

STN

THE STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1908



By Royal Warrant
To His Majesty
The King.

There is as much
pleasure in eating
ye fish, as in catching
them, when ye

**Worcestershire
Sauce**

made by ye olde firm of

LEA & PERRINS'

is used.

ESTD 1837
MANCHESTER

I seem to be vague as to how I passed the next hour. I know I had a saving on me for solitude.

I must get away, by myself—where I could think. . . . Have you never felt a consoling friendship in the quiet of a deep wood? As if the silence listened and advised? That was what I wanted.

I got into my riding things, found a groom, and presently rode away, alone, down the long shady avenue of larch trees and off into the pine woods.

On a very high knoll there is a sort of lookout built in the branches of a tall pine. There is a winding stair with a rail leading up to it. The top is a narrow seat, its back formed by a twisted limb.

It is familiarly known as "the crow's nest," and is a favorite haunt of mine when in meditation, fancy free.

It is a dizzy height and I quite lost my breath in mounting it. The view is magnificent, and I sat long looking over the crystalline blues, crowding the pines.

Something warm, and keen, and sweet sang itself through my blood. I day, stretched out supinely, my hand against the rough bark of the tree behind me.

How long I lay there I do not know; but gradually a vague ecstasy mingled itself with the drowsy languor induced by the perfume of the pines, the warm air, the hum of insects. I had a feeling of nearness to the great warm breast of Nature.

I suppose I must have at once fallen asleep, for I dreamed some Brobdignagian absurdity about sailing through the air on the back of a crow, and of being left, lone and lorn, on some lonely mountain height, clothed only in a little brief authority and a Japanese kimono, and of being shamefully conscious that my trunk had been left in Chicago.

Suddenly I felt myself caught and held in a grip of velvet and steel.

"Wh-where is my trunk?" I demanded yawningly, with a vague feeling of

dizziness, not yet emerged from the nebulous region of dreams.

"Not only your trunk but your entire anatomy was likely to have been some thirty feet below."

It was the Prince's voice, and the tremolo stop was out in it, and his face had a look of gray pallor.

"What on earth ever possessed you to climb to an eyrie like this and go to sleep where you were more than likely to roll off?"

And then I sat up, thoroughly dazed and frightened now there was nothing to be frightened about. It was hard to marshal my thoughts into coherent speech, and I felt half-hysterical and wholly a simpleton for having done such an imbecile thing, balancing there like somebody's-or-other's-was-it Mohammed's—coffin, between heaven and earth.

The Prince was on his knees just like the real article in the fairy tales, and his voice went on in the most impetuous way.

"I have dreamed about you since I was a little shaver in knickerbockers—and it has always been the same dream. I knew you directly I saw you that first day in the wood. It was as if I had felt you been expecting to meet you—right there—at that particular spot. It couldn't have just simply happened; it must have been written from the beginning, in the Book of Destiny."

I was honestly half-frightened. There, by the sudden, sweeping consciousness of his masterful and compelling personality.

"And then, a moment ago," his voice went on, and I was thrilled by the human kindness that shone out of every identical one of his homely, bronzed features, "when I saw your horse's bridle thrown over a limb down there, and came tearing up those steps to find you—and stood looking down at you a moment, I grew cold and sick with the thought:

"What if you had never come to Germany at all?"

I had captured three tortoise shell harpins and was excitedly trying to poke them into my falling hair when he grabbed my hand, harpins and all, and carried it to his lips like a Sir Richard Lovelace.

"What—oh, Hebechen, what if your husband had never died?"

At that I sat very erect, just as if some one had touched a spring in some hidden part of my anatomy. I felt myself turning a horrible, unbecoming shrimp-pink.

"I have never had a husband in all my life!" I announced, with all the solemnity which must have characterized the reading of the old Manx laws once a year on Tynwald Mount.

I simply can't describe his expression, Theresa! For a moment I believe he thought mental breakdown had followed too-long-a-nap on this cloud-capped, aerial height. His look was a cross between puzzled dismay and hostile constancy.

Then, between laughing and crying—I don't really know which I was doing—I went into detail and elucidated the whole situation.

When I had finished his lips were tremulous; more than ever he minded me of finely-tempered steel. And he said uncertainly:

"Lobelia, you wouldn't—you couldn't—you don't—"

It was exactly as if he were con-

SLEEP

Is More Important Than FOOD



No one can live without sleep for a whole week, while Dr. Tanner and others have fasted forty days. Restful sleep is necessary to do good work—you can't rest in a hammock, or on a spring bed that sags to the centre—your body should be supported throughout, and yet be on a level surface, which yields to every move.

A "Star" Felt Mattress and a "Banner" Spring

fill this bill exactly—will give you comfort and rest—will prevent that tired feeling next morning. The two cost less than a cheap hair mattress, and are good for an ordinary lifetime—no cleaning—no repairs.

GUARANTEED ALASKA BEDDING

A "Money Back" Guarantee

If you don't sleep well, or have that tired feeling in the morning, it will pay you to change your present Spring and Mattress for a "Star" and "Banner."

MANCHESTER ROBERTSON ALLISON, LTD.

ST. JOHN, N.B.

The Joy-Promoter

By MRS. LUTHER HARRIS.

(Continued.)

Did you ever hear of anything so perfectly diabolical as the way I must have sent all their straight-laced proprieties hors de combat? Overthrown all their hoary and moss-grown family traditions.

Really, I never knew such a Munich-like mind as young Hammerstein has! He has what might fittingly be termed the "fictional" mind. He sees situations—and produces them.

What a five-act drama he could write! All at once, with the electrifying precipitudo of a Jack-in-the-box the real daughter-in-law appears.

Behold a scene of glittering pathos. Petrified family circle; incensed heroine, calmly complaisant villain.

Later, there was a milder scene in which I very sweetly suggested to young Hammerstein that I thought it right mean in him to take Annina's

and Sapphira's laurels away from them like that. He allowed that it was, and blushing admitted the victor's crown.

"Then I flashed out: 'To be passing me off as a relative of the house—'"

"Well, haven't I done my best to make you a relative of the house?" he grinned with the most maddening and undisturbed sang froid. I simply would not see anything funny in the remark, and flung back with consuming irony:

"If ever I thirsted for anybody's blood I thirst for yours!"

"And haven't I offered myself to you, blood, body, bones and all many times?"

At that I simply burst out laughing in spite of myself. And he suddenly looked so dejected and unhappy, and just like a boy caught stealing jam.

Then he told me that for him love's young dream was o'er; that his cork was all dough; that life was blighted

in the bud.

Then he added, in the least impassioned way, just as if he were merely telling me the time of day:

"That was all baloney about Ven Siebel's gray matter rhaving sustained a compound fracture. I just told you that because he's such a deadly proper muff. He's as right as a trivet. But after the old duffer began coming here so much and I was so dotty over you myself, you see, I sort of thought it was incumbent on me to do something to counteract the potency of propinquity we hear so much about."

Then he added, with an oblique grin and a growing droop:

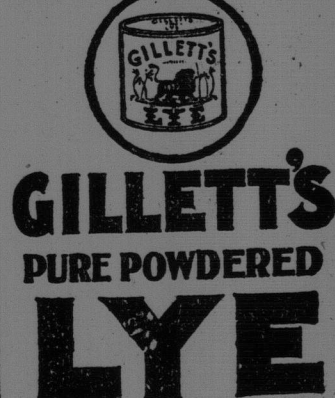
"He should really be stumping the universe as a propagandist—that Herr von Siebel. He's all balled up with high ideals, and the reform bacilli, and that sort of epoch-making thing."

For a moment I simply stared! I believe my mouth must have been open. I simply couldn't speak till the ragged edge of my astonishment had worn off a bit.

I regarded him solemnly while I was getting my breath and balancing daintily between the Scylla of righteous wrath and the Charybdis of divine relief.

That boy's placid indifference to strict accuracy amounts to a positive genius!

There is a long hiatus here. Theresa,



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PURE POWDERED

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Ready for Use in Any Quantity.

For making SOAP, softening water, removing grease, whitening clothes, and for many other purposes. A can costs 20 cents. See Slogan.

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TORONTO, ONT.

certainly, and quavered—

"But yes, you see—I could—I would—I do!"

And oh, Theresa! Then I had the funniest sensation of everything whirling round and round, and then stopping suddenly, and of being surrounded by a vacuum. But it wasn't a vacation at all.

It was Herr von Siebel, Wilhelm Offenstern Schreiner's arm!

And that is all, dearest Theresa, from your windy and deliciously happy, PEGGY.

MONCTON, Sept. 11.—The police tonight raided the Queen Hotel, run by D. Hogan, on Duke street, and seized 120 bottles of Eureka ale.

Every Woman

has heard of the wonderful MARVEL Whirling Spray. The new Vaginal Sprayer. But few women know how to use it. It cleanses the vagina, and is a most valuable remedy for all vaginal troubles. It is sold by all druggists and chemists. Price, 25 cents. See Slogan.

Are you despondent for it? Have you heard of the MARVEL Whirling Spray? It gives full satisfaction and direction in all cases. See Slogan.

General Agents for Canada, WINDSOR SUPPLY CO., Windsor, Ont.

ANOTHER BRUTAL MURDER

NEW YORK, Sept. 11.—A murder, attended by unusually brutal features, was revealed today when the police broke into a padlocked apartment in Forty-fifth street and discovered the bound and gagged corpse of Miss Anna Mauro, a pretty Italian woman, twenty-two years old. There were evidences that the woman was struck down from behind as she was preparing to leave the apartment, and that then the assassin had bound her arms and ankles to prevent resistance, and had stuck a gag into her mouth to stifle any outcry, took an automobile veil, tied it into a slipknot and strangled his victim to death.

Since the day when it develops the crime was committed—last Monday—David Mauro, the youthful husband of the murdered woman, has been missing, and the coroner has ordered his arrest.

CANNEL COAL

Cannel coal was once used as a substitute for candles because it can be cut into blocks or strips and burns with a clear yellow flame. Its real name is candle coal.

TONIGHT

TONIGHT

GRAND OFFICIAL OPENING

ST. JOHN'S BANNER EXHIBITION!

AT 8 O'CLOCK PREMIER HON. J. D. HAZEN WILL **TONIGHT.**
DECLARE THE BIG FAIR OPENED

Addresses by Mayor T. H. Bullock, Premier Hazen, Hon. Sydney Fisher, Federal Minister of Agriculture; Hon. D. V. Laundry, Provincial Commissioner of Agriculture; Hon. William Pugsley, Minister of Public Works; A. O. Skinner, President of Exhibition Association; Dr. J. W. Daniel, M. P., and others.

Special Musical Attractions

including selections by MISS DARLING, Prima Donna Soprano of Grand Opera Co., Boston; Programme by local bands and orchestras.

TREMENDOUS EXHIBIT OF LIVE STOCK.

GORGEOUS INDUSTRIAL DISPLAYS.

MACHINERY HALL IN FULL BLAST.

MAGNIFICENT ENSEMBLE OF MERCHANDISE BRILLIANTLY SET OFF AND SURROUNDED.

Doors Open at Seven O'clock Tonight.

TONIGHT

TONIGHT