

LAWSON WINS MILLIONS WHILE HE CHATS FINANCE.

Monday's Battle with "The System" Rages During an Interview with a Reporter.

Brooklyn Eagle.—To be at the elbow of a man who is knocking out three or four million dollars in as many hours, squeezing it from the coffers of the strongest money combination in the world at the rate of hundreds of thousands of dollars at each click of the ticker driving the feverish members of the system closer and closer to the wall at each jog of the clock's pendulum, is an experience few are privileged to enjoy. It came to a member of the Sunday Eagle staff last Monday, in Thomas W. Lawson's private office in Young's Hotel in Boston. The reporter called to get the material for a special story Lawson was selling copper short, and covering at a big profit and giving to his Standard Oil enemies and their allied forces one of the worst drubbings they ever had in the memory of Wall street.

A few days before they had worsted Lawson. They had dug into his private fortune to the extent of something like \$4,000,000. There were rumors that he was on the highway to ruin. Last Monday morning the writer called upon him by appointment at his private office. The greetings had been barely exchanged when the buzzer hummed viciously at the telephone.

"Sit down," said Lawson, and at the same instant his car was at the receiver.

"Hello!" said he softly.

There was a pause of a fraction of a moment.

"Hum," mused Lawson.

Then he took his lips from the transmitter and glancing toward his visitor said:

"The National Bank, the Home Savings Bank and the Equitable Trust Company—all of Chicago, have gone under."

Again his car was at the receiver and the details, item by item, as they came over the wire, were transmitted to him from his State street office.

"It is the beginning to today's battle," said Lawson; "and it looks good for me. Those are all John R. Walsh's banks."

LAWSON CHATS ON FINANCE WHILE THE WALL STREET BATTLE RAGES.

Half an hour later the war was on in Wall street. Under the Lawson colors the greatest assault was made of United copper, which suffered a 20 point break, opening at 63 and slumping to 48. Orders to sell Amalgamated also began to pour into the Wall street brokers. At Boston the holders besieged the brokers' offices, telling them to unload orders to sell shares in blocks of 500, 1,000 and greater, crowded in fast upon one another. Amalgamated had opened at 100,000 shares, and was now at 100. It dropped to 93 1/2. United Copper was melting away faster.

Thomas W. Lawson was chatting complacently of "Frenzied Finance," while each click of the ticker was adding \$100,000 to his bank account. But his face was immovable. He was telling the story of his long battle with "The System." He was turning finely pointed sentences with the nonchalance of a man engaged in a drawing room reception. Around him were the rare bronzes which he collects and the flowers that are always with him. Every minute or two the telephone would buzz, the receiver would be put to his ear and he would repeat audibly:

"United copper, sixty, or fifty-nine or fifty-seven," thus all down the scale to the lowest notch.

"I'M GETTING IT BACK," LAWSON CHUCKLED.

"I'm beating them," chuckled Lawson. "I'm getting it back. It's coming my way."

And all the time the fight was being waged in the Stock Exchanges. Point by point copper was being hammered down. The orders to sell were increasing. It began to look like a panic. "The system" rallied its forces. Lawson must not beat them out. Millions were poured into the yawning holes. Good money was sent after bad. Lawson at the Boston end was still sitting there smiling, complacent. He was chatting with his visitor between the times that his car was at the telephone.

There was a broad smile on his face. "They are trying to rally," said Lawson. "They are drawing on the national banks. They are scraping their millions together. But it will take barrels of it. I'll load them a merry dance and they'll pay for it. They thought they had me and—"

The huzz from the telephone came sharply.

"Ha," said Lawson—"copper fifty-one—what a fight this is."

LAWSON A WINNER ON THE DAY BY \$4,000,000.

Over and over again this was repeated. Each time Lawson was the winner. But never once did he lose his composure. He was the same man of affairs that he always is. Chatting sprightly about finance, converging now and then into topics of art, taking a little dip into literature, smoking moderately, answering innumerable calls made upon him by messengers. This was the Lawson that has harried Wall street as no man ever before has harried it.

And at the close of it all—when the gong sounded and "The System" had gathered all their resources together and saved a complete route, Lawson leaned back in his chair nearly 94,000,000 to the good—and dictated a 5,000 word magazine article on "Frenzied Finance" to catch the 4 p. m. mail.

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THE HERALDS FASHION PLATE.



A DAINY BREAKFAST SACQUE!

These are the days when the wise shopper goes forth on bargains intent, for materials for the dozen and one garments that go to complete the wardrobe may like as not be found on the bargain counters if one but be observant. The little dressing sacque illustrated is an example of a fascinating garment that the wearer—and she is also the maker—says costs her the proverbial "song." The remnant of chalice of cream, spotted over with brown rings, is cut in shirt waist fashion to the belt, then little

skirt pieces attached. For trimming she found a bargain length of fine Swiss beading fully an inch and a half wide. This is used around the large sailor collar, to band the sleeves, and to form a belt, and is run with a wide brown velvet ribbon. The collar and sleeves are further finished with a ruffle of Swiss embroidery. It is all "bargain counter" says the wearer, except the velvet ribbon. In these little odd jackets one may use all sorts of apparently useless patterns to great advantage if the trimming scheme be but cleverly planned.

over in green and I suppose it did not match.

The minister's wife (recollecting, as she pulls from under the table the blue velvet stool worked in goldenrod)—I suppose it was cowardly to try to hide it. Mrs. Jones gave it to me because she said the little yellow sprays made her think of caterpillars, and she never could stand caterpillars. She didn't actually say she worked it."

The Girl (mischievously)—And because the dear old Mrs. Smith is with them, neither one of them can say a word. Wish I'd gone along. (Curtain.)

WANTS TO STOP WIFE'S PHONING.

Boston Herald.—An injunction to restrain Mrs. Jennie H. P. Holton of Cambridge from telephoning to the Derby Desk Company, its officers and employees, and from trespassing or entering upon its factory premises at Somerville, is the purpose of a bill brought in the superior court by the company and by her husband, George L. Holton, who is the superintendent of its factory.

The Holtons were married July 1, 1898, and have two children, but the couple have been living apart for some time, though it is alleged that the husband has been paying Mrs. Holton not less than \$25 a week for the support of herself and their children. He has been employed by the Derby Desk Company since 1880, at first in its New York office, but since 1901 as superintendent of its factory at Somerville. For about a year, it is alleged, his wife has made it a habit of calling him on the company's telephone at the factory at all times of the day and night, and when advised that he is out, persists in calling up the officers and clerks about him. On Dec. 11 she is alleged to have telephoned the factory for her husband continuously from 9 to 12 o'clock, and at other times has called at the factory and insisted on remaining there, and on one occasion attempted to interfere with papers in his desk.

On Dec. 12 the company advised him that he would have to sever his connection with it unless he could prevail on his wife to desist, as it is claimed in the bill that her action has the effect of annoying and embarrassing him, and indirectly, the company.

The application for an injunction against her will be called up tomorrow, when an order of notice issued by Judge Fessenden is returnable.

The bill was drawn up by Atty. E. M. Brooks of the law office of Whipple, Sears & Ogden, and the case is said to be the first of its sort ever brought in Massachusetts. The petitioner claims that his wife's purpose in calling him on the telephone and insisting on visiting his place of business was solely to annoy him and to interfere with his work, she being moved to this course by the domestic differences which resulted in their separation.

A prayer somewhat similar to that in this case was presented Monday in New Jersey. The counsel for the wife of the man who sought to have her restrained from calling at his place of business and annoying him insisted that from time immemorial men had been trying to restrain women's tongue, but had never succeeded in doing it legally. The Jersey court dismissed the bill.

The girl (gasping)—Where did you get it? Mrs. Brown gave it to Mrs. Jones last Christmas a year ago, just after Mrs. Smith moved away. She must have told her she worked it specially for her, but I happen to know Mrs. Brown's parlor was done

over in green and I suppose it did not match.

The minister's wife (recollecting, as she pulls from under the table the blue velvet stool worked in goldenrod)—I suppose it was cowardly to try to hide it. Mrs. Jones gave it to me because she said the little yellow sprays made her think of caterpillars, and she never could stand caterpillars. She didn't actually say she worked it."

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F. ST. JOHN BLISS,

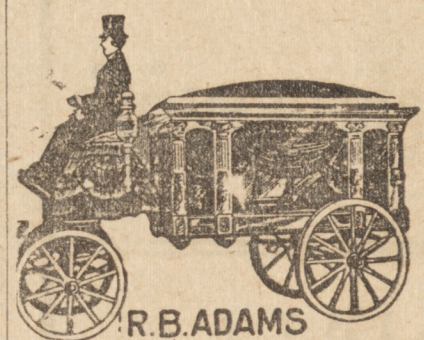
Barrister, Notary, etc.
Offices—Corner Carleton and Queen sts.
Entrance—Carleton street

TO LET.

To rent in the Howard & Crangle building on the corner of Queen and Carleton streets, in this city, the hall formerly occupied by the Knights of Pythias; also the offices occupied by F. H. Peters.

Apply to
JAS. FARRELL,
Executor.
Fredericton, June 16, 1905,
June 17, D.T.T.&S., 1mo.

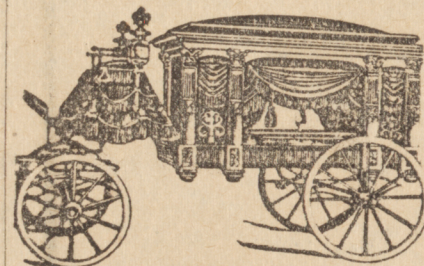
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R. B. ADAMS

ROBT. B. ADAMS

Above the Herald Office. Tel. 130.



R. B. ADAMS

COOK'S COTTON ROOT COMPOUND.

The only safe effectual monthly medicine on which women can depend. Sold in two degrees of strength—No. 1, for ordinary cases, 41 per box; No. 2, 10 degrees stronger for Special Cases, 53 per box. Sold by all druggists. Ask for Cook's Cotton Root Compound; take no substitute.

The Cook Medicine Co., Windsor, Ontario

Nos. 1 and 2 are sold in Fredericton by all Druggists.

New Dress Goods

In brown, black and navy blue, very nice shades. We have also received another lot of

Winter Underwear

In all sizes from 25c up.

We are giving a discount of 25 per cent. on all Fur Goods.

DEVERBROS.

JOHN G. ADAMS,
The Leading Undertaker

FIRST-CLASS EQUIPMENT. LOW RATES.

Down Town, Next above Queen Hotel. Phone 2

WATCH THIS SPACE.
S. KERNER.

MAILED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday the 12th January, 1906, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week each way, between Fredericton Post Office and Canadian Pacific Railway Station from the 1st April next. Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Fredericton, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at St. John.

G. C. ANDERSON,
Superintendent.
POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,
Mail Contract Branch,
Ottawa, 24th November, 1905

Electro Plating

Send your old worn out Silverware, Ornaments, Tarnished Jewelry, Skates, etc., etc.

To us to be made to look as good as new. Price list on application. Telephone us and we will collect your work and deliver when completed.

Perham & Stuart
Electrical Contractors, Queen st., opposite Court House. Tel. 535. P.O. Box 224.

COAL
ALL KINDS
Now in stock.
Hard and Soft Coal
P. FARRELL

THE GIVERS; A HOLIDAY TALE.

By Margaret Louis Wallace.

Scene—The Minister's Wife's parlor. Time—A week before Christmas.

Mrs. Smith (who is knitting a white sweater)—I shall give very few presents outside of my immediate family this year. To select and buy them involves an enormous strain on the nerves, and the doctor says I must not, positively, over-exert myself. Now, this is for Anne, my oldest girl. I have already made three like it, for the others, and have two more to make. I sat up every night last week until twelve and shall probably do so all this week.

The girl (doubtfully)—But I should think, Mrs. Smith, that the strain on the nerves—?

Mrs. Smith (patronizingly)—You would find my dear, if you ever did any such work, that the pleasure involved is worth much more than the pain. Why, I love to work for my dear ones. One year I worked so hard embroidering a dress for Anne that I got sick and for three weeks the devoted girl could not leave my side. Ah, yes, if you love people nothing is too much to do for them.

Mrs. Brown (examining the sweater)—How very pretty it is, Mrs. Smith. Indeed, you are quite right. The gift is no gift unless the giver goes with it.

Mrs. Jones (reflectively)—I made my husband an armchair from scraps one year. Did you ever make one? It is quite easy. You make it on heavy wiles. It was in the first year of our marriage, and we had very little money. I had wanted to give him a dozen handkerchiefs, but I really hadn't the money to spare, so I started the chair. I went to a spool factory, and though they were quite unpleasant to me, they gave me quite a number, and I begged them of all my friends and dress-makers (you know people are always ready to give you the name of their dress-maker) and at last I had enough.

Mrs. Brown—Enough dress-makers, Mrs. Jones?

Mrs. Jones—Certainly not. Enough spoils. It was extremely difficult to glue them together properly. I used the largest for legs and the back—shoethread and those little of thread spoils, you know—and the tiny twist spoils made the cunningest nugs and spindles. I painted it oak, and it vanished it, and really every one who saw it said it was unique. Of

course it was a little delicate, but John was too proud of it to use it much. I had an upholsterer do it up in red velvet and I was so pleased to have my gift cost absolutely nothing, you know.

The Girl—Why, didn't the upholsterer charge anything?

Mrs. Jones—Oh, yes, but he didn't send in his bill until nearly a month afterwards. The bill was extortionate, of course, but dear John never said any unkind word about having to pay it.

Mrs. Brown—Did you ever make a frame out of wishbones? They are so pretty, and so odd, you know.

Mrs. Smith (interrupting)—Do you know, I know a woman who has a rose jar full of wishbones that she had been collecting for years. I was in the room once and opened the jar to get a whiff of pot-pouri, and I really was shocked—such a collection. Seeing them in quantity like that, one really feels that they should have decent burial, and so I told her.

Mrs. Hill—It is so much better to make one's gifts. It is easy to produce something beautiful and useful at the same time. I embroidered sixteen cushion tops when I was in the country this summer.

The Girl—Where were you staying, Mrs. Hill?

Miss Hill—At Lake View.

The Girl—They say the scenery is very fine. Did you talk much?

Miss Hill—They say it is charming about there, and I adore Nature don't you? But I was so busy with my cushions that really, I don't think I went farther than the porch a dozen times. I was glad I went, though, for a farmer nearby gave me all the corn husks I wanted and I shall have enough for every cushion. The bits of cob they always leave in are a little hard, but really, they look very well. Each cushion had a different design on it. Some flowers and some heads. I can't draw, but really, I consider that young Mr. Gibson was quite providential for us artistic embroiderers. Each cushion had this verse on it, too, catcorner:

"Sweet be thy sleep,
In slumber deep,
Until the day
Shall pinkly peep."

Mrs. Jones—Oh, isn't that just too sweet! Did you compose it yourself? May I copy it off, Miss Hill?

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