

ALL FOR GOLD.

CHAPTER I.
A Withered Leaf.

"There are surely other objects in life than the mere making of money, aren't there?"

"You wouldn't think so, my dear fellow, if you had much to do with the City. There, it's money, money, nothing but money, and don't be too particular how you get it as long as long as you get it. Mind you, I like making a little bit myself, honestly, as well as anybody, but I draw the line. What I make, I make with clean hands, figuratively, of course, for in electrical engineering one has to soil one's fingers sometimes, but then it's clean dirt and will wash off. And some of the City dirt won't."

"You're quite right, Midway, quite right," replied the other. "I think it was that as much as anything that made me give up my wandering, exploring life of life. I had a look in at the City, as you know, and I very soon had enough of its money-grubbing ways. I longed to get away into a healthier, purer atmosphere, and, having the means of income of my own, I set off for Northern Siberia."

"And nearly got frozen to death. And by way of warming yourself in to go again, off you go to Africa and paddle up the Congo, and as if that was not enough, you must take a boating trip up the Aruimi, right to the source."

"By jove, Midway! I wish that you had been with me. It was the most interesting journey I ever made. Even you would have enjoyed it."

"Thanks, but if I am to have fever, I prefer having it at home, where I can be decently and comfortably nursed, and not among the swamps, the flies and the heat. No, thank you. Old England is good enough for me."

The two men, both in evening dress, and divided by a fringe of similarly clad spectators, had been standing leaning against the barrier which separates the seats from the promenade in the grand circle of the Empire Theatre in Leicester Square. The famous Bandini Family were doing their turn, and apparently risking their necks in every conceivable manner, in mid-air. When at length they had finished and the curtain had hidden them, standing in a line, hand in hand, on the stage, bowing and smiling in response to the applause which had greeted their efforts, the two men left the places, they had occupied and sauntered in the direction of the bar.

The younger of them, Gerald Midway, a dark, good-looking young fellow, was carrying his light-coloured dust-coat over his arm, for the theatre was warm, and by his side walked his old friend, Wallace Vipan, a tall, thin, spare figure, whose rather bony face was weather-beaten by the storms of the north, and tanned by the southern sun. He was about forty, but travel and privations had turned his hair prematurely grey, yet on his face was the pleasant, careless expression of the true cosmopolitan.

"It is real good, running across old friends," he said, as they seated themselves at one of the small tables and lighted their cigars. "Yours is the only face in all this crowd that I know. I was beginning to feel quite solitary."

"You solitary? You, who seem to spend your life poking your nose into all of the out-of-the-way corners of the earth you can find—places where in no other white man has ever been seen before?"

"Not in those places, certainly, but in a crowd like this I get the blues at once, unless I have a chum. This brings back the memories of the old days you know, my dear old fellow."

"And so you're just back from South America?" continued Midway when he had obtained a satisfactory light to his cigar.

"Yes, I had a most interesting trip. Started on the west coast, at Lima, and worked right across the Continent till I struck the sea again at Rio, something over two thousand four hundred miles."

"Where! And have you made a pot over it?"

"Hardly. I've spent a pot, as you term it," replied Vipan, smiling.

"Then what in the name of wonder was the good of going?"

"Well, certainly I haven't been given a medal with 'Aruimi' engraved on it, nor may I write F. R. G. S. after my name, but at the same time I'm not liable to an attack of fever every second day, I've got my gray hairs above my ears, and my face isn't lined like a ploughed field by hunger, thirst and privation. So, on the whole, I think that I have the best of the bargain."

"As you will, my boy. Each one must follow his own taste."

"But tell me, how are things with you? Are you making a pile?"

"Hardly that, but I am jogging along slowly. There's a lot of competition in our line in London."

"I should think so. London is played out. You should set up in some of the cities that I have seen. You'd coin dollars there. Cuzco, for instance; there's water power, metal, labour, all that you want, and no great competition to make you cut prices. Think it over and come out with me when I return."

"What, Vipan? You are never thinking of going back there, surely? But, then, you was always fond of new places."

"There are more unlikely things than my return. But you call it a new place. Look at that! I'll make you a present of it," and Vipan drew from his pocket and threw on the table a little image of solid gold, very quaintly formed and chased.

"Thank's awfully, but what is it?" asked Midway, picking it up and examining it.

"Evidence that Peru isn't quite as new a place as you think. You are holding in your hand the work of some Inca, who lived before Pizarro and his devils of Spaniards played the deuce with the inhabitants in the

sixteenth century."

"Then there's gold there?"

"Gold, silver, copper, cinnabar—everything a man can want, though some require finding, and—Hullo, O'cott!" and Vipan sprang to his feet to greet a man who halted in front of the table and was regarding him with an uncertain look.

Sir Charles O'cott, baronet, was by no means prepossessing-looking, about forty-five years of age, but, owing to set lip, well dressed and well groomed, he looked much younger. He had all the appearance of the man about town, minus the careless, lackadaisical air which so often forms an attribute of the genus, its place being supplied by a keen, sharp briskness which indicated a mind quick to snap at trifles and gauge them at their true worth. His eyes were small and restless, closely set together and seemingly incapable of looking a person straight in the face. The lips were remarkably thin and hard, while the chin was thin and pointed. He wore no hair on his face, and that fact seemed to accentuate the many lines by which the countenance was scored, more especially about the mouth and chin. Sir Charles was not a persona grata with many; he was considered too clever, too hardhearted, too good a hand at a bargain, but there were others who at times found him useful, and his undoubted influence in certain quarters of the City, in the way of loans and advances, was not a matter to be ignored.

"Then it is Vipan, the explorer?" said O'cott, holding out his hand with a harsh chuckle. He could not laugh—he had never been known to—his nearest attempt was a grating chuckle. "I heard from O'cott that you were back from Peru. Had a good time, eh?"

"Very, and if you could spare me a few minutes, O'cott, there's a matter I want your advice on—a very curious affair. I think it may be something in your line and I meant looking you up, but—"

"My dear fellow, there is no time like the present. I'm quite at your disposal now. I don't want to see the show here; know it by heart."

"Then I'll leave you fellows," said Midway, rising and giving up his seat to O'cott. "I shall see you again, Vipan. Don't go flying off without looking me up."

"No, no, I won't promise. Good-night!" And then turning to the baronet, he said, "Now, O'cott, order what you like and then, if I don't bore you, listen to me."

"First of all is there money in it?"

"I think so."

(To be continued.)

A "WHEEZY" CHEST.

Means your trouble is deep seated. To delay is dangerous. All the inflammation will be drawn out in one day by applying Nebrown. It penetrates through the pores of the skin, relieves inflammation and thus sore throat, weak chest and tendency to colds, no prescription is necessary. It is a great household remedy. Twenty-five cents buys a large bottle.

LION'S HEART, WOMAN'S SOUL.

If Gates Are Not Ajar for Collins, Says T. W. Lawson, It Will Be Because They Are Off Their Hinges.

Thomas W. Lawson pays this tribute to the late Mayor Collins of Boston.

The Hon. Patrick A. Collins to the world was:

An Irishman, a gentleman and a scholar.

To the high and mighty, a man with a lion's heart.

To the poor and lowly, a man with a woman's soul.

To us who knew him he was:

Pat Collins.

By his untimely taking off the world is sensibly the poorer, for his part over was to loosen the bonds of the fettered and brighten the skies of the oppressed. He enriched life by his generosity to his fellow men and to all his nobility was an inspiration. Surely the sunbeams will linger lovingly about the places where his presence was, and the dew drops glistening like tears amid the glass blades will testify to the grief of the big and little children of nature at his passing.

If the gates are not ajar when Pat Collins reaches St. Peter's realm, it will surely be because they have been taken off their hinges for his coming.

NOT A TALKER.

Apropos of Rubinstein's great dislike for conversation, Mr. Edward M. Oakeley, in his recently published biography of his brother, Sir Herbert Oakeley, tells the following:

The incident occurred at Glasgow, during Rubinstein's Scottish tour of 1877. An acquaintance met the famous pianist in the smoking-room of the hotel where he was staying, but Rubinstein as usual showed great disinclination to talk. Becoming impatient, after half an hour's silence, the acquaintance asked the musician if he liked Wagner.

"He is not good," was the terse reply.

Another quiet half-hour passed. Then the friend said:

"How about Beethoven?"

"He is good."

At last, at a late hour, another remark was ventured:

"I must now be going to bed."

Then said Rubinstein:

"Don't go; I have so enjoyed your company!"

THAT SETTLED IT.

"Why do you think the plaintiff insane?" a witness, examined as to somebody's mental condition, was asked by counsel at a trial.

"Because," replied the witness, "he is continually going about asserting

that he is the Prophet Mahomet."

"And, pray, sir," retorted the learned gentleman of the wig, "do you think that when a person declares he is the Prophet Mahomet that is a clear proof of his insanity?"

"I do."

"Why?"

"Because," answered the witness, regarding his questioner with easy complacency, "I happen to be the Prophet Mahomet myself."

BRYAN WILL NOT QUIT POLITICS
He Will Stay in the Political Game For Twenty-Five Years.

Chicago, Ill., Sept. 16.—William J. Bryan, who arrived in Chicago to attend the banquet which the Jefferson Club gave him on the eve of his departure for a tour of the world, reiterated his intention to remain in politics for twenty-five years.

In the course of an interview on political matters it was hinted that he planned to forget politics during his year of travel in foreign lands.

"Forget politics? No, indeed," said Mr. Bryan emphatically. "I fully intend to take an active interest in politics for many years to come. I shall study public questions while abroad and send back considerable correspondence during my absence."

At the banquet of the Jefferson Club Mr. Bryan spoke on "Democracy vs. Centralization," saying in part:

"Public attention is being directed to the encroachments of great corporations upon the rights of the people, and the discussion of remedies reveals the fact that those who really desire to effectively restrain corporations there are two distinct elements—those who desire to enlarge the scope of the federal government and those who desire to preserve the integrity and authority of the several States."

I invite your attention to this subject, because it is likely to be the rock upon which honest reformers will split, unless there is a clear understanding of the situation.

LINCOLN.

Sept. 10.—The Free Baptist held their Sabbath School picnic Saturday afternoon, on the grounds near the Mitchell boom house. The good time was enjoyed by old and young.

Rev. George W. Foster administered the ordinance of baptism to three candidates on Sunday.

Miss Laura Bullock and Miss Thompson of Frederickton, spent Sunday with Miss Melissa True.

Misses Alexine Mitchell and Mamie Johnson left on Tuesday to attend the Provincial Normal School.

Mr. Howard P. True left on Friday to attend the fourth district meeting at Gagetown. He will be a representative of the Oromocto and Lincoln Free Baptist Church.

Rev. G. W. Foster and wife spent a few days with Mrs. Harvey True, last week, en route to Gagetown.

Miss Maud and Mr. Albert Stevenson of Westfield, spent Sunday in Lincoln. Miss Stevenson expects to return to the west in a few days to resume her work teaching.

HOW THEY WOKE THE DUKE.

Here is a story from the late Bishop Walsham How's "Ecclesiastical Jottings."

At a church at Strathfieldsaye, where the Duke of Wellington was a regular attendant, a stranger preached one Sunday. At the end of the service the vergor ascended the stairs opened the pulpit door a little way, slammed it to and then opened it wide for the preacher to go out.

Considerably surprised at this strange proceeding, the clergyman, on reaching the vestry, asked the vergor while he had shut the door again while opening it.

"We always do that to wake the Duke," was the confidential reply.

A celebrated oculist recommends that when dirt, lime or sparks get into the eye, pure olive oil be poured in the eye until everything of a harmful nature is removed. This remedy is painless and never fails to remove all foreign substances.

An easy exercise to develop the chest and arms is to stand in an open door, place the hands palm downward on the door casing at a level with the shoulders, and walk back and forth through the door as far as possible without removing the hands.

It is said that freckles and sunburn may be removed by rubbing lemon juice on the face before going to bed and allowing it to dry. This also has a tendency toward whitening the skin besides making it smooth and soft. This should be done about three times a week.

Once a month is quite often enough for a thorough shampoo. Too much washing renders the hair feeble brittle and prematurely gray. When drying, sit in the sun or before a fire and fan or toss the hair about. Do not comb it until perfectly dry, as it will make it stringy.

Frequently the cause of short, poor eyelashes is an inflammation of the lids. They become irritated by dust, and they are rubbed. The lids red, inflammation sets in and the lashes fall. Do not cut the lashes, or apply ointments to them, but keep the lids in good condition, and the lashes will grow of their own accord.

An infectious disease is more liable to be taken when one has been long fasting than soon after a meal. It is well, therefore, when going to see a friend suffering from a disease of this kind, to eat a substantial meal first. Neither should one go into an infected area when very warm or after a long, quick walk, when the pores of the body are all open.

Fresh fruits, such as the apple, pear and plum, when taken without sugar, diminish, rather than increase, the acidity of the stomach. The vegetable sauces and juices are converted into alkaline carbonates, which tend to counteract acidity.

A LESSON IN SPELLING.

George Du Maurier, the famous artist and author of "Trilby," was the victim of an amusing joke on one occasion, says a biographer.

"Are you acquainted with Captain Grouveau Riches?" he was asked one day by a friend, who was also an Army captain.

"Yes I know him," Du Maurier replied, "he's one of the new set. But what of him?"

"Nothing in particular," replied the captain. "But I have just received a letter from him, and I will wager you a dozen of old port that you cannot guess in six guesses how he spells 'cat.'"

"Done," said the artist. "It's a wager."

"Well, commence guessing," said the captain.

"K-a-double t."

"No."

"K-a-t-e."

"No."

"C-a-double t-e."

"No."

"C-a-double t."

"No."

"K-a-t."

"No; that's not the way. Try again. It's your last guess."

"C-a-g-h-t."

"No," said the officer; "you're wrong again, and you've lost your wager."

"Well," said Du Maurier, with much petulance of manner, "how does he spell it?"

"Why, he spells it c-a-t!" replied the captain, with the utmost gravity amid the roar of the officers with whom he was dining.

Oak beams over one thousand years old were last year removed from the Blue Bell Inn at Redding, England, and were made into handsome furniture by a local manufacturer.

Some way it causes a smile when a married woman announces that she is taking music lessons.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after Sunday, June 4th, 1905, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted), as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE FREDERICTON

No. 303 Mixed for Chatham, Loggieville, and Halifax.....	5.00
No. 301 Express for Montreal, Chatham, Loggieville.....	16.25
No. 317 Suburban for Marysville.....	6.15
No. 319 Suburban for Marysville.....	10.00
No. 321 Suburban for Marysville.....	11.15
No. 323 Suburban for Marysville.....	12.25
No. 325 Suburban for Marysville.....	17.10
No. 327 Suburban for Marysville.....	18.25
No. 329 Suburban for Marysville.....	21.00

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON.

No. 302 Express from Montreal, Quebec, Chatham and Loggieville.....	12.05
No. 304 Mixed from Chatham Junction, Chatham and Loggieville.....	16.30
No. 318 Suburban from Marysville.....	8.15
No. 320 Suburban from Marysville.....	11.00
No. 322 Suburban from Marysville.....	12.15
No. 324 Suburban from Marysville.....	17.05
No. 326 Suburban from Marysville.....	18.20
No. 328 Suburban from Marysville.....	19.35

All trains are run by Atlantic Standard time. Twenty-four hour notation. 24.00 o'clock is midnight.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE LAST RUN OF OCEAN LIMITED

(SEASON 1905)
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No. 99 from Halifax, Saturday, Sept. 16

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and you may pay for it in monthly instalments. For example 1,000 shares at 10 cents a share is \$100. Send \$5 with your order and \$10 a month for 9 months and for prospectus, mention this paper, and a booklet of facts about Goldfield will be sent you free.

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