

POOR DOCUMENT

C 2 3 4

SIX

BEWARE THE BENEDICTS

By H. M. KERNER.

(Copyrighted, 1907, by Homer Sprague.)
The new Mrs. Wolcott regarded Billy Bevan distrustfully. Not until the train had pulled out and she had sent her newly acquired husband forward to the baggage car to remove excess baggage in the shape of white satin streamers from their trunk, would she feel safe. Billy Bevan was only happy when playing jokes. He was happiest when his victims were his bride and groom.

Suddenly Bevan snatched a handkerchief from his bride and groom together with a smothering "ill death do part" when he felt the cold steel on his own wrist and heard the fatal click. He, not the bride, was handcuffed to Wolcott.

"It may," he cried protesting. "This is not fair."
"You can unlock yourself in time to leave at the next station," said Wolcott. "It's poetic justice, Billy."
"It's confoundedly unpleasant," Billy retorted. "You see, I did not get the key; never supposed that I should need one. I just could see you going to the hotel and asking that a pitcher of ice water and a policeman be sent to your room."

"This is the better joke," smiled Wolcott. "It will teach you that marriage is something sacred; not merely a piece upon which to hang fool jokes. Let's go ahead to the smoking car. Beware of less conspicuous than here."
Arm in arm they made their way to the café car, but once there Wolcott dropped Bevan's wrist and let the cuff show.

She immediately became the center of attention. One man, more curious than the rest, turned to Wolcott. "Your prisoner?" he asked. The bridegroom regarded Bevan with a benevolent smile.

"He is a prisoner of his own making," Wolcott explained. "The jail yawns for him, but it is more likely to be the insane asylum that finally comes into its own."
"I see," grinned the questioner. "You're that bridal couple three cars back."
"I am part of that happy pair," conceded Wolcott, "but this is not the partner of my joys and sorrows. I simply share my sorrows at the present time."

"You're a sharer all right," agreed Bevan with a chuckle. "There's some consolation in that. Think of poor Beas being there in the chair car all alone."
"This would rather be rid of us," said Wolcott comfortably. "It is all your own fault. I begged you not to try any of your fool tricks. Beware of the benedicts, Billy. They will not let you back some day when your neck goes under the national noose."

"The lady says to come on back and bring your friends," reported the white-coated porter. "There's a seat next to Bevan's car yet."
Bevan's eyes snapped. He could make things interesting back there. But his amiable intention to turn the joke on his involuntary host was checked, for a deeper little man stopped forward.

"Permit me," he said. "I am a hand-out magician. I can take those off if you wish."
"Then he'll go ranting through the train," said Wolcott. "I'd rather have him where I can watch him."
"No, it will be all right," said the magician as he threw a handkerchief over the cuffs. A click and Wolcott withdrew his hand, rubbing his chafed wrist. Bevan attempted to do the same, but when the handkerchief was removed the cuffs it was seen that the cuff had slipped around the arm of Bevan's chair.

"You wish him released at the next station?" asked the magician.
"Better enjoy him to Frezbury," said Wolcott. "His handsome friends there."
Bevan growled. Grace Ooburn lived at Frezbury. If any one should detect his plight and tell her—He shook his fist at Wolcott's retreating form.

At Frezbury, Wolcott came up just as the first buffet was unfastened from the table.
"Let him keep the other," he suggested. "He seems so fond of them. It would be a shame to remove them."
"Quite so," agreed the magician. "Monkeys is too fond of a joke to let this terminate so abruptly. Is it not so?"

"Give my regards to Grace in case you see her," called Wolcott as Bevan again for the door. Bevan breathed a sigh of relief that he would not see her, but when he stepped to the platform, she came towards him with sparkling eyes.
"Why did you let us know that you were coming?" she cried as she shook hands.

"I didn't know it myself," he explained. "You see I was carried off while I was saying goodbye to Ted Wolcott and Beas, so I came on for a call."
"I'm glad you did," she said smilingly. "It's so good I did not know that."

"I'm glad you did," she said smilingly. "It's so good I did not know that."

Beas was on the train. I came to see May Lawis off. Oh! have you hurt your wrist, Billy?"

"A little," he admitted lamely, scowling at the handkerchief bandage around the offending cuff. "I'll tell you about it as we drive out."
He followed her over to the door.

"That was very careless," she scolded. "You must have hurt your wrist."
"It's not my wrist that hurts; it's my feelings," he began. When he had explained his plight he added, "Bert was hoping that you would be here to see me—and you were," he ended miserably.

"Are you sorry that I was?" she demanded. "I'm not a bit of it, only a man feels such a fool."
"If you ever marry, what a lot of back scores there will be paid off."

"Yes, Ted was telling me to beware of the benedicts. No girl would want to marry a man that will get the send-off that's in preparation for me."
"She would not care very much for you if she should not stand a little teasing for your sake," she said softly.

"A little teasing," he echoed. "Why, they are liable to wreck the train to get square. How would you like—"
"There's a blacksmith shop just ahead," she said hurriedly to change the topic. "I guess he could cut that cuff."

The blacksmith could and did.
"That lets you out of a scrape," Grace said when they were under way again.

"Only to get into a greater one," he declared. "I've been trying for months to get up my courage to ask you to marry me, dear. I think you know that I love you. I know that you love me or you would have long ago broken up with me."
"I think I can brave even the benedicts," she answered shyly.

"I am part of that happy pair," conceded Wolcott, "but this is not the partner of my joys and sorrows. I simply share my sorrows at the present time."

"You're a sharer all right," agreed Bevan with a chuckle. "There's some consolation in that. Think of poor Beas being there in the chair car all alone."

"This would rather be rid of us," said Wolcott comfortably. "It is all your own fault. I begged you not to try any of your fool tricks. Beware of the benedicts, Billy. They will not let you back some day when your neck goes under the national noose."

"The lady says to come on back and bring your friends," reported the white-coated porter. "There's a seat next to Bevan's car yet."

Bevan's eyes snapped. He could make things interesting back there. But his amiable intention to turn the joke on his involuntary host was checked, for a deeper little man stopped forward.

"Permit me," he said. "I am a hand-out magician. I can take those off if you wish."
"Then he'll go ranting through the train," said Wolcott. "I'd rather have him where I can watch him."

"No, it will be all right," said the magician as he threw a handkerchief over the cuffs. A click and Wolcott withdrew his hand, rubbing his chafed wrist. Bevan attempted to do the same, but when the handkerchief was removed the cuffs it was seen that the cuff had slipped around the arm of Bevan's chair.

"You wish him released at the next station?" asked the magician.
"Better enjoy him to Frezbury," said Wolcott. "His handsome friends there."
Bevan growled. Grace Ooburn lived at Frezbury. If any one should detect his plight and tell her—He shook his fist at Wolcott's retreating form.

At Frezbury, Wolcott came up just as the first buffet was unfastened from the table.
"Let him keep the other," he suggested. "He seems so fond of them. It would be a shame to remove them."
"Quite so," agreed the magician. "Monkeys is too fond of a joke to let this terminate so abruptly. Is it not so?"

THE STAR, ST JOHN, N. B. FRIDAY, JUNE 26, 1908.

MANAGEMENT OF COLE BROTHERS CIRCUS ACCUSED OF ILL-TREATING EMPLOYEES; MAY HAVE CAUSED DEATH

TORONTO, June 25.—Serious charges are made against Cole Brothers' circus management. The circus has recently been touring Ontario, and it is alleged that a number of the men who were on board of the train and left to take their chances. An inquest was held at Litchford yesterday on the body of an unknown man found beside the track, and the jury say that a man unknown met his death as a result of the ill-treatment of Cole Brothers' circus train. The inquest was held at Litchford yesterday on the body of an unknown man found beside the track, and the jury say that a man unknown met his death as a result of the ill-treatment of Cole Brothers' circus train. The inquest was held at Litchford yesterday on the body of an unknown man found beside the track, and the jury say that a man unknown met his death as a result of the ill-treatment of Cole Brothers' circus train.

OPPOSITION WELCOMES CIVIL SERVICE BILL

OTTAWA, June 25.—The Commons spent nearly the whole of today in debate on the civil service bill, which was presented in a clear and cogent manner by Hon. Sydney Fisher. No objection was taken to any clause in the bill by the opposition and the course of discussion demonstrated the fact that in the new provisions for non-partisan and efficient civil service the government have inaugurated a radical and well-merited reform. One important amendment offered by Mr. Fisher provides that two commissioners who will have supervisory control of the appointments and promotions in service shall be on the same footing as the auditor general. This amendment is a radical and well-merited reform. One important amendment offered by Mr. Fisher provides that two commissioners who will have supervisory control of the appointments and promotions in service shall be on the same footing as the auditor general. This amendment is a radical and well-merited reform.

A WONDERFUL FARM IN MEXICO

The biggest farm—fifteen thousand acres—has been discovered in the State of Chihuahua, Mexico, which measures from north to south 150 miles and from east to west 200 miles, or 3,000,000 acres in all. One of the greatest features of this ranch is the number of head of cattle, 700,000 head and 100,000 horses. The "farm-house" is probably the most magnificent in the world, for it cost \$2,000,000 to build and is more richly furnished than any other place. On the homestead alone are employed a hundred male servants. The gardens are superbly equipped and produce more magnificently than those of the German Emperor, and there is accommodation for 500 guests, if necessary.

Scattered over this vast ranch are a hundred outlying stations, each one of which has charge of a certain portion of the estate. The horsemen, cow-punchers, line-riders, shepherds, and hunters number 4,000, and the Terraza ranch is the only one in the world which maintains its own slaughtering and packing plant. Each year 100,000 head of cattle are slaughtered, dressed, and packed, and 100,000 sheep.

PUBLIC LIFE TOO QUIET.
Don Luis personally superintends the different industries on his ranch, covering many thousands of miles on horseback during a twelvemonth. Don Luis was at one time Governor of Chihuahua, but public life did not suit him; it was too quiet, and he preferred to spend his life riding over the plains and looking after his own enterprises. He is three times as rich as any other man in Mexico, and has the name of being liberal and generous towards his workpeople.

Don Luis is a very handsome man, married to a beautiful wife. He is the father of twelve children—seven sons and five daughters. The sons are all associated with Don Luis in looking after the ranch, while the daughters—said to be the most beautiful women in Mexico—remain quietly at the home-stead. All the children were educated in the United States, are highly accomplished, have travelled through Europe, and speak several languages.

MRS. EDWARD HIGGINS.
FREDERICTON, N. B., June 25.—Mrs. Edward Higgins died at her home here this evening after a brief illness. She was 67 and leaves a husband and family of four sons and three daughters. James Farrell, Indian commissioner, and ex-Ald. Patrick Farrell are brothers.

PARIS, June 25.—A special despatch received from Tiberias states that in the two days fighting in that city 134 soldiers and 200 nationalists were killed and wounded.

THE BEST BREEDS.
The import duty on foreign cattle was so heavy that it was impossible to bring over the animals in quantities sufficient for his purposes, so Don Luis appealed to the Mexican Government, pointed out the absurdity of restricting the importation of good stock into the country, and succeeded in getting the import tax repealed. Since that time

CHANGES IN QUEBEC.
MONTREAL, June 25.—It is announced tonight that G. A. Wilson, K. C., a prominent Montreal lawyer, has been appointed to the Quebec legislative council as successor to the late Hon. Mr. Mathias. He will also enter the Quebec cabinet in place of Mr. Allard, who will be appointed joint prothonotary at Montreal.

THE MEN WHO HARKER AFTER BRAVE WOMEN

Why the woman who performs any special act of bravery should receive more proposals than her quiet sister (who may possibly be a thousand times more attractive) is a question which will never, probably, be satisfactorily solved. The fact remains that, whereas a notoriously beautiful woman has received ten proposals, a notoriously brave woman has received a hundred. The above evidence warrants them recommending that One Brothers' Agency should be set up to handle proposals when their acts of bravery become known.

ATHLETIC WIDOW.
The lady in this instance was Mrs. James Brown, of Brooklyn, who, an attractive widow of twenty, captured and threatened a burglar while helping himself to the contents of her dressing table. Mrs. Brown was well equipped for her task of punishing and capturing thieves, for she is 5 ft. 11 in. in height and an athlete in the bargain.

She explained that she had remembered the mother had done and returned to the building to save them, perching with her a rope belonging to one of the firemen which lay on the ground. This young woman's plucky deed—her name, Hannah Howarth, deserves to be recorded in about 3,000 papers in the Union, and resulted in her receiving over 700 offers of marriage from men fired by the nobility of her deed.

REVERSE OF NOBLE.
Sometimes these feminine deeds are not noble, but very much the reverse. There was nothing remarkably heroic, for instance, in Nan Patterson shooting her lover in a hansom cab, yet while she remained in jail awaiting trial Miss Patterson is said to have received between two and three hundred proposals—some of them from wealthy and apparently sane men. One man, who was particularly attentive, wrote many times, and when she was finally released after three trials, he met her congratulated her on her escape, became acquainted, and finally married her. The couple are now living quietly in a suburb of New York.

PROPOSALS STILL COMING.
These proposals soon figured up to half a hundred, then 100 and at that rate. The number is now well on its second century mark and the letters are still coming in. One man wrote: "I saw your photograph and read of your bravery in the newspaper, and would dearly love to know you. I am a single man with a good salary and blue eyes. I drink moderately and smoke a little. I am a machinist and electrician. I have a good salary, but you know the old saying, 'Faint heart never won fair lady.'"
Mrs. Brown says she may be a brave woman where a burglar is concerned but she isn't so brave that she would marry a man like that.

A terrible fire occurred in Chicago a few months ago in which many people were killed. The fire was caused by a building attacked by the flames. There were three children sleeping and it was not until their very beds were being scorched that the youngsters were remembered. The firemen did

Princess Victoria, while lying off Malta, was told one day to look out for His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, who was on his ship. He told the first officer to let him know as soon as the Prince put off from shore, which, of course, was done by the officer and to let him know the day and time.

There is a pleasant anecdote of the Prince, which, although not new, is worth repeating. In 1888, when Com. John Commerell of Portsmouth, Sir John Commerell one day received a message from the Prince of Wales (now Edward VII.), saying that he wished to see his son at Goodwood. The message was duly delivered to Prince George, but the Prince preferred to think of his duty first. His answer, although he could perfectly well have been spared on the occasion, was, "Well, sir, but what is to become of my torpedo boat?" I think Prince George, we can spare you for the day, and your father would like to see you at Goodwood. "No, sir," replied the Prince, "I have got orders to go out in my torpedo-boat, lie Spithead and go I must." And soon afterwards His Royal Highness was steaming out to sea in the teeth of an easterly gale.

A GOAT STORY.
A characteristic story of the Prince is related concerning his visit to Goodwood two years ago. The Maharajah of that state had established some lion pens in an enclosure with the idea of perpetuating the breed, and one morning the Prince strolled out with some members of his staff, to see them. He found them baiting an unfortunate live goat, which they were playing with as goats with a moose. After watching the performance for a while, the Prince suddenly exclaimed: "I can't stand this any longer. Here's a jolly plucky goat, and we must get him out somehow." The question was how to manage the rescue, for it was not at all an easy task to get the goat out of an enclosure in which some three-quarter grown lions were at large. A lance was eventually selected, and the work of salvage commenced. They had just got the noose over the goat, and were about to hoist him up when a lioness went for him in earnest, and it looked to be all up with him. But with the courage of despair he charged her and sent her flying, and before she could pick herself up and return to the attack the rope was over him, and he was hoisted up to safety. He was found to have escaped without injury,

DEADLY ENEMY.
An enemy which has to be sternly fought on this great ranch (we say, and not only on this ranch) are the great tracts of prairie being laid waste by its destroying advance. Throughout the country there is a man standing on the "look-out" at every station each hour of the twenty-four, and directly a fire has started he rings the massive alarm-bell, and in an incredibly short time men come riding in, ready to fight the Ganger with their lives if necessary.

The frightened cattle are driven sideways from the line of the oncoming fire, and then the enemy is attacked from the rear. It is no good attempting to stop a prairie fire from the front, for its progress is too rapid and too annihilating. Heavy chains are dragged along the ground, which help to weaken and dissipate the fire. Across the prairie long turrows 30 feet apart are quickly made, and these also help to stem the progress of the fire. All night the fight is kept up, and not until the last spark is quenched are the men able to take food and rest.

In these efforts to subdue the flames Don Luis and his sons are usually to be seen working like demons and urging their men to greater efforts. Fighting a prairie fire has all the elements of danger, and for excitement it has few equals. For this reason Don Luis takes a fierce delight in combating the flames, and declares that it is one of the fascinations of a prairie life.

DISLIKES "PUTTING ON SIDE."
When His Royal Highness visited Nova Scotia in 1880, when commanding H.M.S. Thrush, he won golden opinions by his genial bonhomie. There is now, there was nothing he disliked more than "knotting" to him in any shape or form—except what a story. During the Prince's stay at Halifax the officers of the regiment in garrison gave a grand ball, which His Royal Highness attended, which was quite overcome by the exalted position of her guest, and kept alternately "sitting and sitting" him—being divided in her mind as to which was correct—till any other man but a trained Prince would have shown signs of boredom. Eventually a move was made to the supper-room, the Prince and his hosts leaving the war. Canadian oysters are good, and the guest of honor expressed a desire for some. A young subaltern happened to be passing by as he did so. "Hi, Mr. Blank," the lady called out, "bring His Royal Highness some oysters at once—and look sharp!" The subaltern, if young, was of an independent character. He turned round to search for His Royal Highness, and no one enjoyed the snub more than the Prince. But the subaltern subsequently found it convenient to go to the I. S. C.

H. R. H. SNUBBED.
And one recalls that the Prince while on his first Colonial tour with the Princess, was himself snubbed. As being probably the only occasion on which such a thing has happened to His Royal Highness, it deserves retelling. One Sunday while in Avatrala, the

BUSINESS CARDS.

Clifton House

ST. JOHN, N. B.

W. ALLAN BLACK, Prop.

STILL IN BUSINESS.

We deliver dry, heavy Soft Wood and kindling, cut in stove lengths, at \$1.00 per load.
McNAMARA BROS., Chesley St.
Phone 733.

CLOVER FARM DAIRY

Corner Queen & Carmarthen Sts.

ICE CREAM made from best grade pure cream. Sure to please.

H. M. FLOYD
Telephone 1506

M. T. KANE,
Dealer in Granite
Monuments,
Opposite Cedar
Hill Cemetery,
West St., John.

Telephone | Works West 105-11,
| House West 177-21.

Eyes Tested Free!

Difficult Refracting Specially.

C. STEWART PATTERSON
55 Brussels Street

THE BOSTON CARRIAGE CO.

Old Factory of Price and Shaw, Islandton.

New and second Carriages and Sleighs.

Repairs at moderate rates.

Carriages and Sleighs for repairs called for and stored, and delivered free of charge.

GLASS PORCH

FOR SALE at 36 Spring

St. Contains 1 Glass Fannel,
Door, 2 Shut Sashes, 3 Glass
Pan Sashes, Price \$8.00
complete. A. E. Hamilton

ROSS & ROURKE,

60 EXMOUTH ST.

Contractors and Builders.

Houses raised and moved and repairing promptly done.

NORTH END CIGAR STORE,

565 Main St.

Full line of Foreign and Domestic Cigars. Popular brands of Tobacco. A fine assortment of pipes and smokers' goods.

Your patronage solicited.

Hamm Lee Laundry

Tel. 1739. — 45 Waterloo St.

Tel. 2064-21. 128 Union St.

Goods called for and delivered

barring a slight cut on one leg, and he was made a pensioner for life, and adorned with a silver collar.

STATESMAN AND PRINCE.

Twenty-three years ago Mr. Gladstone addressed a letter to the late Duke of Clarence. The words of the great statesman are so appropriate in their application to the Prince of Wales and the exalted position he may one day occupy, that their quotation needs no apology. "There lies before you the most illustrious in the world from its history and association, from its legal basis, from the weight of care it brings, from the loyal love of the people, and from the unparalleled opportunity it gives in so many ways and in so many regions of doing good to the almost countless numbers whom the Almighty has placed under the sceptre of England."

"The country schoolmistress sent word to the school that owing to an attack of illness she would be compelled to dismiss the classes for the day.

Towards evening she was pleased to receive a large bouquet of wild flowers from the class, and was giving vent to grateful speech for this thoughtful manifestation of sympathy, while she undid the wrapper, when this note fell from it—

"Teacher, stay in tomorrow, too, and we'll send you another bunch!"

PURE FOOD INSURES GOOD HEALTH

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

INSURES PURE FOOD.

E. W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED

TORONTO, ONT.

Shoe Polish
once used and you will discard every other. Insist on getting it.

Black and all colors. 10c and 25c tins. 100