

## IT IS SETTLED AT LAST.

**TWO CENTS TO BE THE TOLL WHEN CROSSING THE FERRY.**

Everybody Was So Tired of the Discussion that the Council Had No Fun Over It—The Carleton Members Can Now Shout for More Sewers.

So there is not to be a free ferry yet awhile. Worse still, from the Carleton point of view, the passenger toll is to be advanced one hundred per cent., and at very short notice.

The first man who passes the turnstile next Monday morning will be the first to pay tribute to this latest edict of the aldermen. He will pay it to the extent of two cents, lawful money, with the consolation of a rebate at the end of the month if he is of a class to which a rebate is allowed.

The council "threshed out" the matter for the better part of the afternoon, Thursday, arguing whether there should be more delay by referring the matter back to the ferry committee and treasury board or to deal with it on the spot. The latter course was taken and the recommendation of a two cent fare was adopted, only the Carleton members and Ald. Kelly voting against it. Ald. Kelly is supposed to have stood up so that the faithful four would not look lonesome.

The Carleton members did their duty and kept their temper. Ald. Baxter made an exhaustive speech, pausing only once when the mayor happened to be taking a whispered legal opinion from Ald. Nickerson, who had approached the throne with a copy of the statutes in his hand.

"Why do you pause, Ald. Baxter?" inquired the mayor with some asperity.

"I was told to do so by Aldermen Davis and McKelvey," was the reply.

"Ald. Davis and McKelvey are not running this council just yet," retorted his worship severely, and Ald. Baxter proceeded.

Ald. Lewis tried to make things lively by attacking Ald. Baxter's special pleading, as he termed it, but there was no fight in the Carleton men. They had evidently come to an understanding to keep cool, whatever might happen. Ald. Davis made an earnest, but moderate speech. There was no fun in the fight, and no excitement when the vote was taken. The council was too tired of the volume of talk to be otherwise than glad there was a settlement of the matter in some way.

Probably the Carleton members are as glad as any other that the matter is settled. They have kicked as hard as their most exacting constituents could wish, and now they can concentrate their energies on a clamor for more sewers and street improvements.

In the meantime the new flooring on the suspension bridge will guarantee a safe passage to those who object to a two cent fare and walk around as a matter of principle.

### Inspector O'Brien Wants a Pass.

Harbor Inspector Joseph O'Brien has been in search of a free pass over the ferry, but up to the hour of going to press his quest has been in vain. The bye laws provide that he is one of the officials entitled to a pass, and he insists on having his rights. He presented his claim to the common clerk, the other day, and when that official had heard the argument he wrote out something, placed it in an envelope and told Mr. O'Brien to give it to the collector. When Mr. O'Brien presented it, the collector told him that it was an order to admit him to the lunatic asylum. Mr. O'Brien then got Ald. Baxter to accompany him to the chamberlain's office to see what could be done towards getting a pass. Mr. Sandall remarked that the common clerk made an error in giving Mr. O'Brien an order for admission to the lunatic asylum without the \$20 necessary to have Mr. O'Brien duly entered as a patient. As to a pass, he pointed out that all passes had been abolished by a resolution of the council. Ald. Baxter contended that a bye-law could not be repealed by a resolution, and there the matter ended. It is probable that the matter will be fully ventilated at the next session of the Emersonian institute.

### Drawing Crowds Again.

Rufus Somerby's Parlor Musee has been a great drawing card this week. Large and delighted audiences have thronged the rink every evening. The entertainment is pleasing, full of variety and very attractive to hundreds for whom theatre and opera have no charms. Next week Prince Tiny-mite the second appears for the first time in St. John. He is smaller than the Prince Tiny-mite of last year. He was born in Lockeport, Shelburne county, N. S. He is 15 years old, only 30 inches high and weighs but 20 pounds. To use Mr. Somerby's own words, "He is the very incarnation of tiny male humanity, and absolutely the smallest human being that was ever known since the creation of the world."

### TO THE FRONT AGAIN.

Mr. Pickering Wins Some Further Notoriety.—This Time as a Policeman.

HALIFAX, Aug. 11.—Progress readers will remember a certain Mr. Pickering who won notoriety three or four years ago as a base ball umpire. Since then he has been appointed on the Halifax police force. Mr. Pickering is before the public again, this time on two charges, which, if proved ought to cost him his official head.

The first charge is drinking and playing pool in John Walsh's saloon at 10.30 o'clock Saturday night, July 30th, in uniform; and the second accusation is threatening to "fix" the man who informed on him.

The case as related before the police committee is briefly this: A son of Mrs. Margaret O'Laughlin, 17 years old, came home on Saturday night, July 30th, or rather Sunday morning following, very drunk, and when he became sober his mother found out that he had got the liquor at John Walsh's, and that policeman Pickering was in there the same evening playing pool and drinking in uniform.

Mrs. O'Laughlin being unable to read or write, retained the services of John T. Bulmer to prefer charges against both Walsh and Pickering. Mr. Bulmer wrote a letter signed by Mrs. O'Laughlin by her mark, embodying the above facts in it and sent it to the police committee, which letter was published in the Halifax papers. As soon as Mr. Walsh saw the letter published, he procured a coach and the services of his friend, Mr. Johnson, and drove to Mrs. O'Laughlin's house and read to her a lot of stuff about her being down to Walsh's saloon and seeing Pickering drunk, etc., and asked her to sign a letter denying it which she did, or thought she did, but instead of that she signed a letter denying that "she ever wrote or caused to be written, the first letter." Of course this suited Mr. Walsh and Pickering and they made haste to get the retraction (?) published.

Mr. Bulmer on seeing the alleged retraction sent for Mrs. O'Laughlin and then the whole business was made clear to her how she had been duped by Walsh and Johnson. At the investigation before the police committee young O'Laughlin told that Pickering had threatened to "fix" him for informing on him, and it is understood that O'Laughlin's brother had been intimidated by Pickering and consequently failed to appear.

Pickering was not on duty the night in question, but it is a rule of the police department that a policeman shall not drink in any saloon at any time, much less in uniform and during prohibited hours. Mr. Pickering will have a chance at the next meeting of the committee to prove his innocence.

### Their Two Meetings.

A very nice little address was that read by Mr. Edwin J. Wetmore, foreman of the grand jury, on the occasion of Judge Hanington's presiding at the St. John circuit for the first time. It was so full of praise that the judge is said to have looked quite red while his praises were being warbled in Mr. Wetmore's finished diction. In reply he said he thought the appreciation of him was expressed too warmly. The interesting part of the story is that the last time the two men exchanged compliments was at the St. John exhibition, last autumn, when one Mr. Sillick and his performing bear were the subjects under discussion. Mr. Sillick was one of Mr. Hanington's constituents, and when Mr. Wetmore undertook to stop the show, as agent of the S. P. C. A., Mr. Hanington showed fight and the show went on. The last seen of Mr. Wetmore on that occasion was when he started for the police office to have Mr. Hanington arrested. The two did not meet in the police court, however, and the meeting in the circuit court was of quite another style.

### Those Five Alarm Keys Again.

When fire was discovered in the Gazette office, Thursday morning, the man who saw it rang in an alarm from Box 6, Market square, which gave those who had property near Canterbury street no idea of where the fire was. Box 23 on Church street, close at hand, should have been pulled, but nobody knew where a key was kept. There is one at the Royal hotel, as PROGRESS pointed out some time ago, but people do not think of these things when there is a fire. Time and again PROGRESS has urged that each box should have an inscription stating where the nearest key is to be found by night or day. The officials do not seem to think the matter of any importance, but it is, and some night when a big fire gains headway, when somebody is chasing around in search of a key, the fact will be recognized. The argument that the police are supplied with keys amounts to nothing. No policemen could be discovered anywhere in the neighborhood of the fire Thursday morning.

Umbrellas and Parasols Repaired; Duval, Union street.

## OUT FOR FUN.

**Fifteen Hundred People go to Lepreau.**

"PROGRESS" BIG PIC-NIC.

Feeding Crowds of Boys with Country Appetites.

THE SCENE ON THE GROUNDS AND IN THE BARN.

How the People Enjoyed Themselves and the Boys made Lepreau Lively—The Picnic and Its Origin—How It was Carried Out and the People who Helped to Make It a Success—"Progress" Picnic Trains and the People who Went on them.

Fun for the newsboys!

That was the main idea, but PROGRESS picnic trains were free to all. Every reader of the paper was entitled to a ticket, and hundreds applied. The clerks in the counting room were busy all the week filling them out, until the probable attendance reached an alarming figure. Family tickets were in demand—the newsboys all wanted them, and requests came in a hundred different ways, from that of the boy who wanted one "for me mother and all of us," to the youngster who demanded an extra for "me father and his two daughters." All got them.

A fine day meant a large crowd—a crowd that would have taxed the Shore Line to its utmost capacity, and populated Lepreau as it had never been before.

Arrangements had been made for a great day in the country, with lots of fun and a grand "tuck out" for the boys. Nothing was forgotten. Everybody was consulted but the clerk of the weather and that fickle individual caused some anxiety.

Nearly three hundred boys had been looking forward to the day for weeks—not all newsboys, but the little hustlers and their friends. They were all interested, and from the time the picnic was announced, never lost an opportunity to call at the office and ask a question. And such questions! They would have filled a book and make good reading for idle moments, but they were all answered as good naturedly as circumstances would allow.

Saturday and Monday PROGRESS office was besieged with boys. They had more friends and customers than they knew what to do with and wanted tickets for them all. The supply was exhausted early in the day and when more were printed, the boys were on hand to get them.

But the weather! It made hundreds of faces wear an anxious look, and scores of little voices ask, "do you think she'll go," and Tuesday morning, when the answer was in the affirmative, the youngsters scampered off as fast as their legs could carry them to spread the news.

Nothing but down pouring rain could stop it! That was decided upon early. The rain didn't pour and "she went." But the morning was damp and foggy—so much so that many people who had looked forward to the day in the country and a good time did not leave their homes. But hundreds did, and until half past eight the ferry was run on a paying basis.

Small boys squeezed through the turnstiles by the score, and scampered down the floats at breakneck speed. Arriving at the other side they got up steam again and ran all the way to the station. There were hundreds of scurrying youngsters, and the rear car of the train was crammed full of them before the "grown ups" had covered half the distance between the ferry and the floats. Car windows were in demand, but there weren't near enough to go round, and standing room was soon at a premium. The boys had a car all to themselves and made the best use of it. It was no place for anybody with weak nerves, and even Lottie Collins would have regretted the fact that "Ta-ra-ra Boom de-ay" was ever given to the public. For the boys started in on it the first thing, and the train went off while they sang of

The Jay from Buffalo,

Who long had let his whiskers grow.

And in another car nearly one hundred more boys made the grown up nervous, while all through the train youngsters with their parents monopolized the seats at the windows.

It was a great day for the boys!

They were out in force and in for fun and began the jollification early. But they were an orderly lot. They made no trouble, and caused no anxiety. They were simply boys, with all the tricks, lung power and antics of the species—boys who do not wait till they grow up before making a noise in the world.

They entered into the spirit of the occasion and were bound to make the best of

everything. Boys who know how to put on a business air on Saturday morning, threw business to the winds and were boys in all the word implies. It was their picnic and they knew it.

Subscribers, agents, advertisers and readers might all go out for a day in the country, but the newsboys were in for sport and a good tuck out for a country appetite. But for all this, signs of saved up coppers for pocket money began to appear early. When the peanuts and bananas went through the train there were more customers in the boys' cars than anywhere else. They were as independent as you please, and wanted the best of everything.

If the boys were the most important individuals, they did not make up the train by any means. The six cars were filled with picnicers, willing to take the chances of a fine day, and a quick run took them to Lepreau in a light shower. But it was a clearing up shower and everybody was happy.

The last car was deserted before many in the others knew Lepreau was reached. There was a jam at both doors and attempts to get out the windows—then three hundred boys scampered up the hill as fast as their legs could carry them and were lost in the woods and fields of Lepreau. A glance at the grounds, the barn and the refreshment booth was enough for most of them. As usual the first thing was to explore the country, find out just where they were and what kind of a place Lepreau was, and get up an appetite for dinner.

Two hundred youngsters started out to do it, while the remainder flocked to the refreshment booth to invest in one cent caramels, and get information about ice cream and bananas for future reference. They took possession of the swings and the bats and balls, but interest lagged, and soon all but a few were off for the woods. Then the grown ups came along to select places for picnic spreads, and look out for dinner. It was a basket picnic, nothing more. PROGRESS gave little thought to a refreshment table, as it was understood that everybody should bring his own dinners, but light refreshments, fruit and ice cream were on hand.

The great object was to feed the newsboys, and hundreds of buns, cakes and sandwiches, and everything incidental to a picnic feast filled the baggage car. The work began early and dinner was served on time. In the barn four long rows of plates were laid out on two long tables. And two long lines of heaped up plates set them off. Plates of cake of all kinds, sandwiches and biscuits, that were to serve as a starter for the big meal, got wistful glances as the boys took their places one by one. For the crowd exceeded all expectations.

PROGRESS had about 150 little hustlers and there were over 175 plates on two tables, but outside the door nearly 300 youngsters clamored for admittance. Officer Baxter is a big man, so big that you can always find him in a crowd, but at dinner time he had his hands full. The boys surrounded him and wouldn't stay back. The Homestead strikers weren't in it with them. As the circulation man picked them out and passed them in, the boys lost no time in sliding along the benches, getting elbow room and claiming a plate. The two tables were filled with four long rows of boys. Then the work began. To wait on such a crowd was more than anybody bargained for. But they did not need help. Left alone, they were equal to the occasion and to make six long rows of empty plates, with coffee cups beside them, was the work of a moment. Every boy had a picnic appetite that seemed out of proportion with the size of his body, and had plenty of room for the pudding and watermelon that followed. There was no bashfulness. If one boy did not get his share, another mentioned the fact and all the rest backed him up. They refused nothing. If a youngster did not like a particular kind of cake, he had a friend who did and that settled it.

Meanwhile a noisy crowd kept Officer Baxter busy outside. They, too, had picnic appetites and the first lot of boys were hustled out the back door to make room for them. Again the tables were set and lined with plates and boys. Another gastronomic exhibition was given, and the tables emptied. And still boys waited on the outside. Then the tables were made ready a third time, and when the barn was cleared again, every boy on the grounds had eaten a good picnic dinner, or if he had not it was his own fault. But the supplies had been depleted to an alarming extent. The calculations had been based on the number of newsboys, and they were in the minority. But all newsboys or not newsboys, had to be fed. As a result more supplies had to be telegraphed for to the city, and as they failed to put in an appearance, Lepreau was canvassed and an afternoon's work made a good evening's work.

After dinner the boys took the field and races were in order. And such races! All the boys were entered. Fifty of them in a row went off like deers when officer Baxter fired in the air, and the winner caught the canvas. There were match races, sack races, wheelbarrow races and leap frog, and then Foreman Hopkins, of the Job Print, took off his coat to lead the boys on a long chase of hare and hounds. Off went the hare, and the field was black with hounds. The boys ran till they dropped, but no one caught the fleet-footed foreman.

The prize winners began to multiply to such an extent that orders on the refreshment table nearly put it into bankruptcy. Then the people began to arrive from the afternoon train. It was the largest picnic train that even went over the Shore Line, and one of the most orderly crowds. It was an overgrown Sunday school picnic train, without a rough character on board. They had been cared for in Carleton. PROGRESS' committees knew just who was going, and as a result, of over 1,500 people taken to Lepreau there was not one man under the influence of liquor. It was a remarkable record.

When the train left St. John the weather looked threatening and the rain was falling. Some other picnics had been postponed. Hundreds thought PROGRESS would have a like experience and stayed at home. But despite this fact the train was crowded. Arriving at Lepreau there was one long procession of picnicers reaching from the station to the grounds and the field presented a lively appearance.

The day was dark with signs of fog, but not enough to wet the grass, and during the afternoon there were spreads everywhere. Scores went to see the falls and the surrounding country, others went fishing, while the swings, croquet and base ball all found people to take advantage of them. A large number who had forgotten that it was a basket picnic and had no idea of the eating capacity of 300 or 400 healthy boys were on the look out for supper, but the boys had to be cared for first and everyone else came after.

At tea time the scene was even more exciting. Tables were out of the question, so the boys were let in one at a time, arranged in rows and supplied with biscuits, cake, bologna and milk. But the rows were not of the military kind by any means, and a dozen men could not keep those boys in line. Like Oliver Twist they asked for more, and fairness was almost out of the question. All the first barnful were newsboys, and when they were ushered out the back door, the others were let in at the front. But the crowd at the front door never grew less. As soon as the newsboys got out at the back they ran around the barn and helped to swell the crowd at the front. When they all got in standing room was at a premium and there were enough boys on hand to keep all the bakeries in town on night work for a month. Half of them had been in before, and were after a double share. There wasn't a boy in the field, and that proved it.

About that time affairs took a new turn. There was a demand outside for the publisher. A number of gentlemen who had been watching the fun sent into the barn for him and induced him to go out on the grounds. Then there was speech-making, eulogizing PROGRESS on its enterprise on having had the first free excursion and picnic that ever left St. John. Cheers for PROGRESS followed, and then the work of feeding the remainder of the boys was resumed. Every boy was looked after.

By that time the first train for St. John was being made up, and all the boys had to go on it. But it was like driving sheep to get them there. Nevertheless only a small minority remained for the last train. Quick time was the rule Tuesday. The Shore Line was on for breaking records, and succeeded every time.

Dancing in the barn was the amusement after the first train left, and then preparations for going home began. The last train was to leave at 8.30 and the people at the station waited for it. In the little waiting room a crowd of young fellows went through the catalogue of popular songs from "Ta-ra-ra Boom de ay" to "Down on the Swance River," and when the train started had enough energy to sing all the way up.

It was a long day in the country, and the people were tired. Newsboys who had missed the first train cuddled up in the seats of the last and slept on the way home. The run was made in short time and the ten o'clock trip of the ferry boat carried the last of the excursionists.

Thus ended a day of pleasure, for over 1,500 people—a number regulated only by the clerk of the weather

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### HOW THE PICNIC STARTED.

And Who Helped to Make it the Great Success it Proved.

When Mr. McAfee, of Hampton, an old subscriber of PROGRESS, called a fortnight or so ago and kindly placed his grounds at the disposal of this paper for the newsboys picnic, arrangements for the Lepreau grounds were not fully completed, but were

## CUT THIS OUT

**Silver Service Coupon.**

To the person who Sends in the most of these Coupons by Saturday, September 24, PROGRESS will present a handsome Silver Service of seven pieces, Quadruple Plate, Guaranteed, valued at \$45

## CUT THIS OUT

so far advanced that his generous proposal could not be accepted. And, perhaps after all, it was just as well, for no grounds that PROGRESS knows of have the same expanse and beauty and such perfect arrangements for conducting a large picnic as those at Lepreau. Only those in charge of a crowd know what a source of anxiety this matter of entertainment is—the facilities for placing food, the tables, the shelter and such accessories as refreshment counters, shade, swings, ball grounds and groves. The Lepreau grounds have all these and more. Then besides there is always a good Samaritan in the person of Dr. Reynolds to see that the transportation difficulties from and to the station are overcome satisfactorily.

It was about a month ago when some friend of PROGRESS had asked for a picnic "notice" that the member of the staff who penned the few lines turned to others in the office and said, in a joking way, "What's the matter with a PROGRESS picnic?"

From just the subject went to earnest and in a few minutes had progressed so far that the publisher resolved to get some data regarding arrangements, expense, etc. Then, when the matter was found possible, it was determined to confine the free outing to the newsboys and agents of PROGRESS. This was afterwards changed and everybody related in any way to the paper, subscribers, advertisers, agents and boys were invited to come.

The limit of the Shore Line accommodation for picnics was two trains of but six cars each, which were estimated to take in all 900 people comfortably, and "on a pinch," 1,000. The ability of boys to "tuck themselves in" was not taken into consideration which accounts for the fact of some four or five hundred more being present.

The announcement of the picnic created an interest that would be difficult to describe. The boys were anxiously expectant, naturally, and the inquiries from all quarters, the words of encouragement, the kindly and generous offers of assistance to help carry forward what was regarded as a big undertaking, were all exceedingly welcome and much appreciated by PROGRESS and its workers.

To stop for a day in the middle of the week is not an easy matter in any establishment, and in a newspaper office it is only possible to do it with a great effort. Though appearing but once a week PROGRESS staff, mechanical and editorial, has each day's work so planned that any break is embarrassing. Tuesday was the only day that could possibly be taken, and compositors and pressmen put in a "rush" Monday, some of them far into the night, to permit the next day's outing. Then Wednesday, the day after, was a "catch up" day in every department.

Speaking of assistance, one of the first to come forward in any way and the very first to place a cash contribution in the publisher's hands toward a "good time for the boys" was Mr. James Reynolds. To keep him company were Mr. J. J. McGaffigan, and Mr. C. F. Tilton of Fairville, with some others who placed, we think, a rather hard condition upon us, not to mention their names. Then over the telephone came the familiar voice of Mr. John Hopkins of Union street "Put me down for a box of bologna." And such a box! There was nothing in all the collection of contributions that went with more gusto, nothing there was such a longing for—save frosted cake—on the part of the youthful mind as that bologna. Mr. Hopkins' kindness did not end there for he put himself out in a number of ways to assist PROGRESS picnic toward success.

Then Mrs. Gerow of Garden street sent word that there was a basket at her house for the boys; a call at the request of Mrs. Jack, Paddock street, brought several huge water melons, which proved a wonderful comfort to every boy who secured a slice, while the contributions toward the

Continued on Eighth Page.