

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., SEPTEMBER 7, 1901.

**BIRTHS.**  
ITUS—At 250 Germain street, Sept. 4, to and Mrs. L. W. Titus, a son.

**MARRIAGES.**  
FULTON-FRASER—At the residence of the bride's parents, on September 4th, by Rev. L. Macdonald, Miss Josie M. Fraser, of Goddard's Cove, Grand; and to Rev. Robert G. Fulton, of St. Martin's, N. B.

**DEATHS.**  
THOMAS—In this city, on the 3rd inst., William H. Thomas, 67 years of age, leaving a widow, four sons and two daughters to mourn their sad loss.

**SHIP NEWS.**  
PORT OF ST. JOHN.  
Arrived.  
Tuesday, Sept. 3.  
Star Southgate, 273, from Hampton Roads, Va.

for New York; Leonard Parker, Hogan, for Newark.  
Chatham, Sept 5—Old, barque Belfast, for Belfast.

**BRITISH PORTS.**  
Swansea, Sept 3—Sid, stmr Bramble, for the Cove.  
Shields, Sept 3—Sid, stmr Nordfarer, for Portland.

**FOREIGN PORTS.**  
New York, Sept 3—Old, schr Blomford, for Hillsboro.

in here today looking badly, after being ashore in Plum Gut.  
**SPOKING.**  
Ship Sago, from Greenock for Quebec, Aug 1, lat 49, lon 41.

**LIST OF VESSELS BOUND TO ST. JOHN.**  
Steamers.  
Dahome, at London, Aug 28.

**News of the Local Fishing.**  
Halifax, Sept. 5—The reports from the fishery centres are:  
Nova Scotia.  
Digby—Hake plenty; herring fair; cod scarce.

**JUST RECEIVED:**  
Ten Tons Alum,  
Three Tons Epsom Salts,  
Oil Eucalyptus,  
"Cubebbs,  
"Bergamot,  
"Pimento,  
"Sandalwood,  
Two Ton Roll Sulphur,  
Four Ton Flour  
**The Canadian Drug Co., Ltd.,**  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

**NEW BRUNSWICK PROVINCIAL**  
**Agricultural Exhibition**  
**AND INDUSTRIAL FAIR,**  
Fredericton, N.B., Sept. 17, 18, 19, 20, 1901.  
A fine array of special attractions. Excursion rates from every direction.  
All entries should be addressed to the Assistant Secretary, who will furnish prices and all further information on application.  
**JOHN A. CAMPBELL, M. P., P. P.,** President.  
**J. DARELL JACO,** Assistant Secretary.  
**A. S. MURRAY,** Secretary.

**TEN THOUSAND FRANCS REWARD.**  
A Story of Two Fortunes and a Dowry.

"What would you do if you should find 100,000 francs?" some one once asked Leon Gozlan.  
"I should offer 10,000 francs reward to the finder," the author responded.  
Alfred Cluquet, the vald of a certain count whose name is of no importance to this story, stepped into a cab at a corner of the Rue de Chateaudun with the object of visiting a friend in the Place St. Michel. He had scarcely taken his seat when he observed a neatly tied parcel lying on the cushion at his side. He opened it and fell his heart swell with joy as his eyes fell upon several packages of 1,000 franc notes. He hastily stowed them in the inside pockets of his waistcoat and buttoning his jacket tightly, he dismissed the cab and went home. There in the privacy of his room he counted the bank notes and found that there were 150 of them. A hundred and fifty thousand francs! And no address—not a scrap of paper that gave any clue to the owner.

**Underwear that Fits and does not Shrink**  
Wears well and is always Comfortable.  
**Stanfield's Unshrinkable Underwear**  
Is manufactured entirely from pure Nova Scotia wool by The True Knitting Mills Co., Toronto, Ont.  
No special directions for washing. They will not shrink in the wash—Your money back if they do.  
Stanfield's unshrinkable hosiery gives twice the value in wear and comfort, it costs no more than any other underwear of the quality. Remember only Stanfield's is guaranteed in this way. Send for any Dry Goods and Gen's Furnishing Store.

**DARING HOLD UP OF SOUTHERN TRAIN**  
Six Men Compel Crew to Quit and Bandit Engineer Takes Charge.  
Fort Worth, Tex., Sept. 4.—The cotton belt passenger train southbound reached the Texas and Pacific crossing, four miles south of Texarkana, about 11.25 p. m. As it stopped six men boarded the train, pulled the engine back to the tracks, made a statement to the crew and put the engine back on the main line and the train proceeded on its way.

**THE TROUBLES IN SOUTH AMERICA.**  
Troops Being Stationed Near the Isthmus to Prevent Disorder.  
Washington, Sept. 5.—At the Colombian legation the arrival of 1,000 Colombian troops at Barranquilla is regarded as a move to strongly fortify the isthmus and prevent the disorder which has prevailed there. Up to this time the government has directed its attention to the disturbance in the interior and only a few troops were sent to the isthmus, 50 men being considered sufficient to garrison Boaca Del Toro. Now, however, the reports of trouble around Boaca Del Toro have shown the need of a strong force along the isthmus and troops are being sent from the south to Barranquilla. From this point they are within easy water communication with the isthmus and the Colombian war boat, General Pinzon, is in that locality prepared to take forward large reinforcements. The outbreak at Boaca Del Toro shows the wide extent of the disturbance, that point being at the extreme west of the isthmus, adjoining Costa Rica, and a part of Costa Rica until the recent arrival of President Loubet of France, giving Boaca Del Toro to Colombia. There is no reason to believe, however, that Costa Rica is giving any aid or comfort to this latest demonstration, indicating that it is due to Colombian refugees from Nicaragua.

**BRITISH OFFICERS ENTERTAINED.**  
Ball, at Which Costumes Were Gorgeous, Given at Murray Bay, Quebec.  
Murray Bay, Que., Sept. 4.—(Special)—The fireworks and ball for the officers of the British North Atlantic squadron by the guests of Manoir Richelieu tonight made one of the most brilliant events ever witnessed in Murray Bay. The costumes of the ladies were simply gorgeous. The fleet sails for Quebec tomorrow.

**PRESSMEN RETURN THANKS.**  
Resolutions of Appreciation Concerning I. C. R. and Its Efficient Staff.  
The members of the Canadian Press Association, who have just returned from a tour of the maritime provinces, adopted the following resolutions, adopted and moved by James Innes, seconded by D. McGillicuddy: That the members of the Canadian Press Association express their hearty thanks to the Hon. Mr. Blair, minister of railways, for the splendid service provided for their use on the Intercolonial railway, which contributed so much to their comfort and enjoyment from end to end of the province's line, and they also desire to express their high opinion of the excellent condition of the track and the thorough equipment of the railway in all respects.

**ABSOLUTE SECURITY.**  
Genuine  
**Carter's Little Liver Pills.**  
Must Bear Signature of  
**Beutelsch**  
See Pea-Shell Wrapper Below.  
FOR HEADACHE.  
FOR DIZZINESS.  
FOR BILIOUSNESS.  
FOR CONSTIPATION.  
FOR TORPID LIVER.  
FOR COLIC.  
FOR SALLOW SKIN.  
FOR THE COMPLEXION.  
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

**Meeting of Yarmouth Liberals.**  
Yarmouth, Sept. 5.—(Special)—At a meeting of the Liberal executive last evening it was decided to hold a convention for nomination of members of the house of assembly for this county on Wednesday, September 11. A letter of resignation from John Guee, secretary of the Liberal Association for the past ten years was read, and a resolution expressing regret at his resignation was passed. C. S. Pelton was elected to fill Mr. Guee's place.

**A Dangerous Sign of the Times.**  
If these burnings at the stake keep up they may be added to the other hunting spots of the country. The thirst for blood is not an easily controlled one it is indulged, and needs may not always be distinguished, as this indulgence goes on, between a desire for vengeance and one for excitement, or between a thoroughgoing and a possible innocent victim. The increase of this practice is a dangerous sign of the times.—Baltimore American.

"Oh, it's easy enough!" Cluquet replied. "I will show you. Just watch me, and you will soon know as much about it as I do."  
The young men were soon on terms of intimacy. Edgar Boffignon had received a good education. Cluquet's education, on the contrary, was sadly defective, though he had acquired a certain intellectual power from superior and sensational reading. He prepared breakfast and dinner, dusted the furniture and blacked the boots. When Edgar happened to fall in with any of his old associates, he would say, with praiseworthy sincerity, "I have found a very good master."  
But Cluquet, in spite of his self-abnegation and his attentions to his valet, was constantly gnawed by remorse. When he treated Edgar to a glass of wine in a cafe and Edgar said, "Oh, thank you, sir!" Cluquet heard a voice within him saying: "But it is he who pays and you who ought to thank him, you scoundrel!"  
One day, after vainly seeking to still the voice of conscience by various distractions, Cluquet proposed to Edgar a visit to the little cottage near Blois. Edgar accepted the proposal with delight, and they started the next day.

Edgar's mother, with tears of joy in her eyes, embraced him tenderly, and his sister Madeleine kissed him on both cheeks. This scene of affection made a powerful impression on the lonely and susceptible Cluquet.  
"Mother," said Edgar, "allow me to present M. Alfred Cluquet, my—my employer."  
Then there was a merry luncheon. Cluquet, under the unending influence of the thin wine, made no attempt to conceal the admiration with which the beautiful young girl at his side inspired him. Madeleine was a typical village girl of Touraine, fresh and blooming as a rose. She laughed often and heartily. That night Cluquet tossed uneasily on a sleepless couch. "Monster!" he said to himself. "See what worthy people you have been robbing!"  
But how could he make restitution? In the purchase of his furniture and in current expenses he had already used up 15,000 francs, besides investing 50,000 in the Blagofontin gold mine. He could still, however, return half of the stolen money, sending it by mail, anonymously, and his remorse urged him to make this partial restitution. Ah, if he could only win the heart and hand of the charming Madeleine! Every thing might be arranged satisfactorily in that case he would regard the balance remaining in his hands as an equivalent for Madeleine's dowry.

"Courage!" he thought. "We may be happy yet."  
He rose with the sun, made his bed and swept his room, and then, while the fit of work was on him, went down stairs and began to sweep the kitchen floor.  
"What are you doing, M. Cluquet?" asked Mme. Boffignon, when she surprised him in the midst of this operation.  
"Oh, I like to be doing something," Cluquet replied in a matter of fact way.  
"But surely you didn't come here to do housework," the old lady protested.  
"Oh, just as you please," said Cluquet, abandoning his sweeping and proceeding to brush Edgar's shoes.  
After five days of rural life Cluquet and his valet returned to Paris. On the day following their arrival Edgar received from the postman a package which, when opened, was found to contain 80 beautiful blue bank notes, each of them for 1,000 francs, and this line of writing:  
"I hope to be able to send the balance before long."  
Edgar cried aloud for joy and hastened to show his treasure to Cluquet.  
"Look, look!" he said in a voice choked by excitement.  
"Your good fortune," said Cluquet, "makes me glad and sorry at once."  
"Silly!"  
"Because you are richer than I and I am in love with your sister."  
"Well, what of it?" said Edgar. "The Boffignons did not spring from the thigh of God. We are nobody in particular. My father was a brigadier of gendarmes. On his retirement he was appointed receiver of taxes in our little village. His commissions amounted to 800 francs a year, and his tobacco shop brought in about 600 more. This sum of 80,000 francs is a great fortune in my eyes. As for you, I suppose you are worth something!"  
"I will see," said Cluquet. He picked up a newspaper and, turning to the report of the house, read aloud: "South African shares—Blagofontin, 1,120 francs 25 centimes."  
"Yes, I am worth something," he said. "I, too, am one of the infamous capitalists. I will go to the house at once. My Blagofontin shall be sold this very day, and then we will go back to the quiet life at Blois. I cannot longer remain away from Madeleine."  
And so Alfred and Madeleine are married, and the Cluquets and the Boffignons live together at Blois, happy in their mutual affection and the annually renewed glory of their bright grainfields and rich meadows.

Cluquet sometimes is questioned by his wife about the source of his fortune, his past life and especially about his willingness to settle down to the quiet of a rural existence; but he tells her that he is tired of the frivolities of life in the gay French capital. All he wants is to pass the days by his side.  
And then, besides, all the lost money is now in the family, and his conscience is at rest. As he looks back his relations to his valet are not very pleasant recollections.—[Translated from the French for the New York Commercial Advertiser.]

"What sort of position did you give up in order to become a valet?"  
"I was a lawyer's clerk. I resigned my position because I inherited a legacy of 150,000 francs. On leaving the bank where I had received my great fortune I took a cab, intending to deposit the money with the Credit Foncier. But on reaching Rue Chateaudun I was startled by loud cries. A trolley car had crashed into a carriage and overturned it, killing the horse and throwing me sprang to my assistance and saved them from certain death. But when I returned the cab was gone and my fortune was lost."  
During this narration Cluquet had become very pale. He made heroic efforts to conceal his emotion. After all, what could he do? He had encroached upon the capital, and a confession would have ruined him.  
"Are you alone in the world, M. Boffignon?" he asked.  
"No, sir. I have a mother and a sister, now 19 years old. They live in a village near Blois, in a little cottage with a tiny garden. Now my mother has to work by the day in order to live."  
"And what would you have done with your fortune?"  
"I thought of buying a farm near our home. In fancy I saw my mother and sister engaged in rural occupations. I saw our cows grazing in the pasture on the bank of the Loire. I pictured a shepherd boy watching our flock on the slope of the hill. Ah, that dream is gone now!" Cluquet turned aside to wipe away a tear.  
"Edgar," he said, "consider yourself engaged."  
"Very well, sir."  
"Your wages will be 50 francs a month, with 12 francs for wine." At this point the conversation was interrupted by the ringing of the door bell.  
"It is the breakfast I ordered from the cookshop around the corner," said Cluquet. "Set the table. The napkins are in this drawer, the plates and silver in the cabinet."  
Cluquet opened the door, and a boy entered with a basket from which he took three covered dishes. Turning to the table and regarding the new valet's work, he exclaimed:  
"Oh, that isn't the way to set the table. Let me show you." He spread a cloth on the little table and laid two plates, with knives, forks and other accessories on opposite sides of it. Then he cried merrily: "Come, we must let the steak get cold, so seated!"  
"What, sir, you wish me to?"  
"Of course," replied Cluquet. "Surely I can breakfast with a lawyer's clerk." So they breakfasted together. Then Cluquet said: "I want you to brush my clothes. You must do that in the hall, and open a window to let the dust out. Come, I will show you how to go to work." In order to show him Cluquet brushed all his own clothes and his valet's too.  
"Tomorrow," he said, "we will cook our own breakfast."  
"I cannot promise that it will be a good one," said Edgar.