



Why is it, Fred, that you are always recommending that DAVIS PERFECTION 10c Cigar? Do you make more on it than on other brands? ... That would be a rather superficial view, sir. I naturally want to make as good a living as possible. But instead of trying to make a little more on a single cigar, I push a brand that has a big sale. Although the profit is small on each cigar, I sell so many that it is my most profitable brand.

"Well, well, never realized that it works out that way, but you are certainly right about it. What makes the PERFECTION so popular?"

"It is because the true Havana flavor is there, and yet the cigar is so mild that a man can smoke fifteen or twenty every day if he wishes, without any harm."

"How is it, Fred, that no other manufacturer can produce such a cigar?"

"I don't know, sir, but the DAVIS people have been at it over half a century. Their best experts know the art of blending from A to Z. They seem to know just how to get a uniform quality, mild, but of delightful flavor."

"Well, Fred, they certainly make a good cigar."



THE ALBERT GATE MYSTERY

BY LOUIS TRACY Copyright 1904 by R. F. Fenno & Co.

CHAPTER XX—(Continued.)

They waited along the Corso Vittorio Emanuele. Sir Hubert, fresh with the series of his morning's drive with a guide, pointed out the chief buildings, becoming sadly mixed up in the names of some of them.

Still, this was a safer topic than his previous conversation with Hussein-ul-Mulk, so he persevered gamely.

They soon reached the quay. Sir Hubert became almost incoherent with agitation when they passed the Blue-Bell and came into full view of Edith, Jack, Fairholme and Daubeny, who happened to leave the hotel shortly before five o'clock in order to visit the yacht and secure a good cup of tea.

Brett refused to accompany them on the ground that his Italian accent, as a pilot, might bring news at any hour, and he must remain within immediate call.

It was a supreme moment when Gros Jean halted and called for attention to the smoky-looking vessel and the tea-drinkers.

Sir Hubert keenly examined the top of the funnel, and tried simultaneously to yawn and light a cigar. In the result he nearly choked himself. Mr. Winter, somewhat more prepared for emergencies, endeavored to interest Gros Jean in the wonderful character of the water.

But Hussein-ul-Mulk and his two sedate friends suddenly betrayed a keen interest in the Panfalone.

When they last met the earl on the tower of the Chateau d'Il they were so engrossed in the object of their visit that he had passed them without being noticed.

But now, looking steadily at him—for Panfalone was seated facing them, and was striving to maintain the semblance of an animated chat with Edith—there came to the Turk a memory, each instant becoming more definite, of an exciting scene in the Rue Barbette, and the opportune arrival of the Scotch engineer.

"They have recognized you, Bobby!" murmured the quick-witted Edith. "Oh, why didn't we remain with Mr. Brett?"

There is no knowing what might have happened had not Fate stepped in to decide in dramatic fashion the important issues at stake.

While Gros Jean and the Turk were still conferring in stealthy tones, and the English people endeavored to keep up an appearance of complete unconcern, a tramp steamer swung round the corner of the mole that protects the harbor.

In tow, with sails trimly furled and six people standing on her small deck—a lady and gentleman and four sailors—was the Belle Soeurs, fishing-smack No. 107, from Marselles. Instantly a watcher, otherwise unperceived, ran off from the quay at top speed towards the Hotel de France.

Gros Jean, the Turk, Edith, Fairholme and every member of the two parties on the wharf and on the deck of the Blue-Bell—momentarily forgot the minor excitement of the situation in view of this unexpected apparition.

"Vive! Vive! Vive!" cried Gros Jean.

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"Henri Dubois! In the name of the King of England I arrest you for the murder of the detective's words were stopped by a blow.

A wild struggle promptly ensued. The man turned on him like a tiger, and the Turk joined in. Gros Jean, too, ran back to take a hand in the fray. Fairholme, Sir Hubert, Daubeny and Talbot flung themselves on the would-be rescuers, and the French sailors of the Belle Soeurs leaped ashore to assist their passenger in this unlooked-for attack.

Frantic yells and calls came from the confused mob, and knives were drawn. Talbot had but one desire in life—to get his fingers on Dubois' throat. He had almost reached him, for Winter clung to his prey with bull-dog tenacity, when an astonishing thing happened. The Frenchman's handsome mustaches fell off and beneath the clever make-up on her face were visible the boldly handsome features of La Belle Chasseuse, now distorted by rage and fear.

"You fool!" yelled Talbot to Winter. "You have let him escape!"

Tearing himself from the midst of the fight, he was just in time to see the female figure he now knew must be Dubois masquerading in his mistress' clothes, jumping into a cab and driving off towards the Corso Vittorio Emanuele.

"Come on, Fairholme!" he cried. "He cannot get away! Here comes an empty carriage!"

But now Macpherson and his allies had reached the scene. Using a "monkey-wrench or the first thing to hand," they placed the Turk, Gros Jean, and the crew of the Belle-Soeurs on the casualty list.

Mr. Winter's indignation on finding that he had arrested a woman was painful. In his astonishment he released his grasp and turned to look at the disappearing vehicle containing the criminal he so ardently longed to lay hands upon.

La Belle Chasseuse, with the vicious instinct of her class, felt that Talbot's pursuit of her lover must be stopped at all costs.

She suddenly produced a revolver and leveled it at him. Fairholme and Edith alone noted her action. At the same instant they rushed toward her, but she might be in time for she had been told of this woman's prowess with a pistol—Edith caught hold of her wrist and pulled it violently. Her grip not only disconcerted Mademoiselle's deadly aim, but also caused her to press the trigger.

There was a loud report, a scream, and Edith collapsed to the ground with a fractured skull wound in her forehead. Even her cloth jacket was set on fire by the close proximity of the weapon.

It is to be feared that Fairholme and La Belle Chasseuse from off the quay into the harbor with unnecessary violence. Indeed, the Italian on-lookers, not accustomed to sanguinary broils, subsequently agreed that this was the piece de resistance of the spectacle, for the lady was pitched many feet through the air before she struck the water, whence she was rescued with some difficulty.

Careless here or there Mademoiselle ended her flight, the earl dropped on his knees beside Edith and quickly pressed out the flames of the burning cloth with his hands. He burnt himself badly in the act, but of this he was insensible. Then he bent closer, and looked desperately, almost hopelessly, into her face.

"Speak to me darling!" he moaned in such a low, broken-hearted voice that even Sir Hubert, himself almost mad with grief, realized how the other suffered.

Edith heard him. She opened her eyes, and smiled heavily.

"I don't think it is serious," she murmured. "I was hit high up—somewhere in the shoulder. Don't fret, there's a dear."

Then she fainted.

(To be continued.)

The city W. C. T. U. met yesterday afternoon to arrange for the provincial convention which is to be held in Hartland (N. B.) September 27th, 28th.

Owing to the small attendance, it was not possible to choose delegates. Several names were considered. The North End delegates are Mrs. McAvity and Mrs. Paterson.

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SAVING PRICES

The quick sale of our clothing and furnishings is due to their high quality and comfort; men realize that every time they buy our clothing and furnishings they secure extra value for their money.

Men's Suits, regular \$10.00 and \$12.00 values, Now \$7.98

AT

CORBET'S

196 Union Street

FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE

ROGER WILLIAMS

By Alexander H. Bullock

From an address on "Intellectual feeds ship in American history" before the society of Phi Beta Kappa at Brown university, Providence, R. I., June 15, 1875.

BEHOLD at our door the power of a man abiding through eight generations! Taught to shrink from the forms of arbitrary power whilst a boy lounging about the doors of the star chamber, taught law from the living lips of Coke, tolerant charity and reforming love from the private hours of Milton, many languages at Oxford, where the classic statue of liberty broke in Grecian model upon his sight, taught experience and trial, sorrow and courage in Massachusetts, Roger Williams came hither from fortunes as varied, as romantic, as those of John Smith or Walter Raleigh, and planted the first purely free government on the globe.

While Descartes was writing out in clearest dialectics, Williams was establishing in concrete and everlasting form the absolute and unqualified freedom of conscience under human government. I do not know why I should not say, since it is true, that Massachusetts in her march of progressive culture took two centuries almost to a year from his removal out of her borders, to strike from her own constitution the last faded badge of the connection of the church and the state. The charter which he dictated to the crown, alone of the original 13 scarcely changed in essentials, still endures for his visible monument; but in the breadth of true catholicity, in the belief of the benevolence of human nature, in the cultivation of methods of peace and fraternity in the predominance of a religious sect never at variance with any other which have tended the life of his gifts and graces over the lapse of two hundred and forty years, the memorial of his invisible glory is reflected through all habitations and all hearts.

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SHIPPING

WALMATOON FOR ST. JOHN, SEPT. 7.

Sum. Breeze.....1.50 Sun Sets.....2.30 High Tide.....1.10 Low Tide.....8.20 The time used is Atlantic standard.

PORT OF ST. JOHN

Arrived Yesterday.

St. John's Corporation, 2400, Health, from Manchester (GB), Wm. Thompson & Co, general cargo.

CANADIAN PORTS.

Halfax, Sept 6—Arr. steam Florist, from St. John's (Nfld), and aid for New York; Trinidad, from Quebec, and aid for New York; Amasa, from Jamaica; Borne, from New York, and aid for St. John's (Nfld); schrs J. L. Lebon, from New York; Orpurn Queen, from New York; Moravia, from Perth Amboy.

St Stephen, N. B., Sept 6—Arr. schr Glycine, from Paroboro.

Yarmouth, N. S., Sept 6—(Special)—Arr. steam Cabot, from Lunenburg; Prince Arthur, from Boston; schrs Wepit, from Fort Hastings; G. M. Cochrane, from Turin Island; W. S. Whynot, from Little Bras d'Or; schr Kerwick, from Fort Hastings; Old—Steam Cabot, from Lunenburg; Wanda, for Back Bay.

BRITISH PORTS.

Brow Head, Sept 6—Passed, steam Pontiac, from Paroboro (N. S.) for St. John's; Dublin, Sept 6—Arr. schr Nordhavn, from St. John.

Liverpool, Sept 6—Arr. steam Mounty, from Chatham (N. B.).

Liverpool, Sept 6—Arr. steam Mauretanian, from New York; Montclair, from Montreal.

FOREIGN PORTS.

Havre, Sept 5—Sid. steam Corinthian, for Montreal.

Portland, Me, Sept 6—Arr. steam Francon, from Chatham (N. B.).

PHYTHIANS CHOOSE

W. A. STEWART AS

GRAND CHANCELLOR

Yesterday afternoon's session of the Knights of Pythias, maritime grand lodge, was taken up with some amendments to the constitution of the grand lodge. The most important of these was that requiring the grand master of the lodge to deposit money in the bank approved by the grand lodge, to be withdrawn only by check signed by the grand chancellor and grand master of the lodge.

In the vicinity of \$300 was apportioned for promoting new lodges and resuscitating weak lodges.

The evening session opened at 7.30 and was taken up by the election and installing of officers as follows:

Grand chancellor—W. A. Stewart, St. John.

Grand vice chancellor—Geo. E. Ritchie, Halifax.

Grand prelate—George N. Palmer, Moncton.

Grand keeper of records and seals—James Moulton, St. John.

Grand master of exchequer—James R. Polley, St. Stephen's.

Grand master at arms—C. L. McKay, Charlottetown.

Grand inner guard—F. Amos Wilson, Fredericton.

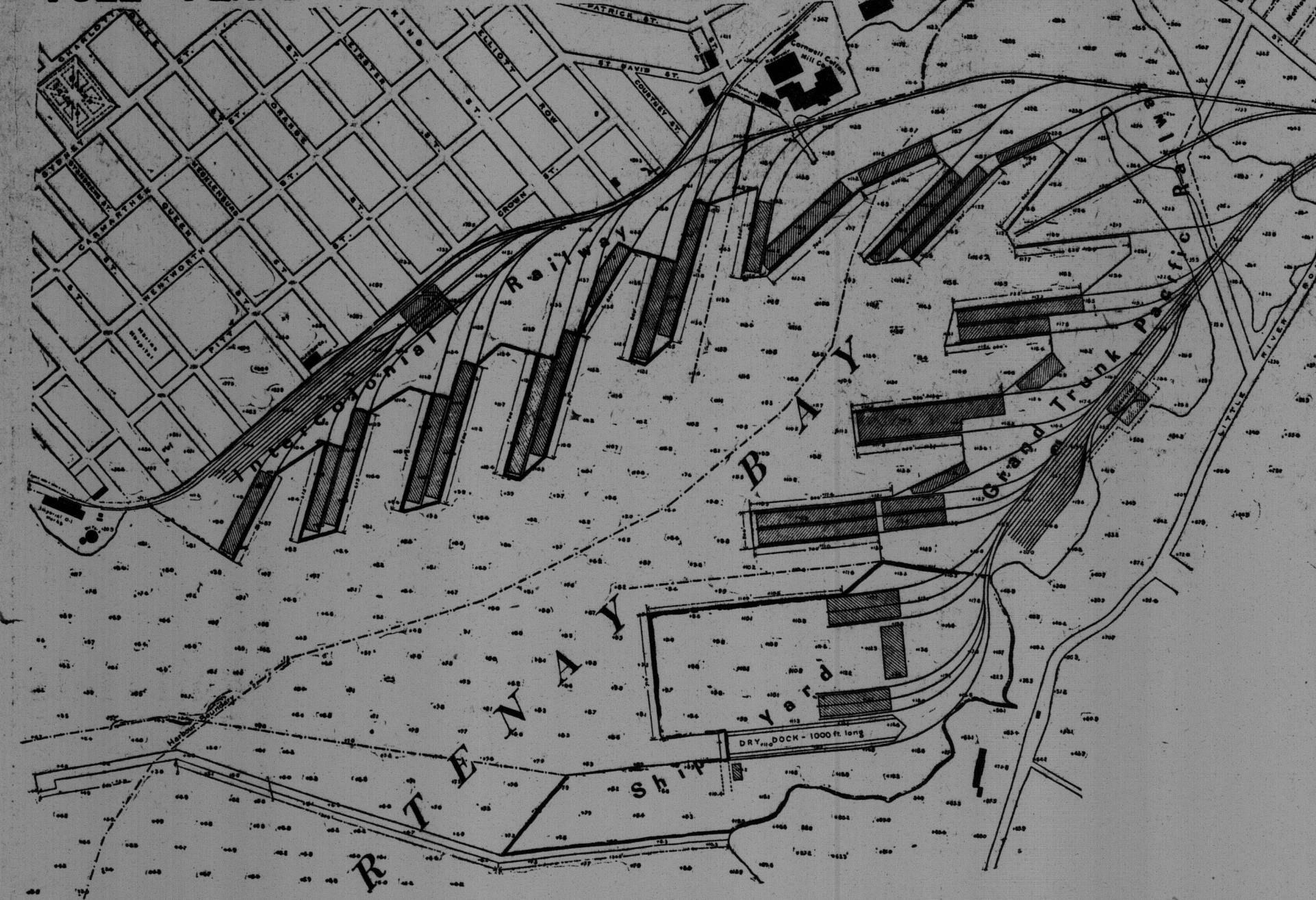
Grand outer guard—F. A. Kinross, St. John.

Grand trustee for three years—Elihu Woodworth, Paroboro (N. B.).

At the annual show yesterday at the exhibition, Professor Clark, in performing his set was attacked by a lion, and his arm torn a little.

Even friends bore up when they appear at the wrong time.

FULL PLANS FOR THE DEVELOPMENT AT COURTENAY BAY



This is a reduced photograph of the plans sent to Hon. Wm. Pagley on Monday from Ottawa, for the C. T. P. terminals at Courtenay Bay and showing the site under consideration for the dry dock and shipbuilding plant. Looking at the plan, the reader should suppose himself standing on the eastern side of the bay, a first thing which meets his view is a cul-de-sac jutting out at the bottom

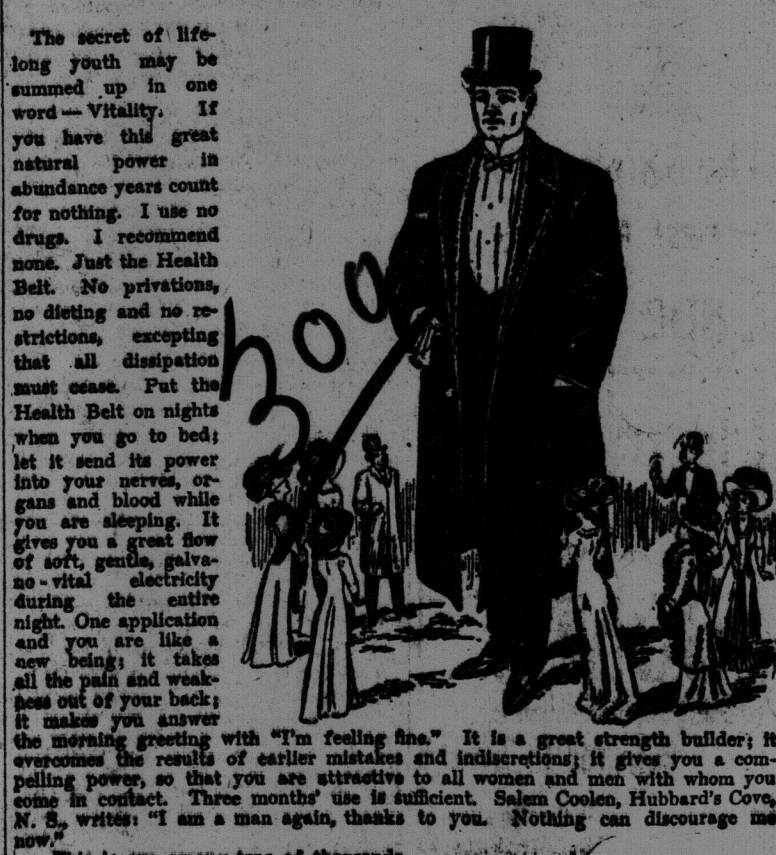
of the picture. This marks the site selected for the construction of the breakwater which would necessarily have to be built in order to afford protection for the many berths inside. The breakwater starts from a point between the Provincial Chemical Fertilizer Company and the municipal home. It is to be over 4,000 feet in length and 100 feet wide on the top.

dry dock and shipyard. The words "Dry dock—1,000 feet long," are easily discernible in the above cut, speak for themselves. Adjoining the shipyard and following the detour of the bay around to the Cornwall cotton mill, the location of which can be seen in the cut, is shown the site of the Blue-Bell—momentarily forgot the minor excitement of the situation in view of this unexpected apparition.

will cotton mill down to the foot of Broad street, but also be seen numerous projections. These indicate the wharves to be used by the Intercolonial Railway. At these wharves it will be possible to give accommodation for ten steamers. This goes to show that the I. C. R. and G. T. P. terminals. There are seventeen berths, ranging in dimensions from 80 to 175 feet. On the western shore of the bay, commencing from a point near the Corn-

located near the foot of Orange street, while on the eastern shore it is selected at a place midway between Kane's corner and the municipal home. Railway connections are to be made with all the terminals. Branching off at Kane's corner the I. C. R. line ran along the western shore and the G. T. P. along the eastern shore. The figures noticeable in the bay are where the soundings were taken by H. M. Davy in the course of his boring operations.

He is a "Health Belt Man." Therefore has the Vitality and Hot, Red Blood of Youth in His Veins, He Towers Like a Giant Above the Ordinary Difficulties of Life—Be a "Health Belt Man" Yourself—It Gives Manly Strength; It Makes You Young and Keeps You Young All the Days of Your Life; It Takes All the Coward Out of Your Make-Up—Let Me Give You of This Abundant Vitality, Then Nothing Can Ever Costeager You the Death Knell—100,000 Men Have Taken My Advice, Why Not You?



I TAKE ALL THE RISK

Let Me Send You These Two Books FREE

They fully describe my Health Belt, and contain much valuable information. One is called "Health in Nature" and deals with various ailments common to both men and women, such as rheumatism, kidney, liver, stomach, bladder disorders, etc. The other, "Strength, the Glory of Man," is a private treatise for men only. Both sent upon application, free, sealed, by mail.

DR. E. F. SANDEN CO., 140 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. Dear Sirs—Please forward me your Books as advertised, free.

SAVE \$1.00 PER TON COAL—\$4.25 per Ton—1,400 Lb. Load \$3.10

WINTER IS COMING, SO ARE HIGHER COAL PRICES

CANADIAN COAL CORPORATION