

STEVESTON WIDE OPEN

Canadian Town With Gambling in Full Blast Even on Sunday.

Vancouver, B. C., Aug. 27.—During the sockeye salmon fishing season on the Fraser, now practically over, the city of Steveston, sometimes called Salmonopolis, has been lost in the clouds. If ever a British Columbia town was run wide open Steveston is the place.

One visitor who was entranced by the men of the great cloth to take his chances at "Black Jack" describes the town as "a upas tree of vice and iniquity, to find a parallel for which one must go back to Skaguay in the palmy days of Soapy Smith, except that there is, of course no shooting at Steveston." A newspaperman who was sent to the fishing town to inquire into conditions openly asserts in his paper that "there is what amounts to a disgraceful connivance in the fleeing of fishermen by professional gamblers and other tricksters, male and female on the part of the Richmond municipality in which the town is situated." "Black Jack," the words came from an alert-looking Chinaman standing in the doorway of one of the shacks that make up Steveston's Chinatown," continues the reporter, "The Celestial seemed to be taking great interest in the line of people that had just come from the tramcar from Vancouver. It hardly seemed real that a gambling joint in a Canadian town would be allowed to keep a rustler on the street, a condition of affairs that, if report be true, puts even Seattle in its plainest days, in the shade. But there the rustler was, and, obedient to his call white men from many countries, Chinese, Japanese and Indians, were going in and out of the place, taking a turn at the tables and then going on to the next den in search of better luck. It was a Sunday night, too, and, though most of the fishermen were on the river, all the gambling tables seemed to be doing business. Black Jack was the predominant game, but craps, chuck-a-luck and other dice games were in evidence.

"Eight similar places were found running wide open, without the slightest attempt at secrecy, excepting that a strip of cotton flapped from the top of the door, evidently meant to curtain off the scene within. A well-known citizen of Steveston was asked if the police made any objection to the gambling, and he replied that it was not the police who were at fault, but the government of Richmond municipality. 'You mark my words,' he said, 'they will run the game operators in a day or two, fine them all, and then turn them loose again.' Another citizen expressed the same opinion."

As if to carry out just what was said, five Chinamen have been summoned to appear before the magistrate charged with keeping a common gaming house, and fifteen players will be charged with gambling. It is declared that the professional gamblers from Seattle, Vancouver, Victoria and New Westminster reap so rich a harvest that several hundred of the 2,000 odd fishermen who make some hundreds of dollars apiece during the sockeye season leave the town without a cent in their pockets. Steveston has about 3,000 people during the fishing season, and undoubtedly contains then as much money as any city of 10,000, no small portion of which finds its way into the coffers of the tin horn fraternity. The town is in a disgraceful condition, so far as sidewalks and lighting or rather the want of them, are concerned. After 8 p. m. the town is in darkness, save when the moon shines, and if a row starts in Chinatown a constable is quite unable to capture the culprits unless he happens to be right on the spot, and then he stands in danger of being killed. It would be hard to find a worse hole in Canada than Steveston's Chinatown. The dark alleys therein have been the scene of numerous crimes, and the policeman who goes there takes his life in his hands.

DELIGHTED WITH THE KING.

Indian Chiefs Tell of Their Reception by His Majesty.

The three Indian chiefs who traveled over 6,000 miles to petition the King to preserve for them their hunting grounds, have succeeded in their object, says a writer in the London Daily Express. They are overjoyed at the hearty greeting of His Majesty and the graciousness of the Queen to whom they were also presented.

Many had told them in Canada that their journey would be for nothing, and that they would be laughed at. But they were not daunted. They simply said an extra prayer, and went aboard the big ship. They might perish, but they had to do their duty to the men, women and children of the tribes they ruled.

When the news came to them that they were to go to Buckingham Palace, they shook hands with each other solemnly and bowed one to the other. The victory they had so earnestly striven for was theirs.

They reverently took out of their boxes their magnificent mantles of many colors, the high fox-lur hats and the other emblems of authority which are only worn at the coronation of great chiefs. Soon after two the carriage arrived to take them to the Palace, and they took their seats, accompanied by their interpreter, Simon Perre, an official from the office of the High Commissioner for Canada, who was to introduce them formally to the King.

As the chiefs drove in at the door of the great building they were greeted by the sentries, and they saluted back. They were met by attendants, who conducted them through the long stretches of corridors to the throne-room.

First marched Chief Joseph Capifano, the leader of the expedition, then Chief Charles Tsilpamilt, and close behind Chief Basil Canopait. What happened was vividly described to an "Express" representative by Chief Joseph, who speaks a little broken English. He lapsed into Chinook as he became more and more excited.

For impassiveness has vanished. It has been completely swept away by the graciousness of the King. Joseph is a well built man, with very expressive features, and he laughed and shouted and clapped his hands as he told the story of the marvelous visit in his own quaint way.

"The King he so pleased he laugh when he see the 'baskets,' went on the chief, and he make me open them and show inside. Then I hand the great Queen a picture of myself and my little girl, and she laugh, and she thank me so pretty. When she go out she take up baskets in her very own arms and go away with them."

The petition was then presented to the King, who talked for over a quarter of an hour with the chiefs. Chief Joseph would not, of course, divulge this part of the interview, but we understand that His Majesty gave his visitors advice as to the best way in which they could get their grievances redressed, and that they are thoroughly satisfied with the result of their mission.

THE KING'S MESSAGE. "When we get back," explained Chief Joseph further, "we go around to all our peoples. It will take many months. It took more than six to go around before we come here. We will go to them, each to his own tribes, and give the message of the Great King. They will kneel to us because we bear the word of the Great White Chief and have looked upon him."

Here Chief Tsilpamilt, interrupted the interpreter. He is the "old man" of the party, being more than seventy years of age, and every muscle of his thickly lined face quivered as he strove to conceal his emotion.

"I have prayed to be allowed to live long enough to see the Great White King," he said earnestly, "and tell him the wishes of my people. Now I have seen him, and my heart beats with joy. Once let me hear the glad news back to the wigwams of my tribes, and I care not how soon death claims me."

The chiefs have been to see all the sights of London, and have been impressed by all they saw under the guidance of Mr. H. H. Allingham, who lived for many years in Vancouver, where he knew the chiefs well. The Zoo pleased them most, Chief Joseph burst out laughing as he told the Express representative of an incident which happened there.

"I had on my big coat, my buckskin coat," he said, "when suddenly I see a lion look at me. Oh, yes, a

very fierce lion. And he sniff at my coat, and when I walk along he walk along too, and he get so angry, and he growl. And I laugh at him, and he walk along with me as far as he could go."

It was also at the Zoo that a gentleman went up to the interpreter and told him to ask each of the chiefs for a little tuft of their hair. He said he collected the hair of all the different nations, but had none of Indian chiefs. The three looked at the petitioner sternly and refused. "He make too free and ask too much," was one's comment.

They stayed for hours at Mme. Tussaud's, though they were a little frightened at the life-like figures of some of the figures. The representation of the "Flood," at the Hippodrome, appealed immensely to them, though they became rather anxious for the safety of a man who swayed on the branch of a tree above the raging torrent.

It was, however, Westminster Abbey which impressed them most. They speak of the tombs of the chiefs in it with bated breath. They have made a great collection of guide books and pictures of all parts of England, which they intend to take back with them.

BORN ON NASHWAAK.

Ald. W. H. Coy, of Saskatoon and A Native of This County.

A recent number of a Saskatoon paper contains a writeup of the first city council. One member of the board is W. H. Coy. Of him the paper says—

William Henry Coy came from New Brunswick, and is the son of a Baptist clergyman, Rev. J. H. Coy. He was born February 9, 1871, at Nashwaak, and was educated there and at the collegiate of Fredericton. He started his railway career as a telegrapher on the New Brunswick railway. He rapidly rose to various positions of responsibility. In 1892 he decided to try his luck in Uncle Sam's domain and went to Boston. Remained in Boston in the railway service till 1900, when he returned to New Brunswick and accepted a position with the C. P. R. In 1903 he was appointed travelling auditor on the eastern lines. He was so successful in this capacity that he was transferred to the western division with headquarters successively at Winnipeg, Calgary and Regina. In 1905 he resigned his position on the C. P. R. to enter the real estate business, in which he has been eminently successful. In 1893 Mr. Coy married Miss Ida Kilburn of Kilburn, N. B. Mr. Coy is a member of the Benjamin Lodge No. 31, A. F. & A. M., Andover, N. B., and Royal A. M. Chapter, Woodstock, N. B. In politics Mr. Coy is a Conservative.

SHARKS ON CORNISH COAST.

Correspondents Repeats Warning Which He Gave to Bathors.

London, Aug. 25.—A correspondent repeats a warning which he gave a few years ago to bathers from yachts or small boats within the ten mile limit on the Cornish coast of the risk of an encounter with the blue on porpoise sharks.

"Only four days ago," he writes, "some of the local mackerel crews saw a blue shark 7 ft. or 8 ft. long, swimming within Chapel Point—that is to say, not more than a mile from the harbor. A little further back a large shark broke three stout lines in succession belonging to a party of visitors who were fishing for pollock five or six miles off. A brand new line was then assayed, with the result that the monster was finally captured."

A St. Austell correspondent states that sharks measuring between three and four feet long are often caught in St. Austell Bay. In some instances they are sufficiently daring to plunder fishermen's loaded nets by breaking through the meshes. A few weeks ago a fisherman caught one measuring over nine feet. The hot weather is said to account for the sharks swimming so near shore.

Mr. Gallant—You swim admirably. Maud. It is a rare accomplishment. Everybody ought to know how to do it.

Maud—I don't like that idea. It would vulgarize it so.—Brooklyn Eagle.

He—Aren't you ever afraid to be in the house alone? She—Not at all. I own a loaded revolver.

He—But aren't you afraid of that? She—Mercy, no! I keep it locked in a trunk where it can't possibly go off.—Detroit Free Press.

John Kendrick Bangs was discussing in a New York club a case of plagiarism.

"The man admitted that plagiarism was suspected of him," said Mr. Bangs smiling. "He almost admitted it was proved. He reminded me of a Yonkers boy I used to know."

"This boy," said to his chum one morning:— "I hid under the parlor sofa 'last night to hear what young Sotleigh would say to my sister."

"Well, what did he say?" the other boy asked.

"He only talked religion and politics, and he kicked me about thirty times on the head."

"He knew you were there, I guess," said the second boy.

"I'm afraid he suspected it."



A SMALL PLAY APRON.

For little maids whose figures are not yet well developed, the full apron are generally chosen. These models are more becoming and answer best for general utility wear. The full skirt of this one is gathered to pointed yokes and the apron may be made with or without the sleeves. As to trimmings, whose are so often the most expensive part of an apron, one may do as she likes, no other than the garment material being needed for its adornment unless desired. The deep bertha collar which may be made of the apron material is a becoming finish for the neck while this may be omitted and narrow ruffles of lawn used instead. For the medium size 2 yards of 36 inch material are needed.

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Please send the above mentioned pattern, as per directions given below.

Name..... Street.....

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CAUTION.—Be careful to send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure you need only mark 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When miss' or child's pattern write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than three or four days from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or postal order or stamps.

OBJECTION TO A LARGE SALARY.

Ministers in our day rarely object to an increase of salary, but we find in exchange an excellent story of an old Connecticut pastor, who declined it for very substantial reasons. His county parish raised his salary from three hundred to four hundred dollars. The good old man objected, for three reasons: first said he, because you can't afford to give me more than three hundred; second, because my preaching isn't worth more than that; third, because I have to collect my salary which heretofore has been the hardest part of my labors among you. If I have to collect an additional hundred it will kill me.

"Young Biffers is a pretty prominent fellow, isn't he?"

"Yes, he's a good deal before the public."

"What's his business?"

"He marks up the baseball score on the big bulletin board."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

William is the small son of the Blank family.

He has been habitually climbing up the porch pillars to the second floor.

"Willie," said mamma, "you must never again do so or I'll—"

"All right, mamma."

A few days later Willie was caught "shinning" up the porch pillars again.

"Didn't I tell you to never again do so?" asked mamma.

"Yep," said Willie, "but, mamma, I was feeling so tired this afternoon that I just couldn't stand it to climb those stairs, and I had to get up somehow!"—Detroit News.

"But what does he live on?"

"He is living at the expense of a lawyer who expects to be employed to break his rich uncle's will when the uncle dies."—Houston Post.

If you wish to be considered essential be careful that the wounds you cause be healed only by yourself.

OLD OFFENDER CAUGHT.

Impossible to escape being cured if you apply Putman's Corn Extractor to the worst corn on record. Painless safe and costs only a quarter in any drugstore.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

TENDER

Sealed Tenders, addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tenders for Excavation at Halifax," will be received up to and including SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8th, 1906, for all labor and material in connection with the excavating and grading for new tracks between North Street Station and the grain elevator at Halifax, N. S.

Plans and specification may be seen at the Terminal Agent's Office, Halifax, and at the Chief Engineer's Office, Moncton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained.

All the conditions of the specification must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 16th Aug. 1907. Aug. 21—d14i.

Prince Edward Island Railway.

TENDER

Sealed Tenders, addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Car Shop at Charlottetown," will be received up to and including TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4th, 1906, for the construction of a Car Shop at Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Plans and specification may be seen at the Resident Engineer's Office, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; at the office of the Secretary of the department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, Ont., and at the Chief Engineer's Office, Moncton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained.

All the conditions of the specification must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 17th Aug. 1906. Aug. 21—d11i.

Intercolonial Railway.

TENDER FOR BRIDGES.

Sealed Tenders, addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tender for Bridges," will be received up to and including Monday, September 3rd, 1906, for the construction and erection of the steel superstructure of a bridge at Boiestown (both on the Loggieville-Fredericton Section), and also for the construction and erection of the steel superstructure of a bridge at Boyer River, near St. Charles Junction, P. Q.

Masonry plans and general specification may be seen at the Chief Engineer's Office, Moncton, N. B., and at the office of the Superintendent of the Province of Quebec, Montreal, where forms of tender may be obtained.

All the conditions of the specification must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., Aug. 14th, 1906. Aug. 21—d10i.

UNEEDA BISCUIT

Saltines, A. B. Snaps, Fluted Coconut, Spice

Jumbles, Mary Ann, Vanilla Creams, Royal Fruit

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BILL HEADS

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8c. Pretty Prints to clear for 5 1-2c. only.
13c. Extra Good Prints for 9c. only.
45c. good Fancy Hosiery for 24c. only.
\$3.00 Black and White Print Suits for \$1.50 only.
A few Linen Suits to clear at Half-Price.
\$10.00 White Lawn extra pretty made Shirt-Waist Suits special to clear for \$5.50 others for \$3.95 only.

Grand Whitewear Sale Now On DON'T MISS IT,

35c. and 50c. Pretty, Gentlemen's Ties for 24c. only.
65c. Men's Soft Shirts for 49c. only.
65c. and 90c. Boy's Shirt-Waists for 39c. and 59c.
\$1.00 per Suit Balbriggan Underwear for 75c. Suit.
\$1.50 Men's good Working Pants for 99c.
\$6.00 Men's Fancy Striped Pants for \$4.95 only.

Extra Special Bargains now offered in Men's Suits. Don't delay buying, now is the time with us.

S. KERNER,
Great Sacrifice Sale now going on.

Bargains in Infants' Hoods.

Hoods in Muslin and Hamburg, from 25c. to 95c. to be cleared at 15c. and 25c.

Duck Tans for 15c. and 25c.

The Balance of our TRIMMED MILLINERY at HALF

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