

THE ANTIQUARY'S PARADISE

By Desmond F. T. Coker. It seemed almost inevitable. Ever since I had read about the place in a daily of two years ago I had had the great temptation. It was almost vanquished, when in the second number of a new journal for collectors I came upon a heading: "The Antiquary's Paradise."

Then I told the female connoisseur, and my fate was fixed. "We must go," she said, in grim resolve. The male connoisseur has a great way with her. "Well," I echoed dully. "You and I," was her stern answer. I tried diplomacy. I told her that it was a long way off. It was no place for a woman (here she snorted). It was dirty, very dangerous. I told her that half the mysterious disappearances in the city were from that part of the town.

"You must put on the very dirtiest of clothes," I said, with inspiration—dress seemed the most vulnerable point—"otherwise they'll raise their prices double." "It'll be just like in a book," she cried. For a married woman the F. C. is a terribly ungrammatical and youthful. "We shall have to make an early start."

I meant this as encouragement, she took it as an added job. "Yes, well, creep out in our old clothes, with the milkman. Let's say 9 o'clock, on Friday next, from here." This seemed to clinch the matter. "Nine o'clock on Friday next, from here," I repeated vacantly, and said "Good-bye." My stock of facts and patience was exhausted. After all, I could solve the matter by forgetting.

"James," I said to the butler, "I may want calling at 7.30 tomorrow, it is fine. But, mind, I went on very improvidently—I hope I did not think—there should be one drop of rain, or any sign of drops to come, I shall not want calling until 9 o'clock. You understand?" It would not be my fault if James failed to wake me.

"What is it?" she asked. "Oh, my costume is ready! Mine is quite a triumph. This is only to remind you. We start from here at 9 A. M., wet or fine." It was not quite closing time for telegrams, and I dashed to the nearest post-office. "No Antiquary's Paradise if wet," I warned. Fatehood comes in a terrificly abrupt form. Then I settled down to pray for rain.

Travellers Guide

TRAINS DEPART FROM ST. JOHN. 6.00 a.m.—Express for P. du Chene, Halifax, Sydney, etc. 6.45 a.m.—Express for Boston, Fredericton, Quebec, etc.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. 6.55 a.m.—Express from Sydney and Halifax, etc. 7.45 a.m.—Suburban from Hampton, etc. 8.15 a.m.—Suburban from Fredericton, etc.

RIVER STEAMERS. DEPARTURES. 6.00 a.m.—May Queen leaves Saint-John for Chatham, Gagetown and Grand Lake points Wednesday and Friday.

ARRIVALS. 6.00 p.m.—Blaine, for Queenstown and intermediate landings, Saturday 6.00 p.m. for Gagetown.

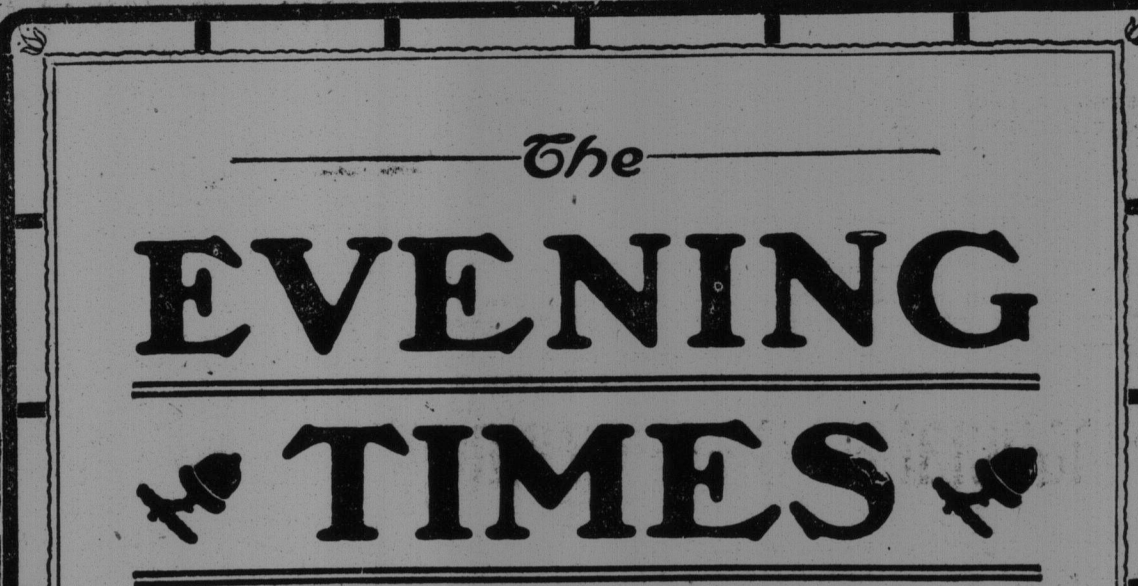
NEWS FROM FREDERICTON

Provincial Board of Health Grants Sunbury County Appeal—Corner's Death Final—Newtown's Jury Accidental. Fredericton, N. B., Aug. 23.—The decision of the Provincial Board of Health on the sewage dispute between the city of Fredericton and the people of Sunbury was given out this evening by Secretary Fisher and as was surmised some time ago, is against the city's contention.

It is quite certain that the city will appeal to the governor in council. Coroner McNally this evening held an inquest on the body of the late Charles F. Hewitson who was drowned here on Tuesday. The witnesses examined were Miss Julia Ladd, Charles Harris, Arthur Charles A. Dawson is about eighteen years of age. He is of medium build with light complexion and has a cork leg which makes his walk very peculiar.

NO GROUNDDINGS AT SAND POINT. Director Cushing Reaffirms Statement That no Vessels Grounded There—Aldermen Say Mr. Scammell Acted Without Government Authority. At a special meeting of the board of works Thursday evening it was decided to recommend to the council that the board be given authority to employ a competent man from outside to make an investigation of the depth of water at Sand Point.

A SOUTHERN ORATOR. (From Congressional Record Report of Carmack's address). These people, sir, are of high and noble lineage. The blood of the heroes who fought at King's Mountain and New Orleans is in their veins. They are the sons of the sires who blazed the pathway of civilization through primeval forests of America and builded a temple of liberty in the wilderness of the western world.



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REMEMBER. No butter will go out (either wholesale or retail) from the Creamery with the ST. JOHN CREAMERY Stamp upon it, but that which is STRICTLY FRESH. We make hundreds of pounds every day. 676 St. John Creamery, - - - 92 King St. Telephone 1432.

GILBERT LANE DYE WORKS. LACE CURTAINS cleaned and dyed up EQUAL TO NEW. Carpets cleaned and beaten. Dyeing and scouring. Bedding Plants. IN OUR USUAL ASSORTMENT. P. E. CAMPBELL, Seedsman and Grower, 47 Germain Street, Phone 833.

DEATH CAME TO CHIEF KERR SUDDENLY. Chief John Kerr of the fire department was made the recipient of a handsome gold chain and locket last night in No. 1 Hook and Ladder station, by the delegation of fire men that represented St. John at the Charlottetown tournament. Foreman John Bond occupied the chair and read the following address: "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune, and on which, if we ride, our fate is ours. The thought of our late trip to Prince Edward Island will long stay with us as a very sincere appreciation of your kindly efforts to make the trip a pleasant one for the delegation and a genuine success for all concerned."

Stewart's Purity Chocolates. Everything that goes to make Stewart's Confectionery—sugar, cream, chocolate, fruit flavors—must be PURE. Combine purity with experience, and it is easy to see why.

Advertisers Take Notice. Advertisements intended for Saturday's issue must reach this office Friday night. The Times CANNOT GUARANTEE the insertion of advertising copy left until Saturday Morning. Advertisers who are later than Friday night MUST TAKE A CHANCE.

Advertisement for a French botanical explorer, mentioning a collection of plants in Central America and a specimen of a tree with fruit of superior quality.