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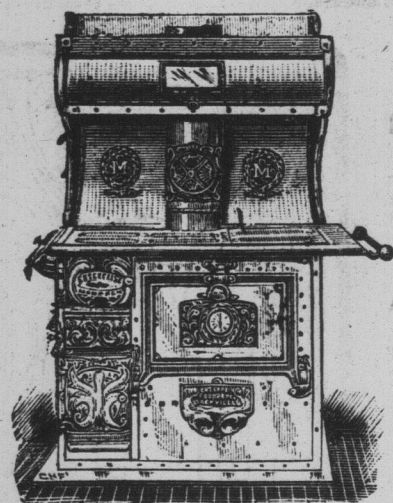
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Was It Fate?

If the bicycling fever doubled the price of wedding rings, what is the roller-skating craze doing to it? What brought about Runner's wedding or Shyly's or Sour's or Little Willow's? Roller skating.

Willow loved Vera. My, how he did love that girl! He idolized, worshipped, adored her until it was almost funny. Not to Willow, but to the others. Vera and paradise; no Vera, the other thing. That was how he felt about it, though otherwise he seemed perfectly rational. Not that they held hands in public, nor did he fix his eyes soulfully on hers and sit sighing before folks—not Willow. He was a gentleman and Vera had sense and their affection was a regular gem in oils by an old master, framed, shadow-boxed and hung exactly as it should be.

With Willow the one question of the hour and all hours was how to marry and eat three meals a day on \$15 a week. He spent hours gazing in at grocers' windows reading prices, though Vera had told him time and time again that she would manage it all right.

Vera was the slave of a crabbed old uncle, her only relative, who needed lots of waiting on and some one to abuse. Vera cost him less than \$3 a week and never talked back. Vera talk back to uncle! Her amateur performance would have made a fine showing beside uncle's professional nagging, he having been born with a gift for that sort of thing. In these circumstances a sensitive girl or almost any other girl would say foolish things about keeping house on little or nothing. Yes, Willow and \$15 looked like a reasonable proposition to her.

Whenever Vera had a bean, uncle had a convulsion. Willow was pretty busy most of the time covering his tracks as he knew that excitement was bad for uncle. They managed things rather nicely, so that uncle's weak heart would get no jolts. Then the roller-rink fever broke out.

Willow, a clever ice skater, had very little to learn. But Vera! Honest, it looked as if she just never would learn. Willow presented to her a pair of skates and she began home practice, guided by Willow's instructions and some printed rules. It was easy enough. In fact, there was very little to it. "See that skates are fastened securely, stand firmly, advance right foot, throw full weight upon it, bend well forward to get 'send,' and glide away." It sounded easy, but it did not seem to work in practice.

Vera never glided. Instead, she would wave and wobble frantically here and there, and then zigzag helplessly to the exact place she did not want to go. There invariably was nothing to grab, so down she would go with such force that everything in the room would jump, her skates always striking last. But she persevered.

At last there came a time when she consented to attend a masked carnival at the roller rink. They wore hired cheesecloth garments. In a dinky peasant dress Vera surely did look all right to Willow.

As Willow secured Vera's skates he looked up with a start and asked: "Say, have you come away and forgotten to hang your other hat and jacket where your uncle can see them?"

"Do I look as if I would forget?" tittered Vera. "He'll see 'em, all right enough, and think I've gone up to bed."

The skates adjusted, Vera arose, eager to do all that was expected of her. With knitted brows she endeavored to stand firm, advance her right foot, throw her full weight upon it, bend well forward to get "send," and glide away. Trying not to look scared, she poised herself, took a long breath, lessened her hold on Willow and the furniture, concentrated herself on "send" and started.

She was considerable of a girl to begin with, brimming with energy. Before she knew it she had torn herself from Willow's bashful and respectful hold and was whizzing across the mammoth rink with power enough to carry a loaded freight four miles uphill on a wet day. She had lost all control of herself and that diabolical momentum increased with every second.

At the opposite end of the rink, luffing up out of the distance and the disturbance he was causing, careened a huge, red, ungainly, masked Santa Clause whisks straining, his four extremities doing everything but the right ones.

Mainly the man was determined to cut some particular caper that he had set his mind on if he had to kill everyone on the floor. Singles and couples sprawled in his wake, some able to sit up and send maledictions after him, while others had only life enough to wave a skate-laden foot in useless protest. A trolley car would have been as sensible of attack.

The rollers on Willow seemed rived to the floor with horror. He saw that at a point near the centre of the rink it was foredoomed that Santa Claus and Vera should collide with the impulsion got from new skates well oiled, a floor that cost \$4000 to lay and polish, 140 pounds of uncontrolled girl and nearly twice that weight of man resolutely sending himself in the direction he was determined to go.

As if in a dream, Willow heard an attendant say: "Pal, you shouldn't have shoved your lady out that way when old reapih' and thrashin' machine is operatin' hisself. We don't dare say a word, for he is one of the main ropes here and can order us out of our jobs any time he likes. Gee! It looks like he was goin' to need a doctor or a hearse or somethin'."

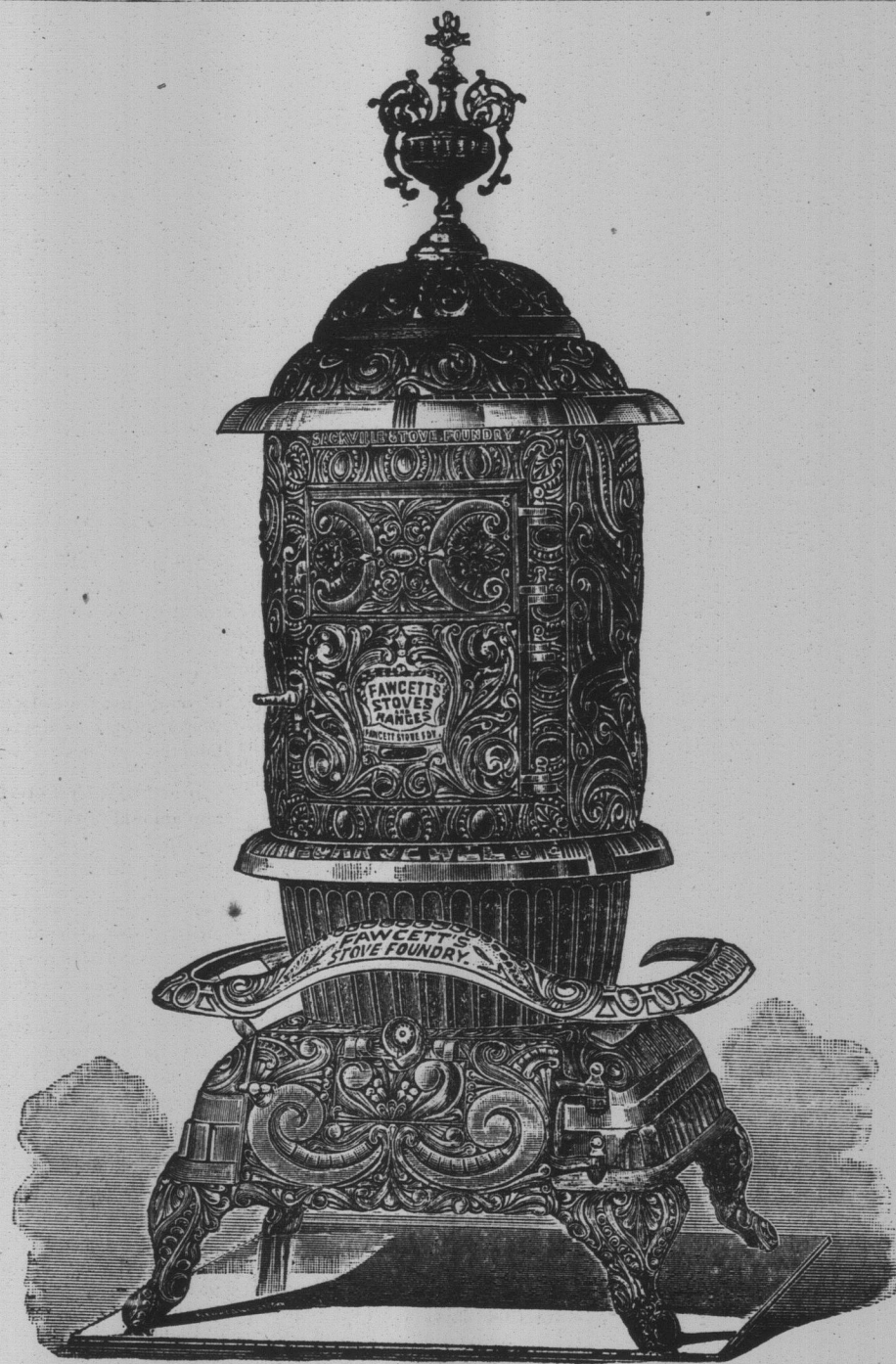
Willow should have dashed out and shown himself a hero, but he only groaned and closed his eyes and waited.

They struck with a frightful impact and then fell apart and spun about. One of Vera's skates came down on Santa's head kerwhack. His wig and beard had fallen off and, ere she fainted, Vera saw that it was uncle! Talk about poetic justice!

The attendant had almost to carry Willow across the floor. He was nearly dead with anguish. He thought Vera was dead and, oh, how he wished uncle was also! Willow's wishes never did come true.

Uncle dead? Before the doctor got there he was sitting up staunching the trickle of blood from his head and telling the crowd how he had seen Vera coming and by skillful manoeuvring had managed to save her life by heroically sacrificing himself. Further, he told Vera and Willow that skating was the first sensible thing he had ever known either of them to do. Then, after he had seen what a skater Willow was, he made Willow manager of the rink at more than 15 a week.—Chicago News.

Murray Stephens, the Wabash engineer who ran his train into the C. P. R. special at Diamond crossing, St. Thomas was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.



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Wise Thoughts.

Do not be so unreasonable as to expect more from life in the world than life in the world is capable of giving.

Polltiness is to goodness what words are to thought. It tells not only on the manners, but on the mind and heart; it renders the feelings, the opinions, the words, temperate and gentle.

There are two good rules which ought to be written on every heart—never to believe anything had about anybody unless you positively know it to be true; never to tell even that unless you feel that it is absolutely necessary.

To be cheerful, to be happy, to make one's self a stimulating, gladdening influence in the world, is the supreme duty of every human being. Whoever fails to achieve this falls short of true success in this life. Not only this, but he neglects a moral obligation.

Frugality is good if liberality be joined with it. The first is leaving off superfluous expenses; the last is bestowing them to the benefit of others that need. The first without the last begets covetousness; the last without the first begets prodigality. The two united make an excellent temper.

As soon as we divorce love from the occupations of life we find that labor degenerates into drudgery.

Let us never forget that an act of goodness is of itself an act of happiness. No reward coming after the event can compare with the sweet reward that went with it.

Let the winds and waves of adversity blow and dash around you if they will; but keep on the path of rectitude, and you will be as firm as a rock. Plant yourself upon principle, and bid defiance to misfortune.

The time to use truth and principle is now. Life has three phases. It was, it is, and it will be. But we are concerned with only one of these. Life is. What it will be depends on what it is! Hence the importance of the present.

Don't fear too much the enemy you make by saying "No," or trust too much the friend you make by saying "Yes." The young man or woman who wants to please all the influential people possible, and desires to agree with everybody, is not the one who comes out with the most friends or the most success in the end.

Hon. G. P. Graham will start on a tour of inspection of the government railways.

GUILTY CONSCIENCE

BROUGHT CONVICT BACK

Michigan City, Ind., October 24.—A man walked to the doors of the Indiana State prison here this afternoon.

"What do you want?" asked the guard.

"I have come back to serve out my sentence," was the answer.

The warden was called and recognized in the visitor Allan J. Lawrence, of La Porte, Ind., who was sent to the state prison in July 1906, on an indeterminate sentence of from two to fourteen years. The charge was attacking a young woman.

"Where have you been Lawrence?" asked the warden.

"Oh, I've been pretty nearly all over the country," was the reply. You see when I came here I was a sinner and I planned to escape. I served scarcely three months before I succeeded in getting away. I went to Nebraska and Kansas and worked in the fields. I became converted and then I held meetings all over Nebraska and Kansas and converted hundreds and even thousands.

"But suddenly the power left me. I could make no more converts. I could not even speak to a congregation.

"The inner conscience told me that it was because this sentence was hanging over me, and I have made my way back and ask that you make me a prisoner again and allow me to serve out my term even though it is a long one."

Lawrence will serve out his sentence with the extra time for the escape.

To Clean Spectacles.

Unclean spectacles, eyeglasses and such like not only look far from comely, but they are a source of possible danger to the eye. Sometimes the lenses become greasy, and no amount of ordinary rubbing will get them bright. A piece of tissue paper, dipped in a weak solution of washing soda, will prove most effectual. A lens occasionally acquires a brown, rusty stain on the surface, which nothing but a paste composed of very fine rouge and water can remove. This must be used by rubbing briskly, with either the point of the finger or the side of the hand, and every spot of rust or stain will disappear in a few minutes. This applies also to photographic or other lenses, except the object-glass of a telescope, which would be irreparably damaged by such treatment.