

ST. JOHN STAR, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1906.

# CASH CLOTHING STORE,

## 73 DOCK STREET.

On account of the St. John Exhibition we placed all our fall orders for early delivery, and by being able to pay cash for same the manufacturers have rushed our orders through and we are now in a position to show you the best that money can produce, and, without a doubt, we can show you values in Clothing and Gents' Furnishings that never were shown in St. John before. Please bear in mind that we Guarantee what we sell and money returned if not satisfied. Come in and see our new Clothing before you purchase elsewhere.

**The One-Price Store A Store Full of New Goods The One-Price Store**

Men's Suits, in Tweeds and Worsteds, in plain and fancy patterns, also Blue and Black Serges and Worsteds, in Single and Double Breasted Sack Coats \$6, 6.50, 7, 8, 10, 12, 14.50, \$15. Suits made to order from \$13.50 to \$25.00.  
Underwear—Penman's and Stanfield's—at 50c, 75c, \$1.00, \$1.50 per garment. Sox—18c, 20c, 25c, 30c, 35c, per pair. Souvenir Handkerchiefs with St. John Coat of Arms and Flag, 50c.  
Fall and Winter Overcoats—Prices, \$6, 7, 8, 10, 12, 14.50, \$15.00. Custom made—\$18, 20, 25, 30. Raincoats—\$4, 6, 8, 10, 12, \$15.  
OUR FURNISHING DEPARTMENT contains the best grades of goods, and at prices a little lower than such goods can be got for elsewhere. Everything new and in style.

**C. MAGNUSSEN & CO.,** 73 DOCK STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

### TROOP HORSE LASCAR.

By HUGH JOHNSON.

He works them in the hottest hours of the day, just because he says that revelling is too early for officers, and he jinks at them from morning to night. You wouldn't recognize the troop—and he's been here only two weeks. If they would only put him in the General Staff or the Quartermaster's Department, or any place but at Ballinagan. Can't you do something to get him taken away? If something is not done soon, there won't be any troop. Thomas and Danvers have deserted, and old Sergeant West is looney. The men want to be rid of him as badly as I do. They say that Malvar is coming down here to clean up, and if he does—well, I shouldn't care to be Watson, with the bullets coming from both directions. Some of the men are ugly. But the captain could only give condolences, and hope for Watson's detail elsewhere before the troop had multiplied.

Dean followed in Watson's steps and poured balm on the wounds he made. When Watson developed hysteria because some sweating trooper sat at the mess-table with his blouse open at the neck, Dean bought the whole mess some nice things from Manila because it happened to be "Thanksgiving Day" at home. This evoked a stern admonition from his senior, and Watson grew dirty and careless, and drank undistilled water and worse things.

One day, in the very worst of it, help came from a most unexpected quarter in the person of a fat little General Malvar of the army of the Republica de las Filipinas, who appeared in the hills with a battalion of diminutive soldiers about simultaneously with a order from Division Headquarters for his capture or extermination.

Orders of this kind are, to say the least, comprehensive. They make some obnoxious and powerful person "let" allow him some thousands of square miles for limits and tell you to go out and bring him or his body home with you when you come.

L Troop grew dirty and careless, and drank undistilled water and worse things.

troop stretched out for a quarter of a mile in single file, men and horses crawling along the side of a slope so sheer that the saddles brushed against the hill-side; and sometimes they crossed streams so turbulent that they had to keep moving to stand erect in them, but it was always the trail into the hills, and it led to some long trenches somewhere, behind which little demons in dirty white were waiting behind guns of dirty brown.

It was on the fifth day that a group of left flankers half a mile to the south sent a message in to the column that brought Dean to them. He found them in a circle, in the center of which stood four ugly-looking mannikins. They had no arms, but neither did they have an evidenced occupation, and when they were questioned they only grunted a stubborn ignorance. They were farmers—that was all. Dean sent two men to search the ground, and they returned in about five minutes with some ill-kept Mausers and a few rounds of ammunition. The incriminated earth showed that they had been buried very recently. It was a case for much aigua and bamboo buckets; but there was a clear path down the valley and time was precious, so Dean galloped back to the troop and reported.

Watson, who had never heard a shot fired except at target practice, was in a transport of excitement and behaved like a recruit. Some kind spirit prompted him to send out scouts, or the entire troop might have been holed.

Half-way up the gentle hill they found the trenches and the position was a strong one. Watson remembered that Napoleon had done clever things at Eylau, and proposed to divide the troop and make a frontal attack with a platoon on a life of earthworks that might have held a regiment. Of course it failed. The troop dismounted, and Dean took the flanking party just far enough away to make it appear that they had gone on the wide detour marked out for them, and then halted to watch Watson lead some thirty angry, spiritless men into the open. Dean's blood boiled as he saw the line of heads above the straw-colored trenches and heard the first ripping.

tearing volley from the parapet on the hill. Most of the shots went wild, but a few little dust-flashes appeared from nowhere at the feet of the advancing line. Then there was a puff of white smoke and, dead black against the steely sky, an ugly shrapnel, like some evil bird, came screaming across the plain. The fuse had been miserably cut and the shell burst far to the rear, but the effect was instantaneous. At the next volley, the line wavered and then fell back. At the edge of the woods, shame overtook the feeble thirty who were being thrown foolishly against a battalion, and they halted at the first shelter, because they were white and not brown.

"Good heavens!" thought Dean, "and they would have charged if there had been a soul to lead them! If we can't get rid of Watson in some way, L Troop will never see Ballinagan." The men knew it, too, and the white-haired old sergeant rode to Dean's elbow.

"I beg the lieutenant's pardon, sir, but if something isn't done the men will go to pieces." Then, with a knowing glance at the hill, "Now at Red Wing, Lieutenant Balhro was only a second, and a captain was in command and—"

"Yes, I know, Sergeant, but times are different now—" Just then the sergeant and Dean forgot all about Red Wing and thought only of the donkeys in the open. Watson, for some inexplicable reason, had mounted, and with the now steadiest line was advancing once more up the gentle rise. There was a volley, and a better cut shrapnel that burst high above the men and sent its jagged iron pieces to the ground in a great cone of destruction. The men advanced to a spot where a small rise in the ground afforded some cover, and lying flat on their stomachs they began to pour a sprinkling but deadly fire across the gentle rise. There was a volley, and the great troop horse became unmanageable. Whether it was the excitement of the moment, a memory of wilder, freer days, or a well-placed burr in his blankets, no one can say; but he plunged and reared and kicked, until, with his flanks and back streaked with foam and his mouth oozing blood, he seized the bar of the curb between his strong white teeth and was off like a deer for the crackling trenches.

The men on the firing line stopped to watch, and as the horse charged the first obstruction at a bound there was a dead lull in the fire. Straight for the parapet he went. Watson, who had dropped his saber, was clinging to the flying mane for very life. Lascar swerved at the glands and, as docile as an ammunition mule, trotted into the enemy's lines.

Forty little brown men swarmed about him; they clutched his rein; they covered him with rifles, and some eight or ten pulled Watson from his seat. Then they cheered their rocking little cheer and made rude motions down the hill.

Far across the open, one platoon of L Troop turned and walked to cover with something other than disgust on their faces. And from a little draw where two more platoons were drawn up surreptitiously, came another cheer that put the rebel cry to shame. It was not the low, dimly-remembered groan you hear from your own bleachers when an opposing football team has smashed the ball across your last broad mark, for it rose on the sleepy air to the greatest volume sixty sturdy lungs were capable of producing, and its last drawn note was followed by many tantalizing little yelps, as if you may have heard at grammar school when the bully of your room lost fistic caste. Such sounds, the little snored times may make above the coals of Hades. L Troop was reunited and happy, and Dean rode once more up the gentle rise. He told me afterward that he had no hope of taking Malvar with them. "They were too fearful," he said, "and also, as capture Watson," he said, "and I can readily believe it, for I knew Watson myself."

Dean took them back to water, and in a half hour the little khaki dots were pitched, the horses were in the grass, and the odors of honest strong tobacco and stinging bacon proclaimed a comfort that they had not felt for weeks.

Dean next day the trenches were found empty and deserted. In capturing an officer, the contingent of the great and glorious army de la Republica de las Filipinas had accomplished a prodigy of valor that sufficed all cravings for fame. There were other well-known calls, which he resisted with difficulty. There is one that every soldier knows and every horse. It is not very long, but it is as suggestive as the Mott of the Grail and even at drill you feel a funny little thrill run up your spine when it is sounded. "It is called 'Commence Firing,' and it usually means something. Lascar could hear the feet of his comrades of the Picket Line, and once he heard the unmistakable stamp of his blood-face stallion. He was trembling from poll to hock, and he fell back on his haunches and quivered with expectancy. Then there came that call, as sharp as a siren and as potent as the tramp of doom. It was too much for the feeble restraint of unskilled hands.

Troopers on the right heard a crashing in the underbrush that might have been occasioned by a charging elephant, and before they could lower a carbine a strange sight burst upon them. It was Lascar, and on his back clung fat little General Malvar. His hands were twisted in the mane, and at every bound he rose above the castle. The wild look in Lascar's eye disappeared, and with the precision of a machine drill he wheeled into his old place in the flank four. A grinning trooper placed a brawny arm about

### FAMOUS FAMILIES OF EARLY CANADA

Representatives Will Take Part in Celebration of Quebec's Three Hundredth Birthday.

(Montreal Star.) Preparations are already in progress for the celebration of the tercentenary of the founding of Quebec in 1568.

On Monday next at the Windsor Hotel will gather representatives of the families of the founders of the Ancient Capital to organize a committee to arrange for the celebration.

From present indications the fetes at Quebec will be memorable. Descendants of the nobles of France, of the seigneurs of the barons of Scotland, of the Chevaliers of St. Louis, now scattered all over the world will return to celebrate the deeds of their ancestors.

M. Viscount de Frontenac, marshal of the College of Heraldry of Canada, is acting as the centre of the gathering of the descendants of these ancient families and has received notification already of the coming of representatives of many of the founders of New France.

It is expected that England will be represented by the Seigneurs of Longueuil, Italy by the Seigneurs of Carignan and Scotland by the Baroness of Nova Scotia. The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, founded in 1630, the Foot Guards of the governor of Rhode Island, founded under Sir Edmund Andrews, the Business corps of Albany, the Boston Cadets, founded under Sir William Shirley; all will be invited to take part in the programme.

### YOUNG BURGLAR LIVES IN THE LAP OF LUXURY

PARIS, Sept. 3.—A Parisian Rafted has been discovered in the person of Henri Dusol, a young man who was caught today red-handed while burgling a house.

Dusol is only twenty-one years of age, and the police found that he occupied most luxuriously furnished apartments, decorated with many expensive pictures and other works of art.

With the proceeds of his burglaries he kept a housekeeper and valet, had servants to look after a magnificent motor car and dog cart, and gave every one the impression that he was a wealthy young man about town.

Dusol was surprised today while dutifully "working" a flat which the occupants had left unprotected during their absence for the holiday. He made a daring leap from the window of the fifth floor to the ground, fifty feet below.

The police rushed down, expecting to find him a shapeless mass, but he had meantime jumped to his feet, vaulted the garden wall and raced down the street. He gave the police a very smart chase before he was captured.

### PROTECTION

In case of sickness are you protected? In case of your death is your family protected? Have they means to bury you? If not, join No. 7885, L. O. O. F. "MANCHESTER UNIT."

and you will be well protected. This great Order is over a century old and has a MILLION AND A QUARTER MEMBERS throughout the world. It is worth \$9,000,000.

BENEFITS. \$3.00 per week, during sickness, with free doctor and medicine. \$50.00 on death of Member's wife. \$100 on death of Member. Write for particulars to H. SNAKES, Secretary, 254 Charlotte Street.

EXPORTS. Per sch Mineola, 275 tons, for New York via Elizabethport—15,912 feet hemlock scantling, 200,000 cedar shingles, 831,200 laths. Per sch Abbie Keast, 85 tons, for New York—22,140 pine boards, 61,108 ft do plank. Per sch Comrade, 75 tons, for Salem 6-10-110 ft boards. Per bark Maria, 315 tons, for Charleston—630,374 ft deals, 70,514 feet scantling, 2,340 ft boards, 3,151 feet ends. Per str Teatin Head, 1,233 tons, for Ayr—1,288,317 ft deals, 56,608 ends, 21,745 ft boards.

Stores open evenings till 8 o'clock. St. John, Sept. 5th, 1906.

### Crowds at Harvey's Clothing Stores

ARE GETTING EXHIBITION TICKETS FREE!

OUR STORES were crowded all day yesterday and a more pleasant day's business we never had. Everybody seemed delighted with the styles, fit and make of our New Fall Stock and surprised at the specially low prices at which we sell them. Everybody bought and bought stock that will make them firm friends of our stores. Many old friends and many new faces were welcomed here yesterday and we expect a larger number today. Many new lines came in yesterday including New Suits, New Overcoats, New Reefers, Stanfield Unshrinkable Underwear and One Hundred Dozen of Penman's Sanitary Wool Pleece Lined Underwear.

Men's Fall Suits, Ready to Wear, - \$3.95 to \$20.00  
Men's " Made to Measure, - 13.50 to 35.00  
Men's Overcoats, Ready to Wear, - 5.00 to 24.00  
Men's " Made to Measure, - 15.00 to 30.00  
Boys' Two-Piece Suits, 1.48 to 8.00 | Boys' Two-Piece Suits, 1.85 to 5.50  
Men's Pants, - 1.25 to 4.50 | Boys' Short Pants, - .45 to 1.75

Gloves, Shirts, Ties, Underwear, Etc.  
An Exhibition Ticket with each sale of \$3 or over.

**J. N. HARVEY,** 199 to 207 Union St., Opera House Block.

### GERHARD HEINZMAN ART. PIANO.

#### LOUIS XV CASE.



**THE W. H. JOHNSON CO., Ltd.,**  
Sole Representative for the Maritime Provinces.  
DON'T CONFOUND WITH ANY OTHER HEINZMAN.  
St. John Office, 7 Market Square.

**Don't Miss the Big Sale Now on at the UNION CLOTHING CO.**  
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