed, and so I thought I could stand being punished better than Polly; and so I just said, 'I did it;' but I didn't think you would put me down! Oh, dear!—I don't want to live for others, at all, I don't.! I don't.! I don't.! I don't. like it! I den't. like it at all! Oh! oh! oh!"

Poor liftle gir!! The way of the philanthropist, is sometimes hard!—"but in the whole city, you dear child, you will only be good, and not 'smash' Polly any more!"

Impulsively she drew the little girl to her, and kissed—the little downcast face!

Poor liftle girl! The way of the philanthropist: is: sometimes hard!—"but the spirit moved upon the face of the Ann

when she had been badly taught in ethics.
Polly Sisonsky always lied if she was sure of not being found out.
I suppose the greatest of tyrants has his moments of magnanimity, and so had Annie. What a success she would have been at Eton in the days of fag-

ging!
She had once honestly tried to save Polly from punishment, and had failed through the cruel stupidity of a teacher. She yet would succeed somehow! Polly lied! Polly must stop lying, and she, Annie, would assist her. It was not long before the opportunity she sought presented itself.

She had not given Polly a bite of her apple one afternoon on her way to school, and Polly was an Indian in resentment and treachery.

school, and Polly was an Indian in resentment and treachery.
What was this she was hearing?
Yes! it was Polly's whimper at the teacher's desk. "Annie smashed me in the dressing-room this noon!"
"Did you, Annie?" severely asked the teacher, not doubting for a moment the truth of the statement.

Now strange to say this was one of

forth tender possibilities, but now it was "When it was dark," with Annie, and her eyes had long ago forgotten that they had a soul-language.

The teacher looked at her, munching an apple in supposed secrecy behind her history, and thought, "An eating, fighting, little animal!" Had that little face once been illumined with light from above? Was it possible to ever give back to her "the upward look?"

Annie and Polly lived in neighboring "first floor backs." It was a good thing for Annie, and perhaps not so bad a thing after all for Polly.

Ever since she could remember, Annie's great diversion in life had been to "smash" Polly. A head shorter than Polly, Annie had found in her a cowardly element that to her own temperament was the climax of exasperation.

The teacher looked at her, munching a moment in the anteroom! In the anteroom! In the anteroom of the moment in the anteroom! In the anteroom of the moment in the anteroom! In the anteroom of the moment in the anteroom! In the anteroom of the moment in the anteroom! In the anteroom! In the anteroom of the moment in the anteroom! In the anteroom! In the anteroom! In the anteroom of the moment in the anteroom! In the anteroom of the moment in the anteroom! In the anteroom! In the anteroom! In the anteroom of the moment in the anteroom! In the anteroom! In the anteroom! In the anteroom of the teacher wanted.

Annie deliberately closed the doors, and there was a sound of a scuffle, and there was a sound of a scuffle was towing a reluctant Polly into the anteroom. It is a moment in the anteroom! In the anteroo



or rules, Annie rushed into the room and up to the desk. "Please, Miss Brown, may I go out on the street and A fabric to agree with your skin.

A weight to suit the season. A weight to suit the season.

"I will answer your question now, Miss B. Yes, I smashed Polly this noon in the ante-room, to teach her not to lie! Now you may smash me all you want to!" what could any teacher do with such an invitation?

So the days went by. To a tired teach-

you more. You know I have wanted to! There is nothing on earth but what I would do, if it would only make you a good girl!"

A look of incredulity spread over Annie's face.

"I mean it, Annie. Is there anything I could get for you; anything you especially want, that I could buy for you to help make you better, child?" halfdaring gleam of light came. The child's eyes fell; and then a "Yes'm" she answered abruptly.

"What, Annie?"

"Please, ma'am, do you remember what The Little Lame Prince' had given

Annie raised her head—or was it Annie raised her head—or was it Annie?—that little sweet face with love-filled eyes and upward look? Had the promise of a white kitten worked these wonders?

Without a word, the little girl took her ha and went to the door. There she turned, and timidly—she had never been timid before—said, "Please, I'll never smash Polly again, as long as I live; but please I don't want any old white kitten. Oh! Miss B., don't you remember what the fairy godmother gave the little prince that we, read about this afternoon? You know he'd never been kissed before—and—and I hadn't, either!"

The door went to with a bang, and

### HAMBURG-AMERICAN

LINE PIER IN NEW YORK

teacher, not doubting for a moment the truth of the statement.

Now, strange to say, this was one of the few days of the calendar year in which Annie had restrained herself from her usual pastime. What should she say? If she said "Yes, she herself would be one, and a punished one, too! She was in a dilemma. Then a bright thought came. "Please, Miss B.—oh, please let me see Polly just for a moment in the ante-room! Oh, please, I must see her, and then you may smbash me all you want!"

What could any teacher do under such conditions? To tell the truth, before that teacher rad decided, Annie was towing a reluctant Polly into the ante-room. Like all wise people when in doubt, the teacher waited.

Annie deliberately closed the doors, and there was a sound of a scuffle, and there a whimper. and there was a sound of a scuffle, and man fell overboard while fighting the blaze and was rescued with difficulty, and another hit by a falling beam and so injured that he had to be taken to a hospital. The pier burned from end to end and for a time it looked as though

> SCRAPS O FSCIENCE. The north star is estimated to shine with a light of 190 times that of the

The average weight of the brain of a man is three and a half pounds; of a woman, two pounds eleven ounces. The human skeleton consists of some 200 bones, though the number of sep-arate bones varies at different times of life. Bones which are distinct in early life become fused in old age. German scientists, after devoting deep study to the question of the decay of paper, have found that bacteria are the chief enemies to be met with in the preservation of valuable books and

nanuscripts. Irvin Ingalls of Grand Manan is

## Prices for Saturday Profitable Purchasers

#### In Men's Glothing Department

Men's \$3.00 English Hairline Pants, Saturda	y's price, <b>51.98</b>
" 3.00 Hewson Tweed Pants.	1.30
" 200 Cardigan Tweed Pants '	1.24
" 65c White Laundried Shirts '	48c
" 65c Fancy Soft Front Shirts	' 48c
" 65c Duck Working Shirts,	48c
" 75c Nat Wool Shirts & Drawers '	48c
	· 3c
6c White Handkerchiefs,	' 3 prs. 25c
" 10c Black Cotton Hose,	
" \$ 8,50 Canadian Tweed Suits.	' \$5.98
" 12.00 Canadian Tweed Suits,	7.48
" 16.00 Fancy Worsted Suits,	9.98
" 18.00 Black Clay Worsted Suits, "	11.98
10.00 Diack Clay Works	

#### Boys' Clothing Department

Boys' \$3.00 Two-Piece Suits, all wool Canadian Tweed, Boys' \$5,00 Two-piece Suits, all wool Canadian Tweed,

#### Men's Hat Department

The Great \$3,00 King Hat......Saturday's price, \$1.98 Men's \$2.25 Hard or Solt Hat, .... Saturday's price, \$1.48

#### Shoe Department

Men's \$5.00 Box Calf Oak Tan Sole, Rubber Heel, \_ Saturday's price, \$3.48 Men's \$4.00 Oxfords, Tan or Patent, Saturday's price, 2.98 Ladies' \$4 00 Shees, Tan or Patent Oxfords, Saturday's price, 2.98

#### Dry Goods Department

\$3.00 Globe Alarm Clocks, regular price \$1,00, Saturday's price,	68c
	SCHOOL SECTION OF STREET
150 Ladies' \$1.50 Wrappers, Saturdays price,	98c
75 Ladies' 2.25 Wash Suits, Saturday's price,	\$1.48
138 Ladies' 1.25 White Underskirts, Saturday's price,	98c
75 Ladies' 1.00 White Underskirts,	58c
200 Ladies' 75c. White Underskirts,	68c
300 Ladies' Corset Covers from 15c. to	\$1.25
Ladies \$1.25 D. & A. or P. C. Corsets, Sat. price,	98c
Ladies 1.00 D. & A. or P. C. Corsets, Sat. price,	.78c
Ladies 50c D. & A. or P. C. Corsets, Sat. price,	39c
Our Special Tape Girdle Corset only	25c
Todies' \$2.75 all wool Golf Vest, fashionable shades,	\$1.98
Ladies' 1.00 all wool Shawls, fashionable shades,	69c
Ladies' 2.75 all wool Shawls, fashionable shades,	1.98
300 Shaker Blankets, reg. price \$1.35; Sat. price,	98c

# WILCOX BROS.,

Dock Street and Market Square.

#### AMUSEMENTS.

NEXT WEEK AT NICKEL-"HU-

In introducing The Humanov to the people of St. John the management of Nickel Theatre assumes not only a great financial risk, but furnishes entertainment of an unquestionably high high character for the smallest admission fee in America. In some American theatres this sterling attraction costs a quarter dollar to hear and see. The Humanov, as has already been explained, is a company of New York play people who supply the words for photodramas, comedies, farces and extravaganzas from behind a transparent curtain, making the general effect that of an actual theatrical performance. Already in the United States, particularly in Chicago, theatrical managers, playwrights and actors are seeking legal means to restrain this kind of entertainment as it is endangering their work, but so far have met with no success. By today's steamer the Humanov Company arrives and Monday afternoon the first production of D' Ennery's pathetic French drama, "The Two Orphans," will be put on. Nickel-goers are waiting intently for this fine attraction. The management of the theatre would respectfully request parents to send their little ones in the afternoons, as the evening crowds are sure to be especially large. Furthermore the evening shows commence at 6.30 o'clock, so that those having supper at five may attend a whole show before the crowds cemmence to arrive. Extra ushers and aisle men will attend to the seating arrangements. MANOV."

A CHAT WITH THE BIJOU MAN-

"An afternoon and evening of rare amusement" are the words used by the ranager of the Bijou when we asked him what would be doing at his house today. And apropos to his remark he said: "Did you ever see the picture called Under The Sea? Well it's one of the most remarkable, it shows how a man who takes a trip in a submarine boat views the wonders of the watery deep. The many strange creatures that man who takes a trip in a submarine boat views the wonders of the watery deep. The many strange creatures that dwell therein: the pretty mermaids, strange fish of all kinds, beautiful subnarine plants and coral reefs, and it really puzzles me to know how such a picture was ever procured. We ran this picture last night, you know, and the people went in ecstasy over it. There's a roaring bit of comedy in Mr. and Mrs. Gay. Mr. Gay is the gay ene this time: Pretty girls strike his fancy and he's caught nearly very time in his little love-making episodes by his faithful wife, who eventually makes it hot for him. Two other pictures we're running are The Hand That Steals, and The Finish of Casey, both of the kind productive of a good hearty laugh." Your musical programme, says I. "Oh! don't think for a minute you're going to get away without a word about it. We've introduced a treat in that line. We've procured Mr. Harold Bishop, the silver lipped cornetist, who renders at each show one of his delightful carnet soles. Then Dave is with as yet, you know, Mr. David Higgins, who will sing today When The Evening Breeze Is Sighing Home, Sweet Home. People were well pleased with our show last night, so that makes us feel pleased also, because it's the people we try to a please." also, because it's the people we try to

A GREAT WESTERN DRAMA AT THE UNIQUE.

All who visited the Unique Theatre last night went away feeling satisfied that they had witnessed one of the best programmes ever put on in this city. The feature film, "The Miner's Baughter," is an exceptionally fine picture, and appeals strongly to all. The phot is laid in the great West, and tells the story of a crook who goes into the mining district in an endeavor to recuperate his fortune. He meets the heroine of the tale and attempts to make love to her, but she refuses to have anything to do with him. The villain discovers that the father of the girl has a quantity of gold in his house. He enters the cabin while all are absent and steals the savings of the miner. His daughter has now but one purpose in life, which is to bring the villain to justice. She disguises herself as a man and after an exciting chase overtakes him. He is arrested and she has the satisfaction of having him sentenced to a long term in prison. The next picture is a rattling good comedy called "Stop that Alarm." Al man who had been indulging not wisely but too well, set his alarm clock, as he wanted to rise early in the morning. He made a mistake, however, and set it so that it went off in the middle of the night, and the boarders, after repeated attempts to quiet him, finally throw him down stairs. The last pleture is also a good comedy, entitled "The Mysterious Phonograph."

Miss Outous, the pleasing mezzosoprano of London, Ont. is singing that beautiful ballad, Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder. Will Harrison is also heard to excellent advantage in Bonnie Jean.

HAPPY HALF HOUR.

The new show at the Happy Half Hour was witnessed by the usual large crowds, and it was a show that met all tastes. Miss Holmes was heard to splendid advantage in Hearts And Flowers, and the usual encores were in demand. Although On Yonder Rocks Reclining, that gem from Fra Diavolo, is a tenor song, it has always been a baritone who has sung it here and although heard here many times it is doubtful if it has ever been sung as well as Mr. Buchanan rendered it last evening, and there were insistent demands for encores. The new pictures were excellent. Physical Phenomena is a highly instructive picture and shows the wonders that can be done by the motion picture camera. For instance, electric sparks and soap bubbles are shown in their natural colors, as well as many other minute subjects. The Rivais' Tragedy is a very strong dramatic story, splendidly acted and excellently photographed. Another charming travel picture, beautifully tinted, is shown in The Coast of Liguria. In this picture excellent views of the Gulf of Genoa and the city of Genoa are shown. A New Fruit is a comedy picture. Prof. Titus rendered Dear Heart in his usual finished manner, and Harry Roypleased with If I Should Fall In Love With You. Last time for this show today. HAPPY HALF HOUR.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 31.—Ketchell won from Hugo Kelly in the third round.