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Is the place for the public to buy their meat. All the best quality. Also all kinds of cooked meats.

Prompt Delivery.
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AT SPRING PRICES

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DELIGHTFUL ICE CREAM
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with the latest and newest
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Mason and Builder, Valuator
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**Brick, Lime, Stone,
Tile, and Plaster
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General Jobbing Promptly and Neatly
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Wines and Liquors
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HIGH-CLASS TAILORING
26 Cermain Street.

THE
Daily Gleaner

OF FREDERICTON,
Is on sale in St. John at
the office of THE STANDARD, 32
Prince William street, and the NEWS
Stand at the Royal Hotel.

**The City of St. John Invites
Tenders for the following
Works, viz:—**

Excavation, backfill and cartage for sewer
in Bridge street.
Excavation, backfill and cartage for sewer
in rear of Old Westminster Road.
Excavation, backfill and cartage for sewer
main in Germain street.

Paving in Germain street between Prince
and Queen streets.
All of which is to be done according to
plans and specifications to be seen in the
office of the City Engineer, room No. 5,
City Hall, where forms of tender can be
obtained.

A cash deposit must accompany each
bid, the amount being as stated in each
specification.
The City does not bind itself to accept
the lowest or any tender.
All tenders must be addressed to the
Common Clerk, room No. 3, City Hall, St.
John, N. B., who will receive bids until
noon of Tuesday the 28th day of June inst.

St. John, N. B., June 14, 1910.

WM. MURDOCH,
City Engineer.

ADAM P. MACINTYRE,
Comptroller.

TAWNEY

BY GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.

After two hours of the third degree the prisoner broke down and confessed, as follows: It wasn't me done it; it was father and doctor. Crops failed too often to suit father, and folks didn't fall often enough to suit Doctor. Doctor was a wise man. He ought to have had a city practice. He talked and he'd only be loved his liquor. Used to swear off, and keep sober for a week or so; then he'd drive out to our place, and put his horse and buggy in the barn, and him and father and me'd get full together and keep it up all night. Father's maitin Tawney used to have her milk and whisky, too; but it never put her to sleep. She'd sneak out of the house and have a look round, and maybe holler some at the moon, and then come back for another tittle. First off, Doctor would sit up and talk like a gentleman; and all the liquor did was to keep him going. He talked fine—quick and bright. It was worth a headache to listen to him. But when the stuff began to take hold of him—you could always tell it was workin' when he began to look morny—then him and father'd put their heads closer together, and they'd take up the neighbors, men and women, and tear their characters to pieces. And Doctor, of course, had plenty of facts given him in trust, and he'd out with them till it seemed to me, listen-in' and noddin', that nobody was good, and that them that was wickedest got furthest, and was most looked up to.

At midnight—for once he was started Doctor poured the liquor into him faster and faster—you couldn't understand what he said. It was all words, comin' out swift and angry, and all mixed and slid into each other. And he'd push his hands through his hair till it stood up like a patch of oats. The next stage he couldn't talk at all, and spilt the liquor all over his clothes. And sometimes he'd have just enough sense left to fall down on a bed somewhere, and sometimes he'd pass away where he was, and not come to enough to go to bed till day-light.

Doctor and me always sleep' it off, or most of it; but father always got up at six and fed the animals, Tawney treadin' in the sun, Tawney lying at his feet, till I was up and able to get breakfast. Once while Doctor and me was asleep a tramp see father sittin' in his chair on the piazza, and thought he looked kind of helpless, and come into the yard and says, "How about that drink, old man?" Father lays his hand on Tawney's head to keep her quiet. The tramp he couldn't see Tawney because the piazza rail was solid boards, and he come a little closer and says, "Come now, you old corpse, don't keep me standin' in the heat. I want a drink bad," he says, "and you can lend me a few dollars to carry along."

Father don't say nothing. He just sits and looks off into the orchard—all dead apple trees—all the way from the house to the top of the hill; wonderin' why the scale killed all his fruit trees, and spared his brother's over in Wolverson.

The tramp he looks up the road and down, and not seein' anyone, he lays one hand on the piazza rail, pulls out a knife, puts up one foot, and starts to come over. Then father, still lookin' out into the dead orchard, says: "Take him, Tawney," and a minute later he gets up and looks down over the piazza rail and says: "Let him be." When it come up in court, the tramp said he'd only asked polite for leave to drink out of the well, and he showed how Tawney had tore his neck, and grey and carried on. But father told the straight story, and the judge believed him and sent the tramp to the workhouse.

One night the doctor came driving down the road and said he had a scheme to propose to father. And he said we mustn't have more than a drop till we'd talked it over, because it needed quite some fixin's. The first part of the scheme was for father to insure his life as heavy as he could. Then father was to die and be buried. Then he was to let him out of the grave, hide him, collect the insurance—that was his job—and divide—one-half for father and a quarter each for Doctor and me.

It didn't look good to me at first. The part I didn't like was going in the night, back on the hill where the family's all buried, and let a father out of his grave. But I didn't make out my reason. I said we'd be fools to do it, and get caught sure. Father got mad at me, and began to lash me with his tongue, and he got out of his chair and come over and shook his fist in my face. Tawney, she came with him, her hair bristling on her neck, and growled at me.

"You ain't worth a tin pan," father said, "you fat chicken-hearted slob! For two cents I'll sic the dog on ye." Tawney, she growled and stuck her muzzle against my knee, and I give in. I was worse scared of a live Tawney than all the dead corpses in the country. She weren't friends with anyone but father. Doctor was scared of her, too, and no matter how drunk he'd get, he'd never sas father.

The only thing father loved was money, and he'd no sooner heard the doctor's scheme than he was hot for it. He didn't mind the idea of being shut up in a grave any more than a rooster minds being shut up with a lot of hens. He wanted to take out the insurance, die and come to life, and collect, all before he went to bed. But the Doctor—he was talking bright and fast by now—said no, we mustn't first wait six months, then have a lingering illness, and not die till the doctor had done all he could to save him. They laughed like a couple of lunatics, and I laughed some too.

"How do I know they'll insure me," said father. "Maybe we'd better insure Jake, here. I tell you the liquor went clean out through his eyes, but father was only joking. He knew I hadn't the nerve to go through with that end of it.

"They'll insure you fast enough," says the doctor. "A man that's drunk like you have and don't show it's bound to be sound as a bell. If it weren't for that dog there I'd listen to your heart and lungs now."

"Quiet, Tawney," says father, and thumps him and listens, and laughs.

"How old are you?" he asks.

"Well," says the Doctor, "You're younger than many a scamp of twenty I prophesy," says he, "that you'll live

to a hundred, and be a widower twice."

Father looked real young and wicked for a minute, and filled a fresh glass, and drank: "The ladies—God bless 'em!" In a quick, happy voice, only he didn't say "bless." Doctor laughed and began to mix his words and talk fast, and the last I remember was Doctor sunk down on the small of his back in one chair, and father sitting straight up in another, one hand danglin' over the arm, and resting on Tawney's head, and the other, steady as a rock, holding a glass of whiskey and water full to the brim. His eyes was pucker'd and squinted so that they looked like two chips of coal in his head, and his lower lip was stuck out and up over his upper lip. He was thinking about the money.

Six months after father'd insured himself, he calls to me, one morning, from his bed.

"I'm a sick man, Jake. Go for Doctor."

At first I didn't know he was foolin' I went into his room, and he was lying flat with his eyes shut, Tawney lying alongside, with her head up, watching over him.

"What ails you, father?" I says.

Father moaned.

"It's my heart," he said. "Oh, oh. It hurts me here."

"You felt good last night," I said.

And father sat straight up in bed, and cursed me, and Tawney growled, and "You cursed young nincompoop," says father, "can't you see I'm a dyin' man. Will you fetch the doctor or will I get up and fetch him myself?"

"Pop," I said, "you fooled me all right. Tell Tawney to shut her mouth. I'll go."

"Better get on the plough horse bareback," said father, "and gallop into town to the doctor's. Better not wear any hat. Go just as you are in your shirt and pants. That'll look like there was some need to hurry. Shut your mouth, Tawney."

Riding into town I only saw old Jake Jenkins felling his way along the walk with a stick, because he's blind. And he stopped still and turned his sockets when I galloped by. But when I galloped back out of town, with Doctor driving lickity-split behind me, there was people in all the dooryards and along the walks both sides of the street, and different ones kept hollerin' "Is any one sick?" and I'd answer, "Father's bad."

Father was ten days dying. Some times he'd grin and say, "Ain't I a longer time than usual dyin'?" And he'd roll up his eyes about it. It said to be leavin' the byotiful world," or "Fetch the Bible, Jake, till I foot up my chances."

One night I come in on father and Doctor, and father says, "Looks like I was going before morning, Jake." And he laughed a little nervous. Doctor was mixing something in a glass. He had a blue look, and lines of bubbles stream'd up through it, and burst in the surface. Doctor, he hand shook when he started the medicine for father's mouth, and Tawney, she jumped to her feet out of the shadow by the bed, and growled terrible.

Vanderbilt Engaged to Dollar Princess



MISS LILY ELSIE.

London, June 17.—The reported engagement of Alfred G. Vanderbilt and Miss Lily Elsie, the most popular of English musical comedy actresses, is taken seriously by the many who have noticed the former friend of Mrs. Rulz, who committed suicide last October, because she thought Vander-

"Can't tell," said Doctor. "I've a lyin'-in case, and I'm expecting to be sent for any time. Might keep me all day. But I'll do my best. What's that."

I listened a minute.

"It's Tawney howlin', I said.

"Sounds like a lost soul," said Doctor, with a shiver.

"She guesses we've done something to father," I said.

"Well," said he, but he was white, "let her howl. It's what they call fear and howling. I don't know as I can stand it," I said.

Miss Thompson came, and the under taker to measure father for his coffin. Tawney kept howlin' in the barn, and as soon as I could I carried her a plate of meat, and flung it to her over the top of the box stall. But she wouldn't look at the meat, she wanted me, and she threw herself against the walls of the stall as high as she could jump. But it was no use.

"If father wasn't coming to life by and by," I said, "I'd get my gun and settle all our differences right now—you'll be bound." She was frothing at the mouth, and biting at the planks, trying to eat her way out like a rat. And I didn't stay long talking to her, but I went back to the house and hung about while they were attending to father. About noon Miss Thompson called to me to come and have a look at him. She'd dressed him in his navy blue suit, the one he was married in. He said she remembered as well as if it had been yesterday. And she'd smoothed his hair down with her breast, with a prayerbook in 'em. She said as how at the last minute she'd step up to the coffin and get the prayerbook so's it shouldn't be a young looking corpse," she said, "considering his age. Aint that smile heavenly. I didn't know if you'd want him to wear his brown morino socks—the nobles, I dare say. You'll need 'em unless we wait till 'em. Now about flowers. If we cut the lilacs just before the funeral they'll keep fresh. Maybe we'd better cut two lots; one now, and another for tomorrow. You folks begin to have. Have you got a black suit, Jake? There's enough crape on the front door-knob to spare a mourning band for your hat. Now if you'll just throw that suit of crape into the yard, I'll tidy up the room. I've washed many a corpse," she said, "but I think you'd like to know that I never knowed one to need less than your pa. Think it yourself. I'll just tell Jake that. It'll be something to comfort him down the years for his loss. Well, I declare if that eyelid ain't popped open again. There! you stay where you're put. You hear me? You needn't worry, Jake. I'll make it stay down somehow. There's ways and ways. A touch of pomatum on the eyeball will often hold. The coldness of the corpse stiffens it and helps to hold it. I don't suppose you've a drop of whiskey in the house? What with being called early, and hurrin' all the way in the sun, I feel kind of spent. There now, just to cover the bottom of the glass step into the hall. What I always say is, it don't look well to be seen takin' a dram in the same room with a corpse. Aint that Tawney I hear howlin'?"

I do hope now your poor father's gone, you'll get rid of Tawney, too."

Neighbors and folks from town dropped in during the day to have a look at father, and about sundown Doctor showed up with a man from the insurance company, but they didn't stay with the corpse more than two minutes, and Doctor a-tellin' that father was good and dead, and a request for a burial permit; and he sent me to town to arrange with the minister to come next day at noon, and read the service and make an address. Doctor took up one detail after another just as sad and careful as if father was really dead, and he took the insurance inspector into the kitchen and gave him a drink and chatted with him and made friends with him. But I was in an awful state. It was lucky though that it was me that acted nervous, because folks thought it was grief and right and natural. When Doctor gave me something to steady my nerves and make me sleepy, and he made me go to bed early, and took a lot of trouble, and laid out the clothes I was to wear to the funeral, and told me to eat a big breakfast and not be scared. All the time he

Valuable Coal Mine Property For Sale

Tenders will be received up to July 1st, 1910, for the purchase of the Coal Mine Property belonging to the late Walter McFarlane.

The property comprises upwards of six hundred and fifty acres of the best coal lands situated in the centre of the Grand Lake Coal District, and a right of way thirty feet wide for a tram or railway from the said coal lands to a wharf or landing at Fowler's Cove, thus providing means of making water shipment when desirable.

Tenders will be received not later than July 1st, 1910, and should be addressed "McFarlane Estate, Box 557, Fredericton."

The highest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

For any further information address undersigned at Fredericton.

WALTER LIMERICK.

CASE AGAINST POLICE AGAIN POSTPONED.

Moncton, N. B., June 17.—Owing to the absence from the city of Mayor

Valuable Three Story Brick Residence

With three separate entrances, two containing eleven rooms each, and one eight rooms, corner of Germain and Horsfield Streets.

BY AUCTION.

I am instructed to sell by Public Auction at Chubb's Corner on SATURDAY MORNING, June 18, at 12 o'clock, noon:

That very fine well built brick residence, No. 148 Germain street. This is one of the most desirable properties for investment on the market, bringing in a rental of \$925 a year and being situated on one of our best residential districts.

For further particulars apply to

F. L. POTTS,

Auctioneer,

Masonic Block, 96 Germain St....

Reilly, judgment was not given this morning in the case brought against the police by F. W. Sumner in connection with the arrest of an employee. The case was further postponed for a week.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING

Necessity is the Mother of Invention, and Classified Advertising was invented by The Man who was Forced to be brief.

10c PER WORD PER INSERTION, 6 INSERTIONS CHARGED AS 4. MINIMUM CHARGE 25c.

FOR SALE

For Sale.—Steam Engine 8x8. J. Roderick Sons, Brittain St. 1149-7-July11

New Home and Domestic Sewing Machines. Buy in my shop. I have no agents. You can save \$10. W. & W. machine for tailoring \$8. Home for leather work, price low. William Crawford, 105 Princess street, oppo site White Store.

TO LET

To Let.—Furnished rooms to let in Y. M. C. A. Building. Possession immediately. Apply to Secretary. 1137-15w-tf

To Let.—Bright attractive rooms, in good location. Terms reasonable. 24 Wellington Row. 1116-11w-A31

Desirable suite of offices to let in the Canada Permanent Block from May 1st or 15th of June. Apply at premises. 898-tf

WANTED

Wanted.—Exclusive Local Agents and travellers to sell the best fountain pen on the market. Good profit. Sample 25c. Address Mr. Murray, Room 27 La Patrie Building, Montreal. 1168-27w-June25-July2

Millmen Wanted at Once.—One first class fireman and engine driver; one first class edgerman for portable saw mill. Keith & Co., Charlott, N. B. 1w

School Teachers Attention.—I have the finest money making proposition to offer to members of this profession during the holidays. Pleasant and permanent if desired. Box 346 Standard Office. 1159-25w-June22

Girl Wanted.—By family of three, girl between 14 and 16 for general housework. Good wages to right party. Apply 33 Cedar St.

FOUND.

Found.—A sum of money which can be had by proving property and paying for advertisement. Apply to Enoch Craig, West End Toll House. 1169-23w-June20

Painters and Decorators

WOOLLEY & SCHEFER,
19 BRUSSELS ST.
PAINTING, WHITEWASHING AND DECORATING.

F. W. EDDLSTON.

This is good weather to have your house painted outside.

55 Sydney St. Phone 1611.

All Styles New and Second Hand Carriage Paints and Repairs promptly attended to. Phone and we will send for your wagon for either paint or repairs. G. EDGECOME.

115 to 125 City Road. Phone, factory, 547 House 225.

BEAUTY PARLORS

Hairstressing, facial massage, manicuring, scalp treatment, wigs, toupees. Mail orders attended to.

MADE WHITE, King Square. 15w-6mo-Nov-13

AGENT

Montreal Star, Standard and Family Herald. Send address. Wm. M. Campbell, Market Place. 12w-12m-June7

PUMPS

Packed Flange, Compound Duplex, Centrifugal, outside packed plunger. Pot Valves. Automatic feed pumps and receivers. Single and double acting power. Triple stuff pumps for pulp mills. Independent jet pumps. Apparatus, centrifugal pumps. E. S. STEPHENSON & COMPANY, Nelson Street. St. John, N. B.

SEWING MACHINES.

New and Domestic, first class Sewing machines, prices low in my shop. I have no agents. Genuine needles, all kinds. Sewing machines and Phonographs repaired. William Crawford, 105 Princess street, opposite White Store.

A. E. HAMILTON,

GENERAL CONTRACTOR and WOODWORKING FACTORY. Everything in WOOD supplied for Building Purposes.

A. E. HAMILTON, Phone 211

Cor. Erin and Brunswick Streets.

shoot Tawney to get into the vault. No. I'm not afraid of hard work. I was brought up on hard work.

Yes, I feel better now it's off my mind. And you'd ought to have seen where Tawney gnawed out of the box stall—two inches of chestnut and an inch of oak—gnawed as clean as if she'd been a big rat.

PICTURE FRAMING

Hoyt Bros., 106 King Street, Picture Framing and Furniture Repairing. Phone 1633-11. 12w-12mo-M25

WATCHMAKER

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY SOUVENIR GOODS. Particular attention given to fine watch repairing. ERNEST LAW, 3 Coburg Street. 16w-3m-A17

DRESS MAKING

Mrs. J. F. Bowes is now ready with all the latest styles in Dress and Mantle making to receive customers at 24 Wellington Row. 1127-tf

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Attorney-at-Law

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John B. M. Baxter, K. C.

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JOHN. H. BOND - - - Manager.

CLIFTON HOUSE

M. E. GREEN, MANAGER.

Cor. Germain and Princess Streets

St. John, N. B.

FREDERICTON'S LEADING HOTEL

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BARKERHOUSE

QUEEN STREET.

Centrally located; large new sample rooms, private baths, electric lights and bells, hot water heating throughout. H. V. MONAHAN, .. Proprietor.

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WE SELL—SCOTCH HARD AND BROAD COKE SOFT COALS, HARD AND SOFT WOOD. GOOD GOODS.

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