MC2465 POOR DOCUMENT

The Ancient Order of United Workmen of whom there are probably 30,000 in Canada, over 35,000 being in Ontario, have at last decided to put the rates for their insurance on what is considered a safe basis. The Order has been tinkering with its rates since 1903, and in 1905 made some efforts towards safety by deciding that all new members coming in after that date should pay according to what have become known as the "Hunters rates," because they were those which the late Dr. Hunter, head of Ontario's Insurance Department, considered safe. At its meeting last Friday the special session of the Grand Lodge of the Order decided that all members should pay according to the Hunter rate as at their ascertained age in 1905.-Ex.

JOB PRINTING

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AT THE Greetings OFFICE

We Aim To Please!

A series of lawsuits relative to the marriage laws has been occupying the attention of the court during the past few days, and the proceedings have been closely watched by the public. The stated case on the Lancaster Bill covered a wide field, and the decision arrived at by Canada's Supreme Court was that the ne temere degree or any other Church law has no standing in the Dominion, and cannot be enforced in a case of marriage by a duly authorized clergyman when the parties marrying are not debarred by the civil war. The decision also declared that under the B. N. A. Act the Provinces have the exclusive power over the ceremonies connected with marriages. Then came a case in which the daughter of the late Father Chiniquy sued the French-Canadian Catholic paper Le Croix for asserting that Chiniquy was not lawfully married, and therefore that the daughter was illegitimate. The woman won her suit, getting $3,000 damages. Next comes a case in which a man in Quebec, after being married for several years, in suing for separation on the plea that as he and his wife are fourth cousins they could not be lawfully married without a dispensation from the Roman Catholic Bishop. Each of these cases is to be appealed to higher courts. --Ex.

New York Society women at Long Beach are giving dinner parties now when they go in bathing, the table being set in the water. There is some criticism of the latest fad.

THE PRICE OF SILENCE

—BY—

Mark Darran

The expression of the inspector's face changed.

"I think, perhaps, I might promise," he said hastily. "I am sure that you have too much sense, Mr. Smith, to make absurd suggestions."

John Smith bowed, and there was a little smile on his lips.

"You have heard of a certain Prince Rani Singra?" he inquired. "He is reported to also have lost jewels."

"Yes," InspectorBlakeland answered eagerly. "I have sometimes thought there was something fishy about the man—and yet he has been entertained by good people."

"He took the jewels," John Smith said quietly.

Inspector Blakeland was on his feet in an instant, and buttoning up his coat.

"You are sure of this?" he cried. "It would not do to make a mistake. How can you prove it?"

"That is one of the things I do not wish to explain," John Smith replied. "It is natural that you might wish to search the rooms again—it is equally natural that you would notice a loose board. And I can assure you that beneath it you will find the missing jewels—the imitation ones."

"Imitation ones!" the detective gasped in amazement.

"Precisely," John Smith explained. "In the excitement of the discovery it was not noticed which set had been taken. Fortunately it was the wrong one."

Inspector Blakeland whistled, then looked questioningly into John Smith's face.

"How did you come to take the case up?" he inquired.

"I have not taken it up, my friend," John Smith answered. "I was after the prince on a different charge—blackmail—and I shall be only too pleased to see him out of the way for a time."

Actually, John Smith was afraid that Prince Rani Singra would give away the part that Lady Minter had played, but yet he might fear to do it, knowing that it would make his sentence heavier.

"Well, the jewels are the things for me to see to," Inspector Blakeland said. "Shall I take any men with me?"

"It might be wise," John Smith assured him, "as he always has two native attendants with him."

A few minutes later John Smith's powerful car was whizzing westwards, with Detective Blakeland and his two assistants aboard, and upon arriving at Sir Charles Minter's house they were at once admitted, Sir Charles himself meeting them in the hall. He took John Smith aside for a moment.

"My wife has told me all," he said, huskily. "Do you think we can hush it up?"

"I am going to," John Smith answered; but even he did not guess in what a strange way the prince's lips were to be closed.

"Is the prince upstairs, Sir Charles?" Inspector Blakeland put in bluntly. "I wish to search his room again."

"Yes," Sir Charles answered, and led the way upstairs.

On the way they passed Lady Minter, and John Smith noticed that although she was very pale, there was no longer any fear in her eyes.

"Everything is arranged?" John Smith whispered.

"Yes," she answered, in the same tone.

The door of Prince Rani Singra's room proved to be locked, but at a request from Sir Charles it was opened by Ayasha. The prince sat by the window, a nervous expression in his dark eyes, while Vashti crouched in his usual attitude over the blazing fire.

"Inspector Blakeland is sorry to disturb you, prince," Sir Charles said quietly, "but he wishes to examine the room."

The prince scarcely seemed to hear the words. His eyes were upon John Smith, and the look of fear in them had increased. By an effort he roused himself.

"What is there to learn here?" he asked harshly.

"No knowing, sir," the detective answered bluntly.

Remembering his promise to John Smith, Inspector Blakeland went poking around the room until he had examined every spot save that covered by the cushions on which Prince Rani Singra sat.

"May I trouble you, sir?" he said quietly.

A sudden pallor turned the Indian's face to a particularly ugly color, and he shifted uneasily.

"It is absurd," he said in a low voice.

"Duty!" Inspector Blakeland snapped. "Got to be done!"

Slowly Prince Rani Singra rose from the cushions, and his eyes were turned towards the doorway. If he had any intention of trying a dash for liberty, however, he must have seen the hopelessness of his chance, for one of the detectives stood there with a carelessness that was distinctly assumed.

With quick hands Inspector Blakeland jerked the cushions away, and an ejaculation broke from him as he saw that several of the parquet blocks were loose.

Vashti, squatting by the fire, buried his right hand in his robe.

Taking a knife from his pocket, the detective quickly wrenched the blocks up, and thrust his hand through the hole formed. The next moment he had brought into the light several jewel-cases. He snapped one open, showing a great necklace of diamonds within, but the light that came from them was not particularly dazzling.

With a wild cry, Prince Rani Singra leapt for the door, but the detectives standing there met the charge and hurled him back.

Then Vashti jumped from his crouching attitude, was at the officer, ready the police have nearly worried the life out of her. Besides, I can give you all the information you desire."

"A woman's memory is better for such things," John Smith persisted. "I shall really be very much obliged if I may see your wife."

"Well, I will try," Sir Charles conceded, and bustled from the room, adding over his shoulder: "Of course, you know that the prince has lost some property, too?"

Ten minutes later Lady Minter entered with her husband. There were dark marks under her eyes, and the hand she held out to John Smith trembled badly.

"Thank you for coming," she said, in a voice that was little above a whisper.

John Smith pulled a chair forward for her, then turned to her husband.

"I would rather be alone, Sir Charles," he said firmly. "The memory acts better when there is nothing to distract the mind."

Sir Charles hesitated, glancing at his wife, but she sat listlessly, and made no sign.

"Very well," he agreed, and went out.

John Smith stood by the window, so that he could see every changing expression on Lady Minter's face.

"Lady Minter," he said quietly, "I want you not to be offended at anything I am going to say."

A slight flush crossed the woman's face as she looked up, but only to drop her head again the next moment.

"Why should I be?" she said nervously.

"Were the jewels really stolen?" John Smith asked.

Something between a gasp and a cry of fear broke from Lady Minter, and there was terror in her eyes as she looked at John Smith.

"Yes," she whispered.

John Smith shrugged his shoulders, and there was a stern look in his eyes.

"And yet I heard a rumor, not so very long ago," he said, "that the last time you were seen to be wearing the diamonds that they seemed to have lost their lustre. I suggested that you were wearing an imitation set for safety, and, as a matter of fact, I casually asked your husband if that precaution had been taken."

"You asked my husband?" the woman almost sobbed.

"Naturally he laughed at the idea," John Smith continued calmly. "There was another rumor," he added.

"And that?" Lady Minter's lips merely formed the words.

"That you had lost at bridge more than you could afford to pay." John Smith held up his hand as the woman was about to speak. "I asked you not to be offended."

But the look on Lady Minter's face was one of fear rather than anger.

"The prince has been robbed, too," she said, with her eyes averted.

"The prince?" For once John Smith allowed himself a laugh. "Suppose I have heard rumors about him, too?"

"Well?" There was a touch of defiance in the woman's voice now.

"Suppose I have heard rumors that I have confirmed, and that I know him to be nothing better than a blackmailer? Is it not natural, then, that I should wonder why he is in this house?"

By a mighty effort Lady Minter was keeping herself in hand. She wanted to scream out—do anything to relieve her feelings.

"You mean that you don't believe that there has really been a robbery?" she asked, in a dead voice.

John Smith nodded in silence.

With a sudden sob Lady Minter dropped her face into her hands. But she soon looked up again. Somehow the fear seemed to have gone out of her eyes.

"There has been none," she said slowly. "The real jewels were pawned by me months ago, after I had had an imitation set made, to pay my debts."

John Smith's face betrayed no triumph. He drew nearer to the woman, and laid a hand upon her shoulder.

"And this Prince Rani Singra learnt of this, and has blackmailed you since," he said. "Well, you are only one of many."

"I know," Lady Minter groaned; "but what could I do?"

John Smith was silent, for he was thinking rapidly, and the woman never took her eyes from his face.

"I wish to stand your friend, Lady Minter," he said at last, "and I can do it—possibly save you from all the consequences of your rash act—if you will help me."

"Help you?" The woman laughed hysterically. "You don't know what it has meant to me! More than once I have been on the point of confessing everything to my husband!"

"Very good. Where are the imitation stones?" John Smith asked.

"The prince has them."

John Smith was silent again, and when he spoke his plans were completed.

"As soon as the jewelers who have the real stones see the announcements in the papers they will naturally communicate with the police," he said. "How much will get them out?"

"Something over two thousand pounds," Lady Minter answered quickly.

"Good!" John Smith said. "My car is waiting, and I will fetch them at once. While I am away, get Prince Rani Singra out of the house if possible."

A look of hope had come into Lady Minter's eyes, but it quickly died out again.

"Why should you do it?"

"Because it will give Daring & Co. a chance to do that which they have undertaken," John Smith answered simply. "If you take my advice, however, you will tell everything to your husband."

"Oh, no!" the woman gasped.

"Think," John Smith answered, as he left the room.

CHAPTER VI.

The Missing Jewels—The Arrest and the Trial

Detective-Inspector Blakeland looked with some annoyance at the card that one of his subordinates brought in to him.

"John Smith," he read, and his expression changed. "Show him in."

John Smith entered the office, his usual calm expression on his face.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Smith?"

GUARANTEE OF SILENCE

Unexpectedly a Glasgow minister who encouraged congregational singing gained a new parishioner. Keer, though his delight in hearing his people sing, there was one member of his flock whose endeavors he never encouraged. But the man sang without encouragement ,much to the discomfiture of seatholders near him, who claimed that his loud, unmusical voice threw them out of time and tune.

Repeated complaints convinced the minister that somebody would have to assume the responsibility of silencing the ambitious singer. He decided that the man's wife was best fitted for the job. Owing to a difference in religious views, husband and wife attended different churches; but the minister knew her, so he called and explained his predicament. She was genuinely surprised.

"Do you mean to say he sings?" she said.

"Tries to," amended the pastor.

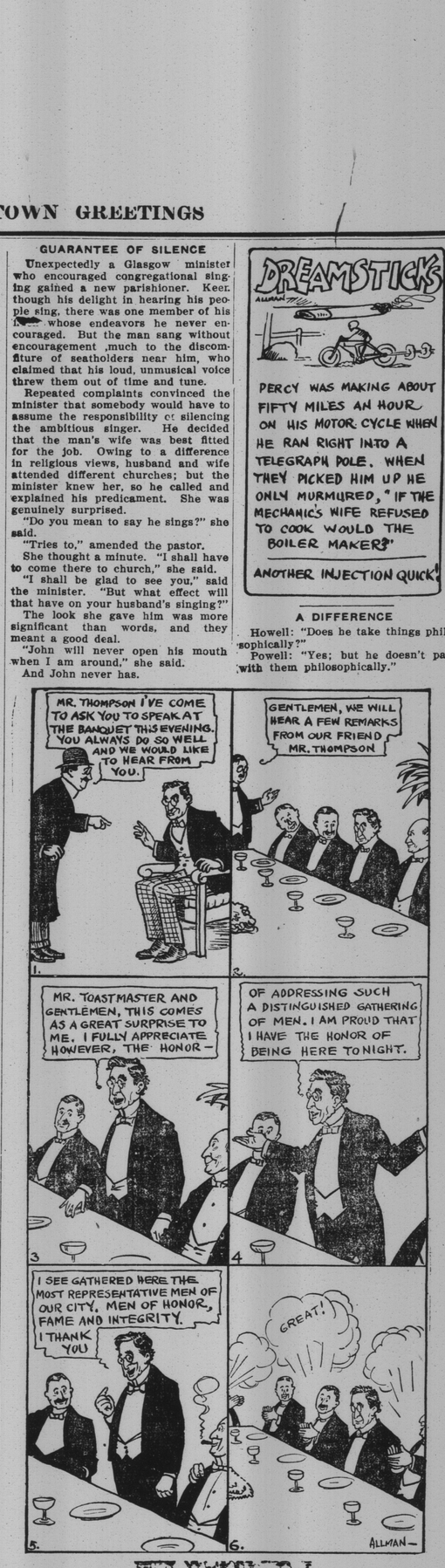
She thought a minute. "I shall have to come there to church," she said.

"I shall be glad to see you," said the minister. "But what effect will that have on your husband's singing?"

The look she gave him was more significant than words, and they meant a good deal.

"John will never open his mouth when I am around," she said.

And John never has.





A DIFFERENCE

Howell: "Does he take things philosophically?"

Powell: "Yes; but he doesn't part with them philosophically."

Envelopes
Neatly Printed at The Greetings Office

Fine Picture of Famous Crew.

Mr. Fred H. C. Miles, artist, has just completed and placed on exhibition in Edgecombe & Chaisson's window, King street, a large oil painting of the celebrated "Paris Crew" of St. John. The picture measures 6 ft. x 32 in. and is a splendid example of the artist's work. Each head is a portrait, necessarily taken from photos, with the exception of Elijah Ross after mid, the sole surviving member of the crew, which is painted part from life and part from a photo. The boat "St. John," is from sketches made from the original, now owned by P. M. O'Neill, Esq. The view is taken from Appleby's wharf on the Kennebeccasis, and shows a view of Long Island and the Nerepis hills in the distance. The crew are represented as out for a practice spin just before the celebrated race on the day of August 23rd, 1871. In this race Renforth collapsed from over exertion. The famous 'Paris Crew,' so named from their victories on the Seine, Paris. "The regatta on the Seine took place July 8th 1867 and the great Carleton crew in the 'James A. Harding,' beat all the English French and German crews. It was a memorable event, as rowed against the crack six oared crews. Their first race was the six oared race with nine starters. The New Brunswick crew won easily, covering 3 1-5 miles in 20 minutes and 5 seconds. After two other races were pulled off our boys in the 'James A. Harding' won again with their 'Chinese puzzle,' as the 'Harding' was called, against eight of the best four oared crews in Europe and came home with flying colors. Among other notable victories on October 21, 1868, the 'Paris Crew' defeated the celebrated 'Ward Brothers,' who were the champions of the United States' The distance was six miles, three miles and return and our boys won by fifty lengths in 37 min. 28 3-4 sec." In the summer of 1873 they defeated a crew from Portland, Me. The picture will be exhibited for the next few days and is well worth seeing both for its five execution and for the fact that it recalls the glories of the past.-St. J. Globe.

$100 Reward, $100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, there by destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that if fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by all druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Red Man's Last Stand

(Richard Barry, in Harper's Weekly)

At last the white man has started proceedings which may take its lands from the only remaining tribe of Indians which still inhabit its aboriginal haunts,- the Navajos. One of the first acts of the New Mexico Legislature, passed within a few weeks of the admission of the State to the Union, was a memorial presented to the President and to Congress in the latter part of April, asking that the vast acreage now held by the Navajos be opened to white settlement.

This is the last chapter in that history of conquest by which the Caucasian has all but obliterated the Indian from the continent which was once his. It is a history which no conscientious American is happy to read, for it contains, in final analysis, much that is not creditable to our humanitarian spirit.

It will require the approval of the President and of Congress to consumate this final seizure of the red man's last primitive habitat, and, as that approval has not yet been granted, and is only being sought, a short inquiry into the condition of the Navajos and their home is interesting now.

The Navajos are the only tribe of the Indians living today, without a subsidy from the government. They are the only Indians who do not receive rations from the public stores. They are the only Indians who still maintain their primitive ribal conditions, both of economic life and of government. They are the only Indians who have developed commercially their own handicrafts, blanket and basket weaving, without aid from the white man. Morever, they are law-abiding and have given us no trouble for over forty years. They are living down there in the Southwest, free, happy prosperous, self supporting, and physically and morally clean. Tuberculosis, which has attacked every other tribe of Indians, once it has come in close contact with the white man, has passed them by. Sexual diseases, which have ravaged every other tribe once it has been corrailed and placed under the restrictions of governmental supervision, are unknown among them. They are an aristocratic people, proud in their aloofness both from the whites and from other Indians. They do not intermarry with other tribes, and, of the forty six clans, forty four punish martial infidelity with death.

Our neighbors may not be proud of the hubbub at Chicago, but, nevertheless, they like it.- Galt Rpr.