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—IN—

MILLINERY

—AT—

Miss J. McLaughlin's,

107 Charlotte Street.

PATERSON & CO.107 GERMANN ST.
SAINT JOHN, N.B.**A Yard of Pearls.**

Mr. Brampton, banker and diamond merchant, wiped his glasses and sat back in the comfortable chair of his private office, dismissing the whole matter with a wave of his hand. "Yes, yes, I am perfectly willing to acknowledge that you are hard-working, honorable and trustworthy; surely I have proved that by taking you so completely into my confidence in business matters. But that is not sufficient; the man who marries my daughter must have shown some striking evidence of business acumen before I give my consent."

Eric Wilmanton, his confidential secretary, also tried to forget the matter temporarily, but with less success. "He's such a self-willed old gentleman," he sighed to himself, "that if he weren't Doris' father I should call him a stubborn old fool." This theoretical train of thought was broken by the entrance of a clerk with a card. He took it. "Mr. Wilfred Norton Harrington to see you," he said. "I don't think he's a client of ours?"

"Harrington, Harrington," murmured his employer. "I don't recollect the name. Oh, yes, though! I fancy he must be the son of that wealthy old Harrington of San Francisco, who died a couple of months ago. I heard that the young man was going to settle in New York. Send him in," he added to the clerk.

The latter retired and presently admitted a tall, clean-shaven man of about 40, dressed in a top hat and fashionably cut frock coat, which did not seem to fit him.

"Mr. Brampton, I believe, I should like to transact some private business with you, if you can spare the time," said the stranger.

"My secretary is entirely in my confidence," answered Mr. Brampton, "in fact I depend on him a good deal, so you may speak quite freely."

Mr. Harrington sat down and placed a red morocco jewel case on the table. "I have no doubt you know of my father's death some two months, and also that I have purchased No. 8-Fifth avenue. I have my affairs pretty well settled now, but in looking over the jewelry left by my father I find that there are several things which I don't care to keep. Pearls, for instance, my wife has a superstitious horror of. She refuses to wear them and it would be ridiculous to keep them locked up in the safe." He paused for a moment and took from the case a magnificent rope of graduated pearls. "Here is a string of 175 pearls that I am willing to dispose of."

The other two bent over them with interest; they were indeed a handsome set.

"I think I remember being notified that your father was selling these, some five years ago. I put him a few on approval, I fancy," said Mr. Brampton, at last, "and I gave down a conservative estimate of \$45,000 on a writing pad, which he dropped in a drawer where his secretary could see the figures."

The latter took it, wrote \$50,000 beneath and returned it.

"I have as many pearls now as I care to handle," the banker went on, "but if you will put a price on these I will see if we can make a deal."

"My wife insists so strongly on my disposing of them that I have decided to let them go at a price considerably below their value, \$35,000."

The other two looked at each other. "It is not a matter to be decided off-hand," said Mr. Brampton, "but if you will give me time for consideration I think we can come to an agreement."

"If a few hours would be sufficient," suggested Harrington, "I should be very pleased if you would dine with us and we can settle the matter this evening."

"That is excellent," replied the banker, as the visitor rose. "Good-day."

"I suppose you would like to telegraph to San Francisco to make sure that everything is all right," said Eric when the door was closed.

"Yes, I'll wire the Pacific bank as a matter of form, but, of course, his receiving me in his own house will be really sufficient. Everyone knows he's bought 8-Fifth avenue." Mr. Brampton wrote and dispatched the message immediately.

A satisfactory reply arrived before they left the office. Mr. Harrington had removed a considerable amount of jewelry from that very bank to his New York house about a fortnight before.

"If I can conclude this purchase satisfactorily it will mean a considerable turn over," said the banker, as he left the office. "You lack real business instincts, Wilmanton, in being too cautious. I know you didn't like this man's appearance, and you would have let the matter go, very likely."

"I shall be anxious to hear what kind of an understanding you come to this evening," said Eric.

At 10 o'clock next morning Mr. Brampton arrived at the office in an excellent frame of mind. "I have

bought the pearls for \$35,000," he said, as he hung up his hat. "Those Harrington are charming persons. Of course, I was the only guest, as they are still in mourning."

"How did you like the lady of the house?" asked Eric.

"She seemed a very fine woman, but just a trifle common. I thought she spoke with slightly foreign accent, but I may have been mistaken. She seemed very anxious to get rid of the pearls, said they always brought her bad luck, or some such foolishness, and so we concluded the bargain. Mr. Harrington promised to bring them around at noon, and I'll give him the check. By the way there was a man in the telephone booth as I came through the outer office. Is anything the matter?"

"Yes, the building is being rewired, and for today they have put us on a party wire."

Mr. Brampton nodded, and the proceeded with the business of the day.

Shortly after noon Harrington arrived.

"Good morning," he said. "I trust that we can transact our business quickly, as my wife is waiting in a cab outside and I am rather pressed for time."

"Certainly, the check is already drawn out," answered the banker.

"Ring up the bank, Wilmanton, if you please, and notify them that Mr. Wilfred Norton Harrington is coming around to cash my check."

Eric shut himself into the booth in the outer office, and put the receiver to his ear. He was about to call "Hello!" when he heard a voice, which he recognized as that of Walters, a lawyer in an office below, saying:

"Is this Mr. Harrington?"

"Yes," answered another voice.

"Thought it was your voice, Wilfred. Just come from Frisco."

"No my wife and I made a flying trip to Europe on business and got back a day earlier than we expected."

"Well, you kept every one pretty well in the dark. Have you opened up your new house yet?"

"No; but my valet and my wife's maid have everything ready. I am going up there as soon as I've seen my things through the customs."

At this point Eric broke into the conversation and persuaded Mr. Harrington, the second, that he had better present himself at the offices of Brampton & Brampton within half an hour if he valued his property.

Then he rang up another number, and after a short conversation hung up the receiver and returned to the private office.

The others were a little impatient at his delay. "I think you will be received properly at the bank," Eric said politely.

He even went to the extent of fetching the visitor's hat and cane.

Mr. Brampton noticed the alteration in his manner. "I see your opinion of Mr. Harrington has altered now," he said presently.

"I suspend judgment for half an hour," laughed Eric enigmatically.

Some 10 minutes later the door flew open and in rushed Harrington No. 2, from downstairs.

In the scene that ensued the principal actors had the stage to themselves except when the lawyer was called upon, while Eric sat back and enjoyed the excitement.

First, the rightful owner of the gems raved at their loss, but was pacified when he found them intact; then the banker realized that he was \$35,000 out of pocket and gave way to his feelings accordingly.

"Can't you do something instead of sitting there like a fool?" he shouted. "Telephone to the police to watch every railroad station and dock!"

"I don't think that's necessary," answered Eric quietly. "He and his wife, too, I hope, are already in their cells. Let's get a cab and go there. Perhaps Mr. Harrington can identify them."

In less than an hour Mr. Brampton was once more in his office chair.

"Well, I can see you've pulled this matter off pretty well, my boy," he said, wiping the perspiration from his forehead. "Now tell me how it happened and what it all means."

"It was simple enough," explained Eric modestly, "the real Harrington had given the pearls to this man Tomkins, his valet, to put in the bank just before he started for Europe, and also had given him orders to help this French maid to get the house ready for them on their return. Thus they were enabled to pose as Mr. and Mrs. Harrington and invited you to dinner to lull suspicion. I realized this from the conversation over the telephone and called up the bank to have them arrested when they got there in order to avoid the fuss of detaining him here till the police arrived."

"Well, you have saved me \$35,000," commended Mr. Brampton.

"Would you describe that as a striking instance of business acumen?" questioned Eric timidly.

The banker remembered the conversation of the day before.

"Why, yes—er—no—that is—I give in, my boy; you've won her fairly." "I've won!" murmured the young man triumphantly: "won by a yard—of pearls!"

A SOFT ANSWER.

It was in 1872 that George Chesmore Bromley, author of "Long Ago and Later On," became a member of the Bohemia club of San Francisco and soon found himself "Sire of the Low Jinks," which occasion he vividly recalls, and especially his arrival at home afterward. He writes: "My dear little wife awoke at my entrance and inquired the time. I looked at my watch and replied, 'Ten minutes past 10,' and then laid the watch on the mantelpiece. Having some doubts as to the correctness of my reply, the little woman arose and looked for herself. 'What time did you say it was?' she asked again. 'Ten minutes past 10,' said I. 'Ten minutes past 10! Why, it only lacks ten minutes of 2,' said she. 'Is that so?' said I. 'Why bless my soul, how time flies! I had no idea that I had been home so long.' This was another occasion when I realized that 'a soft answer turneth away wrath.'"

A MASTERPIECE SOLD FOR A SONG.

The pathetic story of Goldsmith's distressing poverty is recalled by an episode described in a recent book called "Familiar London." Dr. Johnson is quoted as saying to his friend Boswell:

"I received one morning a message from Goldsmith that he was in great distress and, as it was not in his power to come to me, begging that I would come to him as soon as possible. I sent him a guinea and promised to come to him directly. I accordingly went as soon as I was dressed and found that his landlady had arrested him for his rent, at which he was in a violent passion. . . . He then told me that he had a novel ready for the press. . . . I looked into it and saw its merits, told the landlady I should soon return and, having gone to a bookseller, sold it for £60."

The novel thus dealt with was "The Vicar of Wakefield."

A RECENT WEDDING.

The wedding presents bestowed upon Miss Augusta Bellingham the bride of the Marquis of Bute made a list pleasantly unlike the conventional string of necklaces, bracelets, stickpins, dressing cases and embrellas. Cardinal Logue for instance sent a topaz rosary; the Bellingham branch of the Irish League presented an address in Irish; addresses in Welsh came from Cardiff and other Welsh places; Dan Lynch, the poet of Castle Bellingham, made a Gaelic Epithalamium for the occasion; the Bellingham tenantry gave the bride a model of the cross of Monasterboice, cut from the wood of the King's oak at Castle Bellingham. True the King was Dutch William who took his lunch under the tree on his way to fight the battle of the Boyne, but the model is to be blessed by the Pope, who by the way sent an autograph letter conferring his apostolic blessing on the happy pair, and all who attended the ceremony. The parish ministers of Bute, staunch Protestants to a man, found a ground of common feeling with the Marquis and sent him a silver quail of antique Celtic design, inscribed with a motto in Gaelic. The Marquis it will be remembered is descended from Disraeli's "Lothair." The new Marchioness, good Catholic although she is, is descended from a Cromwellian officer, an uncle of the Bellingham who followed James the Second to France.

CHARACTER.

A house may be filled with paintings and rugs and costly art treasures yet lack the inspiration which makes it a home. When character marries, look out for a home, look out for motherhood that is real, for fatherhood that is earnest. The children in such a home will seek to have a purpose in life, a goal toward which all that they are accomplishing tends.

RISE OF MURPHY.

Charles F. Murphy, head of Tammany Hall, is now quite as great a nabob as his predecessor, Richard Crocker. He moved to his new country place down on Long Island a few days ago, carrying with him all the accessories of social greatness—a string of horses, two automobiles, a yacht, a troop of servants, and many other things, regarding which he did not even dream twenty years ago, when he was a conductor on a horse car.

THE BOLD HUSSY!

The new woman will be excused for using the horsemanship in self-defence, but not for using it against the man who objects to being run over by her horse on the sidewalk. The Bristol, R. I., damsel needs a check rein.