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Shot, Powder, Shells, Wads, Loading Implements, Hunting Coats and Vests, Belts, Bags, etc., in endless variety.

W. H. THORNE & CO., -- Limited.
Agents for A. G. Spalding & Bros' Athletic and Sporting Goods.

The "Silver Moon" Self Feeder

The only stove with a double firepot. It burns less fuel and gives more heat than any other stove of its class on the market.

It is made in four sizes, with and without nickel trimmings. Prices range from \$13 to \$30.

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MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN First Class Bedding, Wire Mattresses.

Iron Bedsteads and Cribs, Invalid Wheel Chairs, Etc.

101 to 107 GERMAIN STREET.

Arch Support

That will keep your feet in the shape nature intended them : : : : :

They are invaluable for persons compelled to stand all day.

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Men's \$2.50 a pair
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Waterbury's Rising
61 King St. 212 Union St.

BUILDING A REPUTATION.

Selling Goods as represented. Catering to the wants of our patrons and showing proper attention to them when we have secured their trade.

WE HANDLE NOTHING BUT THE VERY BEST VALUES IN FURS AND AT THE LOWEST PRICES. Consequence is that we have had to enlarge our premises from time to time and this year it places us in a position to reach for a larger trade than we ever thought of doing before.

Come in and Inspect Our Stock of **FURS**

F. S. Thomas,
555 MAIN ST. NORTH END.

Telephone 1555 St. John, N. B., Sept. 26, 1908.

Call at Harvey's tonight For Heavier Clothing.

New Overcoats, Men's Suits, Boys' Suits, Men's Pants, Boys' Pants, Underwear, Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Hats, Caps, Braces, Socks, Sweaters, Umbrellas, etc.

OUR STOCK IS LARGE, OUR PRICES LOW.

Store open tonight till 11 o'clock.

J. N. HARVEY, MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING,
199 and 201 Union St.

PRICE OF BREAD IN ST. JOHN.

Bakers Will Make No Further Increase.

St. John Now Has 6 Cents a Loaf, While Montreal People Pay 10 For Same Weight.

Will bread be any higher? This is a question that is being anxiously asked by many St. John householders, and an answer in the negative might seem too good to be true. Yet such is the consensus of opinion among St. John bakers. They consider that the price of flour has reached the top-notch, or very close to it, and as the increase has not been sufficiently great to influence the price of bread, the old rates will prevail. Flour has risen from \$4.50 to \$5.40 per barrel wholesale, but the rise must be \$1.00 or more to send up the price of bread one cent. In the meantime, the bakers must accept lessened profits and hope for a drop in flour. Last year wheat was selling at 55c. per bushel, while this year it is 70c. to 75c. notwithstanding the large crop in our Northwest, but, as one baker said, "even if wheat were cheap, the price of flour would not be affected before Christmas as the new wheat will not be in condition to use until that time."

Bread is now selling at 6c. at the bakers' and 7c. at groceries; the increase of 1c. during July, the bakers say, was not due to dearer flour, but to the fact that, even at the cheapest rates, it was not profitable to sell a two-pound loaf of bread for 5c. Either they must give underweight or raise the price. For a while the did the former, but in July they determined to add one cent to the price and now the consumers hope they are receiving a full two-pound loaf, though they pay another cent for it.

This matter of a cent's increase is bigger than we might suppose. It has been estimated that in the city of Montreal twenty million loaves are consumed annually. St. John is about one-eighth as large as Montreal, and allowing for the fact that there is no domestic cooking done here, a conservative estimate would place the number of loaves made here in a year at 1,500,000. Now we see that even the rise of one cent per loaf would mean that 15,000 more would have to come out of the pockets of the people. It is well that our bakers still find it profitable to bake bread for the old price. Dear bread is one of the surest forerunners of hard times—in order to meet the advance workmen's wages must be increased and everything that their labor affects becomes proportionately dearer, and in the end it means privation for many.

But this question of a rise or fall in price can, after all, be reduced to a problem in arithmetic. Flour sells here for \$5.40 per barrel, from this quantity about 125 two-pound loaves of bread can be made. Selling at 6c. per loaf, the baker has a profit of \$3.16. Out of this must come the cost of the wheat, the wear and tear of machinery, interest on the original cost of plant and the various ingredients used in bread-making, such as sugar, salt, yeast, etc. Of these items the price of labor is by far the most important variable. In Montreal, where living is notoriously high, wages are necessarily high and, notwithstanding the fact that the same flour can be bought there for about \$5.00, the price of bread is 10c. per loaf. Here, where the rate with flour at \$5.25 and Toronto pays 9c. so that at present the situation stands thus: the various incidental expenses connected with the process of making bread do not eat up all the profit of \$3.10 per barrel, and so our manufacturers of the staff of life can still afford to sell at 6c. A rise of 15c. or even 10c. in flour might prove the last straw.

There is little hope of any decrease for this year at least. The yield of wheat for 1908 in Manitoba and the Northwest territories has been extremely good; it will approach 65,000,000 bushels, but this abundance has been offset by a general scarcity in other growing countries, so that the law of supply and demand, the price has gone up a few pence. It is hard on the consumer, but, in the meantime, the farmer is enjoying the benefit of the increase and his prosperity serves to advertise the greatness and the possibilities of open Western heritage and aids in the development of that magnificent country.

MURDERED WITH DYNAMITE

With Hidden Explosive and Electric Battery 2 Men are Murdered and \$3600 Stolen.

WASHINGTON, Penn., Sept. 26.—The most diabolical crime in the history of Washington county was committed yesterday afternoon when Samuel T. Ferguson, of the Ferguson Construction Company, of Pittsburgh, was instantly killed, and his bookkeeper, Chas. L. Martin, of Cincinnati, was also killed by an explosion of dynamite which was placed on the road by two men for the purpose of robbery. The murderers secured about \$3,600. The murder and robbery occurred on what is known as the Patterson mill road, near the village of West Middletown, about fifteen miles from here. Two suspects are under arrest in the camp of the construction company near this village, but the farmers of the section, who are scouring the country for traces of the murderers, believe that they have one of them at bay in an abandoned coal mine, about a mile and a half north of West Middletown. The crime occurred in broad daylight in the public road, the dynamite being exploded by means of an electric battery. In a ravine darkened on the one side by a clump of elm trees and on the other by a sloping field.

JOSELYN INQUEST.

Inquiry Begun by Coroner Berryman—Contradictory Evidence Given by Several Witnesses.

Last evening Coroner Berryman began his inquiry into the Joselyn affair before the following jury: S. T. Golding, E. L. Gorbett, Geo. Thompson, J. W. Lee, J. M. Morrison, H. McHugh and E. Finnigan.

Mr. Mullin was counsel for the accused. The first witness was Leonard McGee, an employee of T. McAvity & Sons. He was on the Westmorland road the night of the accident. Both teams were at first on the wrong side of the road, but just before the accident the boys went over to their proper side and the collision took place. Witness said the collision took place between Kane's Corner and the Methodist burying ground.

Mrs. Foley, who lives on the Loch Lomond road, said that the boys were driving very fast—much faster, in fact, than the colored men—and singing. Said the colored men were not shouting or making any noise.

Charles Hall (colored) sworn, said he got in the wagon at the bridge, Joseph Thompson was driving. Did not think Thompson had been drinking. Swore that they were on the left side of the road going out; he blamed the accident on the boys, because of their fast driving.

Leonard Callahan, aged eight years, said he was in the team with Joseph Thompson last Saturday night. They were on the proper side of the road and so were the colored party, but the latter crossed over just before the teams met and caused the accident.

Other witnesses examined were Miss Jane Nelson, Dr. H. Lewis, Wm. Little, Alfred Estey and Walter Thompson. The inquiry will be continued next Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

THE BOSTONS WILL PLAY.

BOSTON, Sept. 26.—It is announced that the series of games between the Pittsburgh Nationals and Boston American teams will be played notwithstanding repeated denials and reported disagreements. Manager Henry Billie, the owner of the Bostons, who is now in Chicago, telephoned his business manager making a new proposition, the terms of which were not given out, but which, it is said, was most pleasing to the men who, apart from the financial proposition, are eager to play the Pittsburgh team. Capt. Collins is delighted and preparations will be begun at once for the series.

The body of Stephen Hood-Rowan has not yet been recovered, though the grapples are still at work. The search will be maintained for some days to come.

STARTLING STORY FROM THE ASYLUM.

Relatives of Dead Patient Deny the Statements of Attendants and Declare He Was Done to Death By Brutal Keepers.

More evidence has come to light in reference to the alleged cruelty to inmates of the asylum—not, however, through the court of inquiry, which Premier Tweedie instituted yesterday. This fact does not lessen its weight in the least, and the persons who have given it are ready to confirm it under oath if only allowed the opportunity.

A. C. Northrop, proprietor of the Aberdeen Hotel, and a relative of John Northrop, the inmate of the asylum who died there recently, has a story to tell quite different from that told by the attendants at the investigation yesterday in the government rooms, Church street. The asylum attendants who were examined yesterday assigned Northrop's injuries to a fall from his bed while in an epileptic fit. They also attempted to show that his injuries were slight and not of a kind to cause death.

A. C. Northrop saw his relative after death and had this to say in regard to the marks and bruises on the deceased man's body: "There were two bruises on the scalp, a cut on the underside of each eyebrow, which caused very bad laceration of both eyes, a cut on the left cheek bone and one on the right side of the chin. There were also marks as of finger nails deeply imbedded in the flesh. From one eye a nasty discharge issued, giving the appearance of a ruptured or burst eyeball."

"The attendants declared yesterday," said Mr. Northrop, "that my uncle must have had a fit and fallen out of bed. Now according to these fits he was kept in a little low bed, and by no possible fall from that could he have sustained such injuries as I saw on him. Anyway, he was never violent when he had the seizures, but if they came on when he was lying down he would not move at all, except for a slight twitching of the muscles. So I place no credence whatever in the statement that his

POLICE COURT.

Ticket-of-Leave Man in the Toll—Mike Walsh Fined \$20.

Michael Walsh, charged with assault on Ernest Howe, Thursday night, was brought before the court yesterday afternoon and fined \$20.

Margaret Goddard, a habitue of Gutthro's, Westmorland road, was charged with being drunk at that place last evening between the hours of 10 and 11. Officers Henry and Fitzpatrick making the arrest. The pleadings of Margaret were in vain. The fine was \$5 or two months.

Theodore Morrison, ticket-of-leave man, has two or three charges against him. Last evening he broke in the door of Kitty Jeffrey's house, Shield street. He pleaded guilty to this. There were additional charges of drunkenness, profane language, etc. Morrison was remanded.

John Donovan, a man just past the half century mark, pleaded guilty to being a common drunk. He paid \$4 and went out into the world.

Auctioneer Potts disposed of some two hundred barrels of apples this morning at the Market Square.

A key found on Mill street last night can be had by the owner calling at the North end police station.

The man, John McDonald, injured on the steamer Lake Superior, is reported at the hospital as coming around all right.

The Brighton Engineers and the 6th Regiment left Camp Sussex yesterday. Today the 7th and 74th are departing. All St. John boys will arrive home this afternoon.

Fred McNally, B. A., who is teaching in the Moncton schools, was a passenger on the Montreal express. Mr. McNally will stop over Sunday at his home in Fredericton.

Mrs. E. Kirkpatrick, of Woodstock, was been spending the week in Sussex, passed through the city last evening on her way home.

A four-horse team attached to a light wagon bearing advertisements for White Wave and U. N. O. shoe polish proved an attraction to the small boy, as it was being driven about town.

The West India liner Orinoco, Capt. Bale, sailed this morning for the West Indies via Halifax. She will move from St. John the equivalent of 5,500 barrels of general cargo.

Detective Power returned from St. John last night with the young man Murray Scott in custody. Chief Clark succeeded in tracing the valise Scott said he lost on the train to a little place called Bailey on the C. P. R. On examining the contents the sum of \$23.60 was found. This brings the amount recovered up to \$44.35.—Halifax Echo.

There was no baseball game today. This is the first break in the season of 1908. Starting on Loyalist Day, May 18, until last Saturday, there has been continuous baseball. The Franklins were willing to play but could find no foes.

The death occurred this morning at the home of Mrs. John Morrison, Carmarthen street, of her daughter, Jennie. Deceased was in her teens and had been a sufferer from rheumatism of the heart.

IMPROVEMENTS AT FERNHILL.

The Silent City is Growing in Beauty.

Under Supt. Clayton's Direction New Walks, Flowers and More Beautiful Lots are Growing.

Fernhill Cemetery, where rest in unbroken quiet more than fourteen thousand of St. John's departed citizens, presents in its autumnal dress a picture of unsurpassed beauty. Patches of golden sheen are now everywhere visible and lend variety to the endless glory of green. Fernhill is at any time a beautiful spot, but at no time is it more bewitching than in the initial stages of the autumnal season. To appreciate the beauties of Fernhill one must give it a personal visit. Shut in by gently sloping hills and shaded by tall trees of expanding foliage, a place into which the hum of the busy world never penetrates—such is Fernhill, the "City of Sleep."

Year by year Fernhill grows prettier. Under the care of Superintendent J. F. Clayton, the walks and drives have assumed a faultless neatness. But Mr. Clayton, during his superintendency, has by no means confined himself to a general trimming up of the cemetery. He has given much of his attention to floral ornamentation and with notable effect. Sections of the cemetery which were once a continuous green are now dotted with patches of flowers. Artificially designed floral beds are much in evidence, particularly at the bends and corners of the long sinuous driveways.

Many parts of the cemetery have lost their ancient appearance and would be hardly recognizable to the person who makes his visits far and far between. It might naturally be asked by the visitor who made his last tramp through the sacred spot more than a year ago, "Where is the sailors' lot?" The sailors' lot, however, is there, far more attractive and interesting in its improved surroundings. The old wooden head pieces have been taken away and in their place have been put circular plates of iron, bearing the design of an anchor and other nautical emblems. A few things, around which have circled a halo of sadness, have been allowed to remain. The weeping willow, which for many years has marked the spot of some poor sailor-boy, who died probably unmourned, still bends its drooping branches in quiet grief. The grave of the famous Capt. Sloane is still marked by the stone erected by his friends to the memory of the indomitable mariner.

Many old citizens probably recall the circumstances attending the captain's death. It was in the year 1872, on a day which old sea-faring men even to this day recall with a shudder, that Capt. Sloane put out to sea, bound for Grand Manan, in spite of entreating protests of his friends. The waves on that memorable day rolled mountains high and the wind blew a wrecking blast. No man of sense would have ventured out, but Capt. Sloane was one of those spirits that defy both God and man. "I'll go to Grand Manan or hell," he declared and, faintly smiling, his sails. His fast and trim little vessel was caught in the tremendous sea and cracked like a nutshell on the breakers down the bay. Capt. Sloane's body was washed ashore and now rests in that historic spot in the cemetery known as the sailors' lot.

That part of cemetery known as the "perpetual care section" cannot fail to attract the visitor's eye. Flowers and shrubbery have been unsparingly used here to give an effect of finish and neatness. The cemetery authorities bound themselves to give this quarter of the cemetery their perpetual care and in fact the lots can be bought only upon this condition.

Another part of the cemetery that has lost nothing of its attractiveness is the Woodland Region. The trees have been allowed to grow unhindered by the pruning knife and have become so thick as almost to shut out the light. The cemetery is undergoing a constant enlargement and annually large tracts are being marked off into plots. A new Page wire fence has been built along the part of cemetery bounded by the old Westmorland road.

Next year a department, unique in its way, is to be inaugurated by Supt. Clayton. A portion of the eastern part of the cemetery is to be devoted to the cultivation of wild nature flowers, and visitors will see the novel sight of wild flowers growing in purposely designed beds.

Many monuments have been erected during the past year. Notably among them are the monuments erected to the late Albert Vanward, the late Enoch G. Lint, whose relatives now reside in California, and the late Judge G. E. King.

AUSTRIA WILL FIGHT.

LONDON, Sept. 26.—A despatch to the Daily Mail from Vienna says the Austrian emperor has decided to fight if the Hungarians push their opposition to his wishes to the extreme. The Austrian war minister and a number of officials have already gone to Hungary.

TURKEY'S ACCOMPLICE.

VIENNA, Sept. 26.—It is reported that a Russian note which was handed to the Bulgarian government last night has caused excitement in Sofia. The note recognizes Turkey as the premier power in the Balkans and endorses her right to suppress a rebellion in her own territory as she thinks best.

TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION.

WANTED.—A capable man, with experience, to take care of horse and garden and do general work. Apply at once to DR. J. D. MAHER'S, 237 Main street.

WANTED.—A competent girl for general house work. Good wages. Apply to MRS. F. B. DEARBORN, 200 Princess street.

WANTED.—A girl for general housework. MRS. A. B. GILMOUR, 175 Duke street.

Ladies' Furs

Black Ross, \$15.00 to \$18.20
Black Martin, 9.00 to 20.00
Stone Martin, 10.50 to 25.00

A splendid assortment of low priced Neckwear from \$1.00 up.

Our line of Ladies' Black Cloth Fur Trimmed Capes, starts at \$8.50.

Anderson's,
Manufacturers, - 17 Charlotte St.

OUR OPENING

—OF—

Pattern Hats and Bonnets

WILL BE CONTINUED

Every Day This Week

CHAS. K. CAMERON & CO.,
77 KING STREET.

Umbrellas

Recovered, Made, Repaired.

CHAIRS

Reseated—Cane, Splint and Perforated (L.S. Cane only).

Hardware, Paints, Glass and Putty.

DUVAL'S

17 WATERLOO STREET.

SPORTSMEN'S SUPPLIES!

Shot Guns, Rifles, Loaded and Empty Shells, Powder, Shot, Wads, Decoys, Calls, etc.

J. W. ADDISON,
44 German St. Phone 1074.

CLOCKS.

Another lot of Clocks just received, and we can give you a Good Clock for House, Office or Factory, in French or American and from the best Manufacturers.

COME AND SEE THE GREAT VARIETY.

41 King St.

PICKLING SEASON

Green Tomatoes.
8 lbs. Onions for 25 cents.
Spices, Vinegar.

At **CHARLES A. CLARK'S,**
49 Charlotte St. Market Building.
Tel. 803.

Between five and six o'clock last evening a still alarm of fire was sent in to No. 5 engine house on account of a fire in Warner's saw mill, Chesley street. The damage was slight.

Miss C. McAllister jumped from a moving car at the foot of King street last night and got a severe shaking up.

POTTS

APPLES APPLES

On Market square on MONDAY MORNING, Sept. 28th, at one o'clock, I will sell 100 barrels of choice apples. If you want apples, attend this sale.

Sale room 86 Germain street, Tel. 972.
F. L. POTTS, Auctioneer.

POTTS

VERY NICE FURNITURE AND FAMOUS ACTIVE RANGE BY AUCTION AT RESIDENCE.

I am instructed by Mrs. H. C. Travis to sell at auction at her residence, No. 74 Wellington street, on TUESDAY, the 29th inst., at 10 o'clock a. m., the following goods in very nice condition:

Two oak bookcases, 1 oak secretary bookcase, 1 oak bedroom set, 1 handsome sofa bed, 1 child's folding bed, 1 oak wardrobe, fancy oak and walnut parlor chairs and rockers, fire screens, carpets and rugs, curtains and portiers, iron bedsteads, springs, mattresses, blankets, spreads and other bedding; also 1 famous Active range in perfect order, kitchen utensils, crockeryware, etc., etc.

F. L. POTTS, Auctioneer.

THE CROXLEY MASTER.

IN THREE PARTS—PART III.....BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

PART III.

(Concluded from last week.)

"Montgomery-Craggs!" said he. A great hush fell over the huge assembly. Even the dogs stopped yapping; one might have thought that the monstrous room was empty. The two men had stood up, the small white gloves on their hands. They advanced from their corners and shook hands; Montgomery gravely, Craggs with a smile. Then they fell into position. The crowd gave a long sigh—the intake of a thousand excited breaths. The referee tilted his chair on to its back legs and looked moodily critical from the one to the other.

It was strength against activity—that was evident from the first. The Master stood solidly upon his K-legs. He gave him a tremendous pedestal; one could hardly imagine his being knocked down. And he could pivot round upon it with extraordinary quickness; but his advance or retreat was ungainly. His frame, however, was so much larger and broader than that of the student, and his brown, massive face looked so resolute and menacing that the hearts of the Wilson party sank within them. There was one heart, however, which had not done so. It was that of Robert Montgomery.

Any nervousness which he may have had completely passed away now that he had his work before him. Here was something definite—this hard faced, deformed Hercules to beat, with a career as the price of beating him. He glowed with the joy of action; it shuddered through his body. He faced his man with little in-and-out steps, breaking to the left, breaking to the right, feeling his way, while Craggs, with a dull, malignant eye, pivoted slowly upon his weak leg, his left arm half extended, his right sunk low across the mark. Montgomery led with his left, and then led again, getting lightly home each time. He tried again, but the Master had his counter ready, and Montgomery recoiled back from a harder blow than he had given. Anastasia, the woman, gave a shrill cry of encouragement, and her man let fly his right. Montgomery ducked it under it, and in an instant the two were in each other's arms.

"Break away! Break away!" said the referee. The Master struck upward on the break, and shook Montgomery with the blow. Then it was "time." It had been a spirited opening round. The people buzzed into comment and applause. Montgomery was quite fresh, but the hairy chest of the Master was rising and falling. The man passed a sponge over his head, while Anastasia flapped the towel before him. "Good lass! Good lass!" cried the crowd, and cheered.

The men were up again, the Master grimly watchful, Montgomery as alert as a kitten. The Master tried a sudden rush, squatting along with his awkward gait, but Montgomery was rising and falling. The man passed a sponge over his head, while Anastasia flapped the towel before him. "Good lass! Good lass!" cried the crowd, and cheered.

"Ay, but t'other's a likely lad. Happen we'll see some sport yet. He can jump rarely." "But t' Master can stop and hit rarely. Happen he'll make him jump when he gets his nief upon him." They were up again, the water glistening under their faces. Montgomery led instantly and got his right home with a sounding crash upon the Master's forehead. There was a shout from the collers, and "Silence! Order!" from the referee. Montgomery avoided the counter and scored with his left. Fresh applause, and the referee upon his feet in indignation. "No comments, gentlemen, if you please, during the rounds."

"Don't bid a bit!" growled the Master.

"Just talk—fight!" said the referee, angrily. Montgomery rubbed in the point by a flush hit upon the mouth, and the Master shamed back to the Master like an angry bear, having had all the worst of the round.

"Where's that seven to one?" shouted Purvis, the publican. "I'll take six to one!"

There were no answers. "Five to one!" There were givers at that. Purvis looked them in a tattered notebook.

Montgomery began to feel happy. He lay back with his legs outstretched, his back against the corner-post, and one gloved hand upon each rope. What a delicious minute it was between each round. If he could only keep out of harm's way, he must surely wear this man out before the end of twenty rounds. He was so slow that all his strength went for nothing. "You're fightin' in a winnin' fight—a winnin' fight," Ted Barton whispered in his ear. "Go canny, take no chances; you have him proper."

But the Master was crafty. He had fought so many battles with his maimed limb that he knew how to make the best of it. Warily and slowly he manoeuvred round Montgomery, stepping forward and yet again forward until he had perceptibly backed him into his corner. The student suddenly saw a flash of triumph upon the grim face, and a gleam in the dull, malignant eye. The Master was upon him. He sprang aside and was on the ropes. The Master smashed in one of his terrible upper-cuts, and Montgomery half broke it with his guard. The student sprang the other way and was against the other converging rope. He was trapped in the angle. The Master sent a hoggish grunt, which spoke of the energy behind it. Montgomery ducked, but got a jab from the left upon the mark. He closed with his man. "Break away! Break away!" cried the referee. Montgomery disengaged, and got a swinging blow on the ear as he did so. It had been a damaging round for him, and the Croxley people were shouting their delight.

"Gentlemen, I will not have this noise!" Stapleton roared. "I have been accustomed to preside at a well conducted club, and not at a bear garden." This little man, with the tilted hat and the bulging forehead, dominated the whole assembly. He was the headmaster among his boys. He glared around him, and nobody dared to meet his eye. Anastasia had kissed the Master when he resumed his seat. "Good lass. Don't again cry the laughing crowd, and the angry Master shook his glove at her, as she flapped her towel in front of him. Montgomery was weary and a little sore, but not depressed. He had learned something. He would not again be tempted into danger.

For three rounds the hands were fairly equal. The student's hitting was the quicker, the Master's the harder. Prodding by his lesson, Montgomery kept himself in the open, and refused to be herded into a corner. Sometimes the Master succeeded in rushing him to the side ropes, but the younger man slipped away, or closed and then disengaged. The monotonous "Break away! Break away!" of the referee broke in upon the quick low patter of rubber-soled shoes, the dull thud of the blows and the sharp, hissing breath of two tired men.

The ninth round found both of them in fairly good condition. Montgomery's head was still ringing from the blow that he had in the corner, and one of his thumbs pained him acutely, and seemed to be dislocated. The Master showed no sign of a touch, but his breathing was the more labored, and a long line of ticks upon the referee's paper showed that the student had a good show of points. But one of the iron man's blows was worth three of his, and he knew that without the gloves he could not have stood for three rounds against him. All the amateur work that he had done was the merest tapping and flapping when compared to those frightful blows, from arms toughened by the shovel and the crow-bar.

It was the tenth round, and the fight was half over. The betting was now only 3 to 1, for the Wilson champion had held his own much better than had been expected. But those who knew the ring craft as well as the staying power of the old prize fighter, knew that his odds were still a long way in his favor.

"Have a care of him!" whispered Barton, as he sent his man up to the scratch. "Have a care! He'll play these a trick if he can." The referee rolled his sardonic eye slowly round. "Seems to me this buildin' is chock-full of referees," he said. The people laughed and applauded, but the Master looked as immaterial to him as their anger.

"No applause, please! This is not a theatre!" he yelled. Montgomery was very pleased with himself. His adversary was evidently in a bad way. He was putting on his points and establishing a lead. He might as well make hay while the sun shone. The Master was looking all abroad. Montgomery popped one upon the blue jaw and got away without a return. And then the Master suddenly dropped both hands and began rubbing his thigh. Ah! that was it, was it? He had muscular cramp.

"Go in! Go in!" cried Teddy Barton. Montgomery sprang wildly forward and walked for which the Master was senseless, with his neck nearly broken, in the middle of the ring.

The whole round had been a long conspiracy to tempt him within reach of one of those terrible right-hand upper-cuts, for which the Master was famous. For this the listener, weary bearing, for this the tramp in the thigh. When Montgomery had sprang in so hotly he had exposed himself to such a blow as neither flesh nor blood could stand. Whizzing up from below with a rigid arm, which put the Master's eleven stone into its force, it struck him under the jaw; he whirled half round and fell a helpless and half-paralyzed vagabond. A vague groan and murmur, articulated too excited for words, rose from the great audience. With open mouths and staring eyes they gazed at the twitching and quivering mass.

"Stand back! Stand right back!" shrieked the referee, for the Master was standing over his man, ready to give him the coup-de-grace as he rose. "Stand back, Craggs, this instant!" Stapleton repeated.

The Master sank his hands sulkily and walked backward to the rope with his ferocious eyes fixed on his fallen antagonist. The timekeeper called the seconds. If ten of them passed before Montgomery rose to his feet the fight was ended. Ted Barton wrung his hands and danced about in an agony in his corner.

As if in a dream—a terrible nightmare—the student could hear the voice of the timekeeper—three—four—five—he was on his hands—six—seven—he was on his knee, sick, swimming, faint, but resolute to rise. Eight—he was up, and the Master was on him like a tiger, lashing savagely at him with both hands. Folk held their breath as they watched those terrible blows, and anticipated the pitiful end—so much more pitiful where a game but helpless man refused to accept defeat.

Strangely automatic is the human brain. Without volition, without effort, there shot into the memory of this bewildered, staggering, half-stupefied man the one thing which could have saved him—the blind eye of which the Master's son had spoken. It was the same as the other to look at, but Montgomery remembered that he had said that it was the left. He recoiled to the left side, half felled by a drive which lit upon his shoulder. The Master pivoted round upon his leg and was at him in an instant.

"Yark him, lad! Yark him!" screamed the woman.

"Hold your tongue!" said the referee. Montgomery slipped to the left again

and yet again; but the Master was too quick and clever for him. He struck round and got him full on the face as he tried once more to break away. Montgomery knew that he was in a bad way, and he was with a groan on the floor. This time he knew that he was done. With bitter agony he realized, as he groped blindly with his hands, that he could not possibly raise himself. For a moment he heard, amid the murmur of the multitude, the faint voice of the timekeeper counting off the seconds.

"One—two—three—four—five—six—" "Time," said the referee. Then the pent-up passion of the great assembly broke loose. Croxley gave a deep groan of disappointment. The Wilsons were on their feet, yelling with delight. There was a cheer for the champion. In four more seconds their man would have been solemnly counted out. But now he had a minute in which to recover. The referee looked round with renewed care and laughing eyes. He loved this rough game, this school for humble heroes, and it was pleasant for him to intervene as a Deus ex machina at so dramatic a moment. His chair was on its back, his head tilted at an extreme angle; he and the timekeeper smiled at each other. Ted Barton and the other second had rushed out and thrust an arm each under Montgomery's knee, the other behind his loins, and so carried him back to his feet. His head lolled upon his shoulders, but a douche of cold water sent a shiver through him, and he started and looked round him.

"He's right!" cried the people round. "He's a rare brave lad. Good lad! Good lad!" Barton poured some brandy into his mouth. The mist cleared a little, and he realized where he was and what he had to do. But he was still very weak, and he hardly dared to hope that he could survive another round.

"Seconds out of the ring!" cried the referee.

The Croxley Master sprang eagerly off his stool. "Keep clear of him! Go easy for a bit," said Barton, and Montgomery walked out to meet his man on a level. He had had two lessons—the one when the Master got him into his corner, the other when he had been lured into mixing it up with so powerful an antagonist. Now he would be wary. Another blow would finish him; he could not afford to run no risks. The Master was determined to follow up his advantage, and rushed at him, eluding furiously right and left. But Montgomery was on his feet, and he was not to be caught. He was strong upon his legs once more, and his wife had all come back to him. It was a gallant sight—the line-of-battle ship trying to be caught by a minute, but the Master tried all his ruses. He tried to get the frigate, and the frigate maneuvering always so as to avoid it. The Master tried all his ruses. He tried to get the student up by pretended inactivity; but Montgomery was on his feet, and he was not to be caught. 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TO LET.

Advertisements under this head: Half a cent a word. No less charge than 10c.

TO LET—From October first, House No. 57 Dorchester street, furnished or unfurnished. Rent can be paid by boarding the owners. Enquire any week evening from 8 o'clock to 8 o'clock p. m. JAMES PRINCE.

TO LET—Bright upper flat in new house, 27½ Douglas street. Electric lights and hot water heating, at present occupied by the family of the late F. E. Woods. Cooking range, blinds and carpets in use but a few months will be sold at reduced price to lease. Possession immediately. Apply on the premises or at the office of the Real Estate & Coffee Co., Ltd., 11 Union street.

TO LET—Flat, 6 rooms, 25 St. Patrick street from now until May 1st. Cheap, modern improvements. J. STONE, Power House, Union street.

TO LET—A flat, 186 King street, N. 11 rooms. Also house corner Pitt and Elliot Row. Will be fitted with hot water and modern improvements. Apply to ANTON A. WILSON, Real Estate at Law, Chubb's Corner.

FURNISHED ROOMS TO LET at 117 Elliot Row. Apply on premises.

TO RENT—The large comfortable flat, 100 St. James street, at present occupied by the family of the late F. E. Woods. Possession at once. J. W. CASSIDY, 101 Germain street.

HELP WANTED, MALE.

Advertisements under this head: Half a cent a word. No less charge than 10c.

BOY WANTED—Apply at once to J. ALLAN TURNER, 13 Charlotte street.

WANTED—A competent job cylinder pressman by the SUN PRINTING COMPANY.

BOY WANTED at the LINTON & SINGLAI CO. LTD., Dock street.

WANTED—A boy to learn the drug business. Apply to S. McHARRIM, King street.

EXPERIENCED GENERAL AGENT in travel and export local agent only. Salary and expenses paid to the right man. Apply, JOHN DOWDY, Drawer 23, London, Ont.

WANTED—At once, a boy about 13 or 14 years of age to learn the printing business. Apply to SUN PRINTING COMPANY, St. John.

GENERAL AGENTS WANTED in each town for special accident, sickness, identification policies and general insurance. Write Box 27, Montreal.

HELP WANTED, FEMALE.

Advertisements under this head: Half a cent a word. No less charge than 10c.

GIRL WANTED AT ONCE—For general housework. Apply at Mrs. S. E. LOGAN'S, 87 City road.

WANTED—A cook with good references. Apply to Mrs. J. S. HARDING, 24 Germain street.

WANTED—A young woman to help take care of children and assist in light housework. Good wages to a capable person. References required. Apply by letter or in person to 128 Germain street.

WANTED—Plain cook. Apply with references, 24 Germain street.

WANTED—Girl for general housework; must be good cook; references required. To a capable girl good wages will be paid. Apply at 115 Wentworth street.

WANTED—A girl for general housework. Apply to Mrs. S. D. SCOTT, care of Sun Printing Company.

Brylcrepe, Ecstasy, Eruptions on the face or body, Barber's Itch, Salt Rheum, Blood Poisoning of Wounds, Ring Worm, Hives, Redness or Itch Skin, and all inflammatory eruptions or swellings are quickly cured with

BIDDY MARTIN'S EXTRACT.

For sale by all druggists.

FOR SALE.

Advertisements under this head: Half a cent a word. No less charge than 10c.

FOR SALE—A first-class organ at a bargain. Apply to 286 Douglas avenue.

FOR SALE—A horse suitable for driving or light express wagon. A good roader, dress A. B. H., Star Office.

For Sale—Freehold property with large, new dwelling house and 100 acres of land, three tenants, situated at 83 Sherbrooke street. Apply to Mrs. W. M. PEACOCK, 21 Brook street.

FOR SALE—One 1½ in. Pine Door, 6 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft. 6 in., with 3 glass panels. Apply Sun Printing Co., St. John.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—A quantity of revolver or rifle ammunition. No. 40. Call. Apply to CRACK SHOT, Star Office.

FOR SALE—An acre of land, complete, nearly new. Apply to Sun Printing Co., St. John.

FOR SALE—A quantity of steam pipes and iron, 4½-in. round weight. Apply at Sun Office, St. John.

FOR SALE—A Metal Furnace, capacity about 600 pounds. It has a fire brick lining, with smoke and venting pipe complete. Apply Sun Printing Company, St. John.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Advertisements under this head: Half a cent a word. No less charge than 10c.

As the summer travel is about over the Landowne House, south end of King square, offers a number of desirable well-furnished rooms. Single or double.

WANTED—Three or four rooms until about the 1st of May. Communicate by letter to "C. C." St. John Star.

QUAKER HERBS—will cure all diseases arising from all kinds of germs, microbes, etc., and tones up the system and makes a new man of you. Try it and be convinced. Send for all druggists or sent to any address on receipt of 10c. Send to the QUAKER HERB AGENCY, 80 Prince William street, Montreal. It is no cure. Large Family Doctor book given at the same time.

PERSONAL.

YOUR LIFE READING—Many eye-witnesses, pages concerning business, love, health, etc., free. Send this card.

ASTROPATHIC INSTITUTE, Auditorium, Chicago. Reason—Your recommendation wanted.

THE RICH WOMAN'S PARROT.

(Brooklyn Eagle.)

Hetty Green recently bought a parrot of a bird fancier of no particular standing. The man warranted the bird to be a splendid talker, but Mrs. Green found after some months that it never made a sound approaching the semblance of a word. She called on the bird fancier and demanded an explanation.

"Well, Ma'am," said that worthy, "that there bird was brought up in my humble home, and I expect when it went to your residence and saw all the beautiful, luxurious surroundings, it was struck dumb with surprise. I dare say it won't ever talk again, but that ain't no ways my fault, so I can't take it back."

NOT AGE.

(Music and Drama.)

William Gillette is a good Sherlock Holmes, but he does not know everything, that is, where old Neptune's sons are concerned.

While cruising in the bay in his yacht Aunt Polly he met an old salt whom he hadn't seen since his last trip there.

"How are you?" said Gillette.

"Pretty fair; but a little deaf in my left ear."

"Well, you're no longer young, you know."

"Divide a bit it's the age," interrupted the old sailor; "sure my right ear's as old as the left one, and I can hear fine in that."

Greely Putney of Washington, N. H., 70 years of age, dug 20 bushels of potatoes and put 4-1/2 cords of wood in the shed last week.

THIS ST. JOHN STAR is published by THE SUN PRINTING COMPANY (LTD.), at St. John, New Brunswick, every afternoon (except Sunday) at \$2.00 a year.

ST. JOHN STAR.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SEPTEMBER 20, 1908.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

Between man and man, when each is known and trusted by the other, no further guarantee than a verbal pledge may be needed when the matter is purely personal. In business it is different. No matter how well you know and honor a man, if you are acting for a firm or a company in financial matters with which he is connected you demand from that man a signed contract. You may go to a friend of yours who is manager of a bank with "Say, old man, lend me fifty for a few days, will you?" and, acting in a personal capacity as your friend, he may cheerfully hand over the required amount. But when you approach him in his capacity as manager with a request for a loan from his bank, you will find, no matter how close your friendship, that another good name across the back of a signed promise to pay will be necessary before you handle the cash.

Business is business. No doubt Sir Wilfrid Laurier has implicit confidence in the honor and integrity of Mr. Hayes, of the Grand Trunk, but, in a matter where hundreds of millions of dollars, not his own, and the welfare of a great part of Canada are concerned, it would seem not improper for Sir Wilfrid to ask for Mr. Hayes' signature on a piece of paper to back up his words.

This is the stand that Mr. Borden and the opposition are taking. The Grand Trunk controls the Grand Trunk Pacific, the western end of which will be completed years before that part which leads to maritime ports. Before the eastern section is laid the Grand Trunk is at liberty to reach the grain fields over this western section and divert every pound of traffic originating thereon to the Grand Trunk natural terminus, Portland, Me.

When the eastern end is completed a regular route will already have been established to American ports, and, though the G. T. P. itself must use the new line for unrequited freight, there is nothing to prevent either road from routing all its freight in any direction advantageous to the men who control both.

The only thing which stands to prevent this permanent side-tracking of the maritime provinces is the personal promise of Mr. Hayes to Sir Wilfrid Laurier that nothing so detrimental to Canada's interests will be done. With all due respect to Mr. Hayes' honor and Sir Wilfrid's judgment, the people of St. John and the maritime provinces back Mr. Borden's demand for something more binding.

The Toronto World publishes a cartoon which aptly and vigorously describes the situation in Upper Canada. Mr. Ontario, a sturdy looking old gentleman, is in bed sick of the government. Peeking at him around the corner are Doc. Laurier and Special-ist Fisher, the former with a big black bottle labelled "Q. T. P. R. Deal" and the latter with a phial labelled "Redistribution Dope." "We may have some trouble in getting him to swallow this," says Doc. Laurier, referring to his dose. "Not a bit of it," responds Fisher. "He won't be able to help himself after we have administered this redistribution dope."

The Liberal Telegraph closes a hearty condemnation of the government's railway policy this morning with the following appeal to the senate:

"Will the Senate of Canada betray the people by sanctioning this sacrifice of Canadian interests? Is there manhood enough in the Senate to take the course of honor in this matter? Will the people of this country appeal to their court of last resort in vain?"

RAIL VERSUS WATER ROUTES.

While John Charlton and other government supporters of the Grand Trunk Pacific deal are filling pages of Hansard with figures to prove that the new line can haul grain from the west cheaper than it can be carried by the water route, New York city is planning to try and regain its supremacy as a grain shipping port by agitating for a monster canal which shall bring the wheat there for shipment, which in spite of the numerous railroads converging there is now going to Montreal.

Canadian routes are now not only handling two-thirds of the grain grown in the Canadian west but are capturing much of that from the western states which formerly all used to go to New York. The reason is simply that freight will follow always the cheapest route, and that owing to the existence of the lake and canal route from the far west grain can be hauled to Montreal between two and three cents cheaper than to New York. The canal competition in Canada effects this reduction, while in spite of all the parallel railway lines running into

New York that city is unable to compete with Montreal.

LOCAL NEWS.

The St. John City Rifle Club will hold a practice match on the range today.

Sir, Dundas, from Liverpool, reached Halifax at 10.30 yesterday morning with goods for St. John.

The Danish str. Regina, from New York, reached St. John last night. She is at Sand Point to load deals.

The Italian bark Primo, from Gloucester, has docked at the McAvity wharf.

The Flushing, with a coal barge from Farnborough for Portland, passed down the bay yesterday afternoon.

Policeman Bowes was required last night to visit the home of John Boyle in Union alley to make peace between John and his wife, who is a colored woman.

The local government did not have a session yesterday owing to the fact that Hon. Messrs. Pugsley, Lablache and Francis were not in town. It is expected that there will be a session here this afternoon.

There was a horse race out the Marsh road yesterday afternoon. The contestants included Hasen Campbell's fast gear and J. Burley's capable horse. Burley's horse won out apparently with ease.

Rev. C. W. Skemp of Bradford, Eng., conducted a prayer service last night in the Main Street Baptist Church and will preach there next Sunday and the first Sunday in October. Mr. Skemp has been in this country since April supplying in some of the larger Baptist churches in New York and vicinity.

St. Havard, Capt. Markers, did not sail for Port Huron yesterday, as was expected. She will probably get away today. Last night the engineer, J. P. Nelson of Hantsport, injured one leg on board the steamer in the street when he made it to the post-office had to be sent out. This occurrence may delay the departure of the steamer.

TRIED TO BRIBE HENRY C. PAYNE.

Alabama Postmaster Offered Fifty Dollars to Postmaster General for New Office.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Sept. 25.—Having read articles in the various papers about the scandals in the post office department, and having come to the conclusion that the postmaster general is at the head of an organized band to hold up the people, Andrew S. Wallace, until a few days ago postmaster in Opp, Ala., wrote to Henry C. Payne offering to pay him \$50 if he would have him appointed to a similar position in Andalusia, Ala.

While this letter was not given out for publication, Mr. Wallace states, in substance, that he has read the papers and that he would make it to the postmaster general's interest to give him the office and he would pay the sum mentioned as soon as he was appointed to the new office.

Wallace stated that the Andalusia office was better than that in Opp, and since he could make money by the change, he would be willing to divide.

By offering the postmaster general the office, Wallace thought he would have no difficulty in making the change, and he was very much astonished after his letter had been received in Washington, when he was removed from office and a material was placed in the hands of the post office inspectors, through the chief of this district, Paul E. Williams. Wallace has been arrested and bound over to the United States court in Birmingham under a bond of \$500.

THE BREAD OF THE PEOPLE.

A few years ago only the well-to-do thought it necessary to buy Ogilvie's Flour, but today everybody who appreciates a first-class loaf of bread is willing to pay the extra cost and get Ogilvie's. Of course it is but fair to say that while the price of Ogilvie's is higher than ordinary brands, the flour itself goes so much farther that it is really the cheapest flour on the market. Dealers should never hesitate to recommend Ogilvie's to all classes of trade, as it combines economy and quality, two things most essential in an article of such general use.

GOOD PROGRESS.

Under Contractor Mayes the new warehouses at Sand Point are getting well under way. The frame of No. 3 is up, the roof is being put on. No. 4 is also well under construction. By the end of next week both roofs will have been completed, leaving a month for the balance of the work.

The council, acting on the opinion of the director of public works, thought that Mr. Mayes should have put more men to work in order to complete the contract. Contractor Mayes has had forty men under him, they have done good work. It is thought that the contract will be finished in good time and that when done it will reflect great credit on the contractor.

STR. MAY QUEEN MAY CHANGE HANDS.

It is said that the steamer May Queen will shortly change hands, the present owners, the Messrs. Brannan, going out of business, that the new shareholders will include Engineer Gray, Harvey Weston, James Barbour, Mrs. Hugh McLean and Miss Warlag.

No price has been given out, as to the probable amount paid by the purchasers for their new property. Steward Geo. Brannan will, so rumor says, embark in the hotel business in Carleton. Nothing definite could be gleaned as to Mr. Brannan's intentions; the report, however, seems to be a well confirmed one.

MARRIAGES.

McAFEE-CRAWFORD—At the residence of Thomas Shaw, Sept. 24th, by the Rev. W. C. Matthews, Joseph H. McAfee, of Portland, Me., to Ida B. Crawford, of Oromocto, N. B.

DEATHS.

GASKIN—On the 24th inst., Catherine, widow of Robert Gaskin, in the 94th year of her age, leaving three sons and one daughter to mourn their sad loss.

Funeral on Sunday, 27th, at 2.30 p. m. Services at the house at 4.15. Friends and acquaintances respectfully invited to attend.

ROBERTSON—At Robertson's Post Office, Smithtown, Kings Co., Sept. 20th, John Aubrey, son of Albert and Eliza Robertson, aged 1 year and 8 months.

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MANCHESTER ROBERTSON ALLISON
KING ST. GERMAIN ST AND MARKET SQ.
LIMITED

Special Blanket Sale!

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY.

100 Pairs WOOL BLANKETS, size 60x80, \$2.25 Pair
100 Pairs " " size 64x84, 2.75 Pair
100 Pairs " " size 64x84, 3.00 Pair

Considering the great advance in the price of Wool, these Blankets will be found exceptional value and cannot be repeated again this season. They are fine and soft and will retain their appearance after washing.

At the sale of the above blankets we will offer several lots of Odd Lines at very low prices to clear.

Lot No. 1—A small quantity at \$1.25 and \$1.50 per pair.

Lot No. 2—Extra Value. All Wool, \$1.75 per pair, size 64x84.

Lot No. 3—A Very Fine Blanket for Single Beds, \$2.50 per pair.

In the three odd lots there are only about 80 pairs in all. So the early buyer will catch the bargain.

CRIB BLANKETS, a small quantity, slightly soiled, \$1.00 and \$1.25 per pair.

SHAKER BLANKETS, large size, extra heavy twill, \$1.25 per pair

The above special offerings are for the opening sale of our Fall and Winter Bedding, and the prices will continue for one week only.

Beside the above we are showing our almost unlimited stock of All Wool and Union Blankets at prices ranging from \$3.00 to \$7.00 per pair, including all our well known and most reliable makes which the public have proved to be most satisfactory in past years.

BED COMFORTABLES—Prices \$1.00, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$1.85, \$2.00, \$2.25 to \$4.00 each.

DOWN QUILTS in Chints, Satens and Satin \$4.25, \$6.25, \$7.50 and \$8.00 each.

SHAKER BLANKETS—75c, \$1.00 and \$1.25 per pair in white and grey. These prices are exceptional when the advance of cotton is considered.

Special Sale of Boys' Pants

Special Sale of Men's Trousers

Will Be Continued Today Only

For Today Only

SATURDAY, Sept. 26th.

Big sale of Men's Trousers, about 900 pairs, at three special prices, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00 a pair.

Desirable in every way. Well made. Good durable materials and stylish patterns.

Age 4 to 11, sale prices 65c., 75c. and 90c.

Age 12 to 16, sale prices 90c., \$1.10 and \$1.20.

MANCHESTER ROBERTSON ALLISON

KING ST. GERMAIN ST AND MARKET SQ.
LIMITED

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

Passenger service to and from St. John, in effect June 1st:

DEPARTURES.

By Canadian Pacific.

Express for Montreal 6.45 a. m.

Suburban 7.25 a. m.

Express for Boston 8.10 a. m.

Express for Fredericton 8.50 a. m.

Express for Montreal 9.00 a. m.

Express for Boston 9.10 a. m.

Woman's

THE RED-HEADED GIRL

What a lot of fun a red-headed girl supplies for her friends and enemies. Even the best-natured of them enquire for a white horse, directly they see her, and the others talk of gingerly tapers and peppery tongues and all the rest of it. There are red-headed girls who bleach their hair, and plenty more who want to. They declare they'd rather have "no-account, tatty-colored hair" than the red that provokes so much comment. It's usually a very grave mistake to interfere with nature, and the girl who is the unhappy possessor of the reddest kind of red hair is decidedly better off than the owner of the bleached hair, which is always itching and provokes more unkind criticism than any red hair ever could. The uncomplimentary attention she gains for herself is equal to that secured by the black-haired woman who doesn't approve of gray hair, and who succeeds in coloring her white hair a pretty pale blue. She doesn't know it. It looks all right to her in her mirror, but in the strong sunlight it is different and her enemies learn, without being told, the little secret she would so gladly withhold from them.

The red-headed girl usually has blessings which alone for her conspicuous hair. Her skin is very rarely always tanned and beautifully clear. Her veins show a delicate network of blue at her temples, her sense of humor is keen, and her cheerfulness has the buoyancy of a rubber ball.

The world must have its little joke. It will have it, whether or no, and red-headed girls and fat girls, girls who are too long or too short, girls with dimples and girls with freckles, must be content to suffer their laughing material for the rest of creation.

We all like being laughed with, but we hate being laughed at. We will play monkey and enjoy provoking people to laughter, but we don't approve of their merriment over our unconscious jokes. I suppose it's the same with our physical imperfections. We didn't arrange to have red hair or a spatter of dimples and we don't like the comments of our mirth-loving friends. Sometimes I think the little edge that is to be found on the tempers of some red-headed girls comes because of the thoughtless and often unkind things that people say about their brilliantly-colored hair.

A little philosophy will help them to be reconciled to the hair (which in most cases adds to good looks instead of detracting from them), and to turn into a jest the unkind criticism or the ill-natured remarks of those who do not stop to consider the embellishing effect of nagging a girl about anything and particularly about something she cannot possibly help.

THE LAMENT OF THE POCKET-LESS

Wouldn't it be nice if the dreamer's pockets would let her have pockets again, like the pockets of a purse, a hanky, a penknife, a notebook, a pencil and a few other things? And wouldn't it be a comfort if we could have nice little pockets for our watches, too? I'm so tired having to unfasten patent snaps and dig my watch in and out of my belt, and would welcome even a patchy little patch-pocket, which would accommodate my watch and allow it to lie in an accessible convenience. Bags and reticules and pocketbooks are all very well, and of course you can carry your handkerchief up your sleeve and your purse in the front of your skirt, but there's nothing like a good old-fashioned pocket and if weren't all such dreadful notions we'd have had all the pockets we wanted and there would never have been a pocketless age. Think of a grown-up woman being obliged to carry her ten-year-old son to carry her purse and handkerchief because his clothes are made with pockets and her's are not. I think, as a matter of fact, that half the swagging about that men do, as they walk of their fancies about their superiority, are the direct result of our pocketless condition. "What's the use of giving a woman money?" sneers one of these lordly possessors of seventeen pockets (when he wears an overcoat) for directly she gets near you she always says, "Would you mind carrying my purse?"

I always admire a woman who has known she must have exhibited to get it.

PERPETUAL MOTION

AT WATERVILLE.
Two Residents of That City Seek Legal Aid in Securing Patent Rights.
(Kennebec Journal.)
Two men called at the office of Fred W. Clair, in Waterville, to secure his services in procuring a patent for a perpetual motion machine. They displayed unbounded faith in their invention, but used extreme care in withholding all information regarding its character. They were willing to have Mr. Clair investigate but demanded that he first sign a paper stating that the invention belonged to them and that he was acting only as their attorney. They have observed greatest secrecy in everything connected with their invention and allow no one to see it. They are willing to have Mr. Clair go near enough to the building where the machine is concealed to hear it work, but would not let him see it or tell him anything about it until he had been securely bound in proper legal form.

They claim that the machine has been running a year and that power enough has been generated to run a washing machine. When they wish to stop it they apply a brake and when this is released it starts immediately and runs again until stopped by the same means.

They are both Waterville men, but their identity is concealed in accordance with the policy of great secrecy they have adopted. Mr. Clair knows that neither of them has any extended mechanical knowledge or skill, however ingenious they may be, and cannot imagine what sort of a machine they have contrived. They are anxious to have him go to Washington for them, in order to have their invention securely guarded by the patent laws, and he

and, secondly, for the strength of character she shows in wearing it and filling it full of things and letting it bulge out and spoil the hang of the shirt. Just as his lordship of the shears and his pretty assistant agreed in saying it would.

A patch pocket on her tailor-made skirt, first, for the determination of

HER GRAPE FAITH

When the grapes ripen, then I will get fat and strong," we heard a weary, tired woman say; and she did. Grapes were her favorite fruit. She had firm faith in the power of the grape, and she ate heartily of them so long as one clung to the vine.

Worn with the spring work, and the heat of the summer days and much cooking, she felt "all tired out" by the time the first early grapes ripened. Then she got better. Her step became buoyant, her eyes brighter, her arms rounder. Grapes were her medicine, and she could not get enough of them.

There is said to be a life-giving principle in grapes, which builds tissue and stimulates the sympathetic nervous system, bringing to a state of working calm. And something an irritant, inflaming the surface. They are also thought to relieve certain urinary disorders.

TO CLEAN JEWELLERY

Women who value their jewels may be glad to receive a few hints on their care and management. Pearls, it is said, should be enclosed in a box containing a piece of jewelry they never lose a lot of their pristine beauty.

Diamonds are easily cleaned by placing them under a tap and allowing a rush of cold water to deluge them. But this is a dangerous experiment, as a stone may be loosened in the operation. A better plan is to carefully wash them with a light lather of soap on a brush, wash off the lather with cold water and polish with chamois leather dipped in eau de Cologne.

Diamond ornaments tied up in a little bag of bran preserve their brilliancy in a wonderful way.

Jewels may often safely be cleaned with cold water and ordinary yellow soap. It is advisable, however, to lay them in the seawater rather than dry them in the ordinary way.

If opals have become scratched or spoiled in wear, rub them softly in a moistened wash leather, then polish with precipitated chalk with another piece of leather, and finally wash with rainwater and a soft brush.

Ivory ornaments, brushes, powder boxes, pocketbooks, etc., may be whitened with a peroxide of hydrogen or cleaned with a brush steeped in water to which a good pinch of carbonate of soda has been added.

THE CARE OF THE EYES

To prevent weakness of the eye is a much better plan than to be obliged to cure it. The strength of the eye frequently depends upon that of the body, and if the body is exhausted, the eye will be weakened. Great care should be taken to keep the eyes healthy. Read, write or work in a dim or a glaring light, as such light tends to weaken the eye and cause them to become watery and inflamed.

When the eyes are simply weak, they should be bathed several times a day in a pint of cold water, to which a teaspoonful of table salt has been added. Hot water is the best, and it also reduces swelling.

An important detail in the care of the eyes is the manner of drying them. They should be wiped gently with a soft towel, always rubbing towards the inner corners, for in these corners are the centers of various secretions. Avoid rubbing the eyes. If they itch or are inflamed, bathe them. Rubbing weak or irritated eyes not only increases the trouble, but in many cases causes a chronic inflammation.

FOR THE TRAVELLERS

A woman who travels on the railroad is a great deal, and who always used to be perfect. Like all women, she is to be pitied, where about she "drowns" her raiment at night in the narrow confines of a berth, has hit on a splendid scheme for disposing of her wardrobe. She never leaves home without at least a dozen of the big safety pins and hooks that people use for attaching curtains to curtain rings when she is disturbed at night, she takes one garment after another, and fastening a pin into it, hooks it to the top of the berth curtain. Next morning she gets up as untroubled as if she had been hung up neatly in a closet at home, and what is only secondary in value she knows just where to find them when she wants them.

will doubtless accept the case if it can be demonstrated that there is any merit in it.

There have been various rumors afloat for some time regarding the experiments being made with a machine of this character, but it has been guarded so jealously that no one has been able to learn anything definite about it. Those who know the inventors claim that they have not sufficient knowledge to devise a successful "fake" of any mechanical nature and that they are surely absolutely honest and sincere in their belief that they have attained what so many inventors have sought so long and what is generally believed to be impossible. Their faith is shown by their willingness to incur a considerable expense by securing the services of Mr. Clair as their attorney.

Nearly every one who has heard of it regards it simply as another "perpetual motion dream," but it is an interesting mystery so far and the verdict of the patent office will be watched with a great deal of curiosity.

COMPLETE INFORMATION

(New York News.)
Friends of H. M. Vreeland are whispering a story which they say the president of the Street Railway Association does not care to have mentioned, as it distinctly is "one on him." It seems that Mr. Vreeland was enjoying a spin in an automobile recently, and suddenly found his way blocked by a wagon drawn by two skinny horses. The driver seemed in no particular hurry to clear the path and at last Mr. Vreeland exclaimed sarcastically:

"Here, I say, my man, what are those things you are driving? What are they for?"

"Pure, there is what is commonly called horses, sir," was the reply, "and, they're used for to take automobiles drivers to the hospital."

Member Naval Order Causes \$7,000 to Be Sent to the Navy.

NEW YORK, Sept. 24.—Because of an ancient order always thought useless, but always observed, the United States navy has saved \$7,000.

Few now in the navy can recall the time when was first issued the order that pay officers when transferring public money by small boats from shore to ship, or ship to shore, shall have the treasure securely placed in a net bag, this is to be attached to a line adequate to reach the bottom of the particular harbor at which the transfer is being made, and at the other end a buoy sufficient to uphold the line and mark the place, in case the boat carrying the treasure is lost.

Such order was issued many years ago, and since then it has been faithfully observed. But, so far as is known, there has never been any good come of it until Wednesday, when the launch of the cruiser Chicago, carrying the paymaster of that vessel and \$7,000 in currency, was swamped in the Narrows while trying to make the trip from the Tompkinsville wharf to the cruiser anchored in the stream.

The launch had been sent to wait for the paymaster and the regulation equipment had been provided, for it was known that he had gone ashore to draw the money for the purpose of issuing the monthly payment to the men of the cruiser, recently arrived home from the European station.

The gale burst over the bay just as the launch was shoving off from the boat landing at Tompkinsville. The little craft was a stout one of the navy pattern and manned by a coxswain, engineer, fireman and two deckhands. But the sudden gale was too much for it. The canvas hood was split, then the brass smokestack was blown away, waves burst over the gunwale, and, seeing the craft on the point of foundering, all hands went overboard.

The lighthouse tender Daisy was lying at the Tompkinsville wharf with steam up. Her crew saw the plight of the launch and, casting off lines, a vessel went hurrying to their aid, and by quick work succeeded in rescuing all the swimmers. They were well nigh exhausted when dragged on board.

From the Chicago the swamping of the launch had been seen, and, losing and pitching, another came to the rescue. It had been comparatively easy to rescue the men, but the salvage of the money was much more difficult. The satchel, lashed to the buoy, bobbed down and up with the plunging waves, and time and again when the men in the launch were about to seize it, away it would bob out of reach.

At last, after being nearly swamped several times, one of the sailors managed to reach it with a hook and the bag was safely hauled aboard and put in the paymaster's hands. Within a few minutes the rescued men and the money were put aboard, the cruiser weighed anchor, and steamed away for Norfolk, Va., where the storm was raging loudest along the Jersey coast.

WIDOWS OF THOSE WHO FELL WITH CUSTER

Marriage and Death, for the first time, have broken into the little band of "Custer widows." For more than twenty-seven years these women have been spared to remain faithful to the memory of their husbands who fell on that fateful Sunday in June of the Centennial year. A short time ago Mrs. Margaret Custer Calhoun, widow of Lieutenant James Calhoun, and sister of Gen. Custer, was married to John H. Mangrove of the City of Mexico. And within a few days Mrs. Algernon E. Smith, whose husband was a lieutenant under Custer, died at her home in Newport, N. Y.

Best known in the circle, of course, is Mrs. Custer, whose books, "Tenting on the Plains," "Following the Guidon," "Boots and Saddles," besides her other writings, have brought to her fame and some measure of fortune. Mrs. Custer makes her winter home in her town house in New York, but in the summer goes to The Plaza, her delightful home at Bronxville.

Mrs. George W. Yates lives not far from Mrs. Custer at Mount Vernon, just across the New York city line. Farther to the north, at Highland Falls, lives Mrs. Henry M. Harrington. The widow of Lieut. James E. Porter, who died in Maine, of which state her husband was a native. Mrs. Donald McIntosh, whose husband was a lieutenant, makes her home in Washington the greater part of the year. Lieut. McIntosh was with Reno.

One by one the widows of the enlisted men who fell with Custer remarried, and a few years ago, at Fort Riley, Kan., where the Seventh Cavalry was stationed, the last one gave her hand and heart to another.—Ex.

THEY WILL MOVE THE WORLD.

Errors Discovered in the Meridian Line of Greenwich and Paris.

LONDON, Sept. 13.—The longitude operations which Mr. Dyer and Mr. H. H. Greenwell observed every day have been working at in Paris have come to a close, with the result that errors have been discovered both in the Greenwich and Paris meridians, the calculations coming out just between the two. Of course, the difference is infinitesimal—something like the fraction of a second—though from an astronomer's point of view very important.

There were two French and two English observers on the work, and observations were made simultaneously by these experts at adjacent stations, the astronomers and their instruments being constantly interchanged. The work has been a great strain on the observatory staff and has cost a considerable amount of money.

Special rooms and instruments were prepared for the astronomers' use and so hard has the staff been worked that the printing of the Montreal longitudes had to be put on one side. Altogether the observers have taken 230 observations since March 17, 1902, which means slightly night's work each day. The full result will be shortly published by the Greenwich observatory.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.

"Say, Harker, why don't you go down the street smiling?"

"Can't afford it, old man."

"Does it cost anything to smile?"

"About an extra box of nigger matches each day. Everybody who wants a light would stop me because I looked pleasant."

AT THE LONDON HOUSE SATURDAY, SEPT. 26TH.

Some very Stylish Ladies' Fall Coats Have come to us, And the price is not Out of the way either

There is no doubt about it, but the Germans can put more style and fit in a Coat for the money, than all others.

Remarkably pretty Coats of the long haired Zibeline kind are here at
\$6.75 to \$13.85.

Fine Kersey beaver Coats in fawn or black, with capes.

Especially attractive black Coats in Zibeline or beaver,
\$7.00 to \$18.00 each.

Very handsome robe Costume Dresses are here now--a little Late but all the newer for that.

The novelties of the Fall season. Those flash and flake and knope effects.

Beautiful rich colorings, browns, blues, dark greens, with a bright flash of red or some contrasting color.
\$1.45 to \$1.75 yd.

2,000 yards new American fancy Waistings. All fast colors in the washing.

"Mourie" Flannels in very attractive colorings—two and three color printing,
15c. yd.

Superfine Kimono Flannels in very neat designs, a full yard wide,
25c. yd.

White ground fancy Parisian stripe matting waistings,
22c. yd.

For Dressing Gowns and Dressing Sacques, new designs in special velour Flannels,
25c. yd.

**Child's
White Cloaks,**
Trimmed with white Fur
and lined throughout.
Special \$1.35 each.

**Fall Bonnets for
Babies and
Little Girls.**
New designs, trimmed
with Fur,
\$1.15 to \$2.75

F. W. DANIEL & CO.,
London House, Charlotte St.

SOME SEASONABLE RECIPES

Tomato toast makes a nice breakfast. Slice firm, ripe tomatoes without peeling them; season each slice with salt, pepper and a slight sprinkling of sugar; dust with flour or bread crumbs and fry in a little butter or oil until a crisp, rich brown on both sides. Have ready some round slices of whole wheat bread toasted and slightly moistened with a little hot water. Lay a slice of the tomato on each round of toast and place where it will keep hot while you make a sauce. Measure the fat left from cooking the tomatoes and to every two level tablespoons add same amount of flour, and stir smooth; then add a cup of milk and stir and cook until it boils up thick. Season to taste with salt and pepper and pour over the tomatoes; garnish with parsley and serve. This, crisp slices of bacon may be served with this dish for additional relish.

For curried tomatoes wash one cupful of tomatoes and one teaspoonful of curry powder, and salt to taste; put a layer of tomatoes in a baking dish, then a layer of the uncooked rice, then tomatoes, and continue with alternate layers until all are used, having the last layer tomatoes; sprinkle the top thickly with buttered crumbs, and bake in a moderate oven half an hour.

For stuffed tomatoes cut a slice from the stem end of tomatoes, and with a spoon take out the soft pulp, not disturbing the dividing membranes. Dust over the inside with salt, pepper and sugar. Season a pint of soft bread crumbs with a teaspoonful of salt, a heaping one of curry powder, a heaping one of sugar, and a level one of salt; pour over the crumbs a half cupful of butter in a spider, add two tablespoons of onion juice, turn in the seasoned crumbs and toss them around until well coated with the butter; now turn into a dish and fill the tomatoes heaping full. (Most authorities advocate a meat filling, but this curried filling will be found a better combination.) Bake until the tomato shell is soft and the filling browned on top.

Tomato croquettes will be useful only if it is liked to stew the vegetables occasionally, as a way of using what may be left over from this service. To a pint of stewed tomatoes add a thin slice of onion, two or three cloves and a good seasoning of salt and pepper. Unless objected to, about a tablespoonful of sugar is an improvement. Heat through in a saucepan and thicken with two tablespoons of corn-starch rubbed smooth in a bit of butter. Stir in, adding an egg just before taking off the stove. When the mixture has cooled, make into croquette form, dip in crumbs and fry by immersion in hot fat.

For fresh fried tomatoes cut large and not over-ripe tomatoes into three thick slices. Do not peel, as the skin serves to hold them in place. Dust with salt and pepper and dredge lightly with flour. Have some hot butter or half butter and half suet drippings in a frying pan, lay in slices and fry slowly. When brown on one side, turn on the other, and when tender, but not so well cooked that they cannot be lifted without breaking, lift slowly with a turner and slide on to a hot dish. Stir into the fat remaining in the frying pan two tablespoons of flour, and when smooth add slowly a pint of rich, hot milk. Stir constantly until it boils, season with salt and pepper, and pour over the tomatoes. Another way is to dip the slices in egg and bread crumbs and serve with brown sauce.

For baked tomatoes select a half dozen firm and smooth tomatoes and cut a slice from the end of each, and take out the inside. Mix together one-half cupful of finely minced cold boiled ham and stale bread crumbs to which are added some chopped parsley, butter, salt and pepper. Fill the tomatoes with this mixture and sprinkle over the top grated bread crumbs. Put the tomatoes in a baking pan, pour over them a tablespoonful of melted butter and bake for a half hour. Serve hot.

For deviled tomatoes use two tablespoons of butter and one of powdered sugar, add one salt spoonful each of red and dry mustard with a dash of red pepper, one beaten egg and the yolk of two hard-boiled eggs and mix. Add slowly three tablespoons of vinegar and cook until it thickens, stirring constantly. Peel the tomatoes, cut in half-inch slices, season with salt and pepper, sprinkle with flour and fry in hot butter. Toss in a dish and pour the sauce over them and serve at once.

Fried Green Tomatoes are now served with broiled steak. Cut six large, green tomatoes into slices about eighth of an inch thick. Beat the tops of an egg with a tablespoonful of cold water. Season the tomato slices with salt and

ERIN'S HALL OF FAME.

"Please give me," said the teacher as she rubbed her tired eyes.
The names of some great Irishmen, my dears."
And when a hand waved frantically she noticed with surprise
The grimy paw was Jimmie McAlister's.
"Twas something new for Jimmie to be interested when
A question was before the house, and so:
"Well, Jimmie," said the teacher, "name your famous Irishmen."
He proudly answered: "Here's a few I know:
"McGinty and Hogan,
"Mike Kelly, Dicky Cogan,
"Jim Collins, Wild Bill Donovan and Ryan;
"McGill and McIntyre,
"Spike Shannon and McGuire,
"McCarthy, Dolan, Daly and O'Brien;
"Jiggs Donohue, McBride,
"Well, the Phases' pre:
"McFarland, Muggs McGaw and B. Mc-Gulr;
"Maloney, Grady, Lally,
"Jack Sullivan, O'Malley,
"Pat Flaherty, J. Hurley Eddie Burke;
"McConnell and McConnell
"McGilligan, O'Donnell,
"McGinley, McNamara and McGann;
"Hugh Duffy and McMackin,
"McHale, McGee, McCracken,
"O'Neil, McQuaid, McManus and McMahon."

"Why, Jimmie," cried the teacher, "just wait a moment, please! How is it that you didn't give me any names like these?"

pepper and dip into beaten egg and coat with fine grated bread crumbs. Saute them in butter or oil, cooking very tender and browning both sides. Serve with a sauce made as follows: Rub two level tablespoonsful of butter and two of flour to a smooth paste, then put into a sauce pan and brown a good rich color. Add a cup of hot milk and stir and cook until the sauce begins to thicken. Season with salt and pour over the tomatoes and serve very hot.

Tomatoes and corn stewed together in equal quantities is a delicious combination. A little minced onion and salt, pepper, sugar, and butter, should be added. Until the corn is good and plenty, try rice and tomatoes. Put a thick layer of peeled and sliced tomatoes in a baking dish, season highly with cayenne pepper, salt, and butter. Cover this with a layer of boiled rice, and alternate the two until the dish is full. Cover closely and bake.

For frozen tomato salad select a dozen perfectly ripe but solid tomatoes. Peel, remove the core and chop them fine, season with salt, paprika, a little lemon juice or vinegar from horse radish pickle. Turn into the ice-cream freezer and freeze solid, then turn into little fancy moulds and pack in ice and salt until ready to freeze. Serve on crisp heart leaf of lettuce with a spoonful of mayonnaise beside each mould. If you wish this may be served as soon as frozen, if solid enough, and dipped out in pyramid shapes with the ordinary ice-cream dipper.

For tomato and nut scallop take one cupful each of fresh stewed tomatoes, soft bread crumbs and chopped roasted peanuts. Mix the nuts and bread crumbs together; stir in a teaspoonful of melted butter, half a salt-spoonful of pepper and heaping salt-spoonful of sugar. Season the tomatoes with the same proportion of seasoning. Put the nut mixture and tomatoes in alternate layers in a baking dish, having the nut preparation on top. Bake in a quick oven until nicely browned. Serve hot or cold.

APPETIZING RELISHES.

Celery Salad—Heat one cup of milk and stir in one level teaspoonful of cornstarch dissolved in a little cold milk. Mix together one beaten egg, one level teaspoon of salt and two of sugar, one-half level teaspoon of mustard and a dash of cayenne. Pour the hot milk slowly over the dry ingredients and cook until it thickens, stirring all the time. When smooth take off the fire, add two tablespoons each of vinegar and olive oil. Mix well, cool and pour over celery cut in fine pieces.

Crumbed Cucumbers—Select large full grown, but not ripe, cucumbers, pare and cut in halves lengthwise. Mix one cup of bread crumbs, three tablespoons of melted butter, one rounding teaspoon of finely chopped onion and a very little sweet pepper. Season the seeds out of the cucumbers, lay the halves in a buttered pan, fill rounding full with the seasoned crumbs. Have the oven hot and bake the cucumbers until tender.

Macedoine Salad—For this salad take any cold vegetables, no matter how many kinds are used at once. Peas, string beans, a beat and a carrot, a potato or a turnip and a few flowers of cauliflower all combine well together, and after cutting them in suitable shapes mix them with a French dressing.

Stuffed Baked Tomatoes—Select round ripe tomatoes, cut off the stem end and scoop out the seeds. Mix one-half cup each of fine bread crumbs, finely chopped chicken or ham. Season with salt, pepper, onion juice, and a little made mustard and a pinch of ground cloves. Season the inside of each tomato with salt and sugar, fill with stuffing and set in a baking dish of Japanese ware or other heat-proof dish that will look well enough for the table. Pour over the tomatoes a tablespoon of melted butter, or a little on each and sprinkle with sifted bread crumbs. Bake about half an hour.

Lettuce and Ham Salad—Wash two heads of firm lettuce and put in the ice-chest, or in cold water to keep it crisp. Do not let it stand in water long. Cut a thin slice of ham into small pieces and fry brown, then add, while hot, two tablespoons of vinegar, two tablespoons of sour cream and one beaten egg. Stir the mixture constantly and when it thickens pour it over the lettuce, which has been drained and arranged on a salad dish.

Tongue Salad—Canned tongue may be used for this salad. Slice the tongue thin and set in small pieces. Marinate with French dressing, and is ready to serve mix with shredded lettuce and mayonnaise dressing.

STUDENT LOYALTY.

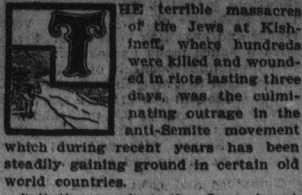
(Chicago Herald.)
Once upon a time Prof. Wilson, of Edinburgh wrote on the blackboard in his laboratory:
"Prof. Wilson informs his students that he has this day been appointed honorary physician to the queen."
In the course of the morning he had occasion to leave the room and found on his return that a student had added to the announcement the words:
"God save the queen."

PREACHER ON LYNCHING.

At a session of the negro Baptist Conference in the Bethany Baptist church, in Newark, N. J., recently, lychnings in the south were practically defended by the Rev. J. C. Love, pastor of the Union Baptist church at Montclair.
He declared that the treatment of white men by some Southern negroes was as much as to justify the most severe punishment.
The Rev. E. A. Motley, of Jersey City, said:—"The trouble is that you people here in the North are fretting yourselves to death about the negro in the South, while the negro there is contented and happy."

Bicyclists and all athletes depend on BENTLEY'S LINIMENT to keep their joints limber and muscles in trim.

The Persecution of the Jews in Continental Europe, And Conditions Leading Up to the Kishineff Horror



THE terrible massacre of the Jews at Kishineff, where hundreds were killed and wounded in riots lasting three days, was the culminating outrage in the anti-Semitic movement which during recent years has been steadily gaining ground in certain old world countries.

Agitation against the Jews is no modern institution, for history shows that the chosen people have been persecuted ever since their dispersal from Palestine. But the anti-Semitism of today has characteristics quite apart from torture and murder, which make it even a more deadly menace to the objects of its rancor than it was in the days when it chiefly manifested itself in actions such as those recently reported from Russia. It is when it invokes the law rather than the sword that its hand falls heaviest on the long suffering race, and as a rule modern anti-Semitism is coming to depend more and more upon legal processes, outbreaks of the Kishineff type being but sporadic instances where fanatical hatred breaks all bounds and will not be denied its prey. As a matter of fact the Kishineff affair serves to demonstrate the attitude of not only the legal, but the ecclesiastical authorities of Russia, for it is known that the archbishop of Bessarabia, when invoked to use his influence to stop the slaughter, refused to interfere, taking the view that it was expedient to allow the massacre to continue in the name of the peasants in the czar's domains. The Roumanian persecutions, which last year evoked from Secretary Hay a stern note of protest, emphasize the possibilities of legal persecution. In Roumania the anti-Semites secured the passage of laws which individually might be considered mere petty annoyances, but collectively amounted to a terrible abuse of power, deadening to



The Car and Carriage in Court Costumes of More Than Two Centuries Ago. (From a Recent Photograph.)



Alexander Square, Kishineff.

against Russian nihilist refugees, but afterward turned against the Hebrews. According to this law, "Aliens whose conduct compromises the internal or external security of the state, or disturbs its peace" may be deported from their homes or forced to reside in assigned districts. The anti-Semites have seen to it that this arbitrary legislation is operated to its fullest extent, and the resultant upheavals of the Jews may be better imagined than described.

So far as Roumania is concerned the feeling against the Jews is not racial or religious, but is essentially economic. A recent writer has expressed his countrymen's prejudice in this epigram: "We object to the Jews because they keep the peasant poor and the noble corrupt." At bottom the real objection is that the Jews, by their industry and thrift, succeed where the less energetic and less ambitious Roumanians fail. Jealousy is the true motive, just as jealousy is the motive in Russia, although in the latter country jealousy is mingled with the desire of the authorities, when rendered uneasy by revolutionary movements, to make the Jew a convenient scapegoat for both parties.

Thus, wherever anti-Semitism prevails the religious cry is often raised and—as in the Kishineff massacre—the medieval superstition that Jews kill Christian children at the Passover is occasionally revived for the purpose of inflaming mob spirit. But in the main anti-Semitism is based on social or political grounds, religious and racial differences being side issues. It would almost appear as though the chief cause of the movement, in whatever land it makes itself manifest, lies in the success of the Jews in so many fields of endeavor, for in proportion to their numbers they have given more men of talent to civilization than has any other people, and the proportion is increased if we except those countries where the Jews have still to struggle under discriminating laws.

In point of fact all the great powers

of the continent, with the exception of Italy, have Jewish problems. Anti-Semitism flourishes in Austria and Germany, the Jews of the latter country being victims of the spirit of chauvinism and Teutonic exclusiveness common to both the old and the liberal political parties. In neither of these countries, however, does Jew baiting attain the virulence displayed in recent years in Russia and France. Judging by the ebullitions that followed the Dreyfus case it would seem as though anti-Semitism in the republic, more than in other European countries, had its origin in racial prejudices. The outbreaks in Algeria under the leadership of notoriety seeking Max Regis were on the same order, and every one will remember to what lengths the followers of Regis went in their attacks upon the Jews. Add to this that as mayor of Algiers Regis used his influence to pass and enforce municipal regulations aimed at the suppression and even extinction of the Jews and it is easy to understand how unhappy their lot became. Homeless and penniless they were driven out of Algeria by the hundreds. Regis was but putting into practice the theory upon which anti-Semitism lays so much stress today—that the best way to deal with the Jew is to "regulate" him by process of law. The shootings and burnings were merely incidental.

Neither England nor the United States is as yet infected with the evil of anti-Semitism and it is incredible to suppose that in either of these countries the "unreasonable prejudice" will grow to the dimensions it has attained in Europe. True there are occasional outbreaks, such as that in connection with the funeral of Rabbi Joseph in New York, but they cannot be termed indications of any national anti-Semitism. No better evidence of the toleration of the Jew in England and America is wanting than the fact that both have long been famed as a refuge for the victims of continental persecutions.

H. ADDINGTON BRUCE.

Snap Shots of Tolstoi, the Great Russian Reformer; His Characteristics Exploited In Words and Pictures



THIS is Leo Tolstoi, the man who has done more than any other Russian for the betterment of the condition of the peasants in the czar's domains. The portrait shows well the rugged honesty, the innate simplicity and the strength that are the main characteristics of Tolstoi—aristocrat by birth, democrat by instinct. Needless to say, he is a man of strong convictions, which he has, by means of his novels, made known throughout the world. He is one of the most loved and also the most hated men in all Russia.



TOLSTOI carries his teachings into his everyday life. He is an ardent advocate of manual labor, especially of labor in the fields. Therefore we find him following the plow, digging, harvesting. The camera has caught him in a characteristic attitude. Seize him in hand, he has paused to consider some new theory, some flash of inspiration, that has just come to him. Tolstoi is always thinking and, energetically as he may wield the scythe, the sickle or the spade, his brain is working even more rapidly and to greater purpose.



BACK from the field Tolstoi hastens to put on paper the thoughts that have taken possession of him while at work. Seated on a low stool before the simple desk in his equally simple study, he transcribes ideas that are later to be given to the world to the increase of his fame. It may be that he has just conceived another "Anna Karolina" or "Resurrection." It may be the germ of a new phase of his famous sociological philosophy. It is certain to be a message that will be listened to by the civilized world.



ONE of the most striking tributes ever paid to Tolstoi was by the artist Boulin, who made the great teacher the central figure in a painting depicting a group of fishermen. Tolstoi, as the illustration shows, is represented holding the end of a net. The painting was exhibited in St. Petersburg, where it was much admired by a fanatical opponent of Tolstoi. Although the picture was purely a work of the imagination, Tolstoi is no stranger to the seine and the river bank and takes keen enjoyment in this avocation.



THOSE who know the Tolstoi of today would never recognize this picture as a portrait of the count, but it is a characteristic likeness of him taken many years ago. In those days Tolstoi had not had his "second birth" and was the gayest of the gay. He often looks back with regret to the vagaries of his youth, but at the same time admits that the experience gained then was a powerful factor in his development. Another strong influence was his young bride, for his early marriage soon steadied him.



ONE of Tolstoi's strongest beliefs is the necessity for physical recreation to keep a man in perfect condition. The count is an adept in horsemanship and when his health permits is a strenuous tennis player. He is also a bicycle rider of no mean order, but the machine beside which he is standing belongs to his aristocratic son, the count having given up his own wheel for the characteristic reason that since less favored mortals could not afford to possess a bicycle he had no right to one. Needless to say his son has other ideas.



NO better idea of Tolstoi's tendency to run to extremes can be obtained than from this illustration, which shows the count in the garb of a Russian peasant—blouse, girdle and all. At the same time he has an air of authority which involuntarily commands respect and stamps him as above the moujiks whose attitude he affects. Tolstoi may at times be a peasant in dress, but he is never a peasant in thought, although no man has a fuller understanding of the soul of the great Russian under-world.

The Clash of Organized Capital With Organized Labor; The Differences and Potentialities of the Situation

HAS a war to the death between organized labor and organized capital begun? That is the question which has been uppermost in the minds of many people since the formation in New York of an employers' association, representing the various trades connected with the building industry, whose object it is to terminate the unsettled conditions that have prevailed in the building trades for several years. There has scarcely been a time in the past four years when there was not at least one strike in progress, the culmination of the builders' troubles coming with the disagreement between the Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners and the Amalgamated Association of Carpenters, which completely tied up building operations in Gotham.

The employers disclaim any intention of declaring war on organized labor, but many unionists are convinced, from the nature of the demands made by the association, that it is only a question of time when a fight to the finish will develop, a fight which may not illogically extend until it covers the greater part of the country. The avowed policy of the employers' union embraces demands for the exclusion of unskilled labor from trades unions, the abolition of the walking delegate and the shop steward and the termination of the practice of ordering "sympathy strikes." All these are part and parcel of trades unionism, but the concerted move against sympathetic strikes is especially important, for it is upon such strikes that the unions place the greatest reliance as giving them their most powerful weapon to bring employers to terms. Not unnaturally they affirm that it might be sounding their death knell to make this concession. On the other hand, the contention of the employers is that by the abolition of sym-

pathetic strikes both capital and labor will be benefited. Their argument, as expressed in an official statement, runs: "It is a well established fact that in theory the best results for both employers and employees are reached by harmoniously working together. It is and will be the aim of employers and members of this association to endeavor to place this theory in working practice, but this is almost impossible as an operating plan, because sympathetic strikes are arbitrarily ordered by the board of walking delegates, making the agreements of different unions with their individual employers of no value whatever. This association of employers is absolutely opposed to sympathetic strikes and the interference of political demagogues in the business affairs of its members."

In pursuance of this policy the employers' union has already begun to meet sympathetic strikes by sympathetic lockouts, and it is said that similar steps will be taken in the near future by like organizations throughout the country. Many labor leaders hold, however, that the employers are not in a position to continue for any length of time such a policy on a national basis. One of the reasons advanced for this opinion is that the employers, unlike the employees, are "fixtured" and that, while it is possible for the unionist who goes out on a sympathetic strike to secure employment in some other place, the employer is in a very different position. Furthermore, say the labor men, the employer's hands are as a rule tied by reason of the fact that in nine cases out of ten he is the holder of contracts and is frequently under heavy bonds to perform his undertakings in a certain time.

The main argument of the leaders with whom this view of the situation obtains is important in its possibilities. It is pointed out that as a result of many years of agitation and education



the unionists have become essentially co-operative, whereas the employers are competitive, earning their daily bread by underbidding one another. With such conditions prevailing it is contended that the latter cannot unite, or if they do come together cannot work in harmony. This view the labor leaders maintain, despite the fact of the New York organization.

It is apparent, therefore, provided the



contentions of the labor men are correct, that if the various trades of the country are planning a gigantic war on labor they must form national organizations for the prevention of competitive cutting of prices. This the employers admit, and they also admit that it would take time to effect such organizations, just as it has taken time for the unions to educate their members to co-operative ideas, but that it is not impossible for the employers to get together in this way is shown, the friends of the association assert, by the history of the organization of employing printers, among whom underbidding is virtually a thing of the past.

The trades unionists, however, contend that in the case of the printers the situation is radically different and that even if an analogy could reasonably be drawn the building trades industry has

contention that the association is not in a position to proceed to extreme measures, and further give it as their opinion that the employers' association is doomed to failure. But there are unionists again who, recalling the speech made by David M. Parry, president of the National Association of Manufacturers, at the last annual convention in New Orleans, see in this organization in New York the first step in the carrying out of the ideas promulgated by Mr. Parry.

In his address President Parry made one of the most scathing arraignments of union labor heard in this country in recent years and called upon the manufacturers to unite in a war which should not end until trades unionism as at present constituted had been stamped out. Needless to say, his remarks attracted a great deal of attention and elicited much comment, favorable and otherwise. But whether he was right or whether he was wrong in his denunciation of organized labor, his remarks, in the light of recent events, have an added interest, and signs are not wanting that organizations along lines of sympathy with his programme may soon be effected in several cities.

Whatever the ultimate effect of the union of New York employers, it includes men who are certainly representative of the building trades of that city. The list includes the names of Charles L. Edlitz, electrical contractor; one of the most prominent figures in the present controversy; Otto M. Edlitz, mason builder; Theodore Hoffstatter, interior decorator; E. B. Tompkins, marble worker; Hugh Getty, master carpenter; J. M. Cornell, iron manufacturer; and Daniel W. O'Neill, woodworker. These are the men who will be expected to answer the question, Has a war to the death between organized labor and organized capital begun?

TRUMAN L. ELTON.

TWO LEADERS IN THE UNION OF EMPLOYERS.

Sporting

Baseball.

FRED CLARKE'S DEBUT.

If Barney Dreyfuss had not once missed a train, the Pittsburgh would never have had Fred Clarke, says the Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Yes, it was very funny how I first got a sight of Clarke years ago," says the president of the Pittsburgh club. "It's funny too, how I came to take a liking to him, for his team's showing on the day I saw him was not enough to make me warm up—his team was beaten 22 to nothing, or 23 to two, I don't remember which, but either was had enough."

"It was in the summer of 1894 that I was coming through the south and got held up in Memphis through missing my connection. Of course, my first shot was for the base ball grounds, where Savannah was booked to meet the Memphis boys. I always liked to look over the young fellows and keep the best of them in view for an emergency."

"I knew the managers of both teams, and when the boys got working I did not feel favorably impressed with any of them. 'Tub' Welch was to do the catching for Savannah, but at the last moment he sent word that he was sick and could not come to put on a uniform."

"This left McClosky, of the Savannah, in a nice hole, for he had not another catcher on the team."

"Finally Mac called on a young fellow, who had been chasing punts in left. This fellow seemed to be underdressed for a ball player, and wore a fierce moustache. It was Fred Clarke."

"After some time he agreed to go behind the bat and catch the game. I learned before the game had begun that it was the first time the youngster had ever been behind the bat, and this made me look at him carefully."

"It was nothing but a slaughter of the innocents. The Savannah team was killed the moment it stepped into the diamond and the score rolled up was fearful."

"The willing young catcher, however, did creditable work behind the bat and when at bat he made some nice hits."

"He seemed to conduct himself like a ball player—a little green yet, perhaps, but he looked as if he might learn the game."

"When I returned to Louisville we were not doing good work with our team and I was looking over carefully for a place to break in."

"It was always for improvement in base ball, and did not believe in 'killing' Barnie, then our manager, was for sticking ever to the old fellows."

"He seemed to have the idea that base ball knowledge was tied up in a few heads and that the young fellows must wait until the older ones died before they would get a chance."

"The Louisville team was then made up as follows: Bill Brown, first; Fred Pfeiffer, second; Danny Richardson, short; Jerry Denny, third; Tom Brown, right; Larry Twitchell, left, and Pete Browning, centre."

"Now there was a good heavy team. They surely had the age and the experience, but I didn't care for this if they could only win a few games."

"They did not seem to do much at this, so I insisted on a change. Barnie was against touching the team, and finally, in desperation, one day I sent word to Savannah that I wanted the young fellow who had caught that game against Memphis."

"I asked the price, and was told \$200. I sent the money and asked Clarke to be sent at once."

"The day he arrived I had some trouble. The boys had heard of the youngster coming and, to tell the truth, some of them did not like it. I was ready to revolt. I gave orders that Clarke should play left field in place of Twitchell that day, but when the ball came to dress he found that there was not a uniform in the club near his size. The best he could do was to put on one of Larry Twitchell's and when he came on the field he did so with a grin, and he surely made a hit. He had to roll the pants up at the bottom, and also rolled the sleeves of the blouse up. I was determined by this time to play if it cost him his life, for he seemed to think the cards had been stacked against him."

"Until they move Louisville across the river the game will never be forgotten by the people of the town."

"Quay Weyhing, too, will always remember it."

"Philadelphia was the attraction then and Weyhing had up to this time been our Jonah. Clarke was placed pretty well up in the batting list, and when he came to bat, Weyhing almost took a fit."

"Imagine 'Tommy' Leach coming to the plate wrapped in 'Hans' Wagner's uniform and you have a good idea of what Clarke looked like that day. The only thing formidable looking about him was his moustache."

"Weyhing laughed and made all sorts of fun about the youngster, and the crowd in the grand stand began to call Clarke 'Pants' and shout questions up to me as to where I had picked up this child, etc. I said nothing but waited for Weyhing to pitch the ball."

"Clarke never waited. He saw the first one was good and he took a shot at it. I shan't forget that hit. It tore over Weyhing's head like a bullet, and went for a single. 'Pants' stole second, and from that moment the Louisville people took him to their hearts. But 'Pants' was not through with that day's work yet."

"He made four hits in the game, one of them a fast affair to short, which he beat out by a step."

"The fact that Twitchell's pants came down to his ankles did not faze him the least bit."

"He won the game for Louisville, the first he had won from Weyhing that season, and his batting and fielding put some life in the team which had been dead."

"Down in Louisville yet they refer to 'Fred' as 'Pants,' because of his first appearance in 'Larry' Twitchell's togs."

"I have made some lucky investments in my time, but I consider that \$200 which I paid for 'Fred' Clarke about my best."

HUNTING BASEBALL PLAYERS.

The leading baseball teams of the major leagues are finding it more difficult every day to secure recruits from

the minor league lines. It has been estimated that fully \$100,000 will be expended in securing new material for the big league clubs before the season of 1904 is opened. Yet with this vast sum at their disposal the management of the big city organizations agree in reporting that the work of securing desirable timber for next season is growing harder every day.

It is the smaller league teams that produce the players that from time to time take the place of the erstwhile stars of the diamond who for one reason or another retire from the game. Many followers of the game of baseball who have not given the subject much thought consider it an easy proposition to stock the club ranks with the shining players of the minor league teams. On the contrary, it is not as easy as many think.

In the first place, no team will part with its best player for other players without a comfortable bonus. It is no unusual thing for a major league team to pay from \$1,000 to \$1,500 for a player's release. Having bought the star's release, in four cases out of five he proves to be a failure pure and simple in the fast company to which he is introduced. Baseball managers look up on this feature as a gamble, with 70 per cent. of the chances against the club.

After giving the player plenty of opportunity and possibly losing one or more games through his errors he has to be returned to the minor league club or released entirely. In most cases the club out of his purchase price and his salary while with the club. Many such experiences have made the managers of the big teams skeptical when reports are given them regarding the wonderful playing of some crack on a smaller league club.

This brings up another feature of the business which is little appreciated by the average spectator at a ball game. In years gone by the magnates depended upon some friendly report to aid them in picking up promising players. But this is a thing of the past in the strenuous baseball struggles of today.

The leading teams now have paid agents who tour the country watching the play of the smaller league teams and carefully considering what chance their leading players would have in the big organizations.

Even these experienced judges of baseball are frequently deceived by the prospective stars. What appears like brilliant playing in slow company becomes mediocre when placed alongside the National or American league base ball players. Noted authority stated recently that less than one-quarter of the imported stars last a month in the big leagues and many of the remainder fail to come up to expectations before the season is half over.

KNOCKED OUT AT THE PLATE.

Judging from the recent experience of two ball players, a rap on the head by a swiftly pitched ball temporarily confuses the sense of direction. Joe Yeager, of Detroit, was hit on the head by a pitched ball the other day, and when he got to his feet started for third base. The same idea got into the head of Charlie Dwyer, of the Boston Nationals, last week after he had been knocked down by a speedy ball delivered by Jack Cronin, of the New Yorks. Cronin was in good form that day and one of his fast ones caught Dwyer on the cheek, just back of the head. "I was not," described his sensations as follows:

"I have been at by glancing blows of a pitched ball which for a moment hurt more than the wallop Cronin gave me; this was the first time I was ever knocked out. My head felt as if it was broken in pieces, and there was a crushing sensation, that was the worst thing about it. I was out 20 minutes and when I came to I asked Tim Hux now I was down. You did not fall backward or forward," said Tim, "but went straight down like a man going down a well. One leg was in the air."

"The first thing I was conscious of when I came to was Hux's hand on my eye and looking into it. And when I started to play, such a headache! Then I realized that I must take my base, and I ran down to third base. I finally got my bearings and my position all right. When Mathewson was pitching in a later game, I lost track of his curve balls completely. I could see the straight ones, but the curves faded from my sight. I wasn't right for several days. If I had to go more than 100 feet for my ball I felt as if I was going to lose it, and it was more luck than anything else that I managed to get hold of the ball."

Amusing Watch Kicker.

Otto Feltz says in the Denver Post: "It is amusing to sit at the ball park and watch the players kick at the umpire. Try as that official will he cannot suit them, and the strange part of the whole affair is that the umpire is always wrong for the players' kick. My, no, the dear player could not make a mistake."

"Of course an umpire will make a mistake, and often go wrong on calling balls and strikes, but he does not do so intentionally, and if the player would only let him alone it would not occur half so often. Let us reverse the matter, and every time a player made an error have the umpire shout out: 'Is that what you are drawing a salary for? You are a fine sight to find fault with your own work!'"

"A dose or two of that kind would shut the player up, for if there is anything the player hates it is to be shown up to the spectators, and you will find that it is the players that make the most errors that always do the kicking. That is in nine cases out of ten."

THE AMBIDEXTROUS PLAYER.

There never was a time when the ambidextrous player—the man who could throw as well with his left hand as with his right and vice versa—was a prominent figure in baseball. Occasionally such a man makes his presence felt, but the occasions are extremely rare. Norman Ellerbe, of the New York Americans, is perhaps the most noteworthy exponent of the art of throwing with either hand in the business today, but it is doubtful if he uses his gift in this direction half a dozen times during the season. When Hugh Jennings' right arm lost its cunning some years ago, he devoted himself assiduously to cultivating strength and accuracy in throwing with his left arm, and succeeded fairly well in mastering

control and the ability to throw some distance with his left wing, this idea being to ultimately become an outfielder as a first baseman, in either of which positions throwing left handed is not a handicap. Then his right arm gained sufficient strength to allow him to continue its use as a first baseman, and he gradually dropped his ambidexterity. Winham, the new pitcher of the Pirates, also is in the ambidextrous stakes.

ROWDIES IN BASEBALL.

Forty-five players have been put out of games by American and National league umpires since the season began for kicking and rowdy actions. Lajoie, Kelleys, Fouts and McGraw have been ordered to the bench three times. Boner, Brennan, Sheppard, Hemphill, Heldrick, Doyle, Buelow and Wolverton have each incurred the umpire's official displeasure twice. The St. Louis Cardinals and the only Pittsburgh players who have been punished, and their banishment from games occurred early in the season. In the National league players have been removed from the game 39 times, while in the American league the umpire has had to order men out only 23 times. The Cincinnati players have the worst record as kickers, man have been put out of the game nine different times. The New York Nationals and Brooklyn are tied for a second place, the players of each team having transgressed on several occasions.

LATE BASEBALL GOSSIP.

The Boston Americans clinched the championship last Wednesday, when they put over the Cleveland bogs, giving one of the finest exhibitions of skill work ever witnessed at the American grounds. Twenty-three of the cleanest kinds of hits with a total of 43 bases gave the Americans the victory over the Browns. The St. Louis Cardinals, a left-hander, and Frank Donahue, a tricky right-hander.

The winning of the championship over a lot of first-class ball teams was not a surprise, for the Americans, who would have been hailed with some demonstration of enthusiasm, but here in Boston it caused only a smile of satisfaction.

In Philadelphia last season, when the Athletics won the championship, they were treated like martial heroes returning from a victorious campaign. The players were wine and dined, and there was a monster street parade in their honor.

Nothing of this kind took place "in Boston," and there are no fans in the world who know better than the Bostonians what great playing it takes to win a pennant.

I was a member of the Boston team in 1877 when it pulled out the championship on the very last day of the season, with Louisville the runner up. The next day Pre. A. H. Soden took the members of the team down to Revere beach to a nice clam bake. Clubs did not then make the money they do these days, and that fall the players—even after winning the championship—were forced to go without their salary for the last two weeks of the season.

How different now. Salaries three times as large and many more players on the pay-roll. Salaries must be paid promptly now or the club has no standing in baseball.

The players of those days appreciated the winning of a championship as much as do the boys of today, if not more. Despite the coolness shown by the Boston public after the flag was won it is remarkable how many fans will turn out at the games right through the season. The Boston Americans have drawn close to 400,000 persons to their games this season. This is more than any other club has drawn, for the count is accurate, and not estimated and swelled as it is in many cities.

Boston teams have won the championship fourteen times during the last thirty-three years, or since professional baseball began in 1871.

The first year three clubs were tied, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston. Philadelphia won the prize in the play-off on the Union grounds, Brooklyn. It was during this series that John Hatfield made the longest throw on record, and while Wagner, E. Crane and others are said to have beaten Hatfield's record, there is no proof that the measurements were properly made with a steel tape, so Hatfield's record stands today.

From '72 until '76 Boston won the championship, one of the Philadelphia clubs usually acting as the runner-up. In '77 and '78 Boston again carried off first honors, and then skipped to '82, when it was 189 before another great race was won by Boston and this time it was the players' league. The following season Boston had the pleasure of landing two championships, the National League and the American Association. Frank Selee followed his hand and won the championship for Boston in '92 and '93. In '97 and '98 Selee got there again. Since then, until a season ago, we have been satisfied to see first place go to other cities.

The championship means a good deal to the ball players and to the public. While a club is hustling for first place all the games are interesting. That comes the exhibition games for money-making purposes, and the interest soon abates. This fall we have a lot of exhibition games, and I predict nine-tenths of them will be failures. In most cases the players are not up to the mark and will be unmanageable.

SUCCESSFUL MEDICAL TREATMENT.

(Hartford Courant.)

Carroll D. Wright, an authority upon questions of labor, passed a good part of his boyhood in the New Hampshire town of Dunbarton. There used to live near Dunbarton a physician remarkable for his confidence in himself.

"A good story about this physician used to circulate in our town. According to it, an old woman stopped his rig one day, and pointed toward a house with crabs on the door."

"So doctor," she said, "misleadingly, 'Mr. Brown is dead, for all your promise to cure him, eh?'"

"The doctor looked at her in his pompous way."

"You're mistaken," he said. "You didn't follow the progress of the case. It's true Mr. Brown is dead, but he died cured."

WISE BISHOP POTTER.

(New York Tribune.)

A woman recently in conversation with Bishop Potter asked:

"How is it, Bishop, that you find words of praise to satisfy all the mothers of the babies you christen without causing jealousy?"

"I just take the baby in my arms, rock it to and fro," answered the Bishop, "and say, 'This is INDEED a baby!'"

ARIZONA RUINS REVEAL TREASURES.

Many Human Skeletons Are Found Within the Walls of an Ancient Monastery.

DOUGLAS, Ariz., Sept. 24.—Charles Milton, a mining man of Sonora, and W. R. Humphries, a photographer, have returned to Douglas, bringing a story as startling as any tragedy ever brought out of this historical land.

Milton says that while prospecting with a companion, W. R. Walton, in a deserted spot thirty miles west of Douglas, he came upon the ruins of an ancient convent, which from its appearance had not known the presence of a man for a century.

Surrounding it were the remains of an ancient porch, which apparently in the long ago was a proper community.

Milton and Walton examined the ruins to see who told them that there was a legend among the people that a great treasure had been hidden there, and that somewhere in the ruins was hidden a great treasure of gold, silver and jewels.

Milton's first examination convinced him that the convent had been the object of the treasure hunters' search, and that the treasure was hidden in the ruins of the convent.

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Wins at Polls, Loses His Heart.

Elery H. Clark, Champion Amateur Athlete, Meets His Fate in Tenement District.

(Elery H. Clark, mentioned in the following dispatch from Boston to the New York Herald, is known in this city, where he has competed in several athletic events. He is the holder of several records.)

BOSTON, Mass., Sept. 24.—In the announcement of the engagement of Elery H. Clark, amateur all-around athlete, champion of America, clubman, lawyer and a society favorite, to Miss Victoria Mary Maddalena, a petit brunette of humble Swiss parentage, there is the revealing of as pretty a romance ever found its way into the story books.

Politics led the man, who has twice met and defeated the pick of the country in the battle for the amateur championship into the "voting" residence in the very heart of the Back Bay—the tenement district of Boston. Here he met and wooed the girl, not yet out of her teens, who is to become his bride this fall. The strong man, who was specially being relegated to the category of the confirmed bachelors by leaders of the exclusive social set in which he was at home, succumbed "at first sight."

Ambitious for a place in politics, Mr. Clark became a candidate last fall for the school committee from Ward 9. Friends of his wondered at his change of residence. His magnificent home is in Ward 11, at No. 43 Bay State road, the most aristocratic residential district of the city.

To win his fight for the school board the famous athlete abandoned his luxurious family mansion and took up his residence in a middle class hotel. Friends of the young man were surprised when the official ballots gave the residence of Elery H. Clark as in a cheap hotel, over a saloon and close to the elevated railroad tracks.

They had believed he passed his winters in the Back Bay and his summers at the family summer residence in Cohasset.

Politicians, too, were surprised at the "voting" residence of the young lawyer. It was frequently commented upon during the heat of the campaign. The climax of the sensation came when it was rumored that the Election Commissioners were about to investigate Mr. Clark's status as a candidate. But election day came and Mr. Clark was duly elected to the school board of the city.

The famous athlete won his fight by his change of residence. Now it appears he also won his bride. In the hotel during the days when Mr. Clark was winning "votes" for his school board seat, there was a girl of eighteen years, daughter of an obscure Swiss family. She had a wealth of black hair, beautiful blue eyes and a manner that bespoke a spirit far above her station.

Clark met and talked with her. She was in her senior year at the Girls' Latin school. The acquaintance grew, and he found her a girl of spirit and of wit. Above all, he discovered her love of outdoor sports and athletics.

Immediately after the engagement was announced to the families Miss Maddalena went to Cohasset to visit at the summer home of the Clarks. She accompanied Mr. Clark on duck hunting trips, took long walks over the hills and took her first lessons in golf. He delighted at last to be able to appease her appetite for healthful exercise.

Victoria Mary Maddalena is the daughter of Daniel Maddalena, who lives at No. 68 West Newton street. The father came from Switzerland from the country in 1875 and soon afterward married. Victoria is the eldest of four children.

LET'S TURN CANNIBAL.

Boric acid in the soup. Wood alcohol in wine. Catsup dyed a lurid hue. By using analine:

The old hulls of cocoanuts Served to us as spices: I reckon crisp and frigid glass Is dishied out with the ice.

The milk—the kind the old cow gives—Way down at Clover-side—It's one-third milk and water, and—And then, formaldehyde.

The strup's bleached by using tin, And honey's just glucose, And what the fancy butter is The goodness gracious knows.

The olive oil's of cotton seed, There's alum in the bread; It's really a surprise to me The whole darned race ain't dead.

Meantime all the germs and things Are buzzing fit to kill. If the food you eat don't get you The goldarned microbes will.

—Montreal Herald.

AN EFFECTIVE DEVICE.

(Argonaut.)

Two Highlanders, being in Glasgow at the first time, were having a walk through the city. Turning a corner, they were much surprised to see a water cart wetting the street. Not having seen anything like it before, Toggall, under a mistaken idea, ran after the cart and cried to the driver: "Hey, man—hey, man, yer losin' a yer water!"

His friend, annoyed at Toggall's want of knowledge, ran after him, caught him by the arm, and said, rather testily:

"Toggall, man, Toggall, dinna be showin' yer ignorance. D'yer no see it's to keep the laddies off the back of the cart?"

A PROPER DISPOSITION.

(New York Times.)

Edgar Van Buren, vice-president of the Boston and Albany railroad, said that some time ago he introduced a new system for getting information as to the destruction of farmers' property along the line of the railroad. A blank was prepared to give the name of the animal killed, the kind of animal, and other information. A space was reserved for an answer to the following question:

"Disposition of carcass?"

A signman whose duty it was to make a report on this blank wrote opposite the line last night:

"Kind and gentle."



A BAD COMPLEXION

Is but one of the sure signs of constipated bowels. Most any other ailment you may have is likely to be another sign. Constipation will derange the system and produce any trouble in the category of medicines.

Laxa-Care Tablets clear up bad complexion clear up the inside of your body; put a stop to all the resultant from clogged bowels; act soothingly but surely and build up a strong, healthy intestinal canal.

Laxa-Care Tablets will not only relieve but effect a complete cure. They are a vegetable compound, put up in convenient chocolate-coated tablets—pleasant to take—pleasant in operation.

DYKEMAN'S

THE GREAT MILL END SALE.—We said at the commencement that the sale would last as long as any of the goods remained to be sold. We expected that it would take longer than a week to clear out the immense quantity of mill ends that we have purchased, yet we thought a week might do the work, but it has not. Out of the fifteen thousand yards of mill ends that were placed on sale, perhaps one-third remains to be sold.

Dress Goods in All Lengths.

Some splendid materials suitable for Children's Dresses can be bought at less than half their regular price.

DRESS LENGTHS at less than half their regular price.

SHIRT LENGTHS at less than half their regular price.

There are still lots of good lengths in FLANNELETTES, SHAK-ER FLANNELS, APRON GING-HAMS, GALATEAS, SATEENS, SHIRTINGS and CASHMERE FIN-ISHED WRAPPETTES.

A Lot of Black Mercerized Sateen Skirts

which were bought for this sale came in on Friday too late to be put in at the commencement, but perhaps it is a good thing. It will enthrall many with the excellent opportunities of this sale.

A regular \$2.00 BLACK MERCERIZED SATEEN PETTICOAT will be sold for \$1.25. It is made from an extra fine quality of Black Sateen, has four rows of ruffles on a 12-inch flounce, and is altogether a splendid skirt.

New Waistings 10c. per Yard.

Regular 12c. goods in twenty-three different patterns.

Zibeline Suitings 45c. per yd.

50 inches wide, in a large assortment of colorings. This is a good weight material, suitable for separate skirts or full suits.

Ladies' Walking Skirts.

We have five different styles at our place on sale at special prices during this mill end sale. They are as follows:

CHIEFVOT SKIRTS, the \$2.25 quality, mill end sale price, \$1.50.

FREEZE SKIRTS, the \$4.50 quality, mill end sale price, \$3.25.

VENETIAN SKIRTS, \$5.50 quality, mill end sale price, \$4.50.



Ladies' Coats.

Our new Jackets are to hand. It gives us pleasure to show them to our customers. Many of our friends have told us that they are the best value being shown in the city. Prices run from \$4.00 to \$16.00. This Coat made from fine quality of Wool Frieze in sizes 12, 14, 16, \$5.00.

Box Cloth Skirts.

Regular price, \$6.00; mill end sale price, \$4.00.

Camels' Hair Suitings, 75c. per Yard.

In five different colorings. A most excellent material, well finished, 54 inches wide.



F. A. DYKEMAN & CO.

1,000 Dozen Preserving Jars.

ALSO
Jelly Jars and Tumblers
At Lowest Prices

O. H. WARWICK CO.
Limited.
75 and 80 KING STREET.

DRY HARD WOOD,
\$2.00 Per Load,
Delivered.
Cash with order.
Dry KINDLING ready for use.

J.S. FROST, 53 Smythe St

Between eight and nine o'clock last night Officer Bowers was called into the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Boyle, Union alley, to quell a disturbance between the heads of the family.

The country market was plentifully supplied this morning. The stalls were well stocked and the country dealers had a plethora of produce.

FRUIT

BY AUCTION.

PEARS, PLUMS, TOMATOES at the Central Fruit Auction Store, 14 Charlotte street, on Friday and Saturday evenings at 7.30 o'clock.

WALTER S. POTTS,
AUCTIONEER
Office: 14 Charlotte street. Phone 1546.

AFTER HIDDEN TREASURE.

Some of Diver Lahey's Exploits Under The Sea—Finds Strange and Curious—Lost Gold.

Many tales are told of the men who go down to the deep in vessels, the men that sail to sea and never come back.

There is another class of men that go down into the deep, as a matter of fact and business. The divers in waters, men that use the surface of the deep to ply their trade have perhaps, a more perilous and hazardous undertaking before them in many cases than any on top of the earth.

Edward Lahey of this city, the diver who has a reputation in the great world of the outside as well as at home, is one of such. Since his boyhood days Lahey has taken to the water like a duck and it would be a safe assertion to say that at least one-half of his life has been spent below the tidal line.

Diver Lahey is still a young man, but has had experience to make him read as old as Methuselah. His harbor diving for various lost articles has been in the main successful and he has been called abroad into foreign ports in quest of treasure, lost cargo, and lost life.

The many curious finds of sea relics and old coins that Diver Lahey has in his possession would make a collection for some of our local museums stand out in red letters in a catalogue list.

Lahey has been diving in the deep of Fundy for lost treasure of the Capt. Kidd tradition. Some coins, maybe of that famed pirate's lost have been brought to light of day. No later than this summer Lahey was engaged to locate some lost treasure on the Nova Scotia coast by a St. John man of business. The treasure was supposed to have been in some vessels which were sunk off the Digby coast, almost half a century ago. Much store and stock in the way of copper, etc., was brought to the surface in this instance and to show that here was a tinge of truth in the story of sunken treasure, Lahey found an old golden guinea.

Again this summer Lahey was secured by a well-known St. John boatman to endeavor to locate a vessel of New Brunswick which was lost in a

Charlotte county port about 70 years ago.

It was given out that the captain and some of his relatives who were on board that vessel had in their possession in the vicinity of \$30,000. The name of the craft was the Barbara, and along the coast from St. John to Boston the vessel is famed in song and story.

Again, some coin was brought to light. Time with the diver was, however, limited, but there is not the least doubt that the treasure is there below the sea and some day through the diver's efforts may come to earth once more.

Regarding the sensational article published in recent American papers, the Lower Cove diver says that while not all therein published is gospel truth, there is a good deal of it correct.

Much of his business has been more of a private than a public nature and, while he feels that it would not be fair to his employers to use their names or to tell of the recoveries he has made for them in many instances, he feels that the world, so far as New Brunswick is concerned, has been enriched by his efforts of hunting at the bottom of the sea.

His searches have covered points in the far north of New Brunswick, in the extreme east of the province, through all points in Nova Scotia, in the waters of P. E. I., in the nooks and corners of Newfoundland, through Maine and Massachusetts.

His most recent work has been the attempted recovery of young Rowan's body and, although unsuccessful, the diver has not abandoned hope. In speaking about the search, Diver Lahey said the water in the river at the depth of about half a hundred feet was as dark as ink, not a speck of light being at all visible.

Lahey's record has been singularly free from accidents in his work in the sea. Through all his work in the water he has had as assistants Fred Doyle, Thomas Collins, Robert Norris and others of the South End.

POLICE COURT A BOWLING ALLEY

During the progress of the Thompson manslaughter case in court this morning His Honor Magistrate Ritchie made some comments on some of the police officials not being present when called upon to produce witnesses, etc., also of the unnecessary noise made by the police tramping up and down stairs while the counsel (Mr. Mullin) was addressing the court. The judge said that "This court would put one more in mind of a bowling alley than a court."

The steamer Majestic has been bought by the Star Line Co. and she will be put in service with the Victoria, alternating daily between here and Fredericton. The matter of purchase was arranged yesterday, the Majestic making her first trip to Fredericton last night, leaving there this morning. The Fredericton route has the Beatrice Waring also on the long run. There will be no change in the Majestic crew excepting that a few more deck hands will be added to facilitate the handling of freight, etc.

VITAL STATISTICS.

Fifteen deaths occurred in the city last week from the following causes:

Cholera infantum 2

Capillary bronchitis 2

Old age 1

Gastritis 1

Marasmus 1

Tuberculosis 1

Fracture of skull 1

Tubercular meningitis 1

Leobar pneumonia 1

Carcinoma of breast 1

Congestion of stomach 1

Mammary cancer 1

Congestion of lungs 1

Not a single infectious disease was reported this week.

Jan. W. Humphrey, the well known Moncton sprinter, is entered for the 100 and 125 yards professional races in St. John in the Carnival sports.

Mr. Fox returned to the city yesterday and will preside at the organ in St. John's church tomorrow.

SPECIAL SALE.

F. R. PATTERSON & CO.

THE DAYLIGHT STORE.

A \$1.25

BLACK SATIN SUIT

WAIST

Today

For \$1.

Cor. Duke and Charlotte Sts.

STORE OPEN EVENINGS.

Big line of Vacation Gaps, 25c. to 75c.

Straw Hats, 25c. to \$5.00 each

Light, Cool, Felt Hats, 75c. to \$2.00

Feather Weight Stiff Hats, \$2.00 to \$2.75

THORNE BROS., 93 King St.

THE FESTIVAL A SUCCESS.

Large Audiences Enthusiastic Over the Work of Orchestra, Chorus and Artists Last Night.

The opening concert of the St. John Musical Festival fulfilled all the promises made by its promoters, and lifted the musical ability of St. John a peg higher in the opinion of all critics. Many and hearty were the congratulations showered upon Mr. Chapman and the energetic leaders of the St. John Chorus last night.

The congratulations were thoroughly deserved. The programme rendered was the most difficult ever attempted by St. John amateurs, and the chorus proved itself without doubt the best and most carefully trained ever heard here.

A large and brilliant audience attended last night's performance. A more enthusiastic audience never gathered at the York Theatre, and constantly evinced their appreciation by bursts of hearty applause.

The orchestra proved the central attraction, and through the day, such a body of musicians work together here in more perfectly blended harmony. The orchestra, however, did not seem to make the impression it did last year, not because of a lack of appreciation on the part of the audience, but possibly because of the class of music was less of a popular character than last year.

The performance of the soloists was an artistic treat. Madame Shotwell-Piper sang Massenet's opera Le Cid with marvelous effect. She won many plaudits by her delicious rendering of a pretty love song.

Percy Hemus, the baritone, rendered in excellent voice an air from Verdi's Masked Ball. Responding to an encore, he sang Love's Dilemma, by Richardson. The audience were yet not satisfied and Mr. Hemus was compelled to sing an Irish ditty, and he did it charmingly. Mr. Hemus, later in the evening, gave a Scottish ballad by Cowen, the words of which were Sir Walter Scott's. He was again encored.

Hans Kronold, the noted cellist, gave some inspiring selections on his 'cello. Mr. Kronold is an old favorite in St. John, and the audience last night were not stinting in their appreciation of this talented artist.

The Wagnerian programme carried out last night enthused the audience. Tonight the programme will be even more elaborate.

York Theatre is yet in an unfinished condition and its dismantled state did much to detract from the enjoyment of last night's concert.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. John S. Steeves, Hillsboro, and Edgar A. Rowe, Halifax, are visiting their parents in this city.

Fred H. Hale, M. P., is in town today, looking particularly well notwithstanding the long session at Ottawa.

Mrs. Harry L. Parnfield left for her home in Dorchester, Mass., today.

FOOTBALL.

Yesterday's game between the Trinity and Carleton teams was a close one, both more eager for another tussle. When time was called at the end of the second half, the score stood 3-3, and the referee decided it was too late for further play.

The game commenced a little after five o'clock and during the first half no score was made, though Trinity had slightly the best of the play.

Early in the second half, Burpee, by a lightning dash from Trinity's 25 yard line, scored for Carleton. No goal was kicked. By good punting on the part of their back line, Trinity carried the ball to their opponents' 5-yard line and in a mix-up Titus carried the ball over for a try. Kenney failed to kick a goal and the game ended in a tie.

FESTIVAL CONCERT SUNDAY.

All Artists' Chorus and Orchestra Will Be Heard in Sacred Numbers.

The N. B. Music Festival management decided this morning to hold a grand sacred concert in the York Theatre on Sunday evening commencing at 8.30 o'clock. All the great soloists with the exception of Madame Havelly, will take part, and the programme will be longer and varied.

Francis Archambault, Edward F. Johnson, Madame Shotwell-Piper, Miss Corinne Welsh and Percy Hemus will be heard for the last time, and Mr. Kronold will contribute a cello solo.

The orchestra, fifty strong, and the chorus of three hundred will perform. Part of the evening will be devoted to the rendering of the choicest parts of Verdi's "Requiem," as sung by Grant's Metropolitan Grand Opera Co.

This is an unprecedented opportunity to hear the great artists, chorus and orchestra. The prices are 50c. and 35c.

BEST OF THE YEAR.

No better concert will be given in St. John this year than those of the McCleary Concert Company on Wednesday and Thursday evenings at the Opera House. The singers are one and all exceptionally fine and have been particularly chosen with the idea of giving the St. John public the best that can be had. The tenor, Julian Walker has as smooth and mellow a voice as one would wish to hear. He is a man of magnificent physique and splendid stage presence. Our own Harry McCleary is always a prime favorite, and will give his St. John admirers further cause for their confidence in his musical ability. Kate Stella Burr, the accompanist and composer of note, completes the company. Seats are now on sale at the Opera House box office.

THE REAL DEVIL IS COMING.

"Faust," on a scale of splendor never before attempted, and with scenery and effects which are all new and elaborate in honor of the return of Lewis Morrison himself to his role of Mephisto, will be seen at the Opera House shortly. Lewis Morrison himself will positively appear for the last time here in this part, aided by a supporting company and electrical effects which have never been equaled for this play in former seasons.

Morrell & Sutherland

3 Big Specials

Monday and Tuesday
Sale of Silks, 29c.
Sale of Suiting, 59c.
Sale of Italian Cloth, 15c.

Silks.

300 yards pure silk Tameline, Monday and Tuesday at 29c. a yd. This Silk has an excellent bright finish and is noted for its splendid wearing qualities. In shades of Pink, Sky, Old Rose, Cardinal, Royal and Navy. Sold everywhere at 50c. Our price, Monday and Tuesday:

29c.

Frieze Suiting

500 yards of heavy, all-wool Frieze, 54 inches wide, in Black, Navy, Electric, Brown; Dark Grey and Mid Grey; Excellent value at regular price, 85c. Monday and Tuesday special,

59c.

Italian Cloth.

300 yards fine mercerized Italian Cloth, 32 inches wide. An excellent material for coat lining and undershirts. Regular value 30c. and 35c.; Monday and Tuesday special,

15c.

Morrell & Sutherland.

29 Charlotte St. Opp. Y. M. C. A.

FOR TODAY'S DINNER.

We offer Choice Western Beef—steak or roast.
A Choice Roast and Steak, of Moose Meal.
A Choice Chop Steak of Roast Venison.
Large Roasting Chickens.
Give us your order, we will endeavor to please you and have it delivered promptly.

F. E. WILLIAMS CO., Ltd.
Phone 543 Charlotte S rect. Phone 521 Princess Street.

Some \$2.00 Boots For Women

Which are unequalled for Fit, Wear, Style and Comfort.

Vici Kid, double sole, extension edge, self tip, laced or buttoned, **\$2.00**

Vici Kid, double sole, patent tip, Cuban heel, laced, **\$2.00**

Box Calf, double sole, self tip, military heel, laced, **\$2.00**

Our Women's Laced Boots at \$1.35, \$1.50 and \$1.85 are money savers.

For sale by
FRANCIS & VAUGHAN,
19 King Street.

TEN DAYS MORE UNTIL
ST. JOHN'S BIG

Horse Show

Will take place in Victoria Rink. The Dates are October 6th and 7th.

The Horse Show is now an assured success and some of the best bred horses in Canada will be exhibited. Sir W. C. Van Horne's fine Clydesdale Stallions will be among the number; also Carriage Horses, Tandems, Four-in-Hands, Hunters and Jumpers, Ponies, Pacers, Saddle Horses, etc., making in all a very fine collection.

Athletic Sports.
The entries for the Athletic Sports are large and varied. The best athletes, amateur and professional, will take part in the events on THURSDAY, October 8th, on the Athletic Grounds.

Aquatic Sports.
A splendid Harbor Regatta will take place on Friday, October 9th. Amateur and professional oarsmen from Canada and United States will compete.

A feature of the Carnival will be the Yacht Races which will also be held on Friday.
Bands of Music and other attractions. Remember the dates: October 6, 7, 8 and 9, 1903.
B. R. MACAULAY, President. J. F. GLEESON, Secretary.
R. B. EMERSON, Vice Pres.