

AN EXCITING GAME.

I can't say I ever had any experience that made me swear off playing poker said the gray haired, young looking man but there is something that poker taught me. Ever since I played a memorable game in Detroit some twenty five years ago I have made it part of my religion never to mix another man's money with my own.

I was travelling for a large concern in New York at the time, and, as the custom was in those days, I not only sold goods for them, but a good part of my business was the collection of outstanding accounts. It therefore happened not infrequently that I would have considerable sums of money with me for some days.

There was one particular party of five in Detroit who played together a great deal and who always seemed glad to have me take the sixth hand. Good players they were, too, though only one of them was a professional. He was old Jack Adams, who had the reputation of being the quartet gambler in the West. He was fond of poker as an amusement, but he wouldn't play it excepting with his friends. His roulette and faro tables were for outsiders.

There was a Judge among the five and a hotel keeper named Collins, a doctor named Stetson and a hardware merchant whose name, I think, was Cook. The game was usually a pretty stiff one, for they played table stakes and usually started in with a hundred apiece, so if there happened to be any unusual good or bad luck running to anybody there would often be \$1,000, or even \$2,000 on the table by the end of the evening.

I had been travelling for a week among the smaller towns, and had taken in something over \$1,000, which I had not had an opportunity to remit. I expected to bank it on reaching Detroit, but the train was delayed and I got there after banking hours, so it was still in my pocket when I went around with Collins after dinner to join in the game. I had about \$200 of my own with me. But the important thing, as it turned out, was that the firm's money and my own was together in one roll.

The game began as usual, and proved to be a swift one, almost from the start. Nobody seemed to have any monopoly of the luck for more than a few minutes at a time, but every few deals there would be a struggle between two, or sometimes three hands and the pot would swell rapidly. The cards were running unusually well.

For my own part, I did fairly well several times, but got hit hard almost as frequently, so that although I doubled my stake inside of twenty minutes and ran it up to nearly three hundred in twenty minutes more, I found myself down to a few red chips by the time the hour was up. With the game going up and down as it did, I had no particular misgivings about declaring another hundred in, and I did so without realizing at the moment that I was practically putting my entire capital into the game.

The next pot put me on Easy Street. It was a jackpot for \$2, and on the first deal I caught three jacks, so I opened it, though I sat under the guns for the amount in the pot, which was of course, \$12. Cook sat next and he came in. The judge laid down, Collins raised me fifteen and Stetson saw the raise. Adams studied his hand for a full minute before he put up his money, but finally he threw it in, and I raised it twenty-five. I thought it was a good play, even though two players had seen the first raise, for I still had the chance of the draw and my hand was certainly strong before the draw.

It turned out all right, for though Cook threw down his hand, not being strong enough to see a double raise, Collins and Stetson both made good. Adams surrendered, showing that his long study hadn't been a bluff, as I had suspected it was. I therefore had the hands weeded and only two players left in against me, and my jacks looked as good as, if not better than they did at first.

Of course I was at a disadvantage in having to draw first, but I decided to draw the strength of my hand, although it was a dead give away. Three were good enough to justify my play and unless Collins or Stetson should stand pat I felt that I was still strong. Stetson did stand pat after Collins had drawn two cards, so I sized up Collins for three of a kind and Stetson for a small straight. It couldn't be much of a straight, even if he had much confidence in it he would have played it harder.

Anyhow I threw in a white chip before looking at my draw. Collins wasn't likely

to raise unless he had bettered, but he looked carefully before playing and to my dismay raised me \$50. It was up to Stetson then, and he, having, as I had suspected, and as afterwards proved to be the case, a nine high straight, felt compelled to call. After that I had, of course, to look at my draw and to my intense joy I found I had drawn a pair of fours. The only regret then was that I had nothing important in front of me to raise with.

My pile was only \$54, but I pushed that forward knowing that the others would have to see the \$4 additional, and I scooped in the pot, Collins having a seven full against me. He said afterward that he would have raised me, but my money was all up and Stetson had only three or four red chips to it hardly seemed worth while.

That gave me pretty nearly \$100 to go on with and I played along with varying luck for more than an hour before I struck a bad streak that ran me away down again. Then, strange as it may seem, I forgot entirely that I had bought twice and I put another hundred in. If I had not had my money rolled up with the firm's I never could have made that mistake, but I didn't stop to count up and the thing was done before I realized it.

It was not until I had lost something like \$75 out of the third hundred, that I remembered what I had actually done. Then it came to me, because I realized that I was likely to have to buy again or quit the game. My first thought was to buy and then, like a stroke of lightning came the thought that I couldn't buy more, as my money was all in already. Then the second thought came and almost stunned me that I had bought, not twice, but three times.

I said nothing, but for the next two minutes I did a powerful lot of thinking. I know I looked at the hand that was dealt to me just then without being able to tell whether I had deuces or a straight flush. I couldn't have told a card in the hand, I threw it down, and as it happened, there was something doing among the other players, so that I had time to think out the situation before deciding what I should do.

The question was a very nice one. I didn't know to a dollar exactly how much was mine and how much wasn't out of that big roll that was so curiously convenient to my hand, but I did know that I had used more than belonged to me, and that if I cashed in the chips I had in front of me I would still be an embezzler. The thought came to me that I might buy still another hundred and by playing an extra cautious game might probably pull out of my hole, but I am glad to say that I rejected that temptation without an instant's hesitation. Come what might, I would not touch another dollar of the money.

Then came another thought. There was nearly \$300 in chips which I had already paid for. Of course, as I see now, I had no more right to play on with those chips than I had to play in the \$1,000 or thereabouts that was still in my pocket, but the thought I had then was that I had already misused so much of the money and it would be no additional wrong to do the best I could on that small capital to pull out as much as I had taken wrongfully. It was the worst kind of sophistry, of course, but for the moment, in my excitement, it seemed not only a perfectly natural, but a justifiable course, and I decided to try it.

I knew poker well enough, even then, to realize that if I played timidly on such a capital it wouldn't last long, and if, on the other hand, I should risk it wildly I would probably lose it all in no time. So I determined to try to play exactly as if the money were my own and was the last I had.

The tension on my nerves was something frightful when I picked up my next hand, but my faculties were very much alive and I could have shrieked with joy when I saw that I had four treys cold. It was my edge too, and I had thrown in the unusual ante of a dollar, calling two. The only thing I had to hope for was that they would all come in, and the only thing I had to study was how much of a raise I dared to make so as not to drive anybody away.

As it happened they all came in so there was \$14 in the pot when it was up to me to make good. Of course I wanted to raise it all I could, but I knew that would be ruinous. The game had been a pretty liberal one through, and I judged that they would all be likely to stay against a small raise, so I made it five more to play, and they all came in but Cook. More than that Adams raised me five.

Then I figured that if I raised again before the draw I would certainly drive some of them out, so I simply made good thinking that everybody who should see this second raise would be hooked for fair and would put his money up before I would be called on to bet at all. And they all saw.

Of course, I drew one card. The Judge stood pat, Collins drew two, Stetson took three and Adams took one. The Judge then bet \$10. Collins saw this, Stetson laid down and Adams raised it twenty-five more.

All I could do, of course, was to call for a show, which I did, and to my delight the Judge and Collins both called. The Judge had a small flush, Collins had three aces and Adams had a nine full. That gave Adams the money on the side, but I found myself with over a hundred and fifty in front of me instead of the thirty of a few moments before.

Then I put an even hundred in blue chips on one side, saying to myself that nothing would tempt me to play those in. The other fifty I considered my own, and I resolved to try to pull out with that. But if it came to a choice between throwing down my cards no matter what they might be, or betting again with the firm's money, I would certainly throw down.

Well, it didn't come to that. In the next four or five hands I lost about \$10 and then I caught a flash against three kings and pulled in thirty odd dollars, and a few minutes later I filled a straight against three other good hands and won nearly two hundred. That put me on velvet and I determined to stay till I got one more good play and then cash in, win or lose.

The play came soon and once more I was lucky, winning sixty odd dollars on three queens and I got cold feet promptly. My excuse was fatigue from several days' hard travel and as it was past mid-night it was accepted as perfectly natural, but no one in the party ever dreamed how much those four treys were worth to me.

As I said, the lesson didn't cure me of playing poker, but I never played it again with any money that didn't belong to me.

The Lesson of Health.

IS ONE TAUGHT US BY THE EXPERIENCE OF OTHERS.

Learn This Lesson Well and the Ravages of Disease Will no Longer be so Prevalent.—The Story of one who has Recovered from Dyspepsia and who Offers Her Experience to aid Others.

From L'Sorel, Sorel, Que.

Among the multitude of ailments that afflict humanity there are few that cause more acute misery than indigestion or dyspepsia, as it is variously called. Both young and old are susceptible to its attacks, and its victims throughout the country are numbered by tens of thousands. Among the disagreeable symptoms which make it accompany dyspepsia and make it easily recognizable, are weight, uneasiness and a heavy feeling in the stomach after eating a feeling of weariness, sick headache and dizziness, pains in the stomach, offensive breath, irritability, etc. Ordinary medicines will not cure dyspepsia. They may relieve its symptoms temporarily, but the trouble always returns each time in an intensified form. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine which will thoroughly and effectively cure dyspepsia. These pills act not merely upon the symptoms, but on the disease itself through the blood hence through the stomach, which is strengthened and restored to its normal functions.

Mrs. Alp. Lussier, a lady well known in Sorel, Que., is one of the many who have been released from the clutches of dyspepsia through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and in the hope that her experience will be of benefit to some other sufferer she gives the following story for publication: "For over two years I was a sufferer from dyspepsia or bad digestion. The disease became chronic and I was an almost continual sufferer from headaches, heartburn and heart palpitation. All sense of taste left me and at times my stomach was so weak that I was unable to keep any food on it, and this caused me more distress than one could imagine. Although I tried several remedies, none of them gave me any relief, and I began to regard my life as a burden, rather than a joy as it should be. One day while reading I came across a case similar to my own, cured through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, so in the hope that I would receive similar benefit I decided to give the pills a trial. I had not taken the pills long before I could see that my hopes for recovery were being realized. By the time I had taken half a dozen boxes all symptoms of the trouble had disappeared and I was able



Easier Work
Pleasant, quicker, healthier—**PEARLINE**.
What worse for throat and lungs than long working over tainted steam from a washtub? Here is the simple, sensible, womanly **PEARLINE** way: Soak the clothes in Pearline; rinse them out. No heavy rubbing on washboard. Save time, save clothes, wear. 653 Enter Pearline Grind

to enjoy life as I did before being seized with the malady. I have no hesitation in saying that I think that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best known cure for dyspepsia and I would strongly advise all sufferers to give them a trial.

The old adage 'experience is the best teacher' might well be applied in cases of dyspepsia, and it sufferers would only be guided by the experience of those who have suffered but are now well and happy through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills there would be less distress throughout the land. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can be had at all dealers in medicine or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Story Of Charles Frederic Goss.

Recently a Chicago newspaper man paused before a bookstore window which was heaped high with copies of The Redemption of David Corson, and he said to his companion:

There is one instance, at least, in which lightning struck in the right place. The size of an author's heart determined the measure of his success every book written by Charles Frederic Goss would sell a million copies.

When I struck Chicago I had neither job nor prospect of one. There was not a man in the whole big city who knew me, and it didn't take many days of knocking about from one newspaper office to another to convince me that not a human being here cared to know me. But that was where I made my mistake. One night I happened to step inside Mr. Moody's Chicago Avenue Church. Mr. Charles Frederic Goss was in charge of the work and at the close of services I met him. He passed over the conventional revivalistic questions regarding my spiritual condition, but quickly found out where I was stopping, and that I was looking for work and had met with disappointment in my applications. From that hour I felt that I certainly had one friend in Chicago—and he a very cheerful one.

Week after week passed, and finally a month and a half, before I secured my first position. In the latter part of that probationary period I was in constant terror of the day of reckoning that was to come with my landlady, to whom I had not paid a dollar. Strangely enough however, she never mentioned the matter or suggested that I find some other place. My credit appeared to be as firm as that of the bank cashier at my right, who paid his board every Saturday night, before the whole company, handing out crisp bills as he took his seat at the table.

Finally, when I was able to pay her I spoke of the unaccountable forbearance she had shown me as a stranger.

"Oh I knew you were all right," she replied. Mr. Goss came here to the house and talked with me about you. Any boarder who has him for a friend can let his bills run with me as long as he needs.

All this time the author of David Corson had been keeping my courage up by assuring me there was a place for every honest man who had a desire to work; but he had never so much as hinted that he had personally established my credit at the boarding house where I was in arrears.

He always gave away a large share of his salary, and was never so happy as when helping some person in desperate circumstances. In his college course he had a great battle to retain his grasp on the faith which had been taught him in boyhood. This struggle can be traced very distinctly in the pages of the novel.

Summer Knocking.

Sister—Many received a box of lovely silk stockings from London yesterday.

Brother—I guess you'll see her on the street every rainy day after this.

All the More Reason.

She—Let's sit out the next one. He—Why, I thought you were fond of dancing? She—I am.

Kirsty.—Noo stop it, Jock. Hoo often hiv I tellt y' maun nicht yer mouth afore ye kiss me.

BORN.

Yarmouth, Sept 30, to the wife of John R. Zee, a son.
Overton, Sept 29, to the wife of N. E. Pliman, a son.
Parrsboro, Sept 21, to the wife of A. W. Jackson, a son.
Centerville, Sept 15, to the wife of Beverly Smith, a son.
Casi Branch, Sept 27, to the wife of Frank L. Tower, a son.
Port Hill, Sept 30, to the wife of W. J. Montgomery, a son.
Halifax, Sept 28, to the wife of S. Hartley, a daughter.
St. Mark's, to the wife of Samuel E. Macrae, a daughter.
Halifax, Oct 1, to the wife of William Meyer, a daughter.
St. John, Oct 2, to the wife of James Speight, a daughter.
Windsor, Sept 19, to the wife of John Armstrong, a daughter.
Belmont, Sept 27, to the wife of George Bredet, a daughter.
Amherst Point, Oct 2, to the wife of F. E. Layton, a daughter.
Windsor, Sept 28, to the wife of Arthur Fezerson, a daughter.
Nixon, Albert County, Oct 4, to the wife of Lewis A. Wilson, a son.
Smith's Cove, Oct 3, to the wife of James S. D'Arcy, twins—a daughter.
West Pubnico, Sept 26, to the wife of Arthur D. Armstrong, a son.
Centerville, Sept 28, to the wife of George H. Brance, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Halifax, Oct 2, S. Caldwell Hall, to F. May Vance.
Lunenburg Oct 3, ex-Mayor Oxner to Mary Adams.
Round Hill, Fred J. R. Hicks to Mary Edith Hicks.
Bridgewater, Oct 2, Archie F. Davison to Lena I. Benjamin.
Kentville, Oct 3, Walter Harold Covert to Mary McCollough.
Yarmouth, Oct 3, by Rev Benj. Hillis, Arthur Pickley to Anne Lovitt.
Alberton, Oct 1, by the Rev A. E. Burke, Maurice Butler to Annie Griffin.
Annapolis, by Rev Howard H. Roach, Arthur Peasley to Mrs. Myrtle Cross.
North River, Sept 25, by Rev Abram Perry, Lovell Taylor to Elizabeth Smith.
Covendale, Sept 25, by Rev W. W. Corey, Horace Wilson to Florence Gilsar.
Shag Harbour, Sept 21, by Rev J. W. Smith, Daris Brannon to Emma M. Goss.
Maitland, Oct 1, by Rev George R. Martell, Gilmore Simpson to Alice Murphy.
Yarmouth, Oct 1, by Rev C. P. Wilson, Howard W. Cornish to Nellie C. Churchill.
Summerside, Oct 12, by Rev W. H. Smith, John C. Macdonald to Miss Bud Brennan.
Roxbury, Mass, Sept 4, by Rev C. L. Page, Milton A. Patterson to Emma E. M. Rooco.
Charlottetown, Oct 2, by Rev John Scott, Harry Saunders to Catherine N. C. H. J.
Cambridge, Mass, Sept 16, by Rev Fr. Flately, John D. Floyd to Annie Macdonald.
Clark's Harbour, Sept 25, by Rev Wm. Haliday, W. R. McKinnon to Alice Kenney.
Middlesex, A. Co., Sept 26, by Rev C. H. Manston, Alvin P. Freeman to Grace E. Molins.
West Wexford, Mass, Sept 25, by Rev Mr. French, Chas. R. Boulter to Hannah J. Clements.
East Florenceville, Sept 25, by Rev A. H. Hayward, Lorne A. Simonsen to Helen M. Tompkins.
Union Corner, Sept 18, by Rev A. H. Hayward, Fredrick Fries to Lena Pearl McNeil.
Attleboro, Mass, Sept 25, by Rev I. H. Tyrie, William A. Campbell to Minnie B. Robertson.

DIED.

Fusser, Oct 2, P. Ryan.
Sturgeon, Oct 1, John Murphy.
Kingston, Oct 4, J. E. Grey, 57.
Halifax, Oct 2, Annie Mullins, 25.
Halifax, Oct 2, Freeman Parks, 25.
Kentville, Sept 25, Mary Craig, 13.
Portland Me., Sept 26, Susan Currie, 74.
Fairville, Oct 4, William Barnhill, 74.
Yarmouth, Oct 3, Thomas E. Cane, 54.
Brockville, Oct 3, William Lawlor, 80.
Nixon, Albert Co., Oct 4, Cecil Brown.
Alberton, Sept 30, John G. Fielding, 94.
Washington, D. C., Sept, John Manning.
P. E. Island, Oct 1, James H. Davis, 26.
Delep's Cove, Sept 18, Ernest Milbury, 8.
Charlottetown, Oct 2, Margaret Doherty, 70.
Summerside, Sept 30, Margaret Walsh, 80.
Parrsboro, Oct 2, Nellie Allen, 1 yr, 8 mos.
Charlottetown, Oct 3, Lionel Garabum, 13.
Charlottetown, Sept 30, Marion W. Toombs.
Dunham East, Oct 2, Patrick J. Franey, 85.
Charlottetown, Mass, Oct 2, Stephen J. Kelly, 51.
Dartmouth, Oct 3, George Gordon Duxton, 74.
Charlottetown, Sept 29, Nancy MacKinnon, 95.

'Now, look here!' said the policeman to the saloonkeeper, 'if you ain't careful, the first thing you know we'll make you obey the law an' close up on time.'

RAILROADS.

Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY June 10th, 1901, train will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Suburban Express for Hampton.....	6.20
Express for Halifax and Campbellton.....	7.00
Suburban express for Rothesay.....	11.05
Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou.....	11.50
Express for Sussex.....	12.30
Suburban Express for Hampton.....	17.4
Express for Montreal and Quebec.....	19.3
Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney.....	22.4
Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene.....	22.4

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Halifax and Sydney.....	6.30
Suburban Express for Hampton.....	7.15
Express from Sussex.....	8.35
Express from Montreal and Quebec.....	11.50
Suburban express from Rothesay.....	12.30
Express from Halifax and Pictou.....	17.00
Express from Hampton.....	18.35
Suburban Express from Hampton.....	21.55
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton.....	22.4
Daily, except Monday.....	14.15

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time twenty-four hours notation.

D. J. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager.

Moncton, N. B. June 6, 1901.
GEO. C. AVILL, C. T. A. & F. J.