

FOX IN ST. STEPHEN PRESCRIBES FOR GERMS; SHOWS P. F. M'KENNA HOW TO KILL WATER BUGS

Measures a Counter in Milliner's; Leaves Tell-Tales Around Town; Directs the Mixing of a Mess that Excites Much Interest Among People in a Grocery.

Calls at Homes and Leaves "Samples" with the Ladies and Engages in Many Amusing Incidents Some of Which He Will Describe Tomorrow.

"Ah! Yes! Well that is curious. I never heard of such a thing!" Of course he had not, else I never would have tried to put it over this gentleman.

I was instructing Mr. P. F. McKenna, the grocer on King street in St. Stephen, how to make an "antidote for the pest of water bugs," which he said he had never heard of. He wanted to know if it would drive out ants and plasmiers.

Mr. McKenna was so pleased over the simplicity and cheapness of it that he wrote down the list of ingredients.

Mr. Leaman's milliner helped Fox measure Leaman's counter. Oak Hall and Grant's dry goods clerks got on Fox's trail when they found the notes.

Several matrons received Fox in their homes and are presumably "sampling" the "Anti-Germ Mixture" he gave them.

"News Butcher" Coleman who works the C. P. R. trains via of McAdam held off two men who were suspicious of me while the train stood at Fredericton Junction.

"I know Fox," he said. "Don't fool yourselves with this man," nodding in my direction. When the train pulled out I gave him a hearty hand grasp. I could see that I was the subject of the conversation. Coleman protected me into McAdam.

From McAdam to St. Stephen I was protected by Frank T. Bixby, the traveling manager of the premium department of the St. Croix Soap Co. While in St. Stephen I visited with Messrs. Upham and Carson in their offices. Just as the three of us met in their building down stairs the big clasp of thunder following the afternoon shower came with a crash.

I made an appointment with Mr. Upham for the next day to look over my samples. The price I quoted him were extraordinarily low.

"Give me the name of a groceryman in a large way," I said to Mr. Bixby as we were about to leave the train. "The popular groceryman," he replied. "McKenna on King street," he replied.

Well I found McKenna a good scout. Evidently money is not his god. But his British pluck doubtless gives him his fighting qualities when it comes to "going after anything." He would let nobody pull anything over him. He would give a fugitive a big, hot chase, "just to win"—just to get the reward—then with the generosity for what he is noted and he would let him go.

Well you shall see how I challenged P. F. McKenna, grocer, King street, St. Stephen, and how delightfully he "went" for a rich line of dope I handed him.

"Have you black pepper in bulk?" was my first greeting to a clerk. Then Mr. McKenna "took a hand," and offered me a scoopful.

"Dump part of it in a paper," please. He procured a bag. "Now for white sugar," he produced the goods. "Put it into that bag," I said. "What with the black pepper?" "Certainly," I replied. "They want to be mixed. Mr. McKenna reluctantly complied with that unusual request. But you, dear reader, should have seen the puzzled expression that spread over his face.

"Now I want Rochelle salts. Or, Epsom salts," I said, speaking in a reflective way. He shook his head. Then he smiled and his concern, his curiosity, was as apparent in his face as a light in a window of a dark night. "Salts in with this other stuff," he asked in a tone of distrust. "Certainly! I forgot to explain, Mr. McKenna. That caught him. The problem was to be solved. He dropped the scoop and turned to the counter over which he bent while I was to explain.

"But you have butter?" Sure. In an instant he had produced a large cake, or package, such as is put up with fine butter and generally sold that way.

"It's too bad to break that package," I said as he drew his knife through an end of it. "That doesn't matter. I can sell all of it." Surely a good fellow, I said to myself.

"Now dump into that mixture of black pepper and sugar a ball of that butter," I said. "Yes, that's about the size."

"In the same bag—the butter in with the other goods?" He could hardly believe it. He was now involved in deep mystery.

The butter went into the bag. Then he gave a wry twist to his face as he took a look at that "mess."

"You had better dump it into a sheet of paper on the counter." He did as I requested.

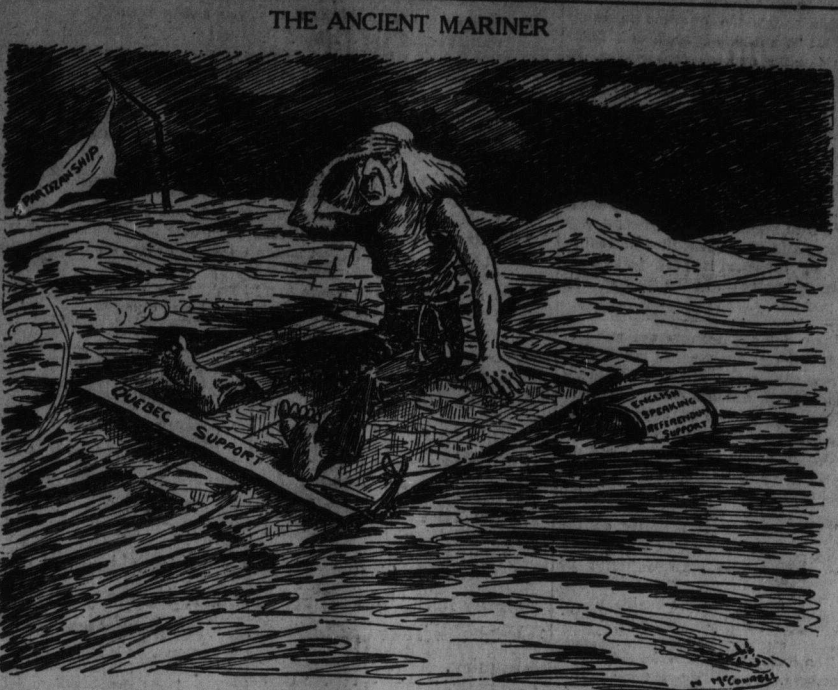
"As a child" the popular, good scout, good hearted and willing grocer was led by Fox the Fugitive on whose head was a reward for his capture in St. Stephen.

You should have seen that "mess" as it lay on the sheet of brown paper. Some of the customers in the store had gathered around us. They were dumb with eagerness to know what it meant.

"Lend me your cheese knife," I asked in a polite tone. The cheese knife to mix that greasy stuff! Well, my friend P. F. wouldn't allow that. He gave me his pocket knife; and you should have seen it after I had finished the mixing process.

Now in all creation please explain the object of this nasty mixture. That was how anyone would interpret the look Mr. McKenna gave me while my busy "trowelling" the mixture to work the grease through it.

"You could probably mix that better," Mr. McKenna suggested, "by folding the paper around it and kneading it." This big hearted dealer is never happy unless he is helping someone. And surely his method of



"Alone, Alone, All, All Alone, Alone on a Wide, Wide Sea."

FOX YET AT LIBERTY

The Chase Grows Hot. The Fugitive Gets Bolder and Puts Up many Absurdities.

CATCH HIM! CATCH HIM!

Mrs. Moore, Water street—Mrs. George Clark, Union and Rushon streets—Mrs. Thompson, Union street, next to the church—Mrs. Smith, Union street—Each one of those ladies received Fox the Fugitive at their door, accepted the little paper bag which I took from the big one, and promised to follow the directions I gave them—give the mixture "a trial."

This is the talk I had with Mrs. Thompson on Union street. She was seated on the porch and another lady stood alongside on the walk. Practically the conversation was the same with each of the other ladies.

"Please accept this sample germ-killing mixture and give it a trial. It costs nothing," Mrs. Moore wanted to know why I was around with it—"it costs nothing." To advertise it, I told her.

"What does it do?" Mrs. Pulk asked. "It drives all the germs out of your house."

"Scientists tell us," I proceeded to explain in each case, "that the atmosphere is all germs. That every house rich and poor, is filled with germs. There are the Red germs—of cleanliness. And the Green germs of un-

WRECK ON REVERE BEACH RAILWAY

One Killed and Eight Persons Injured on Narrow Gauge Line.

Boston, July 10.—One man was killed and eight injured, none probably fatally, in the derailment at Winthrop today of a passenger train on the Boston, Revere Beach and Lynn railway, a narrow gauge line, loaded with beach residents on their way to work in Boston.

The locomotive and three cars had passed over a loop switch leading to a single track, when the fourth car, in the centre of the train, jumped the track and turned over. The man killed was riding on the platform. He was caught under the car and his body cut in half.

"Why, it's easy to explain!" Then I paused until they could hardly wait any longer.

"The germs got fierce—the Green and Red got to fighting—naturally the disease would develop into an extreme type—ugly germs, ugly disease!"

The two ladies thanked me and we parted with smiles.

MAN DROWNED

Newcastle, July 10.—The body of Patrick Regan who disappeared from his home on Thursday night was found in the river just below the Douglastown mill this morning and brought to Malby's undertaking rooms. The funeral will be this afternoon. Mr. Regan was about fifty years old and leaves his wife and five children. Mrs. Richardson, of Nelson, Katie, Beattie and Josie and Charles. His oldest son, Samuel, was recently killed in France.

51 LOST ON FRENCH LINER CALEDONIAN

Ship Sunk by Mine or Torpedo in Mediterranean.

Paris, July 10.—The French liner Caledonian was sunk by a mine or a torpedo in the Mediterranean on June 30, according to an announcement issued last night by the ministry of marine. Fifty-one persons were lost and 380 were saved.

The Caledonian was of 4,140 gross tons, built in 1882 and owned by the Messageries Maritimes of Paris.

THREE PERSONS PERISH IN FIRE

Cincinnati, Ohio, July 10.—Three persons were burned to death and four others seriously injured by fire in the plant of the Interstate Sanitation Company, here, late yesterday.

KRUPP WORKS REPORTED PARTIALLY DESTROYED

French Airplane Men Apparently Did More Damage Than They Expected.

Amsterdam, July 10.—Les Nouvelles of Maestricht, Holland, reports that Dutch workmen, who were laid off at the Krupp works on account of the destruction of buildings in the recent French air raid, assert that a quarter of the Essen plant was destroyed.

The material damage is placed at millions of francs, and it is said that 100 employees were killed and hundreds of others, including forty-five French prisoners, wounded.

The fire was caused by the explosion of a 250 pound tank of chemicals, the shock partially wrecking the building, trapping employees and several families living in the upper stories of the building.

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ERG
black and
AIN was com-
some people
e in time.
ht-weight, rain-
from \$12 to \$18.
well, wear well,
keep you well.
f those we have
at half-price.

, 68 King St.
Evenings: Close Sat-
June, July and Au-

NO NORTH
ORE PROPERTIES

ly 9.—The authorities
the two men who ro-
of Father Nadeau at
Mary Flanagan, Lake-
Father Doucette, St.
the thieves stole sacra-
wagon, harness, suit
tobacco, money, feed
g.
a wagon and harness
Voutour and a horse
Johnson, which they
for one of Mrs. Mary
res without her know-
and some of the plunder
but the robbers fled to
the Richbucto Road.

fe Way
to Remove Hairs

collet Talks.)
the delicate powder on
table and when apply-
appear, make a paste of
the powder and some
and let remain on the
for 2 or 3 minutes, then
the skin and the hairs
d. This treatment is
is and rarely more than
is required, but to
to treatment care should be
the real delations.

Off Summer
Complexion Ills

a face smooth, white and
summer, there's nothing
more to be desired. How-
red or freckled skin, so
this season, is gently ab-
sorb and replaced by the
a skin beneath. The face
of the wax, which is
bedtime and washed off
the next morning. The
the other hand, are apt to
of excessive perspiration,
tunes of mucus, and the
and use like cold cream,
any skin at once and in a
the complexion will look
young and healthy.

WOMAN
MADE WELL

Pinkham's Vegetable
and Did the Work.
nothing like it.

Idaho.—"Last year I suf-
fected with pain in my
side and back. A
friend asked me to
try Lydia E. Pink-
ham's Vegetable
Compound and I did
so. After taking
one bottle I felt very
much better. I
have now taken
three bottles and
feel like a different
woman. Lydia E.
Pinkham's Vego-
Compound is the best medicine I
taken and I can recommend
it to every woman."—Mrs. Percy
Aberdeen, Idaho.

who suffer from these dis-
and by the many genuine and
testimonial we are constantly
in the newspapers of the
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vego-
Compound to restore their health.
whether Lydia E. Pinkham's
Compound will help you, try
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vego-
Compound Co. (confidential), Lynn,
Mass. Your letter will be opened
and answered by a woman, and
not confidential.



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drink as well as a most palatable and pleasing thirst quencher. Serve it up cold.

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