SEMI-WEEKLY SUN, ST. JOHN, N B. AUGUST 8, 1900.

SHORT STORY OF THE DAY. A OUEER BLUNDER.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer.) The marning sun brightened the gilt

letters on the sign above the entrance to the stanch old warehouse, but its radiance was lost on the young man with keen, gray eyes who stood at the office door and hesitated before he turned the knob. In that brief moment he tried to recall the directions that Emily Quarles had given him, "Father is peculiar," she had said,

"You must know him before you can appreciate him." And Spencer Grant wondered how long it would be before this appreciative stage could be reached. He hadn't met this peculiar father, and here he was standing on the doormat of his office mustering up courage to go in and ask for his able treatment." daughter.

What else had Emily said? "Do not contradict father. Do just what he tells you to do. Let him have his own way. If he blusters and fumes, wait quietly. He will soon cool down. Father's gruff manner is largely assumed. If you have tact you will discover the way to handle him. Tell him truthfully, if you have a chance, how we met at Aunt Stanhope's, and son shall never marry my daughter. that as soon as we were quite assured that we were all in all to each other, which, you must add, came to sent you directly to him. I will pre-

door marked "private."

knocked at this door, and a gruff

voice bade him come in. Spencer

summed up all his resolution and en-

A sharp featured old man with

heavy eyebrows was seated at a dcsk,

with his bushy gray head bent above

the old man raised his head, glanced

at the clock, and then gave the young

man a long, searching glance. As he

did so he drew a letter toward him

and glanced at a page of it. Again

"Well," he said abruptly, "you are

exactly on time. You were to be here

pare him as far as I think judicious for your coming. Keep up a stout heart and guard your temper." Spencer turned the knob and went in. There were several clerks writing in the outer office, but they did not look up as he passed along the narnow space before the high railing to

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this favorable comment, but the old man interruped him.

a handful of papers.

he stared at Spencer.

"And you positively refuse to give me a trial?" "Confound you, there you go again! Do you take me for an idiot?"

"I-I wouldn't go as far as that, sir. You don't seem to understand that I was led to believe you would give me an opportunity to show my over. worth. I am really disappointed, sir."

"Heavens, man, are you going over all that again?" "Try me for a month, sir."

'Not for a minute!" "For a week," "Leave the room, sir! Go, sir! Go

to the idiot asylum and marry somebody in your own mental class." "I'm going, sir. My father will be greatly surprised at your unreason-"Your father! Who cares for your

father? Why doern't he keep his weak-minded children at home?" "Good day. sir.'

The door closed with a sharp bang, and there was a brief silence. "I wonder what the deuce he meant by saying he'd tell his father?" Spencer heard the old man mutter. "Who's his father? Well, whoever he is, his

What in the world could she have seen in such an unbalanced fellow?" His heavy step sounded on the floor, both of us as a complete surprise, I and when Spencer looked up the old man was gazing down at him from the doorway. His face was very red and his white hair still bristled with

indignation. "Well, Mr. Secretary," he said, 'how are you coming on?" "Very well, sir," replied Spencer.

'I'll lay these replies upon your desk in a few moments." "Good," said the old man. "By the way," said Spencer, "what

do you want me to say to Van Annam & Co.? They make an offer for your stock of cochineal, you know." "Accept it and tell them we'll ship

the stuff tomorrow." "I wouldn't do that," said the secretary.

"Eh!" cried the astonished old man. "Sit down," he said, without looking "You don't seem to know that there is a corner forming in dyestuffs," said Spencer obeyed, and after a little

Spencer, with a slight smile. "Wait a minute, and I will telephone for the latest quotations." He arose as he spoke and stepped

into the outer office and entered the telephone box. "It is just as I supposed," he said as

he rejoined the old man. "Cochineal he rejoined the old man. "Cochineal island the lake can boast of. On this jumped 34 per cent. at the opening of island Mr. Ballock, of Fredericton, has precisely at 10. This argues well for your early training. You have made the market this morning." The old man turned and went back a good impression on me to start to his desk without a word. A mo-

ment later he looked in again. Spencer murmured his pleasure at "That means \$2,735 to the good," he Ballock. Through the kindness of Mr. said. "Guess you'll earn your salary Crockett, manager of the railway, the all right." Then he slowly added, "Your father says here that you "And I guess I'm getting old." semble him. He writes that the re-Here the steam launch was in waiting; The sound of an opening door drew semblance is so strong that I couldn't it was run by Frank McAlister, of Edhelp but know who you were if I his attention. A radiant vision apmundston, a good and trusty engineer. peared in the doorway. It was Emily. chanced to meet you anywhere. I who soon landed the party on their "Well, papa?" she cried as she stepdon't agree with him, though there is 'island home." a family resemblance. You are much ped forward. The island seems to be a hill of rock, The old man's lips tightened. better looking than he ever dreamed covered with trees, in which the birds sent him packing," he said rapidly. hold undisputed sway, and which com-"A most reprehensible young fellow. pletely hide from view the cottage with

introduce him."

are, Spencer."

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cer.

AT TEMISCOUATA LAKE. ANDOVER, N. B., July 30th .- The Rev. J. R. Hopkins, of Birch Ridge, Tobique River, lately entertained a few of his friends at Temiscouata Lake. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Bedell and Miss Baxter of this place: Mrs. D. B. Hopkins and Mr. Charles Hopkins, of Aroostook Jnct.; the Misses Magill, Miss Thurlough, Miss Harvey and C. C. Harvey, of Fort Fairfield, Me.; Miss Hammond, of Houlton, Me., and H. C. Henderson, B. A., of Fredericton. Among those who were prevented from joining the party were: Miss Mattie Hopkins and Rev. Mr. Wilson, of Fort Fairfield, and Rev. Arthur Ross, of And-

> The monotony of the ride to Edmundston in the train was relieved by the transfer at Grand Falls. But the passengers received a fine view of the falls, which are now magnificent on account of the large body of water, caused by the recent heavy rains.

> At Edmundston the party was hospitably entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Medley Richards in their lovely home, from the veranda of which a fine view of the confluence of the Madawaska with the St. John is obtained. Edmundston is a busy little place, arranged in picturesque disorder among many little hills and hollows. There are a number of nice residences, a fine cathedral, a pretty little Episcopal church, an unpretentious little Presbyterian church, and a large brick school house, which does credit to the town. There are two railway stations, the C. P. R. and the Temiscouata. These are near each other, and not far from there are Murchie's mills and the homes of their employes. There are also many fine stores, the largest of which is that owned by Medley Richards. The town can also boast of one of the finest trotting parks there is in this section of

the country. In the morning, before starting for

the Temiscouata Railway station, the party enjoyed a call from Mr. LaForest, M. P. P. The Temiscouata Railway station presents a busy scene, for the traffic of the road is considerable. It is here that one begins to realize that they are nearing a country different from our own New Brunswick, for on every side is heard the language of the French-Canadian, and as one continues their journey this feeling increases. Leaving Edmundston the track keeps

near to the Madawaska, and gives to the traveller many charming views. After a few hours ride Lake Temiscouata comes into view. Here the track still keeps close to the water. There are several deep rock cuttings, which show upon how solid a founda-tion the road-bed is laid and which also add to the attractiveness of the scenery. Five or six miles up the lake a small island come into view-the only a small summer cottage. He also owns a steam launch for use on the lake.

Both the cottage and the launch Parson Hopkins had secured from Mr. arty were put off opposite the

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his stream. From here can be seen Carbino, where Fraser Bros. have their mills, and where, within two years, a Two Totally Dissimilar Races Have thriving little village has sprung up. Got Mixed in Canada, Another day Grand Bay was visited.

This is a part of the lake which runs A New York man who has had busiinland and receives the waters of a ness relations with several concerns in the province of Quebec, had ocea-Among the visitors who come to the sion to visit them recently. On his re-'Island Home" were Mr. and Mrs. turn he was recounting his experien-Medley Richards, Mrs. Henry Phillips, ces to a party of friends. Said he: Miss Mable Phillips and Master Brewer "For several years I have been cor-Phillips, of Edmundston. Mr. Richards responding with several concerns, and brought his canoe with him, also his I thought they were all Scotch, both guide. Jack Lorton. To those who were from their names and their close busgreen hands at camping out, it was

very interesting to watch the way in "When I got to Quebec I called at which Jack got supper over a camp the office of Duncan McDonald & Co. fire. Even Mrs. Rorer, had she been That is not the name, but the real one there, would have envied the way in is quite as Scotch. I asked a clerk which the trout was fried and the toast for Mr. McDonald, and he replied, with a marked French accent, that The time to return home came all too M. McDonald was in an inner room. I soon. Instead of going by train the stepped in and found a dark, middlecarty went down the Madawaska to aged man, who looked as little like a Edmundston in the steam launch, and here again plenty of fish was caught. The Madawaska seemed to be full of them. The party stopped for the night at John Griffin's, below St. Rose, and know, imperfectly, about twenty was well taken care of by his kind words. I shook my head and said family. A call was also made at Mich-He laughed and 'Nont comprend.' elle Levesque's. Here you find a typiccalled 'Donald,' and the clerk came in. al French-Canadian and his wife, who He said something to him in French, do their best to talk English to you, and Donald turned to me and told me that M. McDonald did not speak Eng-The Madawaska River is twenty lish, and that he would act as interpreter. It took us a half day to trans-

miles long, and throughout all its course it is a deep and smooth flowing act business that might have been got stream. Alders and willows grow to over in half an hour if the 'Scotsman' the water's edge, behind them rise a had spoken English. row of trees, and back of these the for-"I took the clerk up to the hotel to est. There is no cleared land near the lunch with me, and he explained the stream until after the boundary line besituation. Duncan McDonald's grandtween Quebec and New Brunswick is fether had been a Scotsman who had passed. A more lovely stream for

small stream noted for its trout.

made.

trip.

and treat you politely.

canoeing cannot be imagined. At Edmundston good-bye was said After his discharge he had settled in to the engineer, Mr. McAlister, who had so faithfully served Parson Hopkins woman. and his guests. Again all enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Medley Richards. No one can go to this home and come away again without hoping that Mr. Richards may be successful in the prospective political campaign Here the sad news was brought to Parson Hopkins of the drowning of Miss Birdie Dickson, and he immediately et out by team for Grand Falls to of-Maine factory. "The province of Quebec is full of ficiate at the funeral of one who had been a great help to him in his church Scotch-French or French-Scotchmen, vlichever they may be. At Chicouwork. The rest of the party next morn. timi, at the head of the Saguenay ing took the train for their several homes, feeling greatly indebted to Parson Hopkins for such a delightful lars.

FRENCH-SCOTSMEN OF QUEBEC. river, I went to a hotel kept by a man named Martin. 'Here is another of those French Scotchmen,' I thought. But when I got to the hotel I found him to be a big, red-bearded, porridge and haggis Scot. But, alas! his wife and his sons and daughters were all uncompromisingly French, and not one of them could speak English. You can give a French Canadian a braw Scotch name, but you can't make himi eat oatmeal or say 'Hoot, mon!'

"After that whenever I heard a Scotch name I always asked, 'French-Scotch or Scotch-French?" - New York Herald.

> AGREES WITH THE GLOBE. (Montreal Gazette.)

The St. John Globe thinks that Sir Richard Cartwright might be profitably engaged in endeavoring to negotiate trade treaties with the West Indies. Others will agree with the suggestion. A minister of trade and Scotchman as any I ever saw, and I commerce that does not do anything asked him if he was Mr. McDonald. for trade and commerce should be 'Oui, monsieur,' he answered. Then mended or ended. Somebody who he spoke to me in French, of which I knows where Sir Richard is should wake him up, and read the papers to him.

> UNAVOIDABLE.

(Chicago Times-Herald.) "That was a sad accident which happened to Biggleson, wasn't it?" "What was it? I haven't heard about it.'

"He and Buckner went up north fishing, 'ind when they were out on a lake, nearly a mile from the shore,

their boat upset." "Great Daniel Webster! How did it happen? Surely Biggleson didn't rock been a trooper in the English army. the boat, for I've heard him say a thousand times that a man who would do such a thing was a fool. More-

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world, with ts, is being f the Sultan. you speak?" golf."-Boston

Home Jour

of being." "Did my father say that?" inquired You didn't know him, my dear." Spencer hastily. He knew the thing Before she could indignantly reply was quite impossible. Emily's father was laboring under some queer delusion. But he didn't mean to contra-

He

dict him. "Yes, he did," chuckled the old man with a grim smile. "Fathers with but one child are apt to be asses." Then his tone changed. "What can you do? Can you write shorthand? Do you the old man's shoulder, and drew back. ers of a mile to a mile and a half. The understand typewriting? Can you Can you say. compose a good letter?

spell?" "I think," said Spencer quietly, "that I can best answer that by saying that I have a pretty thorough business training that was picked up in four years of practical work. I've been hard at it, in fact, ever since I left college."

Your father doesn't make any such claim," said the old man, referring again to the letter. "All he says is 'Try him.' I will. I've made a place for you. I am going to indulge in the luxury of a private secretary Ha, ha, ha! Here, take these letters. See what answers they need. Answer 'em. That's your little side room there. Leave the door open-I may want to

ace. call you." Spencer smilingly took the letters and without a trace of hesitation went rent. into the little room assigned him. He found the conveniences he needed, and hand in hand. with his amused smile deepening he

went at his task. Presently he neard the outer door of father. the office open and shut, and a moment later the following dialogue came to him through the half closed "So you have come?" growled the

old man. "Yes, sir," said a mild voice with a

little quaver in it. "Well," said the old man with ed his face. dangerous rising inflection, "I want to tell you that it can never be!" "Do you mean that I won't do?" inquired the mild voice. "That's just what I mean," snarled the old man! "Your comprehension

does you credit." "But how can you tell till you've fellow?' tried me?" protested the mild voice.

"Tried you!" roared the old man 'What do you mean by that?" "I mean, sir," said the mild voice hurredly, "that I hardly think it's fair to condemn me unheard and untried. I was led to think you would plain?" show me more consideration."

"Oh, you were, were you?" snapped the old man. "Well, sir, you have been falsely led. I know my daughter much better than you do, sir!" "Your daughter, sir?"

"Yes, my daughter: And don't you dare to mention her name." "I-I had no intention of doing so,

sir.' "Eh? Coming to your senses, are you? That's right. She's only a fool-

ish, head strong girl. In a month she'll forget your existence." "But I don't see what your daughter has to do with it. She is nothing

to me. sir." Ι "Speken like a sensible youth. thought I'd convince you. There, there, let the whole thing drop."

its wide veranda. Near the door is a semi-circle of stone, in which the camp an astonishing apparition appeared in fire was made. In this quiet, cosy the doorway of the inner room. It place the evenings and the nights were was Spencer-it was Spencer, bare- spent. The day time was spent in headed, with a pen in one hand and steaming up and down the lake, and in a bundle of letters in the other. As visiting the mainland, and in fishing. he caught her eye he put his finger to The lake is twenty-eight miles long, his lips, shook his head at her over and varies in width from three quart-

"Oh, father," was all Emily could shores are very rocky. There is no sandy beach, but coarse gravel is found in a few places. On all sides

"Don't feel bad, my child," said the old man, with a little tenderness in there are hills sloping down to the his tone. "You'll soon forget him." water, and ending either in a long He lowered his voice. "I've got a curve or a rocky point, so that in sailyoung fellow inside there"-he jerked ing along the shore no sooner is one his thumb toward the inner doorpoint rounded but another comes in "who is just the man for you. Smart, view. At Pine Point a solitary pine splendid family, good looking, bright looms up above its relations, the as a new dollar. Saved me \$2,735 this spruce; on another point a club house. very morning! Hadn't been at work cwned by some gentlemen from Baltitwenty minutes. Wait a little, and I'll more and Philadelphia, makes a pretty picture. On a side hill that slopes "Let me have a look at him!" cried gently down to the lake lies the pretty Emily, and she darted to the door. little village of Notre Dame du Lac "Good morning," she said to Spen-(Our Lady of the Lake.) There are nice homes, some of them built of "Good morning," answered that brick and enhanced by a pretty flower smiling youth, with an eloquent grim- garden in front. Two good hotels-the Stonehouse and Cloutier's Hotel offer Emily turned to her astonished paaccommodation to fishermen and hunters. Just below Notre Dame du Lac "He'll do," she said. "Come out is a smaller village and post office,

here, sir," and they came forward called Ivry. At either of these places good eggs, milk, butter and baker's "Bless my soul!" cried the paralyzed bread can be had at very reasonable prices. In these French-Canadian vil-"You are juite right, papa," said lages everything is different from Emily. "He is just the man for me. what we are used to in New Bruns-In fact, I've thought so for some time, wick. The houses seem to us odd, and yet I don't believe you really many of them having roofs which flare know who he is. You are getting at the eaves, instead of coming down reckless, daddy. Tell him who you straight. Whether this is done for any purpose, or only for a graceful effect is The young man gravely straightenhard to tell. The most common vehicle one sees is a buckboard, with a buggy

"I am Spencer Grant, of Spencer top arranged over the seat. The horse Grant & Co., importers of dyestuffs, corresponds with the vehicle. and druggists' supplies, and entirely Temiscouata Lake is of a very unat Mr. Richard Quarles's service." even disposition. It can be perfectly calm and placid-but "the wind she "Spencer Grant & Co.!" gasped the

old man as a look of horror came over blow a hurricane, bin-bye she blow his face. "Then who was the other some more," and then the lake is changed to a white-capped sea, and if "I'm afraid," said Spencer gently, you wish to cross it is safest to wait ill the squall is over.

"that it was the highly recommended In going up the lake their are hills son of your old friend." on either side, hills beyond, and hills "Awful!" groaned the old man, was right when I said fathers with made blue by the hazy distance. Often one child are asses. How can I ex- at sunset their beauty is almost ideal. Then the hills in the middle distance "Suppose you leave the explanation take on a warm purple hue, seldom to your new secretary?" said Emily. seen in this part of the country. The "Let me suggest," said Spencer, with quiet lake catches the orange and yelhappy smile, "that you leave it to low of the clouds, and one is held spellthe junior member of the new firm of bound by the glory of it all. Then the brilliant colors gradually fade from Quarles & Grant. And then the grim old man chuck- hill, and sky and water, a star shines forth and sends its light deep, deep down in the lake; then another and BEWARE OF THE TOO LIBERAL USE OF SALT. another follows, and so the night comes

Salt draws the juices from beef in corn-ing, toughens the fibre, makes it very indi-gestible and less nutritious. On cucumbers it draws out the water, toughens the fibre and renders them very indigestible. Salt acts in exactly the same way on fish as on meat. There are two ways of considering these changes. I would hardly say that salt I destroys the food value, although it robs the fiesh of part of its food value in making it less digestible.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer, in the August Ladies' Home Journal. Temiscouata Lake and vicinity are noted for fish, and though the season for fishing was nearly over, and there had been heavy rains, still the party had good luck fishing, both by trolling and with the fly. One day an excursion was made to the Touladi stream, which empties into the lake about ten miles up. There is always plenty of trout in

The site for a new Roman Catholic church at Tusket Hill, N. S., has been selected and \$2,000 already subscribed towards its cost, which will be between three and four thousand dol-

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pectus and Vade Mecum free, sealed, six cents for "The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals."-Boston Herald

the country and married a Frenchover, he has slways declared that he His children were given would never go out in a boat with a Scotch names, but their mother lookfellow who was likely to monkey ed after their religion and education. around in it, and I'm sure Buckner As a result, they all spoke French, in spite of their being Duncans and Duwouldn't." "Oh, no. The accident was unavoidgalds and Jamies. His own father's father, the clerk explained, had been

able. Buckner was rowing and Biggleson sat in the stern of the boat. a Scotsman, and the only reason he Through some oversight the bottle could speak Erglish was because he was put in the bow just before they had lived several years as a clerk in started."

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