

SIX

THE STAR, ST. JOHN, N. B., TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1908

## The Seal of Nebuchadnezzar

By CHRISTOPHER BANNISTER.

(Continued.)

"But wouldn't it have been just as easy to press it in the clay as to roll it in?"

Doctor Suggs did not explain. He tried to change the subject.

Byrd looked up and smiled into his spectacles. The dimples did it.

"Wouldn't you like to keep it, Miss Amyot?" His Adam's apple was trembling on the brink.

"Is it yours to give?"

"It is my personal property. The good Mrs. Garraway has just presented it to me."

"But don't you think more of that bit of gold than of any single thing in the world?"

The doctor took his courage in both hands, but he didn't carry it far.

"I think very much more of—"

"I said 'thing' Doctor Suggs."

"So you did—so you did, Miss Amyot."

She arose, the seal in her hand, and turned to go.

"You will keep it?" he asked joyfully.

"For a day or two only." His Adam's apple retired from view. "And thank you so much."

The next night was to be eventful. In the first place, Mrs. Garraway—and Byrd, of course—were asked to dinner at the Van Dorn's, the president of the museum desiring to acknowledge the services rendered the cause of Assyrian archaeology. In the second place the Fitzhughs and the Fitzhughs were to be there and, though Mrs. Garraway was aware of it, she saw no possible way to decline the invitation, either for herself or for Byrd. As for the young lady, she was awfully forward to her first meeting with Byrd under the Garraway eye since he had disclosed Doctor Suggs' village nicknames. And in the third place, the ladies were talking with Mr. Van Dorn, and nearly all the company had assembled, when Page Fitzhugh arrived, a trifle late. He entered in the glow of evening-dress, a delicate double chain across his white waistcoat, a golden cylinder suspended from his middle.

He turned from his distinguished host.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Garraway."

He gave her a chance not to shake hands with him, and she took it—the chance, not the hand.

Mr. Van Dorn looked amused; if he had been displeased, he would have been the only man in New York so indignantly situated.

Page turned to Byrd Amyot, and as he did so Mrs. Garraway gasped—she had spied the seal of Nebuchadnezzar hanging from the young man's waist-chain. She could hardly believe her eyesight, but in the moment granted her all the implications of the fact came flooding into her mind.

Page and Miss Amyot were chattering like two blue jays; it was almost too exciting for them both, for the last of the guests was just entering in the person of Doctor Suggs. He paid his respects to his host, and ambled confidently over to Mrs. Garraway.

"Fretful," she ejaculated as soon as he was near enough.

"Mam?" he queried, discrediting his hearing.

"Fretful," said she.

"She'll call him a scab next," whispered Page, "and then even the collectors will turn."

Dr. Suggs wagged his head from side to side, seeking first aid to the interest. He did not understand, and lack of comprehension annoyed him quite as much as the epithet.

Fitzhugh brought him to his senses by holding the seal of Nebuchadnezzar toward him with its slender chain. He cast one painful look at Byrd, viewed Mrs. Garraway's ashen face from the corner of his eye and incontinently fled. It was too much, even for his vanity, to be deprived of all his feminine conquests by a single revealing gesture.

Mrs. Garraway turned on Page.

"Young man," she said, "I cannot say that I am astonished at your impudence, but it is too much to see you make a boast of your and Miss Amyot's shame."

"Miss Amyot," she added, and Byrd looked frightened. "My house is no longer yours. I hope I may never see you again."

Several started forward to detain her, but there was an air about her that admitted of no parleying. She hastily followed after the slowly retreating Suggs. He saw her coming, and his preoccupied face down the long drawing-room became a quickstep. He reached the door first; Madam Annabel a close second. It closed behind her, and a murmur of voices came through it. The company exploded in uncontrollable laughter. It was too funny.

Byrd was the first to grow serious. He smiled wanly on Frank Fitzhugh and his wife as they came toward her. "Mrs. Garraway has turned her out."

said their nephew from their side. "What am I to do?" exclaimed the girl, almost in tears.

"Don't cry, Byrd," said Page, with a man's earnestness. "I'll take care of you."

"I know what I should do if I were Page," said that worthy's aunt. "Of course our house is yours."

"Page needs neither feminine suggestion nor interference," said her husband easily, seeing the light kindling in the young man's eyes; he offered his arm to Mrs. Fitzhugh, raised his open palm in warning to the others, and gravely led the way to the other end of the room, leaving the two young people alone, and only one of them embarrassed.

Dinner was announced; and the announcement ignored.

There and then, their elders standing with their august backs solemnly turned, Page asked the question he had delayed so long, and in a minute more he had led the blushing Byrd, subdued beyond her wont, forward for the company's greetings and good wishes.

Frank Fitzhugh had been whispering to Van Dorn, who nodded smilingly and came to them with a hand extended to each of them.

"My very dear girl, and my very dear boy," he said, his fine old face glowing, "you shall be our guests of honor, escorted as we are by the Assyrians, though not despoiled. And if you permit a man old enough to be grandfather to you to make a suggestion: We have the good bishop with us, and there is no reason why you should delay longer than after dinner."

Byrd Amyot looked dismayed, Page Fitzhugh radiant, the company expectant. Presently her dimples showed, and she looked shyly up. All crowded forward.

"You come down like a wolf on the fold," she said. "Is it right?" This little to the bishop.

"I owe Page a little favor I can do him; he's a better diplomatist than I," chuckled the prelate. "Ah, a Byrd hand, eh, young man?"

A great laugh of happiness went over the assembly. With one—no! but even the genial Van Dorn would not allow him that.

So they walked buoyantly out to the rearranged dinner, the orchestra at some one's quick suggestion playing the "Wedding March," instead of something entirely modern and catchy.

Doctor Suggs with the return of the little golden cylinder, was abundantly solicited by the young man. Mrs. Annabel Garraway took to her country house and might have today if somebody had not repeated to her Page's last observation before he and the new Mrs. Fitzhugh fled for Europe.

"Curious, isn't it?" he said, "that the mere seal of Nebuchadnezzar could send her out to grass?"

## QUEST FOR TREASURE IN DEPTHS OF SEA

Strange Device for Its Recovery After Lapse of More Than Hundred Years.

LONDON, Sept. 28.—To the mouth of the River Colne, off Brightlinges, an extraordinary machine was towed and anchored yesterday. It is to be used in a final attempt to recover the £250,000 treasure of gold, in coins and bars, which is said to have gone down in the British warship *Lutine* in 1797 near the island of Terschelling, off the coast of Holland.

A portion of the treasure has been recovered, but all ordinary dredging plant is now useless, as the vessel has sunk into the sand. The new device is a great steel tube near 100 feet in length and wide enough to allow a man to walk erect down its center. At one end is a small chamber provided with windows and doors, and at the other a medley of giant hooks and other tackle.

The apparatus has just been completed after years of work by Messrs. Forester & Co., shipbuilders, in their Wycombe yard. "One end of the tube," explained a member of the firm yesterday, "will be clamped to the side of a steamship or barge. The other end, by means of water ballast tanks, will be sunk until it touches the bottom. Then, by means of compressed air, all the water will be forced from the tube and also from the chamber at the bottom of it, which will be flush upon the bed of the sea."

"Divers will walk down a stairway in

## PATRIOTISM KEYNOTE OF LIBERAL SPEECHES

The first gun of the campaign on the West Side was fired last evening in Oddfellows' Hall, when a large audience assembled to hear the issues of the campaign discussed by Messrs. Pender, McKewen and Sears. The hall was filled to the doors, the attendance being exceptionally large for a first meeting on the West Side, and none left the room until after God Save the King brought the gathering to a close. The speeches were marked by a high note of patriotism and the issues of the day and the records of the two great political parties were discussed from a broad Canadian standpoint rather than in a partisan manner. This was particularly true of Mr. McKewen's address, for on reviewing the history of Canada's progress during the past thirty years, he appealed to his hearers to exercise the

franchise as their reason d'état as nation builders and not as mere followers of some political creed. Mr. McKewen's arguments were of course intended to direct the current of individual thought along the lines which point to the record of the Liberal party as the governing body, as the record worthy of further support.

More and More at Home

Mr. Pender, who is apparently becoming more and more at home on the public platform, effectively replied to the maledictions of the Conservative campaign sheet. He referred at some length to the position he had formerly taken on the G. T. P. question, gave his reasons for the views he then held, and clearly ex-

plained why he is able now to endorse a policy which, under conditions entirely different from those at present existing, did not secure his undivided support.

His references to Mr. Halliday's characteristics and his energetic efforts to delude the labor party brought down the house.

Mr. Sears spoke briefly of the records of the two parties and thoughtfully laid down the principles which make for the upbuilding of a high national character.

The meeting was enthusiastic; the speakers were given the closest attention and expressions of approval were frequently heard. At the close three hearty cheers were given for Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the candidates and the Liberal party.

Dr. P. J. Kenny presided, and very briefly introduced the speakers.

## ROBLIN WON'T BE SO RECKLESS NOW

TORONTO, Sept. 28.—If Roblin, premier of Manitoba, again states that the Globe or those behind it, used its influence to secure a grant of \$50,000,000 of the best mining lands in Canada from the Dominion government, he will have a chance of proving the charge in the courts. So Senator Jaffray said today. He added: The facts are well known. Mr. Roblin's statement of Saturday and that of Mr. MacDonald this morning put things in the true light. To make matters doubly sure, I will issue a statement shortly. If afterwards Roblin reiterates the charge I will sue him for libel. I might tell you that Senator Cox wanted to do so a few days ago, but we were too busy to spend the time in courts."

## BIG LIBERAL RALLY ON FRIDAY EVENING

The Liberals will open their campaign in the city proper on Friday evening, when a big rally will be held at the Nickel Theatre. Hon. William Pugsley will address the meeting along with several other speakers.

The enthusiasm shown at the various ward meetings in the city has never been equalled, and strong committees have been appointed to carry out the work. The outlook is better than ever before. At the Queens ward meeting last evening, Candidates Pender was present and in a brief speech touched on his views on the G. T. P. bill as given in 1903 and gave reasons why he had changed his opinion.

## BRICK DWELLING IS DEMOLISHED

ST. CATHARINES, Sept. 28.—Natural gas caused a disastrous explosion here last night, and the surprise is that no fatalities resulted. The substantial two-story brick dwelling on Niagara street of John Reese was practically demolished, and is now little better than a pile of ruins. The force of the explosion was something marvellous. The whole front and back of the house were blown out and the furniture in some rooms sent flying clear across the street. John Reese, who occupied the house with his family, was the only person injured. Other members of the family were away.

The center of the tube until they reach the submerged chamber. Here they will don their diving costumes, and opening a series of water-tight doors will step straight out into the water. Engineers will be stationed in the chamber, and following the instructions of the divers, who will communicate with them by means of portable telephones, they will operate the mechanism of two powerful suction pumps or dredges which are fitted to the sides of the tube. These dredges, it is hoped, will suck away the sand around the sides of the wrecked ship. Then the divers, making their way from the chamber to the deck of the ship and thence to the hold, will be able to transfer the treasure from the ship to the chamber by easy stages."

## MR. FIELDING OPENS HIS ONTARIO TOUR UNDER SPLENDID AUSPICES

SARNIA, Ont., Sept. 28.—The Ontario tour of Hon. W. S. Fielding opened in this town tonight under splendid auspices. Notwithstanding the unpromising weather, the opera house was packed to the doors and there was little standing room left so eager were the electors and others to hear the Minister of Finance. He and the local Liberal leaders were given a reception which unmistakably signified the unbounded approval of the government's course at Ottawa. Mr. Fielding has rarely been seen in better form, even though he confined his remarks to about an hour. The deadly parallel was his favorite way of forcing home his argument and the last twelve years of Conservative rule were compared effectively and convincingly with the same period under the Liberals. He got away from petty issues and went straight into the tariff question, much to the pleasure of his audience. He pointed out that Conservative speakers of today claimed the Liberals were following the old national policy, even though Sir Charles Tupper had condemned the present tariff in a measured terms when it was introduced by Mr. Fielding himself.

Was Business-Like

In fact, his whole talk was businesslike, concise and logical. There were three speakers, all of them young men, and all of them eloquent. These were Dr. C. O. Fairbank, Liberal candidate in East Lambton, and young Liberal candidate in the late provincial contest, and Fred. F. Pardee, who has been in the cabinet of the late government of Laurier because he had given twelve years of good government.

"We also have given you twelve years of sound finance," proceeded Mr. Fielding, "and we have given you the Hon. Mr. Porter had during the last twelve years of Conservative government."

## REPLEVIN ACTION BEGUN YESTERDAY

Woodstock Druggist Claims Liquor Seized Was for Medical Purposes

WOODSTOCK, N. B., Sept. 28.—This morning the law was begun before Judge Carleton in the replevin action brought by Chas. A. McKewen, a local druggist, against Inspector Colpitts for the recovery of the value of a barrel of gin and some whiskey, among the stock seized recently at the C. P. R. station here and destroyed. McKewen claims the goods were for medical use only. The witnesses were Magistrate Dobbie, Chief of Police Kelly and Potter, a freight clerk. After hearing them the court was adjourned until tomorrow, remaining witnesses being absent. J. C. Hartley for McKewen; Hon. W. P. Jones for the inspector.

Wm. Chapman, a popular young man, was married this afternoon to Miss Ruth McLellan, at the residence of Dr. Baker by the Rev. F. Allison Currier.

Nelson W. Brown, Liberal candidate in York, addressed a big rally tonight at Meductic. Tomorrow night he speaks at Canterbury station.

## SOCIETY WEDDING AT CAPITAL THIS WEEK

FREDRICKTON, Sept. 28.—A wedding which has been talked of a great deal in social circles here for some time is to take place at the bride's house on Wednesday evening, when Miss Kittle Edwards, only daughter of John A. Edwards, postmaster of Fredericton, is to be married to Daves Gilmore, son of Hon. Daniel Gilmore, senator, of Montreal. It will be a quiet affair with only relatives and immediate friends present. Mr. Gilmore is expected here tomorrow. They will reside at Montpelier.

## ENGLISHMAN TRICKS SOME SAXON SOLDIERS

Pretends He is Their Colonel and Marches Them Into Town.

LONDON, Sept. 28.—The trick of the cobbler captain of Koepnick, who in a second-hand uniform took command of a squad of German guardsmen and used them to arrest a mayor and rob a municipal treasury, was a tame affair compared to an incident described in the Times by Henry Chamberlain, a retired naval lieutenant.

On a walking tour in Germany he came upon a body of Saxon soldiers taking their ease in a wood, and though his German vocabulary consisted of only about forty words, and down and conversed with them. He was wearing an old grey suit, a felt hat and flannel shirt, and carried an umbrella. Quite casually he mentioned that he was a naval officer.

"At the mention of the word officer," all the men sat up, buttoned their tunics and buckled on their swords, or bayonets—I forget which. "Are you going to Niderbronn?" he asked. "What are you doing there?" "We are going to Niderbronn, and there take the train to Bilsch." "What are you doing there?" "We are going to Niderbronn, and there take the train to Bilsch." "What are you doing there?" "We are going to Niderbronn, and there take the train to Bilsch."

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## NOTICE TO MARINERS

Pending repairs to the machinery, the Fog Alarm on Cape Spencer will not be in operation until Thursday, Oct. 1.

P. J. HARDING,  
Agent Marine and Fisheries,  
Star and Globe copy. 28-93

## A USE FOR HIS HAT.

A funny incident of a drawing room meeting was recently noticed. A grave looking gentleman with an unusually tall hat, entered and, seeing no one, placed his hat on the door just behind the door. Pretty soon another grave man entered, with a large, dripping umbrella, and peering anxiously for the usual receptacle, saw in the gloom the hat resting on the floor. His eyesight was probably poor, for he mistook it for one of the new umbrella holders, and in it he deposited his dripping umbrella. This was an example for those who followed, and in a short time the solemn looking hat was stanchly holding a dozen umbrellas. At the end of the meeting the water in the hat was an inch in depth.—London Tit-Bits.

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## THE MEANING OF "MUFF."

The record of the fact that muffs were once worn by more men than women in Paris suggests the old ingenious definition of a muff as "a hat for those who hold a lady's hand without squeezing it." "Muff" appears to have come to us from German, in which language, curiously, "muff" means not only a hand warmer, but also a sulky person or a growing dog. These seem, however, to be two different words. Was our own metaphorical "muff" an allusion to the inefficiency of muff wearers or to the inefficiency of the person who was distinctly "muffed"?—London Chronicle.

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**AERONAUTS TO LEAVE AT ONCE FOR BADDECK**

WASHINGTON, Sept. 28.—Dr. Alexander Graham Bell and several other members of the Aeronautical Experiment Association, who attended the funeral of Lieutenant Selfridge at Arlington last week, will return immediately to Baddeck, N. S., where experiments with the tetrahedral kite are to be continued during October.

An amusing incident occurred in Mr. Parland's, the Tailor, one evening last week. A gentleman who had sent a suit of clothes to be cleaned and pressed called for them. When they were handed to him he said: "They are not my clothes, the suit I sent here was an old one." Moral, have your clothes cleaned and pressed by McPartland, the Tailor, 72 Prince St. or 100 St. Phone 1618-11.