INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

for

LABOR DAY

SEPT. 6th.

will sell round trip tickets —First Class One Way Fare— Going Sept. 3, 4, 5, and 6. Returning Sept. 8, 1909. between all stations on the railway and to Detroit, Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., and points east in Canada.

for

Toronto Exhibition

AUG. 28. SEPT. 13.

—First Class One Way Fare— Going Aug. 30, 31. Sept. 1, 2, 7, 8, 9 and on

SEPT. 3.

will sell return tickets from

FREDERICTON

$16.30

All tickets good for return, leaving Toronto Sept. 15, 1909.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Passenger Train Service from Fredericton,, Effective June 6, 1909. Daily, except Sunday, unless otherwise stated.

DEPARTURES.

6.20 a m.—For St. John, St. Stephen, Woodstock and north.
7.40 a.m.—(Daily except Sunday and Monday), vis Gibson Branch for Woodstock and north.
9.20 a.m.—For Fredericton Junction, connecting for St. John and points east.
4.30 a.m.—(Monday only), vis Gibson Branch for Woodstock and north.
5.40 p.m.—(Daily in July) for Fredericton Junction, connecting for Montreal, etc., etc.
8.05 p.m.—For St. John and points east.

ARRIVALS.

9.00 a.m.—From St. John and east
11.20 a.m.—(Daily in July), from Montreal, etc.
3.45 p.m.—(Saturday only) from Woodstock and north, via Gibson.
7.50 p.m.—From St. John and east.
8.05 p.m.—From Woodstock and north, via Gibson.
10.50 p.m.—From Boston, Bangor, St. Stephen, etc.

W. B. HOWARD, District Passenger Agent, St. John, N. B.

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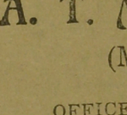

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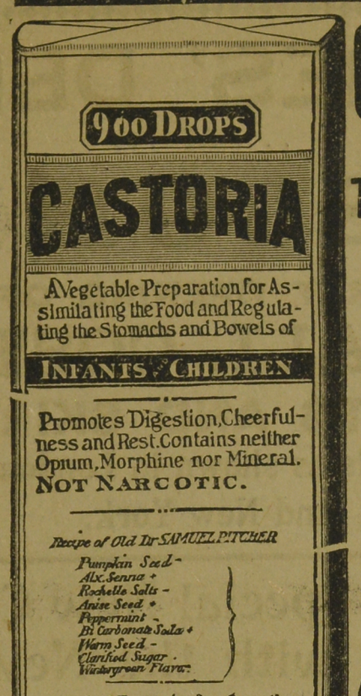
The Wood Medicine Co. (formerly Windsor) Toronto, Ont.



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Steamer Catches Fire.

Detroit, Mich., Sept. 2.—A special from Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., last night, says:

Considerable excitement was caused in marine circles yesterday afternoon when a report was received that the steamer North Wind was on fire at Whitefish Point in Lake Superior. The rumor was substantiated later by advices from the lighthouse at that station, stating that the North Wind was lying at anchor there, and had been fighting a fire all night.

The North Wind and North King left here Tuesday upbound for Duluth. When Whitefish was reached both boats took shelter under the point on account of a heavy northwest gale which was blowing.

Fire broke out in the after hatch of the North Wind about 5 o'clock in the afternoon and burned fiercely for an hour, threatening to destroy the boat. It was finally gotten under control, but all through the night a careful watch was kept, as fire still smouldered among the cargo, a portion of which was jettisoned during the night.

The fire is said to have been caused by an explosion of sulphuric acid which constituted a part of the cargo.

Bride's Relatives Beat Groom.

Kingston, Sept. 2.—That he was beaten, taken at 11 p.m. from a house where he was asleep in bed, pushed into a carriage, driven to the station and put on a train and given orders to return to his home in Deseronto, was the story told to Justice of the Peace Hunter in the County Court yesterday by Daniel Sophie.

Sophie, who is about 50 years of age, on July 25, married a Mrs. Corkey, aged about 70, living in Barriefield. Members of the family took objection to the match, and a row resulted.

Two sons of Mrs. Corkey and a son-in-law were charged with assault. One man had struck him in the face when he objected to leaving the house, and threatened to kill him if he refused. His story was corroborated by his wife.

The prosecution did not care to press the case, but wanted the accused bound over to keep the peace. A fine of $1 was imposed in each case, and all were bound over.

Municipal Association Meets.

Toronto, Sept. 2.—The annual meeting of the Ontario Municipal Association opened yesterday morning at the city hall. Mayor Geddes, St. Thomas, was chairman.

The chairman recommended the appointment of a committee to watch proposed amendments to the municipal act.

He favored a Dominion federation of the provincial municipal associations.

Mayor Geddes advocated an application to the Legislature for a share of the fines collected for violations of the liquor laws.

Steel Co. Pays Dividend.

Montreal, Sept. 2.—The directors of the Dominion Steel & Iron Co. yesterday afternoon declared a dividend of 7 per cent. on the preferred stock, payable Oct. 1, to shareholders.

President Plummer, after the meeting, pointed out that the 7 per cent. dividend would be paid out of earnings, as no settlement had yet been reached with the coal company regarding the balance of the steel company's claim. There will then remain 28 per cent. still due on the preferred stock.

A Thread In the Woof.

By WALLACE SNOW.

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Pietro Vincenzo Riga was discouraged. It had been a bad day. In fact, it had been a bad month. Generally when he and Gambietta took to the road and traveled through this section the nickels and dimes and quarters fell into Pietro's old felt hat in a most alluring stream.

But this year the weather had been for the most part rainy, and somehow Gambietta seemingly had lost his knack of coaxing coins from stubborn pockets.

What few pleasant days there had been had proved far from profitable, for the dimes and nickels and quarters were conspicuous by their absence, and Pietro and Gambietta must both eat, fair weather or dull.

In vain did they plod the dusty highways; in vain whenever they could find a possible audience did Gambietta do his cumbersome tricks.

Waltz, turn somersaults, die, go lame, wrestle with Pietro as he would, but a few scattered pennies had lodged in the old felt hat. Bankruptcy, grim and ghastly, stared them in the face.

Moreover, Gambietta was growing painfully thin, even as if he had but recently come from one of his long naps of hibernation, and Pietro was beginning to learn all too frequently that a handful of berries gathered from the roadside made a most unsatisfactory repast.

They plodded up the long hill slope, the man shuffling along with his shoulders stooped and his head bent and the bear following along at the end of his chain, his head rolling from side to side and his scuffling feet sending up choking clouds of dust that set him to wheezing and coughing in miserable fashion.

They were nearing the top of the hill when a wagon with a portly, well fed man on the seat drew up beside them. The well fed man glared at them in undisguised contempt.

"Hey, you dago," he called, "what yer doin' with that bear here on the highway? Don't you know there's a regulation against it in this town? Scares hosses, it does! Take him through the woods or the fields, but keep off the roads—you hear?"

Pietro pulled off the old felt hat and bowed respectfully. Then as best he could in broken English, plentifully interspersed with Etruscan dialect, he tried to make it plain that neither he nor Gambietta would willingly or knowingly transgress the law. But the man in the wagon understood no word of the servile harangue.

"None of your lip, now," he interrupted irritably, at the same time pulling open his coat to display a tin star. "I'm a deputy sheriff, I am. You and that bear keep off the roads or I'll run you both in. See!"

He waved his arm meaningly toward a little wooded path that led from the highway to the left and sat in his wagon watching the sorry pair until they had turned into it and were lost to view in its shady depths.

Beneath a giant oak tree that stood beside the little path Pietro sat down miserably, his head in his hands and a great despair in his tired eyes.

Gambietta collapsed beside him, rolled about luxuriously for a moment, then turned on his side and went calmly to sleep.

Pietro sat there for a time, a prey to his bitter musing. Then he, too, stretched himself beside Gambietta's rusty brown bulk and fell into troubled slumber.

Now, it happened that the path—a winding wood road—which the two had chosen, or, rather, which the well fed man had chosen for them, as a retreat led to a cascade, where a little stream fell over a series of granite ledges.

It was one of the beauty spots of the vicinity, a place much frequented by the summer people who came to the little town.

Even as Pietro and Gambietta slept in the shadows of the oak a smart trap came slowly down the winding road from the cascade.

In the trap were a stern faced young man and an unsmiling young woman. And it took no very great intellect to see that everything was not entirely pleasant between them.

Indeed, they had fallen into silence—that bitter silence which is harder to endure than threats or recriminations or open censure. For some time they drove along, the beauties of the shaded wood road lost to their eyes.

The man finally broke the silence. "Perhaps it would be better if I got out and walked," he suggested grimly.

"Perhaps it would," said the girl, and, reining in the horse, she watched him climb down from the trap, after which she flicked the cob with the whip, and the trap sped down the road.

The man stuffed his hands into his pockets, grunted something inarticulate and strode on in her wake. He was a pleasant looking young man. The frown that furrowed his forehead seemed sadly out of place.

But there was something about the mouth which said he had a will of his own and somewhat more than his share of stubborn pride.

Presently, by way of soothing his overwrought nerves, he pulled from his pocket a well worn brier pipe and began to fill it from his tobacco pouch.

But scarcely was the task completed when from ahead there arose a sudden commotion, a cracking of underbrush, a jabbering of Etruscan dialect, a half smothered feminine scream sounded through the stillness.

The young man pricked up his ears, and as the scream sounded once more he dropped the pipe and tore down the path at a pace that had won him records on the cinder path.

Around a bend in the path he sped, and there before him he saw a frantically plunging horse, an Etruscan wringing his hand and jabbering helplessly, while a badly frightened bear crawled through the underbrush with many whoofs of genuine alarm.

The young man jumped for the bit, caught it and clung on desperately. The horse, thoroughly frightened, snorted and plunged and acted generally like a beast bereft of his senses.

With all his strength he strove to free himself from the young man's grasp, but that stubborn will was equal to the emergency. Men with mouths like the young man's don't let go once they have gained a hold.

For several minutes it was a battle royal for the mastery; then the young man's strength and agility and spirit prevailed.

The horse, quivering and panting, came down on all fours and stood there, shaking like a leaf.

"You had best get out for a moment or two," the young man advised, and the girl meekly obeyed.

Then she saw his torn coat and blood on his wrist where the prongs of the bit had torn the flesh.

"Tom," she cried, quite forgetting the recent unpleasantness—"Tom, dear, are you hurt? There's blood on your hand, and you're all mussed up."

He smiled reassuringly. "Not in the least, dearie," said he. Then he looked steadily into her eyes. "But I'd be glad to be if—if"—

"If what?" she asked rather breathlessly.

"If I could make you understand what an ass I feel myself to be and how sorry I am I quarreled with you."

The young woman had her share of common sense. "Well, I rather think we can forgive each other without anything so unnecessary as that," said she. "It was my fault anyway."

"I rather think it was mine," he declared.

At that moment Pietro Vincenzo Riga, overcome with premonitory fears, approached, nearly touching the ground with his forehead, so low were his bows. His gestures were rapid and expressive, his face a picture of woe.

"Not-a my fault! Not-a my fault!" he repeated over and over, his palms upturned in deprecation.

The young man turned. "Your fault!" he laughed. "Not a bit of it, my friend. In fact, it's the most fortunate circumstance in the world that you happened along just as you did. Here!" And into the astounded Etruscan's hand he thrust a crisp ten dollar bill.

Pietro stood staring at it stupidly, scarce daring to believe his good fortune, while the young man helped the girl back to the trap.

It was only when the trap started on that Pietro realized he was taking something and giving nothing in return.

"Wait!" he cried, diving into the bushes for the recreant Gambietta. "Wait! Mak-a da bear dance-a da waltz!"

"Oh, that's all right," the young man laughed. "You've earned the money!"

The trap whisked down the path. Pietro hauled the bear from the underbrush and made him stand at his clumsy salute.

His own tattered felt hat was clasped in his hand as he watched the two young people, sitting close together and both talking at once, drive out of sight. Then he and Gambietta set forth at a somewhat livelier pace in search of supper.

Recognized Likeness.

A Parisian dandy of the first water, the Comte de S., had a crayon picture of himself made, which he afterward pretended to find fault with.

"It does not bear the slightest resemblance to me," he said, "and I will not take it."

The artist protested, but all to no avail. "All right, monsieur," he remarked finally, "if it is not at all like you, of course I can't reasonably expect to get paid for it."

After the count had left the painter added to the portrait a magnificent pair of ass' ears and exhibited it to the gaze of the curious public.

It had not been long so exposed when the count broke into the artist's studio in a towering rage and, finding that threats availed him nothing, at last offered to buy it at a considerable advance upon the original price.

"It was not strange that you failed to recognize your resemblance to the picture at first," said the painter, determined to be revenged for the slight put upon his work. "But I knew you would notice the likeness as soon as I added these ears."

Society at Caracas.

The ladies of the government were the most gorgeous of tropical butterflies. They wore all the colors at the same time and jewels in profusion, but you seldom looked farther than the paint and powder. I had seen a darky girl in Porto Rico powdered until she looked like a rusk, but she was at rest! These gaudy panish, Spanish-Indian, Spanish-negro creatures were pinked and scarleted and whited on face, throat and neck until the original color appeared only on the upper arms, and after they had danced for an hour one thought of the delta of the Mississippi in the old green geography! And so we all danced, painted and unpainted alike, and only the unbelievable florescent description in the next morning's paper can give an adequate conception of what the Caracanians thought of it.—Atlantic.

Buying Bananas In West Indies.

When a fruit company is desirious of purchasing the produce of a banana plantation in the West Indies the manager first sends round a circular stating that he is willing to take so many "stems of good, round, full, and clean fruit." The price per hundred "counts" is then quoted. A stalk carrying nine or more "hands" is called a "bunch," a "count," or a "payable"; one bearing eight "hands" is termed a "three-quarter bunch"; one with seven is a "half"; while another with six is a "quarter." Consequently, a hundred stems may contain considerably less than a hundred "counts," owing to the varying number of "hands" on each stalk. Five pounds is the lowest price paid per hundred, and that is from October to January, after which prices go up until April and May, when as much as £12 10s. is obtained. "Wrap your fruit to avoid bruising," and "Don't cut your bananas until the day before selling," are two maxims which are golden in more ways than one, says the buyer.

What She Thought of the Stage.

A good story is told of Mr. Beerbohm Tree, whose "Pinkie and the Fairies" contributed largely to London's Christmas enjoyment at His Majesty's. The famous actor was once prevailed upon in kindness of heart to engage a servant girl out of the workhouse. She was desperately untidy, and, after various attempts to teach her method, Mrs. Tree told her husband that it was no use, the girl must really go. "Oh, try her a little longer," urged Mr. Tree. And she was granted a respite. However, it was all in vain, and to Mr. Tree, as he had engaged the girl, fell the task of getting rid of her. He told her that if she did not mend her ways she must return to the workhouse. "Oh, no, I sha'n't," she snapped out, rudely. "I'll get another situation." "But I cannot give you a character," returned the actor, "and you will find it very difficult to get another situation without a character." "Perhaps!" was the insolent retort. "At all events, if the worst should come to the worst, I can always go on the stage."

The "You-Be-Quiets."

There was not an empty seat at Queen's Hall when Sir Edward Elgar's symphony was played for the first time in London recently. And yet Sir Edward, who has produced an orchestral work of the first magnitude, never received a lesson in orchestration in his life. Indeed, he is almost entirely self-taught, $18 being his whole expenditure on instruction—for a fortnight's tuition on the violin. At one time, like the immortal Wagner, Sir Edward was glad to earn a few shillings by putting together quadrilles from operas and popular airs. He is, the writer believes, still a member of an interesting little club not far from Hanover Square, composed entirely of musicians. It is called the "You-Be-Quiet Club," and its title means that no "shop" is permitted in conversation. Perhaps that is the reason why one can never get Sir Edward to "talk" music.—Tit-Bits.

Queer Names of Books.

These are some of the odd titles of old English books published in the time of Cromwell:

A Most Delectable Sweet Perfumed Nosegay for God's Stains to Smell At.

Biscuit Baked In the Oven of Charity, Carefully Conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation.

A Sigh of Sorrow for the Sinners of Zion Breathed Out of a Hole in the Wall of an Earthly Vessel Known Among Men by the Name of Samuel Fish.

Eggs of Charity Layed for the Chickens of the Covenant and Boiled with the Water of Divine Love. Take Ye Out and Eat.

The Spiritual Mustard Pot to Make the Soul Sneeze With Devotion.

Man is greater than a world, than systems of worlds. There is more mystery in the union of soul with body than in the creation of a universe.—Henry Giles.

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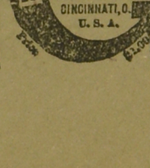

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