POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2034



# Christmas at Rory's Hope

By HOPKINS MOORHOUSE.

(Continued).

Then did John Hawkins' lips come tight together till his whole bewhiskered face bulged indignation. He deliberately tied the string again about the pudding-sack, got up with equal deliberation, strode over to the bunk and brought the pudding down with a thump among the blankets. He wobbled his big fist within an inch of the other's nose and scolded til even his mighty chest was empty of breath.

'Hoots, mon" gasped the Factor of Rory's Hope with spirit. "Dinna ye claver i' that feckles fashion! Haud y'r tongue wul ye! I'll hae ye unnerstaun I want nae mair o' y'r blab! Haud y'r tongue an' dinna let it be rinnin' awa wi' ye! Ye maun just sit doon this very meenit an' eat a piece o' yon puddin'—!"

"An' that's just what I won't be doin', MacQuaig!" snapped John Hawkins resolutely. "D' you think I come away up here for Christmas Day, only to be gettin' up a spread for myself an' eatin' it in front of your very nose when y'aint able to join in, you blathersskite! Tut! Tut! I'll tell y' just what I ara goin' to do. I'm goin' to make some hot soup for you an' what's more I'm goin' to have some of 't myself whether you say I can or whether you don't. We'l eat the puddin' when you're well enough to enjoy it an' we aint goin' to eat it a minute sooner whether you say so or whether you don't. We'll have the puddin' on New Year's. Today it's soup—good hot broth an'—"

"Broth!" snorted the Factor of Rory's Hope. "Broth—for y'r Chrus'mus dinner!"

He lay back weak with his disgust.

"Now, look y'here, Rod, "taint goin' to do no good, you gettin' up that Scotch temper o' yours. Who's bossin' Rory's Hope while you're abed? Who's y'r doctor? It's doctor's orders you just be quiet an' peacable or first thing you know, you wont get any soup even. I've got you at my mercy an' you better behave yourself. Soup, I said; than a good old talk an' then —checkers. Eh? It's a great drubbin' I'll give you—"

"Haud y'r tongue Ye know verra weel ye canna do ony sic' a thing!"

Hawkins only laughed as he rustled about the fireplace.

"I see you've forgotten the lickin' I gave you the last time at Fond du Lac" he chuckled.

"Ye cheatet me oot o' twa men i' the last game—I'm still thinkin' it at," retorted MacQuaig, 'and one o' 'em micht hae been a King, d'ye no ken? Onyway, hae ye forgotten the turrible lickin' ye got the time before last? Losh. mon, but I beat ye sae esair ye tuk to pullin' y'r snaw-white whuskers an' y'r face was fair red wi' shame. D'ye no ken?"

Hawkins grinned broadly as he swung the crane into the fire-place and broke out airily into his favorite ditty:

Oh, a doughty Admiral he would be,
Yo ho, my lads, yo ho!
He made the coxswain pour his tea,
Yo ho, my lads, yo ho!

"Hoots!" grunted MacQaig irritably.

In the rosy morn, too, if he choose,
The bos'n mate shall skine his shoes;
He'll box the compass a round or two
To limber up, and when he's through,
Why, the steward shall make him a sou'west stew!
Yo ho! Yo ho! Yo ho!

"Haud y'r tongue, wull ye!"

The Factor of Rory's Hope thereupon turned his face sulkily to the wall; checkers was a serious subject to him and such levity was out of place. For perhaps a full two minutes he would not speak to the Factor from the Fond du Lac.

Outside, the storm gusts romped, swirled, drove. The powdered snow flew in clouds, hissed, drifted and smoked from the roofs of the wooden fort buildings. About the eaves of Rory's Hope the wind whistled and whined and threw the snow rattling against the parchment windows; from the forest came a dull booring like the sweep of turbulent surf on some wild night along the far-off coast of Stornoway.

But within, where the fire roared up the great chimney, the two old "winterers" were obvious of the storm, of everything but themselves and the joy of being together once more for the first time in three long years. The hours passed quickly; there was so much to talk about—old times, old homes and homefolks in the old land, their work. A faint smile played with the lines in the thin face of old Roderick MacQuaig. The excitement which the day had brought lent him unnatural strength; it glittered in his eyes and burned in the hollow cheers. His voice was stronger now than it had been for days.

The sun had been muffled in the clouds all day and the dark came even earlier than usual. Hawkins lighted the big oil lamp with the rusty tin shade, got down the checked-board and dropped another coal into the bowl of his pipe. The Factor of Rory's Hope felt very tired; but he could not remember the time when he had been too tired for a game of checkers. They began to play and the game in the hands of these two past-masters was no give-away; every move was the subject of much careful deliberation and the wooden men changed hand very slowly. The sounds of the fire alone broke the silence of the game's absorption.

Time flew beyond all reckoning when John Hawkins was pondering over a checker-board; he could not have told just how long they had been playing. If he remembered correctly, they were in the middle of the fifth or sixth game when he looked up, after waiting a full two minutes for the other to make his move, and found him lying back among the blankets that had propped him up. Hawkins could scarcely believe his eyes at first.

"Well, 'pon my word, if he aint gone to sleep! he muttered in astonishment. "Gone to sleep in the middle of a game of checkers—Well, sir-ee!"

He got up quickly, chuckling to himself. For a moment he stood there, enjoying the situation; then he leaned over the edge of the bunk and peered into the fact of the Factor of Rory's Hope.

"Sleepin' like a top, by golly!" he chortled. And in the middle of a game of checkers—Lordy! Lordy! what a joke on MacQuaig this was! He'd never let him hear the end of this!

Quietly he gathered together the checkers and packed them abck into their wooden box. He tiptoed across the room and put them on the shelf, grinning as he did so. He laid another log across the dog-irons, taking great care to make no noise. Then he went back and sat down on the upturned box beside the bunk.

"Tuckered out—clean tuckered out!" he muttered. "I might 've known—"

He leaned over and drew the blankets closer. His eyes roved to something lying on the blankets in front of him, and he reached out for it, smiling as he saw what it was. He stroked the smooth surface of the little English plum-pudding, firm and round in its protecting sack.

"Two years!" he murmured. "Two years an' he never et any of it! It was just like you, old friend — just like you."

He patted the little sack wistfully and a mist came into his eyes—a mist that was filled with dim shapes of Christmas at Rory's 5 g cur T other Christmas times, long gone forever ,when as a boy he had listened to the musical bubbling of puddings in the boilers and the home circle yet remained unbroken.

For a long time the Factor from the far-away Fond du Lac sat in the firelight. He grew drowsy after awhile and his head sank forhead upon the bunk. One hand crept across the blankets and rested in that of the Factor of Rory's Hope; the other held close the little round sack.

Outdoors the storm was over. Everywhere for leagues and leagues the snow stretched in great white drifted piles. Overhead a vast dome of coldly glittering stars spread down and down to the freezing sky-line in the north.

But within the little wooden Fort was drowsy warmth and no sounds save the soft purring of the fire and the gentle breathing of the sleeper.

So Christmas passed out at Rory's Hope.

Codner Bros. repair clothing promptly. Telephone 428-21.

### ABORIGINAL PIPE.

The aborigines of North Australia have peculiar methods of smoking. They use a "smoke box" made of a joint of bamboo. Smoke is blown into this receptable by a faithful spouse, who closes its opening with her hand and presents the boxful of smoke to her husband. He inhales the smoke and hands the bamboo joint back to his wife for refilling.

### TO BE ISSUED THIS WEEK

OTTAWA, Sept. 23.—The warrants which will entitle South African veterans to their scrip for Western lands will be issued by the Militia Council towards the end of this week, and the Department of the Interior will be in a position to issue scrip very soon.

**Anty Drudge Invited to Take an Automobile Ride.**

*Miss Spic-a-span* (joyfully)—"Hello, Anty Drudge! Come take a ride with me!"
*Anty Drudge*—"My! An automobile! How extravagant."
*Miss Spic-a-span*—"No. I earned this with my painting. And I do all my own housework. This is washday, but I was through by 12 o'clock. That Fels-Naptha you told me of is like sunshine on a rainy day. Why, the hanging out is the hardest part of my washing."

If time is money, Fels-Naptha will save you money and lots of it every washday.

Perhaps you don't consider your time is worth money. But your coal is, and your clothes are, and you certainly value your health.

Fels-Naptha saves your coal or other fuel because it cleanses your clothes in cool or lukewarm water, with no need for a hot fire to heat water or boil your clothes, either in summer or winter.

It saves your clothes because there is no boiling to weaken their fibre and no hard rubbing to wear holes in them.

It saves your health because it takes all the back-breaking work out of washday and removes the danger of catching cold from overheated room or steaming suds.

Aren't these things worth saving?

If you think so, get Fels-Naptha and use it according to directions on the red and green wrapper.

# TORY TORONTO WELCOMES BORDEN

TORONTO, Sept. 23.—R. L. Borden had a good reception tonight at a meeting in Massey Hall, Toronto. The hall was filled. Conservative stalwarts occupied the ground floor and the top gallery, while the first balcony was filled with ladies and escorts. At the back of the platform a large scroll was hung with the words. "Welcome to our leader," inscribed upon it. Similar scrolls were suspended from the galleries. On the platform, which was filled by privileged ticket holders, small union jacks, the size of a pocket handkerchief, were distributed to be used in demonstration. The atmosphere, which was sultry enough outside the hall, became very oppressive within, though the band of Royal Grenadiers helped to keep the meeting interested and in good humor until the time for starting arrived.

An overflow meeting was held in Victoria Hall.

A great demonstration was given Mr. Borden when in company with Chairman E. W. J. Owens, Premier R. P. Robin and other supporting speakers, he emerged from the waiting room on to the platform. Mr. Borden seemed very pleased with his reception and smiled at the audience as he stood listening to the applause. His speech was well received, but there was little if any new matter in it.

### GALLANT LOVER.

"Silly boy," she said, "why did you get offended? Though my words were severe, you might have seen that I was smiling."

"Well," he replied magnanimously, "your mouth is so small I didn't notice it."

# WOMEN RAISED LARGE AMOUNT

HALIFAX, N. S., Sept. 23.— Nearly twenty-five thousand dollars was raised by the Presbyterian women of the Maritime Provinces for missions during the past year. This was brought out at the thirty-second annual convention of the W. F. M. S. of that denomination now in session at Saint Mathew's Church, when the report of the treasurer , Mrs. Blackwood, was read at this afternoon's session: $19,659.86 was raised for foreign missions, and $2,522.19 was secured for home missions, while a special sum of $132 to pay for a motor boat for Rev. Mr. Daubey, a British Columbia missionary, was also collected. Thus the total amount secured during the year reached the sum of $22,314.

After paying expenses and the contributions planned there is a balance of $1,722.14.

Addresses on missions were given by Mrs. A. F. Thompson, Trinidad, Dr. Kate MacMillan, Korea, and Mr. McRea, Korea, at the afternoon session, and in the evening there were interesting and instructive deliverances on the same subject by Rev. E. Millar, B. D., convener of the foreign mission board, and Rev. R. P. MacKay, D. D., Toronto, secretary of the women's foreign mission board, western section.

# CHOLERA INVADES WINTER PALACE

ST. PETERSBURG, Sept. 23.—Not only has the number of cases of Asiatic cholera in this city increased today, but the disease has invaded the aristocratic precincts of St. Petersburg. It has even reached the winter palace, one case having been discovered in the servants' quarters of the palace, in which extensive preparations are going on in the expectation that the emperor and empress will spend part of the coming season in the capital. Other cases have been discovered in the palace of Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholaievitch, the Tauride palace, the palace of Prince Alexander Oldenburg, a cousin of the emperor and the imperial opera house.

In order to test the efficacy of vaccination in cholera cases, several graduate students of St. Petersburg University voluntarily permitted themselves to be vaccinated, after which they drank a solution containing cholera germs.

### PULLING THAT HAIR.

"What makes me really mad," said the woman, "is to spend minutes, maybe hours, trying to get hold of a white hair which shows up on my head like a dazzling light, yet which is tantalizingly elusive when I try to catch it, and then when I do finally separate it from the brown hair and give it a vigorous pull to find that I have snatched out a good brown hair, after all, and left the white one still shining."

# FIVE HUNDRED RAILWAY MEN IN PROCESSION

MONCTON, Sept. 23.—With five hundred brotherhood and labor union men in line, three bands of music, banners floating to the breeze and processionists looking their best, the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen this afternoon may be described as one of unqualified success. No more fitting observance of the quarter century mark of the B. of R. T. could probably have been devised by the local order, and the general public were agreeably surprised at the strength shown by organized labor in this city. All train brotherhoods, including B. of L. E., O. R. C., B. of L. F., B. of R. T., took part, while machinists, carmen, International Railway Brotherhood, blacksmiths and boiler makers made a big turn out. The Brotherhood of Carmen, 150 strong, and machinists' union, 110 strong, had the largest individual representation.

### Did Great Credit

Considering the celebration was almost purely local in character the parade was one that did credit to all concerned. At half-past past two the orders gathered in front of the I. C. R. depot and formed in procession nearly a mile long, and headed by the mayor and aldermen, with Andrew McKim of the B. of R. T. marshal, circled the city and disbanded at the place of starting. Two local bands and the Dorchester band were in the procession, and nearly all the orders carried banners. The customary silk hat, dress suit and white gloves were worn by those in the march, and the parade was an imposing one. On returning to the depot a civic address was read to the B. of R. T. and visitors by Mayor Purdy and Ald. Reilly briefly addressed the orders as well on behalf of the city council. The men in the shops took a half holiday and the office clerks were off duty the greater part of the afternoon. A half holiday was also given in the schools and the city generally wore a holiday appearance.

### Interested Spectators

Interested spectators of the afternoon parade were Hon. W. S. Fielding and Deputy Speaker Charles Marcil, who were in the city on their return from the Island. Fielding and Marcil left for Quebec on the Maritime tonight. While here they were driven about the city by Senator McSweeney.

The celebration of the B. of R. T. was concluded this evening with a mass meeting in the curling rink, where a large crowd gathered. There were speeches by a number of representatives of different orders participating in the celebration. William Kingston of St. John was the speaker for the B. of R. T.; Marshall Govang represented the carmen; R. D. Donnelly, boilermakers; Conductor H. B. Gordon, Order of Railway Conductors; W. C. Atkinson, B. of L. E.; J. W. Clarke, Grand Lodge International Brotherhood of Railway Employes.

The programme also included musical selections.

Andrew K. MacKasey of Halifax and Miss Blanch Mary Gillespie, daughter of John Gillespie of this city, were married this evening at seven in St. Bernard's church, Rev. Father Savage officiating. The cermony took place in the presence of a large number of friends. The groom was supported by Robert G. Blackie of Halifax. The bride was attired in white serge suit, her traveling dress being brown silk. Mr. and Mrs. MacKasey left on the Maritime tonight on a wedding trip to Montreal and Toronto, and on their return will reside at Halifax.

# CANNED SARDINES SLIDE INTO DOCK

LUBEC, Me., Sept. 23.—Seven thousand cases of canned sardines slid into the Eastern Steamship Company's dock here tonight when the floor of the Lubec Sardine Company's warehouse collapsed. The employes had left the building for the day when the crash came. There were 21,000 cases of the fish, all without covers, but two-thirds of the goods did not go into the water.

The accident is attributed to the weakening of the warehouse supports by the jar of the vessels against the wharf.

The loss on the sardines is $6,000, and the damage to the building is about $1,900.

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# ENGAGED MANY SINCE STRIKE WAS STARTED

MONTREAL, Sept. 23.—A special despatch from Ottawa to the Star today says:

When Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, Minister of Labor, arrived in Ottawa this morning his attention was called to a report from Toronto that the Railway Brotherhood had decided to memorialize the government to interevene in the Canadian Pacific machinists' strike.

Mr. Lemieux expressed the opinion that, in view of the failure to reach a settlement under the industrial disputes investigation act, there is not much that can be done.

He further expressed, as his personal opinion, that if the strikers would go back to work unconditionally, they would receive every consideration from Sir Thomas Shaughnessy and Mr. McNicoll. He had assurances to that effect.

Proceeding, Mr. Lemieux said that no one regrets the situation more than himself, but nothing further could be done under the circumstances until public opinion reaches the point where compulsory arbitration will be accepted by both capital and labor.

The Witness says tonight that altogether since the strike started the C. P. R. has engaged on the whole system upwards of three thousand five hundred men, among these being about six hundred strikers. Yesterday completed the seventh week of the strike, and it is estimated that the men who went out have lost over $700,000 in wages.

### Another Clash Occurs

MONTREAL, Sept. 23.—There was another clash between the C. P. R. strikers and the men working at the Angus shops tonight. When the workingmen were leaving the works tonight they were assaulted by a gang of strikers numbering between five and six hundred and a free fight resulted. A force of police were called to the scene and dispersed the strikers Another fight occurred later when one of the workingmen was badly beaten and one of his arms broken.

# SYNOD FAVORS CHURCH UNION

OTTAWA, Sept. 23.—The fifth triennial synod of the Church of England in Canada was opened here this morning in Christ Church Cathedral with choral litany and sermon by Rev. Dr. Ed-Soll, bishop of Minnesota, who pleaded for a greater spirit of tolerance, sympathy and unity among all members of the Christian church. About 250 lay and clerical delegates were in attendance.

At the afternoon session Dean Farthing of Kingston was elected prolocutor. Other officers were named as follows: Deputy to prolocutor, Rev. Rural Dean Coombes, Winnipeg; clerical secretary, Rev. Archdeacon Clark, Hamilton; lay secretary, Robert Campbell, Quebec; treasurer, Judge McDonald, Brockville; auditors—E. J. B. Pese, Kingston, and Lansing Lewis, Montreal; Registrar, F. H. Gisborne, Ottawa.

In the upper house Archdeacon Sweeney of Toronto was appointed secretary. The main feature of the afternoon's sitting was the charge of Archbishop Sweetnam, primate of all Canada. After referring feelingly to the death of Bishop Carmichael in Montreal this week, the primate briefly reviewed the work before the synod. The church, he said, could rejoice in some of the recent legislation passed by the federal parliament, notably the Lord's day act. In respect to this diverse question, the primate noted that Canada was blessed with most stringent divorce laws of any English-speaking county.

This evening's session was devoted to receiving reports of synod committees. The report of the committee on church union was summed up in the concluding paragraph as follows: "The committee believes that organic unity such as contemplated would result in a higher and truer conception of Christian ideal, and therefore that no opportunity should be lost in seeking it, and no sacrifice consistent with legitimate adherence to principle should be spared.

# NORTH YORK AGAIN CALLS AYLESWORTH

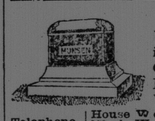
TORONTO, Sept. 23.—The following series of meetings throughout Ontario, to be addressed by the Hon. W. S. Fielding, has been arranged: Monday, Sept. 28, Sarnia; Tuesday, Windsor; Wednesday, Galt; Thursday, Oct. 1, Toronto; Friday, Owen Sound; Saturday, Hamilton; Monday, Oct. 5, Cobourg; Tuesday, Kingston; Wednesday, Brockville. All will be evening meetings.

The Liberal convention for Norfolk county chose Hal B. Donly today, having received the intimation that W. A. Charlton was forbidden by his physician to run. Donly is editor of the Simcoe Reformer, and one of the brightest journalists in Ontario.

Hon. Mr. Aylesworth, Minister of Justice, had a big meeting in New Market today, receiving the unanimous nomination of the Liberals of North York. Mr. Aylesworth frankly informed the assembled electors that he still labors under the disability of imperfect hearing, but he was present from a sense of the duty he owed to his colleagues and his supporters. It will be impracticable for him to take as active a part as he would have done under more favorable conditions, but it will now be incumbent on those who have nominated him to see that he is elected. The Liberals made a hearty response to this.

OTTAWA, Sept. 23.—His Excellency the Governor-General has received a check for two thousand pounds for the Quebec battlefields fund, the donor being a citizen of the United States, who desires to remain anonymous.

BUSINESS CARDS.



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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Substructure Matapedia Bridge," will be received at this office until 4.00 p. m. on Wednesday, September 30, 1908, for the construction of two abutments, and additions to four piers of the Intercolonial Railway Bridge across the Restigouche River at Matapedia, County of Bonaventure, P. Q., according to a plan and specification to be seen at the offices of E. T. P. Shewen, Esq., Resident Engineer, St. John, N. B., C. E. W. Dodwell, Esq., Resident Engineer, Halifax, N. S., J. L. Michaud, Esq., Resident Engineer, Merchants Bank Building, Montreal, at the office of the Chief Engineer of the Intercolonial Railway, Moncton, N. B., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, for one thousand three hundred dollars ($1,300), must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the person tendering decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order.
NAP. TESSIER,
Secretary.
Department of Public Works.
Ottawa, Septen ber 19, 1908.
Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.
24-9-3

NOTICE!!

All persons having accounts against the St. John Exhibition Association are requested to send in same at once.
(Signed) J. F. GLEESON, Sec.
A. O. SKINNER, Pres.

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