POOR DOCUMENT

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CLYDE SHIPBUILDERS STRIKE

12,00 Men Are on Threatened Long Struggle for Higher Pay.

LONDON, Oct. 10.—Twelve thousand men in the shipbuilding trade are now on strike on the Clyde. Their withdrawal of back money and their strike benefits have made them feel rich, and they spent last week as a holiday, several of them paying a visit to English shipbuilding yards. This is regarded as proof that a long struggle may be expected.

The men are striking for an advance of wages to the extent of 5 per cent. on piece rates and 36 cents per week on time rates. The employers say that the condition of the trade makes it impossible for them to give any advance. In a recent letter to the Boilermakers' Association the Shipbuilders' Association said:

"The prospects, which are the determining factor in a wage question, are worse than they have been at any time for many years past."

WORLD GROWS LESS BEAUTIFUL

Sir William Richmond Complains of Vulgar Democracy and Superficiality.

LONDON, Oct. 10.—Sir William Blake Richmond, one of the most celebrated of the Royal Academicians, in a lecture complained that the world was growing vulgarly democratic and vulgarly superficial. Commerce was flooding the markets with undesirable and unbeautiful objects. The average taste for beautiful things was probably less than it was a century ago, notwithstanding the multiplication of art schools.

People dressed in bad taste and wholly uninterestedly. Imitation was taking the place of creation. Perhaps it was because people's minds were stuffed with heterogeneous knowledge that they created so little.

"THE VILLAGE PARSON."

"The Village Parson" is a play of high moral character and sterling worth, and will compare most favorably with the best of dramas now before the public from a literary view. It is one of the best plays produced in years. Much praise has been bestowed by press and public upon the piece wherever presented. The scenery is new and beautiful with complete settings for each act, and the cast is a strong one in every detail. "The Village Parson" comes to the Opera House tomorrow night.

DOCTORS.

There are 228,234 medical doctors in the world. Of these there are in Europe 162,333, distributed as follows: In England, 34,967; in Germany, 32,518; in Russia, 21,489; in France, 20,348, and in Italy, 18,245. In England the proportion of doctors is 78 to 100,000 of the population. In France it is 51 and in Turkey 18. In Brussels the proportion is 241 to 100,000 of the population; in Madrid, 209; in Budapest, 198; in Christiania, 181; in Vienna, 140; in Berlin, 132; in London, 128; in Athens, 123; in Paris, 111; in New York, 74, and in Constantinople, 35.

In an actual test under ordinary conditions a prominent Montreal Professor of Physics reports the following results with a Bison Hot Water Heater:

Starting with the water at 65°, eleven minutes after the match was applied its temperature increased to 100° in the upper section.

Four minutes later it went up to 137°.

And 29 minutes after starting it was at 194°.

The bottom section gets as hot as in any other furnace—the great gain is in the top section.

Next morning, 15 hours after it had been left for the night, the water was at 124° in the top section and 100° in the lower.

In any furnace the water always goes into the mains at the temperature of the upper section.

In the Bison Furnace the water in the upper section is always the hottest—in other furnaces it is the coolest.

THE H. R. IVES CO., LIMITED.

MONTREAL. 65

CABBAGES AND KINGS.

The Star's New Series of Short Stories, by O. Henry.

The Remnants of the Code.

(Continued.)

"I've got to do it—oh, I've got to do it," he told himself, aloud. "If I had a quart of rum I believe I could stave it off yet—for a little while. But there's no more rum for—'Beelzebub,' as they call me. By the flames of Tartarus! if I'm to sit at the right hand of Satan somebody has got to pay the court expenses. You'll have to pony up Mr. Frank Goodwin. You're a good fellow; but a gentleman must draw the line at being kicked into the gutter. Blackmail isn't a pretty word; but it's the next station on the road I'm travelling."

With purpose in his steps Blythe now moved rapidly through the town by way of its landward environs. He passed through the squalid quarters of the improvident negroes and on beyond the picturesque shacks of the poorer mestizos. From many points along his course he could see, through the unbrageous glades, the house of Frank Goodwin on its wooded hill. And as he crossed the little bridge over the lagoon he saw the old Indian, Galvez, scrubing at the wooden slab that bore the name of Miraflores. Beyond the lagoon the lands of Goodwin began to slope gently upward. A grassy road, shaded by a munificent and diverse array of tropical flora wound from the edge of an outlaying banana grove to the dwelling. Blythe took this road with long and purposeful strides.

Goodwin was seated on his coolest gallery, distating letters to his secretary, a sallow and capable native youth. The household adhered to the American plan of breakfast; and that meal had been a thing of the past for the better part of an hour.

The castaway walked to the steps, and flourished a hand.

"Good morning, Blythe," said Goodwin, looking up. "Come in and have a chair. Anything I can do for you?"

"I want to speak to you in private."

Goodwin nodded at his secretary, who strolled out under a mango tree and lit a cigarette. Blythe took the chair that he had left vacant.

"I want some money," he began, doggedly.

"I'm sorry," said Goodwin, with equal directness, "but you can't have any. You're drinking yourself to death, Blythe. Your friends have done all they could to help you to brace up. You won't help yourself. There's no use furnishing you with money to ruin yourself with any longer."

"Dear man," said Blythe, tilting back in his chair, "It isn't a question of social economy now. It's past that. I like you, Goodwin; and I've come to stick a knife between your ribs. I was kicked out of Espada's saloon this morning; and Society owes me reparation for my wounded feelings."

"I didn't kick you out."

"No; but in a general way you represent Society; and in a particular way you represent my last chance. I've had to come down to it, old man — I tried to do it a month ago when Losada's man was here turning things over; but I couldnt do it then. Now it's different. I want a thousand dollars, Goodwin; and you'll have to give it to me."

"Only last week," said Godwin, with a smile, "a silver dollar was all you were asking for."

"An evidence," said Blythe, flippantly, "that I was still virtuous—though under heavy pressure. The wages of sin should be something higher than a peso worth forty-eight cents. Let's talk business. I am the villain in the third act; and I must have my merited, if only temporary, triumph. I saw you collar the late president's valiseful of boodle. Oh, I know it's blackmail; but I'm liberal bout the price. I know I'm a cheap villain—one of the regular sam-mill-drama kind — but you're one of my particular friends, and I don't want to stick you hard."

"Suppose you go into the details," suggested Goodwin, calmly arranging his letters on the table.

"All right," said "Beelzebub." "I like the way you take it. I despise histrionics; so you will please prepare yourself for the facts without any red fire, calcium or grase notec on the Saxophone.

"On the night that His Fly-by-night Excellency arrived in town I was very drunk. You will excuse the pride with which I state that fact; but it was quite a feat for me to attain that desirable state. Somebody had left a cot under the orange trees in the yard of Madama's Ortiz's hotel. I stepped over the wall, laid down upon it, and fell asleep. I was awakened by an orange that dropped from the tree upon my nose; and I laid there for awhile cursing Sir Isaac Newton, or whoever it was that invented gravitation, for not confining his theory to apples.

"And then along came Mr. Miraflores and his true love with the treasury in a valise, and went into the hotel. Next you hove in sight, and held a pow-wow with the tonsorial artist who insisted upon talking shop after hours. I tried to slumber again; but once more my rest was disturbed—this time by the noise of the popgun that went off upstairs. Then that valise came crashing down into an orange tree just above my head; and I arose from my couch, not knowing when it might begin to rain Saratoga trunks. When the army and the constabulary began to arrive, with their medals and decorations hastily pinned to their pyjimas, and their snickersness drawn, I crawled into the welcome shadow of a banana plant. I remained there for an hour, by which time the excitement and the people had cleared away. And then, my dear Goodwin—excuse me—I saw you sneak back and pluck that ripe and juicy valise from the orange tree. I followed you and saw you take it to your own house. A hundred-thousand-dollar crop from one orange tree in a season about breaks the record of the fruit-growing industry.

"Being a gentleman at that time, of course I never mentioned the incident to anyone. But this morning I was kicked out of a saloon, my code of honor is all out at the elbows, and I'd sell my mother's prayer-book for three fingers of aguardinete. I'm not putting on the screws hard. It ought to be worth a thousand to you for me to have slept on that cot through the whole business without waking up and seeing anything."

Goodwin opened two more letters, and made memoranda in pencil on them. Then he called "Manuel!" to his secretary, who came, spryly.

"The Ariel—when does she sail?" asked Goodwin.

"Senor," answered the youth, "at three this afternon. She drops downcoast to Punta Soledad to complete her cargo of fruit. From there she sails for New Orleans without delay."

"Bueno!" said Goodwin. "These letters may wait yet awhile."

The secretary returned to his cigarette under the mango tree.

"In round numbers," said Goodwin, facing Blythe squarely, "how much money do you owe in this town, not including thes ums you have 'borrowed from me?"

"Five hundred—at a rough guess," answered Blythe, lightly.

"Go somewhere in the town and draw up a schedule of your debts," said Goodwin. "Come back here in two hours, and I will send Manuel with the money to pay them. I will also have a decent outfit of clothing ready for you. You will sail on the Ariel at three Manuel will accompany you as far as the deck of the steamer. There he will hand you one thousand dollars in cash. I suppose that we needn't discuss what you will be expected to do in return."

"Oh, I understand," piped Blythe, cheerily. "I was asleep all the time on the cot under Madama Oritz's orange trees; and I shake off the dust of Coralio forever. I'll play fair. No more of the lotus for me. Your proposition is O. K. You're a good fellow, Goodwin; and I let you off light. Ill agree to everything. But in the meantime—I've a devil of a thrist on, old man—"

"Nont a centavo," said Goodwin, firmly, "until you are on board the Ariel. You would be drunk in thirty minutes if you had money now."

But he noticed the blood-streaked eyeballs, the relaxed form and the shaking hands of "Beelzebub;" and he stepped into the dining room through the low window, and brought out a glass and a decanter of brandy.

"Take a bracer, anyway, before you go," he proposed, even as a man to a friend whom he entertains.

"Beelzebub" Blythe's eyes glistened at the sight of the solace for which his soul burned. Today for the first time his poisoned nerves had been denied their steadying dose; and their retort was a mounting torment. He grasped the decanter and rattled its crystal mouth against the glass in his trembling hand. He flushed the glass, and then stood erect holding it aloft for an instant. For one fleeting moment he held his head above the drowning waves of his abyss. He nodded easily at Goodwin, raised his brimming glass and murmured a "health" that men had used in his ancient Paradise Lost. And then so suddenly that he spilled the brandy over his head, he sat down his glass, untasted.

"In two hours," his dry lips muttered to Goodwin, as he marched down the steps and turned his face toward the town.

In the edge of the cool banana grove "Beelzebub" halted, and snapped the tongue of his belt buckle into another hole.

"I couldn't do it," he explained, feverishly, to the waving banana fronds. "I wanted to, but I couldn't. A gentleman can't drink with the man that he blackmails."

(To be continued.)

FORTY YEARS GAMBLING ENDS

500 Hot Springs Citizens, With Brass Band, Force onthe Lid.

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., Oct. 10.—Forty years of gambling came to a spectacular end in Hot Springs today when the City Improvement Union, of 500 citizens, closed thirty gambling rooms and gave a battalion of gamesters ten hours to leave the city. Twenty-three executives of the union, known as the "skidoo committee," last night issued a final warning that the rooms might be closed at once. No heed was paid to the warning and today the entire membership of the union, headed by a brass band, marched to the city hall, to police headquarters and to the court house and forced state, county and city officials to raid and close the gambling houses forthwith, the 500 going along to see it done properly.

To the roll of drums and blare of brass, such gamblers as were found were marched to the Union station and ordered to take the first train out and return no more. Five hundred gamblers, cappers and women are leaving today and tonight and fully half a million dollars worth of paraphernalia is boxed for shipment.

FINLAY, O., Oct. 10.—Much legal argument and little actual progress marked the second day of the trial of the Standard Oil Co. of Ohio, for conspiracy against trade. The argument was caused by the objection of the attorneys for the Standard to the character of evidence sought to be placed before the jury by the prosecution. In every instance, however, the ruling of Judge Banker favored the prosecution.

$1000 PILE CURE.

A Thousand Dollar Guarantee goes with every bottle of Dr. Leonhardt's Hem-Roid——the only certain cure for every form of Piles.

George Cook, St. Thomas, Ont., writes:—

"Dr. Leonhardt's Hem-Roid cured me of a very bad case of piles of over ten years' standing. I had tried everything but got no permanent cure till I used Hem-Roid. I had Blind and Bleeding Piles., and suffered everything. Ointments and local treatments failed, but Dr. Leonhardt's Hem-Roid cured me perfectly."

Hem-Roid is a tablet taken internally which removes the cause of piles. $1.00, all druggists, or The Wilson-Fyle Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont.

WEDDINGS.

RANDOLPH - HANSON.

New Brunswick people will be interested in hearing of a wedding that took place at Lewiston on Monday evening, when Miss Ida Winslow Hanson, of Lewiston, was married to Lorne Randolph Fowler, a Fredericton young man who for some years has made his home in Lewiston. The ceremony was performed by Rev. N. M. Simmonds in the Bates Baptist Church, which had been prettily decorated for the event. The bride, who was given away by her father, Clarence Hanson, was attired in a lovely creation of Marquis lace cut in the prevailing mode, Princess style. Her veil was caught up with lilies of the valley, and she carried a shower bouquet of the same flowers. Her only ornament was the gift of the groom, a clasp pin, a spray of pearls set with a shower diamond. The bridesmaids were Miss Lilian V. Bearce and Miss Maude A. Searns, of Auburn; Miss Elizabeth Butler of Newton Centre, and Miss Maude L. Furbush of Lewiston, all attired in yellow silk, cut Princess style. Each carried maidenhair ferns tied with yellow ribbon. The matron of honor, Mrs. Linwood S. Durgin, wore a green brocaded silk, cut Princess style, and carried a bouquet of bride roses, while the bride's matrons, Mrs. Millard F. Chase, Winchester, Mass.; Mrs. John H. White, Mrs. Albert Pratt, Augusta, and Mrs. Wm. J. Taylor, Lewiston, wore their wedding gowns, with white ribbon rosettes in their hair and carried bride roses. Linwood S. Durgin was the groomsman. After the ceremony, a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents. In receiving, the bride and groom were assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Hanson and Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Fowler, Fredericton, the groom's parents. Mrs. Fowler wore black lace over black silk, with jet trimmings. Following the reception, Mr. and Mrs. Fowler left on a two weeks' trip, Mrs. Fowler's going-away suit being of London smoke grey. On their return they will reside in Worcester, Mass. Mrs. Fowler was the recipient of many gifts. To the matron of honor the bride gave a gold bracelet, to the bride's matrons, pins of pearls, and to her bridesmaids pendants of pearls.

Among the guests at the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Fowler; the groom's sister, Mrs. Bayard Fisher, and her husband, Dr. Fisher, with their three little daughters, Marion, Constance and Annie, of Marysville, N. B.

SHEWEN-BISHOP.

MONTREAL, Oct. 10.—The marriage of Miss Olive Bishop, daughter of G. H. Bishop, Dorchester street, to Rev. Mansel Shewen, rector of Oak Point, N. B., and son of E. T. P. Shewen, resident engineer of the public works department, St. John, took place this afternoon at the Church of St. James the Apostle, Rev. Canon Elgood officiating. The bride, who was given away by her father, wore white satin with tulle veil and orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of lilies and roses. She was attended by her sister, Miss Dora Bishop, who was maid of honor, and by Miss Shewen, St. John, and Miss Dora Dennison, Toronto. They were gowned alike, in white silk, with presentation veils, and carried pink carnations. Rev. Almon Abbott was best man, and the ushers were Dr. Hardisty and Mr. Fitzgibbon. A reception at the home of the bride's parents followed. This evening Mr. and Mrs. Shewen leave on their wedding trip, the bride travelling in a blue cloth costume with hat to match. t

DALEY-BARNS.

Windsor, N. S., correspondence of October 9th tells of the marriage of J. Joseph Daley, of this city, to Miss L. B. Barns, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Barns, Victoria street, Windsor. The officiating clergyman was Rev. B. F. Parker. After the ceremony luncheon was erved and then Mr. and Mrs. Daley left for Truro. They will make their home in Moncton. Mr. Daley was for several years employed in the Dufferin hotel. The groom's present to the bride was $50 in gold.

BRIGGS-ORR.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized last evening at 23 Sewell street, when John S. Orr of St. John was united in marriage to Miss Fayetta Jessie Briggs of Beulah, Kings Co. Rev. P. J. Stackhouse officiated at the service. The presents received were many and beautiful. Among them was an organ from the bride's father. The happy couple left on steamer Majestic this morning for a brief visit to the bride's home.

RECENT DEATHS

GEORGE N. HENDRICKS.

The death took place yesterday at his home, near Hampton, of George Nathan Hendricks, a well known and respected farmer of that vicinity. He had been seriously ill for some months, and his death was not unexpected. Mr. Hendricks was a son of the late Col. C. J. Hendricks of Norton, and was formerly one of the proprietors of the Salt Springs property near Sussex. The Hendricks name will be well known in this city, as that of the founder of the hardware business which is now under the name of T. McAvity & Sons. The deceased was sixty-six years of age, and is survived by three brothers and three sisters—James, Conrad, Charles, and the Misses Hendricks, all residing near Hampton. E. H. Turnbull of this city and C. Percy Turnbull, of the Union Bank of Canada at Winnipeg, are nephews.

ROBERT MATHER.

CHATHAM, Oct. 10.—The death occurred Sunday morning of Robert Mather, aged 81 years. Mr. Mather was one of a party which came out here about forty years ago from Fair Island, Scotland, and settled on the Miramichi. Mr. Mather had been in good health, despite his advanced age, and his death was quite sudden, being due to a severe attack of cholera. He is survived by two sons, Robert and William, and one daughter, Mrs. Rae. The funeral was held this afternoon at 3 o'clock.

ROBERT TAYLOR.

AMHERST, Oct. 9.—The death occurred early this morning of Robert Taylor, one of the most prominent lumbermen in the county. Deceased has been residing in Amherst for the past three years. He leaves a wife and daughter.

WILLIAM BEERS.

HARCOURT, Oct. 10.—The funeral of Wm. Beers of Emerson took place today. Deceased died on the 7th, aged 86. His surviving children are John Wm. Beers and Mrs. Angus MacLeod, both of Emerson.

EASTERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY

INTERNATIONAL DIVISION.

Autumn Excursions.

Effective until Oct.19 1906.

Tickets good to return 30 days from date of issue.

St. John to Portland and return $5.50.

St. John to Boston and return $6.00.

Steamers leave St. John at 8 a. m., Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for Lubec, Eastport, Portland and Boston.

RETURNING

From Boston at 9 a.m.,via. Portland, Eastport and Lubec,Mondays,Wednesdays and Fridays.

All cargo, except live stock, via. the steamers of this company, is insured against fire and marine risk.

W. G. LEE, Agent, St. John, N. B.

RAILROADS.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Portland & Boston EXCURSIONS

VIA THE ALL RAIL LINE.

GOING	RETURNING
Sept. 18th to Oct. 18th.	30 Days From Date of Issue

From St. John, N. B.

To Portland and Return, - $ 8.50

Boston and Return, - $10.50

Equally low rates from other points

Tickets issued from St. John, Fredericton, McAdam, St. Stephen, St. Andrews,and intermediate stations, and from all Stations on the Intercolonial, P. E. Island and Dominion Atlantic Railways.

For full particulars apply to W. H. C. MACKAY, or write to W. B. HOWARD,Acct., D.P.A., C.P.R., St. John, N. B.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

ON AND AFTER SUNDAY, June 24th, 1906, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:

TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN.

No. 2—Express for Pt. du Chene, Sydney, Halifax and Campbellton..... .... 6.00
No. 6—Mixed train to Moncton .. 7.45
No. 26—Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou 11.45
No. 8—Express for Sussex 17.15
No. 134—Express for Quebec and Montreal 19.00
No. 10—Express for Moncton, Sydney, Halifax and Pictou 23.25

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

No. 9—From Halifax, Sydney and Pictou 6.25
No. 7—Express from Sussex.. .. .. 9.00
No. 133—Express from Montreal and Quebec.... ....12.50
No. 5—Mixed from Moncton.. .. ..16.30
No. 25—Express from Halifax, Pictou, Pt. du Chene and Campbellton.. .. ..17.15
No. 1—Express from Moncton.. ..21.30
No. 81—Express from Sydney, Halifax, Pictou and Moncton (Sunday only), ... 1.40

All trains run by Atlantic Standard Time. 24.00 o'clock is midnight.

CITY TICKET OFFICE, 3 King street, S. John, N. B. Telephone 271.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

THANKS-GIVING DAY, Oct. 18th 1906.

Return Tickets will be sold at FIRST CLASS ONE WAY FARE, (made to end in 0 or 5)

Good going Oct. 17th, and 18th, Good for Return until Oct. 22nd, 1906. To all stations on the System and to Detroit, Port Huron, Sault Ste. Marie, and Port Arthur, Ont., and points in Canada east thereof on the G. T. R. and C. P. R., also to points on the Dominion Atlantic, Inverness Railway & Coal Co., Sydney & Louisburg Railway, Halifax & Southwestern Railway, Cape Breton Railway, Temiscouata Railway and Prince Edward Island Railway. 10-10-6

COLLISION ON THE BOSTON & MAINE AT EAST SOMERVILLE.

BOSTON, Oct. 10.—Four passengers were slightly injured by a collision of two express trains on the Boston & Maine R. R., near East Somerville, this evening. The incoming Portland express, No. 14, while proceeding at a reduced rate of speed ran into train No. 64, also from Portland, while the latter was at a standstill. The locomotive of the rear train badly damaged the last car of the stationary train and several passengers were injured by broken glass. None of the cars left the rails.

EXPERTLY MADE

Perfectly finished to the smallest detail. Even the buttons are sewed on—not tacked

"Tiger Brand"

Underwear

FOR MEN FOR BOYS

TRADE MARK REGISTERED