









A cream satin evening gown of time style, with pearls and cameos... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

CHATHAM

Chatham, March 2.—Miss Alice Barchell has gone to Fredericton as the guest of Mrs. W. A. G. Bates... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

CAMPBELL

Campbell, March 2.—Miss Mercier, of Dalhousie, spent a couple of days in town... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

SACKVILLE

Sackville, March 2.—Mr. Lovell Harrison, of St. John, spent Sunday with his aged mother, Mrs. William Harrison, who is very ill... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

ST. GEORGE

St. George, March 2.—A sleighing party to the home of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Gilmore, of St. John, was very much enjoyed... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

HOPEWELL HILL

Hopewell Hill, March 1.—Capt. George Chas. formerly of this county, who is visiting his home at Sunby Brook, was in the village today, spending a few hours with relatives here... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

FREDERICTON

Fredricton, March 1.—The most brilliant social function of a very gay season was the conversation at the University on Friday evening, which brought to a close the annual "College Week"... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

MONCTON

Moncton, March 2.—Mr. Vivian Dunlop, of the local staff of the Bank of New Brunswick, has been transferred to St. John, Mr. Dunlop was very popular among his associates and his departure is regretted by all... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

Frederick T. Waite was the hostess club of which she is a member on a night. The guests all appeared in evening costume and the supper was in old time style... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

SUSSEX

Sussex, March 2.—The social event of the week was the dance on Monday evening given by the bankers in the New Institute hall... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

Mr. George Peters gave a children's party on Wednesday afternoon for the party on Wednesday afternoon for the pleasure of his young sons, Arthur and Jesse, whose birthdays fall on the 22nd of February and whose ages are 12 and 14... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, of St. John, were in town on Monday evening... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, of St. John, were in town on Monday evening... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, of St. John, were in town on Monday evening... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, of St. John, were in town on Monday evening... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, of St. John, were in town on Monday evening... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, of St. John, were in town on Monday evening... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

WOODSTOCK

Woodstock, March 2.—Mr. and Mrs. George E. Phillips gave a most enjoyable bridge party on Monday evening... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, of St. John, were in town on Monday evening... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, of St. John, were in town on Monday evening... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, of St. John, were in town on Monday evening... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, of St. John, were in town on Monday evening... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, of St. John, were in town on Monday evening... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, of St. John, were in town on Monday evening... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

REXTON

Repton, N. B., March 2.—Mrs. Mary McDonald, of St. John, was in town on Monday evening... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, of St. John, were in town on Monday evening... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, of St. John, were in town on Monday evening... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, of St. John, were in town on Monday evening... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, of St. John, were in town on Monday evening... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, of St. John, were in town on Monday evening... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, of St. John, were in town on Monday evening... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

PARRSBORO

Parrsboro, March 2.—Mr. Theodor Ryan has gone to North Sydney to visit his brother, Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, of St. John, were in town on Monday evening... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, of St. John, were in town on Monday evening... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, of St. John, were in town on Monday evening... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, of St. John, were in town on Monday evening... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, of St. John, were in town on Monday evening... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, of St. John, were in town on Monday evening... Mrs. W. A. G. Bates, Mrs. H. D. Bates, Mrs. E. Algar, Mrs. Archibald Maxwell, Mrs. M. J. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd, Mrs. W. L. Todd...

Continued on page 7, sixth column.



The Semi-Weekly Telegraph is issued every Wednesday and Saturday by The Telegraph Publishing Company, of St. John, a company incorporated by Act of the Legislature of New Brunswick.

Subscription Rates Sent by mail to any address in Canada at One Dollar a year. Sent by mail to any address in United States at Two Dollars a year. All subscriptions must be paid in advance.

Advertising Rates Ordinary commercial advertisements taking the run of the paper, each insertion, \$1.00 per inch.

Important Notice All remittances must be sent by post office order or registered letter, and addressed to The Telegraph Publishing Company.

Authorized Agent The following agent is authorized to canvass and collect for The Semi-Weekly Telegraph, viz:

WM. SOMERVILLE, New Brunswick's Independent Newspapers.

These newspapers advocate: British connection, Honesty in public life, Measures for the material progress and moral advancement of our great Dominion.

Semi-Weekly Telegraph and The News

ST. JOHN, N. B., MARCH 8, 1911.

THE LOCAL LEGISLATURE

For many reasons the session of the New Brunswick Legislature began Thursday should be both interesting and important to the people of this province.

Mr. Hazen's government, in beginning its fourth session, is confronted by the fact that thus far in its career it has lived on promises mainly.

The opposition under the leadership of Hon. C. W. Robbins has this year a fine opportunity to do public service by calling the government sharply to account for its many failures.

Senator Cox and Freer Trade Mr. Clifford Sifton founded his principal objection to the proposed trade agreement upon the assumption that, if carried into effect, it would endanger certain financial interests in Canada.

Senator Cox does not share in the alarm that has been manifested in some quarters. He says he is "at a loss to understand how so natural an adjustment of the trade arrangements between Canada and the United States can involve the serious state of affairs that has been predicted."

Senator Cox points out that agriculture is still our greatest industry, and that anything which improves the condition of the farmer must promote the welfare of the whole country.

adds, consists of savings of the people of rural Canada. The Senator goes on to say that he has the utmost faith in the ability of the Canadian farmers to hold their own against the competition of the food producers in the United States.

The report of the chief superintendent of education for the province is one that contains many disturbing elements. In ten years the city of St. John gained only fifty-six scholars in her total enrolment.

The report also shows that during the past school year there were 201 districts without schools. It is unfortunate that the report does not also give the census of the children in the different districts.

Mr. Carter recommends the enforcement of the compulsory attendance law. The province has decided to maintain free schools for every child in the land.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

The report of the chief superintendent of education for the province is one that contains many disturbing elements. In ten years the city of St. John gained only fifty-six scholars in her total enrolment.

The report also shows that during the past school year there were 201 districts without schools. It is unfortunate that the report does not also give the census of the children in the different districts.

Mr. Carter recommends the enforcement of the compulsory attendance law. The province has decided to maintain free schools for every child in the land.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

The report of the chief superintendent of education for the province is one that contains many disturbing elements. In ten years the city of St. John gained only fifty-six scholars in her total enrolment.

The report also shows that during the past school year there were 201 districts without schools. It is unfortunate that the report does not also give the census of the children in the different districts.

Mr. Carter recommends the enforcement of the compulsory attendance law. The province has decided to maintain free schools for every child in the land.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

The report of the chief superintendent of education for the province is one that contains many disturbing elements. In ten years the city of St. John gained only fifty-six scholars in her total enrolment.

The report also shows that during the past school year there were 201 districts without schools. It is unfortunate that the report does not also give the census of the children in the different districts.

Mr. Carter recommends the enforcement of the compulsory attendance law. The province has decided to maintain free schools for every child in the land.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

Mr. Gould seems to have been thrown overboard by the Hazen government. At the beginning of the last session Mr. Hazen delivered a long and burning speech on the virtues of electricity as a motive power for railroads.

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer.

What is CASTORIA Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS Bears the Signature of Dr. J. C. Ayer.

The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years.

FAMOUS GEMS OF PROSE INJUSTICE THE CAUSE OF NATIONAL RUIN

Do you know how empires find their end? Yes, the great states are like little fish, as with fish, so with nations.

The annexations of 1846 were the pessimists of their day, who could see no hope for the political future of their own country.

WOMAN WHO GOT VERDICT OF \$10,000 FOR BREACH OF PROMISE

New York, March 2.—Justice Eklanger in the supreme court declared the verdict of \$10,000 awarded by a jury to Miss Henrietta French.

IMPROVEMENTS ON LARGE SCALE ALONG CANADIAN PACIFIC

Large Warehouse to Be Erected in Connection With New Property.

LOVE IN KAFFIR LAND As a sample of Kaffir English here is a love letter sent by a Cape Colony boy to his dusky innamorata.

Uncle Walt The Poet Philosopher I have a home where peace abides, a cheap-john vine above the door.

COMMISSIONER Premier Thinks Po Institution if Laborers Hard in Mr. Copp, in Po ment Contention

Frederickton, N. B., March 7.—The Grand and Albert dispirited rails of the Grand Southern high esteem and worthy chief.

The speech of Hon. Mr. Robbins and Kings county convention and of opposition members in the House.

In brief, his contention was that he had no objection to the sale of the land.

Mr. Copp's Effective Reply Mr. Copp's reply to Mr. Robbins was vigorous and effective.

Mr. Copp's Effective Reply Mr. Copp's reply to Mr. Robbins was vigorous and effective.

Mr. Copp's Effective Reply Mr. Copp's reply to Mr. Robbins was vigorous and effective.

Mr. Copp's Effective Reply Mr. Copp's reply to Mr. Robbins was vigorous and effective.

Mr. Copp's Effective Reply Mr. Copp's reply to Mr. Robbins was vigorous and effective.

Mr. Copp's Effective Reply Mr. Copp's reply to Mr. Robbins was vigorous and effective.

Mr. Copp's Effective Reply Mr. Copp's reply to Mr. Robbins was vigorous and effective.

Mr. Copp's Effective Reply Mr. Copp's reply to Mr. Robbins was vigorous and effective.







# BURNING DAYLIGHT

By JACK LONDON

Copyright, 1910, by the New York Herald Co. All rights reserved.

## SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

**"BURNING DAYLIGHT"**—Elam Harnish—is introduced as he enters a Circle City dance hall, saloon and gambling house like the whirlwind that he is.

Possessed of a tidy fortune and sure of making a vast one, Burning Daylight proceeds to stir up the life of the gambling house. The men and women all admire him, for he is the type that dominates.

Essentially a man's man, Burning Daylight resents, or rather fears, the wiles of the women who frequent the dance hall. He is afraid to be even civil to a woman, because she creates the idea of being mastered, by anybody or anything, and to surrender to a woman means, in his mind, that he is conquered.

Dede leads to boating, and in the turmoil that follows Burning Daylight shows his amazing muscular strength. He wins all the tests and downs all the stunts that come before him.

Then comes a poker game—the greatest ever played in the Klondike. Burning Daylight's luck deserts him in the end, and he rises from the table penniless—worse than broke.

Then the indomitable courage of this master among men shows itself. He declares himself in readiness to accomplish an almost impossible task—to run the mail to Dede and back with a dog team and an Indian.

"I swore to go out with the mail," he exclaimed, "and I swear once more, by the mail table of bell and the head of John the Baptist, I'll never hit for the outside till I make my pile, and I'll get on all and now, it's set to be an amble to the pile."

He makes his journey, gets to Dede and back to Circle City, where he plunges into the Klondike, winning the victory and the acclaim of the crowd that had seen him depart on his heart-breaking journey.

Then comes the battle for gold. Strikes after strikes are explored. Daylight sees himself the dominant figure along the Yukon and in the golden Dawson. Discouraged frequently, he refuses to allow his loaded sleds to beat him and in the end comes victory—millions.

And so Daylight leaves the Yukon behind for new fields of endeavor. His departure is a feat of great importance, and as the vessel swings clear this all-conquering man... "Hello. He tears off his cap and waves it. 'Goodby, you all,' he cries, 'goodby, you all!'"

In San Francisco Daylight becomes the sensation of the day. He is still woman-shy, however, and reasons that he has brought his millions to the States to play a man's game, not a woman's. He meets the men in the big financial world, tries to polish up his rough speech and manner, runs over to Tompkins, makes a big dinner, and then returns to the call of Wall Street.

He goes on to New York, gets into the clutches of some Wall street sharks who have not forgotten how he beat them at the Klondike. He is offered one million dollars to sell them the Klondike gold. They persuade him to go into a big deal with them. He has the impression that he can trim New York as easily as he has the other places, and is led on and on by the wily financiers until his entire fortune is staked.

Then comes the double cross. Daylight is cheated out again, trimmed. The fend incarnate in him awakens and he determines that he will get his millions back, or do the wholesale murder. He lulls his false friends into the belief that he does not understand the situation, meets them in Wall street and, with his automatic revolver, forces them to return the ten millions they have taken from him. Towards at heart, the financial sharks hesitate at first, but after a matter of three or four hours succeed in raising the money in currency and certified checks, and Daylight returns to San Francisco, his fortune intact, having New York puzzled and his former friends overwhelmed.

Back in San Francisco Daylight becomes a financial Robin Hood. He becomes known as a fighter, a fighter. But he is square and is known to be so. The gambling side of business fascinates him and he plays the game up to the rules, but he never forgets that he gets a man or a corporation down and either squeals or gouges no less hard. The reason for his savagery is that he despises the men with whom he plays, for he believes not one in a hundred of them is on the level.

His fortune increases marvellously and he lives a hard, cruel life, when all of a sudden Dede Mason enters his ken. She is his stenographer and she first attracts his attention by correcting some of the slips in his dictation. He learns that she is an orphan and is supporting a crippled brother, loves to ride horseback and is altogether just opposite of all other women Daylight has known.

Constant association with Daylight and admiration for his persistence begin to impress Dede Mason, and she day after day they begin to talk, in which she practically "takes the hide off" the man. She tells him that she does not like his life and his business. "There are women who could marry a man like you and be happy," she says, "but I couldn't and the more I cared for such a man the more unhappy I should be. So the profligate Daylight begins to see her meaning, but after a lame defence of his methods he resolves on a new plan, and to the amazement of his business associates, proceeds to carry it out. And all because of Dede Mason.

Daylight has, meantime, doubled his fortune, and the more money he possesses the more distant seems Dede Mason. He at last proposes marriage to her, twice, but is refused. He is not to give up—that is what he wants—and demands that the girl tell him what is ailing her, for she has confessed to an interest in him. Whereupon she tells him he has too much money, is living the wrong kind of a life, and, in short, is owned by his wealth, and nothing else. She shows him how he is taking on unhealthy flesh, is becoming harsh and cruel and brutalized and degraded, and Daylight listens, amazed.

Her talk has its effect. Daylight decides to get rid of his vast fortune, save only a little ranch at Glen Ellen, and reform his mode of life. He puts this plan before Dede Mason and she declares she will, provided he means what he says. She will not take him and his money too, for his wealth is his master.

And Dede Mason wins. Daylight deliberately entangles himself in a financial snarl and refuses to lift a hand to save his millions. His associates, amazed and enraged, can do nothing with him—he has won his prize and is content. So Dede and Daylight settle on their little ranch, and soon comes a new complication.

CHAPTER XXXVII

THREE days later Daylight rode to Berkeley in his red car. It was for the last time, for on the morrow the big machine passed into another's possession. It had been a strenuous three days, for his smash had been the biggest the pants had precipitated in California. The newspapers had been filled with it, and a great cry of indignation had gone up from the very men who later found that Daylight had fully protected their interests. It was these facts, coming slowly to light, that gave rise to the widely repeated charge that Daylight had gone insane. It was the unanimous conviction among business men that no sane man could possibly behave in such fashion. On the other hand, neither his prolonged steady drinking nor his affair with Dede became public, so the only conclusion attainable was that the wild financier from Alaska had gone insane. And Daylight had grinned and confirmed the suspicion by refusing to see the reporters.

He halted the automobile before Dede's door and met her with his same rushing tactics, enclosing her in his arms before a word could be uttered. Not until afterward, when she had recovered herself from him and got him seated, did he begin to speak.

"I've done it," he announced. "You've seen the newspapers, of course. I'm plumb cleaned out and I've just called around to find out what day you feel like starting for Glen Ellen. It'll have to be soon, for it's real expensive living in Oakland these days. My board at the hotel is only paid to the end of the week, and I can't afford to stay on after that. And beginning with to-morrow I've got to use the street cars, and they sure eat up the nickels."

He paused and waited and looked at her, indentation and trouble showed on her face. Then the



Two lovers on two chestnut steeds riding out and away to honeymoon.

smile he knew so well began to grow on her lips and in her eyes, until she threw back her head and laughed in the old forthright boyish way.

"When are those men coming to pack for me?" she asked.

And again she laughed and stimulated a vain attempt to escape his beaklike arms.

"Dear Elam," she whispered, "Dear Elam!" And of herself, for the first time, she kissed him.

She ran her hand caressingly through his hair.

"Your eyes are all gold right now," he said. "I can look in them and tell just how much you love me."

"They have been all gold for you, Elam, for a long time. I think, on our little ranch, they will always be all gold."

"Your hair has gold in it, too, a sort of fiery gold." He turned her face suddenly and held it between his hands and looked long into her eyes. "And your eyes were full of gold only his breast for the day, when you said you wouldn't marry me."

She nodded and laughed.

"You would have your will," she confessed. "But I couldn't be a party to such madness. All that money was yours, not mine. But I was loving you all the time, Elam, for the great big boy you are, breaking the thirty million dollar toy with which you had grown tired of playing. And when I said no I knew all the time it was yes. And I am sure that my eyes were golden all the time. I had one fear, and that was that you would fall to lose everything. Because, dear, I knew I should marry you anyway, and I did so want just you and the ranch and Bob and Wolf and those horsehair bridle. Shall I tell you a secret? As soon as you left I telephoned the man to whom I sold Mab."

She lit her face against the instant and then looked at him again, gladly radiant.

"You see, Elam, in spite of what my lips said, my mind was made up then. I simply had to marry you. But I was praying you would succeed in losing everything. And so I tried to find what had become of Mab. But the man had sold her and did not know what had become of her. You see, I wanted to ride with you over the Glen Ellen hills on Mab and you on Bob, just as I had ridden with you through the Piedmont hills."

The disclosure of Mab's whereabouts trembled on Daylight's lips, but he forbade.

"I'll promise you a mare that you'll like just as much as Mab," he said.

But Dede shook her head and on that one point refused to be comforted.

"Now I've got an idea," Daylight said, hastening to get the conversation on less perilous ground. "We're running away from cities, and you have no kith nor kin, so it don't seem exactly right that we should start off by getting married in a city. So here's the idea—I'll run up to the ranch and get things in shape around the house and give the caretaker his walking papers. You follow me in a couple of days, coming on the morning train. I'll have the preacher fixed and waiting. And here's another idea. You bring your riding tops in a suit case. And as soon as the ceremony's over, you can go to the hotel and change. Then out you come, and you find me waiting with a couple of horses, and we'll ride over the landscape so as you can see the prettiest parts of the ranch the first thing. And she's sure pretty, that ranch. And now that it's settled I'll be waiting for you at the morning train day after to-morrow."

Dede looked at him and he saw the sparkle in her eyes. "You are such a hurricane."

"Well, ma'am," he drawled, "I sure hate to burn daylight. And you and I have burned a heap of day light. We've been scandalously extravagant. We might have been married years ago."

Two days later Daylight stood waiting outside the little Glen Ellen hotel. The ceremony was over and he had left Dede to go inside and change into her riding habit while he brought the horses. He held them now, Bob and Mab, and in the shadow of the watering trough Wolf lay and looked on, already weary of the ardent California sun had touched with new fire the ancient bronze in Daylight's face. But warmer still was the glow that came into his cheeks and burned in his eyes as he saw Dede coming out of the door, riding whip in hand, clad in the familiar corduroy

skirt and leggings of the old Piedmont days. There was warmth and glow in her own face as she answered his gaze and glanced on past him to the horses.

"Then she saw Mab. But her gaze leaped back to the man."

"Oh, Elam!" she breathed.

It was almost a prayer, but a prayer that included a thousand meanings. Daylight strove to feign sleepiness, but his heart was singing too wild a song for mere playfulness. All things had been in the naming of his name—reproach, refined away by gratitude, and all compounded of joy and love.

She stepped on and caressed the mare and again turned and looked at the man and breathed:

"Oh, Elam!"

All that was in her voice was in her eyes, and in them Daylight glimpsed a profundity deeper and wider than any speech or thought—the whole vast inarticulate mystery and wonder of sex and love.

Again he strove for playfulness of speech, but it was too great a moment for even love facetiousness to enter in. Neither spoke. She gathered the reins, and, bending, Daylight received her foot in his hand. She sprang, as he lifted, and gained the saddle. The next moment he was mounted and beside her, and with Wolf sliding along ahead in his typical wolf trot, they went up the hill that led out of town—two lovers on two chestnut sorrel steeds, riding out and away to honeymoon through the warm summer day.

Daylight felt himself drunk as with wine. He was at the topmost pinnacle of life. Higher than this no man could climb nor had ever climbed. It was his day of days, his love time and his mating time, and all crowned by this virgin possession of a mate who said, "Oh, Elam!" as she had said it, and looked at him out of her soul as she had looked.

She cleared the crest of the hill, and he watched the joy mount in her face as she gazed on the sweet, fresh land. He pointed out the group of heavily wooded knolls across the rolling stretches of ripe grain.

"They're ours," he said. "And they're only a sample of the ranch. Wait till you see the big canyon. There are 'coons down there, and back here on the Sonoma there are mink. And deer! Why, that mountain's sure thick with them, and I reckon we can scare up a mountain lion if we want to real hard. And, say, there's a little meadow—well, I ain't going to tell you another word. You wait and see for yourself."

They turned in at the gate where the road to the clay pit crossed the fields, and both sniffed with delight as the warm aroma of the ripe hay rose in their nostrils. As on his first visit, the larks were uttering their rich notes and fluttering up before the horses until the woods and the flower scattered glades were reached, when the larks gave way to bluejays and woodpeckers.

"We're on our land now," he said, as they left the hayfield behind. "It runs right across country over the roughest parts. Just you wait and see."

As on the first day, he turned aside from the clay pit and worked through the woods to the left, passing the first spring and jumping the horses over the ruined remnants of the stake-and-rider fence. From here on Dede was in an unending ecstasy. By the spring that gurgled among the redwoods grew another great wild lily, bearing on its slender stalk the prodigious outburst of white waxen bells. This time he did not dismount, but led the way to the deep canyon where the stream had cut a passage among the knolls. He had been at work here, and a steep and slippery horse trail now crossed the creek, so they rode up beyond, through the sombre redwood twilight and further on through a tangled wood of oak and madroño. They came to a small clearing of several acres, where the grain stood waist high.

"Ours," Daylight said.

She bent in her saddle, plucked a stalk of the ripe grain and nibbled it between her teeth.

"Sweet mountain hay!" she cried. "The kind that Mab likes."

And throughout the ride she continued to utter cries and ejaculations of surprise and delight.

"And you never told me all this," she reproached him, as she looked across the little clearing and over the descending slopes of woods to the great curving sweep of Sonoma Valley.

"Come," he said, and they turned and went back

were their farthest glimpses stopped by the closing vistas of green and, yet always, as they climbed, did the forest roof arch overhead, with only here and there rifts that permitted shattered shafts of sunlight to penetrate from the tiny gold backs and maidenheads as they mounted, they glimpsed great gnarled trunks and branches of ancient trees, and above them were similar great gnarled trunks.

Dede stopped her horse and sighed with the beauty of it all.

"It is as if we are swimmers," she said, "floating out of a deep pool of green tranquility. Up above is the sky and the sun, but this is a pool and we are fathoms deep."

They started their horses, but a dogtooth violet, shoudering amongst the maidenheads, caught her eye and made her rein in again.

They cleared the crest and emerged from the pool as if into another world, for now they were in the thicket of velvet trunked young madroños and leaning down the open, sun washed hillside, across the nodding grasses, to the drifts of blue and white nemophilae that carpeted the tiny meadow on either side the tiny stream. Dede clapped her hands.

"It's sure prettier than office furniture," Daylight remarked.

"It sure is," she answered.

And Daylight, who knew his weakness in the use of the particular word, sure knew that she had repeated it deliberately and with love.

They crossed the stream and took the cattle track over the low rocky hill and through the scrub forest of nuttalliana, until they emerged on the next top of the valley with its meadow bordered streamlet.

"If we don't run into some small pretty soon I'll be surprised some," Daylight said.

Dede stood on the wide porch that ran the length of the house, while Daylight tied the horses. To his eyes and scattered glades and dropped down the hillside to where the farmhouse, poised on the lip of the big canyon, came into view only when they were right upon it.

Dede stood on the wide porch that ran the length of the house, while Daylight tied the horses. To his eyes and scattered glades and dropped down the hillside to where the farmhouse, poised on the lip of the big canyon, came into view only when they were right upon it.

Dede stood on the wide porch that ran the length of the house, while Daylight tied the horses. To his eyes and scattered glades and dropped down the hillside to where the farmhouse, poised on the lip of the big canyon, came into view only when they were right upon it.

Dede stood on the wide porch that ran the length of the house, while Daylight tied the horses. To his eyes and scattered glades and dropped down the hillside to where the farmhouse, poised on the lip of the big canyon, came into view only when they were right upon it.

Dede stood on the wide porch that ran the length of the house, while Daylight tied the horses. To his eyes and scattered glades and dropped down the hillside to where the farmhouse, poised on the lip of the big canyon, came into view only when they were right upon it.

Dede stood on the wide porch that ran the length of the house, while Daylight tied the horses. To his eyes and scattered glades and dropped down the hillside to where the farmhouse, poised on the lip of the big canyon, came into view only when they were right upon it.

Dede stood on the wide porch that ran the length of the house, while Daylight tied the horses. To his eyes and scattered glades and dropped down the hillside to where the farmhouse, poised on the lip of the big canyon, came into view only when they were right upon it.



Then he put his arm around her, the door swung open, and they passed in.

through the forest shade, crossed the stream and came to the lily by the spring.

Here, also, where the way led up the tangle of the steep hill, he had cut a rough horse trail. As they forced their way up the zigzags they caught glimpses out and down through the sea of foliage. Yet always

heard the footsteps of Daylight returning and caught her breath with a quick intake. He took her hand in his, and, as he turned the doorknob, felt her hesitate. Then he put his arm around her, the door swung open, and together they passed in.

(To Be Continued.)

### WANTED

WANTED—By first of April, fenced girl for general household work; good wages; references. Apply to Mrs. Brock, Rothmans, 321-31st-av.

WANTED—A third class female teacher for school district of Londonderry District, N.H. Apply, stating salary, to Mrs. Secretary, Hammond, Londonderry, N.H.

WANTED—A teacher to take charge of school district of Londonderry District, N.H. Apply, stating salary, to Mrs. Secretary, Hammond, Londonderry, N.H.

WANTED—A second or third class teacher for school district of Londonderry District, N.H. Apply, stating salary, to Mrs. Secretary, Hammond, Londonderry, N.H.

WANTED—A second or third class teacher for school district of Londonderry District, N.H. Apply, stating salary, to Mrs. Secretary, Hammond, Londonderry, N.H.

WANTED—A second or third class teacher for school district of Londonderry District, N.H. Apply, stating salary, to Mrs. Secretary, Hammond, Londonderry, N.H.

WANTED—A second or third class teacher for school district of Londonderry District, N.H. Apply, stating salary, to Mrs. Secretary, Hammond, Londonderry, N.H.

WANTED—A second or third class teacher for school district of Londonderry District, N.H. Apply, stating salary, to Mrs. Secretary, Hammond, Londonderry, N.H.

WANTED—A second or third class teacher for school district of Londonderry District, N.H. Apply, stating salary, to Mrs. Secretary, Hammond, Londonderry, N.H.

WANTED—A second or third class teacher for school district of Londonderry District, N.H. Apply, stating salary, to Mrs. Secretary, Hammond, Londonderry, N.H.

WANTED—A second or third class teacher for school district of Londonderry District, N.H. Apply, stating salary, to Mrs. Secretary, Hammond, Londonderry, N.H.

WANTED—A second or third class teacher for school district of Londonderry District, N.H. Apply, stating salary, to Mrs. Secretary, Hammond, Londonderry, N.H.

WANTED—A second or third class teacher for school district of Londonderry District, N.H. Apply, stating salary, to Mrs. Secretary, Hammond, Londonderry, N.H.

WANTED—A second or third class teacher for school district of Londonderry District, N.H. Apply, stating salary, to Mrs. Secretary, Hammond, Londonderry, N.H.

WANTED—A second or third class teacher for school district of Londonderry District, N.H. Apply, stating salary, to Mrs. Secretary, Hammond, Londonderry, N.H.

WANTED—A second or third class teacher for school district of Londonderry District, N.H. Apply, stating salary, to Mrs. Secretary, Hammond, Londonderry, N.H.

WANTED—A second or third class teacher for school district of Londonderry District, N.H. Apply, stating salary, to Mrs. Secretary, Hammond, Londonderry, N.H.

WANTED—A second or third class teacher for school district of Londonderry District, N.H. Apply, stating salary, to Mrs. Secretary, Hammond, Londonderry, N.H.

WANTED—A second or third class teacher for school district of Londonderry District, N.H. Apply, stating salary, to Mrs. Secretary, Hammond, Londonderry, N.H.

WANTED—A second or third class teacher for school district of Londonderry District, N.H. Apply, stating salary, to Mrs. Secretary, Hammond, Londonderry, N.H.

WANTED—A second or third class teacher for school district of Londonderry District, N.H. Apply, stating salary, to Mrs. Secretary, Hammond, Londonderry, N.H.

WANTED—A second or third class teacher for school district of Londonderry District, N.H. Apply, stating salary, to Mrs. Secretary, Hammond, Londonderry, N.H.

WANTED—A second or third class teacher for school district of Londonderry District, N.H. Apply, stating salary, to Mrs. Secretary, Hammond, Londonderry, N.H.

WANTED—A second or third class teacher for school district of Londonderry District, N.H. Apply, stating salary, to Mrs. Secretary, Hammond, Londonderry, N.H.

WANTED—A second or third class teacher for school district of Londonderry District, N.H. Apply, stating salary, to Mrs. Secretary, Hammond, Londonderry, N.H.

WANTED—A second or third class teacher for school district of Londonderry District, N.H. Apply, stating salary, to Mrs. Secretary, Hammond, Londonderry, N.H.

WANTED—A second or third class teacher for school district of Londonderry District, N.H. Apply, stating salary, to Mrs. Secretary, Hammond, Londonderry, N.H.

WANTED—A second or third class teacher for school district of Londonderry District, N.H. Apply, stating salary, to Mrs. Secretary, Hammond, Londonderry, N.H.

WANTED—A second or third class teacher for school district of Londonderry District, N.H. Apply, stating salary, to Mrs. Secretary, Hammond, Londonderry, N.H.

WANTED—A second or third class teacher for school district of Londonderry District, N.H. Apply, stating salary, to Mrs. Secretary, Hammond, Londonderry, N.H.

WANTED—A second or third class teacher for school district of Londonderry District, N.H. Apply, stating salary, to Mrs. Secretary, Hammond, Londonderry, N.H.

WANTED—A second or third class teacher for school district of Londonderry District, N.H. Apply, stating salary, to Mrs. Secretary, Hammond, Londonderry, N.H.

WANTED—A second or third class teacher for school district of Londonderry District, N.H. Apply, stating salary, to Mrs. Secretary, Hammond, Londonderry, N.H.

WANTED—A second or third class teacher for school district of Londonderry District, N.H. Apply, stating salary, to Mrs. Secretary, Hammond, Londonderry, N.H.

WANTED—A second or third class teacher for school district of Londonderry District, N.H. Apply, stating salary, to Mrs. Secretary, Hammond, Londonderry, N.H.







