



Showing how verdure has over-
spread the ruins of the Rue
Victor Hugo.

PORT DE FRANCE, Martinique, April 21.—When on a May morning four years ago an expedition which had been hurried to the scene of the St. Pierre disaster brought the ruins into view, there was so much of utter desolation, such drifts of scoria and volcanic ash over all of the sacred and blasted region that the generally expressed opinion was that never a green thing could ever grow there again.

The writer, who was a member of that first expedition, has been afforded an opportunity of visiting the ruins again. And such marvels has this tropical nature wrought throughout these last four years! Greenness everywhere save on the slopes of Pelee itself, and in the deep ravines and elevations of that lava river whose turbulent brown billows look as though they had suddenly stilled when in the moment of their most violent action.

Over the gray walls green things have crept, bushes—some of them twenty and thirty feet in height—have sprung up in such rank profusion as to make difficult a passage through them, and beneath the



picnicking among the ruins of
St. Pierre

is matted two and three feet deep. A few years more and the place will look more like a primeval wilderness than the site of a once populous city, and which Pelee within a few thousands covered into a cemetery of forty thousand dead.

SURE TO BE A BIG AUDIENCE

Rush Yesterday for Seats for
Benefit Concert in York
Theatre

The rush to book seats for the San Francisco sufferers' relief fund concert in York Theatre tomorrow night, began as soon as the box office in the theatre opened yesterday and there is every indication that there will be a banner house. No two opinions have been expressed about the quality of the entertainment. The names of the most attractive features of the entertainment, under the direction of W. Spencer Jones, the impresario, this talented combination is now on a tour through the lower provinces and Newfoundland.

Miss Georgie Turner, recognized as one of the most finished of Canadian violinists. She was formerly a pupil of Alfred de Sève, of Montreal, and has but recently returned from a prolonged stay in Geneva, Italy, where she has pursued her studies under that renowned virtuoso, Henri Marteau.

Miss Irene Weaver, now one of Canada's leading entertainers, is a clever pupil of Owen A. Smith, known so well and favorably from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Miss Weaver has toured Ontario as the head of the Weaver-Stone Company, and also in 1903 was reader with the University Glee Club and the Blight Male Quartette. She possesses a rich contralto voice in addition to her accomplishments.

Miss Dollie Blair is a solo pianist of exceptional merit. She is a native of Toronto and has had nothing but success since she first appeared in public. She will play, among other pieces, tomorrow, Liszt's Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 12, which is regarded as one of her best interpretations.

The following local artists, who will also appear, are popular with the St. John public: Misses March, Fowler and Sturdee, Miss Agnes Munro, H. F. Hall, S. J. McGowan, G. S. Mayes, the Cecilian Mandolin Orchestra and a massed orchestra under the leadership of F. C. Jones and Morton L. Harrison.

A word to the wise—Tickets are being disposed of very fast. It is only fair to say that by tomorrow evening very little seating accommodation will be left. Get your seat early whether reserved or only a general admission. It will save a rush at the last minute when the doors open.

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JUDGE TUCK HINTS OF RETIREMENT

Woodstock, N. B., April 24.—(Special)—Carleton circuit court opened at 11 o'clock this morning, the chief justice presiding. Having selected James E. Drysdale as foreman, the jury was addressed by his honor. He complimented them on the fact that there was only one criminal case before them, and that not of a serious character, and caused by troubles over land.

The county was one of the richest in the province, he said, but it was without a modern court house. He appealed to the jury, and to the county council in particular, to have the defect remedied at the earliest possible moment. Through old age or for some other reason, he might not again visit this county as a presiding judge, but if he did he trusted the erection of a modern court house would be underway on the county lot in the town.

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A PERFECTLY PLAIN PROPOSITION

The Story of a Girl and a Gold Mine

BY MAPA VENE KENNEDY.

The smooth gold button with its one little rough spot fascinated Lorene. She turned it over and over, holding it up to the sunlight, letting it fall, a glittering mass, in her lap.

Dellere's eyes brightened. "And you got that gold from the sand around here," he asked his fellow-guest. "I've heard about the gold in the Adirondacks, but I never took any stock in the report. You must have used a whole mountain to get that button—I've done considerable mining myself—it's about \$20, isn't it?"

The man leaned forward. "Just \$20, exactly, and he waited a moment, impressively—"we got it from one ton of sand—sand not five miles from here."

Edgar Dellere whistled softly. "What's your process?"

"So you know there must be a secret process, eh? Well, it's a simple one. It costs only a dollar a ton to recover the gold. As I have just said, are millions of tons of gold-bearing sand, carrying from \$5 to \$80 a ton. It's the biggest paying proposition in this country. Here I am with only enough money barely to cover my living expenses, yet I virtually possess more wealth than the Rockefellers." He laughed humorously.

Lorene laid the precious button in his extended hand and watched him with eager eyes as he moved leisurely to the other end of the long piazza. Quiet, gentlemanly, with calm brown eyes and thick brown hair, heavily silvered, Heface Anchor, as his name appears on the register, was a very distinguished-looking man.

The girl turned to her brother.

"He has a gold mine, doesn't he, Ed?"

"He doesn't look old enough, does he, except his hair?"

"Granddaughter!" said Dellere. "He has a gold mine, which is more to the point. I'm going to get next."

The girl's fine brows came together thoughtfully.

"It doesn't seem credible," she said. "All he would have to do would be to demonstrate the success of his process, and he could get millions invested."

"That's all you know about it," retorted Dellere, with good-humored contempt. "Investors are shy of gold mines this side of the Mississippi. There may be nothing in Anchor's story, but I'm going to hear it myself. I'll worm it out of him this evening in the smoking room."

The girl laughed lightly.

"I don't see how you can, Ed; we have no money to invest. Let's go have some vidy."

As brother and sister went arm-in-arm down the walk, the eyes of the whole piazza followed them admiringly. Twice, strikingly handsome and lovely in their dress, they were followed by a crowd of admirers.

That night as Lorene sat brushing her hair, her brother came into her room, his blue eyes ablaze with excitement.

"Anchor's all right," he poured out rapidly. "And the biggest thing I've ever heard of. I'm off to-night to New York to see Grady. If I can interest capital I'll get an equal share with Anchor and his partner. They'll sell 51 per cent. for \$20,000, the other 49 per cent. to be divided among us three. The \$20,000 I'll use to put up to buy the mill and buy the land. Anchor and Grayson don't want a cent till they get their proceeds from the mine. It's all on the square—a perfectly plain proposition. I want Anchor to go with me; he can explain things better than I can. Have you got a hundred dollars by you?"

The girl's big, soft eyes, round with surprise, stared expectantly into her brother's glowing face.

"Did he explain the process?" she questioned, in doubt, yet excited. "Tones?"

"No? Well—well—then ask him, you better wait till you've seen them get the gold out of the sand yourself. Mr. Anchor—may—may-be mistaken, and Grady, you know, would be furious if you brought him up here on a wild goose chase." She raised her arm to his neck. "Is it so you could see, Ed?" she cried eagerly.

"Yes," he answered. "Yes, we. They have a little place fixed up at Fayette. We could go there tomorrow—yes, too. Wait up. I'll go talk to Anchor again."

He came back shortly.

"A good idea, Lorene. Anchor says to your head's level. We'll go to Fayette tomorrow, that's where the sand is; then next day to Fayette. Anchor's square all right. We'll have our steam yacht this time next year."

Lorene listened attentively as Anchor and Dellere discussed the project on the lawn the following morning. Anchor's mild manner and calm acceptance of prospective millions caused her doubts to disappear. She caught her brother's enthusiasm, and constantly gained confidence in the scheme. She was taken aback, though, when she found that the gold mine was located on an ordinary farm; that in fact the farm was the gold mine; "though not to the man who tilled it," Anchor offered.

Then he pointed out an embankment where the soil was exposed for about ten feet perpendicularly and twenty feet horizontally.

"That's where we have cut to show the formation," he explained. "You see those dark streaks—well, they carry \$30 or more to the ton, and the light streaks, the way from \$5 to \$20. Now, Dellere, you go anywhere on the farm you please and get your samples. I'll stay here with Miss Dellere. She can back you up then that I wasn't around 'sitting' when you got the sand."

He laughed pleasantly, and talked to Lorene about his gold, and the whole while Dellere was absent.

Dellere kept his three samples of sand, about twenty pounds each in a bag, closed in his own hands all the way back.

"It's all right, so far," he announced to Lorene that evening. "We'll see Grayson tomorrow, and if he's not crooked, I'll want to keep your eyes well open tomorrow."

And open they were as the girl moved from place to place in the sooty, grimy little building at Fayette next day. Grayson was of a different order from Anchor, but his plain, frank face was inspiring of confidence. And only a man who thoroughly believed in his theme could have been so enthusiastic, so emphatically in earnest; this was Lorene's opinion.

"Men have called me crazy for years," said she, with a grimly humorous smile, fighting his strong, decided features. "And I began to think I was, or else the devil had a hand in these sands. One time I'd get the gold; then for fifty times not a trace; then, again, I'd get it right along for a bit, but with no regularity as to value—and that right from the same sample of sand, too. One assay would show \$2 to the ton; the next, \$20. But the gold was there, I know that. I kept at it for ten years, then—along come

Anchor, here, and solves the problem.

"Did you see those little black specks of metal in the sand, Miss Dellere? Well, the gold's in them—gold as fine as sunshine. In a fire assay it's lost ninety-nine times out of a hundred. But our process—" He threw back his big, broad shoulders and drew in a deep breath of satisfaction—"our process—saves it all. 'Grind it,' said Anchor, 'and you'll get it all right.' See that little machine there suspended near the ceiling? Well, that's Anchor's patent. And this," laying his hand on the amalgamator beside him, "is mine. Here's the process, Miss Dellere, that's going to make New York State the greatest gold-bearing district in the world. Just let one mill get started and the country will be wild."

It was an all-day's job testing the three samples, but at nightfall Lorene held in her slender hand three tiny gold buttons. One ran \$90 to the ton, one \$83 and the other \$37.

"Ed, you must get the capital," cried the girl feverishly. "It's wonderful! If you can't get Grady, get Burg or Salter to come. Only \$20,000 and millions in sight! The gold's there, and you know its there. Aren't you glad you waited to see it done yourself? If they had brought up arguments against it being there before you saw, you might have doubted it yourself now."

"We'll get the capital all right," affirmed Dellere, his handsome, boyish face smiling reassuringly upon the lovely girl's features so anxiously set. "I would stay right on the train and go down tonight if it were for taking you to the hotel."

"I'm not afraid," she insisted. And brave as a lion she made her way from the train at 2 o'clock in the morning. But the days following she was all in a tremble—in a dread fright that Dellere might not get the money. He was gone a week.

"I'll not let you go," he said, moodily, "but they all turned me down cold. I can't do the whole business! Damn such blind conservatism! It's a perfectly plain proposition. They could see the thing done themselves, handle all the money, make millions from a few paltry thousands invested. Some of them, but—"

"We lose our chances," cried Lorene with a strained sob. "Oh, Ed, what can we do? We must get it somehow."

The boy gazed at her beautiful, earnest face, with sudden inspiration.

"There's Senator Burg," he cried. "He might cough up the \$20,000 if you'd tackle him. He wouldn't give me even a hearing—but a woman—Jordan says he's an easy mark with women."

Lorene's face paled and flushed.

"Ed, but—but Jim's with him. I—I couldn't."

"Do you still love that hound?" he asked contemptuously. "I thought that was all off."

The girl's tall, slender figure awayed unsteadily, her eyes raised to the boy's in piteous protest.

"It's off, dear, but I'll—"

"Do you know if Burg is in Pocomo? Yes? Then I'll go tomorrow. We must get it."

But her step lagged as she climbed the long hill to the Senator's cottage. Her heart beat with strange trepidation. What—what if—

"Lorene!"

The man of her thoughts stood before her.

"Are you in trouble, sweetheart?" he cried, anxiously, and took her in his arms, kissing her again and again before she could say a word.

She drew back with pretended displeasure, which she honestly believed to be real.

"I came to see the Senator," she said, coldly. "But your voice wavered, and it seemed good—the just could not help it. It did seem good to have Enderly's big, strong hands imprisoning her. She was so tired, had been tired so long, came suddenly upon her. It rested her just to see this sturdy figure, his dominant features. He was so manly in his aggressive homeliness!"

"Come, sit down," said Enderly, leading the way to a rustic bench among the cedars. "Now, what's it all about? Why didn't Ed come himself?"

His presence made her eyes flash resentfully. She tried to rise, but Enderly's hands held her firm.

"I'm as big an ass as Ed," he said, contentedly. "Put your head on my shoulder, sweet, and cry a little. You'll feel better to let down a bit; you're all unstrung."

"Oh, Jim!" she murmured, with a laugh. "But—but—I wouldn't mind if I had time."

"Afterward, then," said the man, with a happy smile. "Now—out with your story. I'll be as decent about it as I can."

The girl's face as she talked was kaleidoscopic in its flashing changes. Her enthusiasm was so great, her belief in her theme so absolute, that Enderly had no heart for the job of undeceiving her. And he might as well have argued with the wind for all the good his talk did.

(To Be Continued.)

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FORTNIGHTLY CLUB

Dinner Brings Season of Meetings to
a Close.

The seventh annual dinner of the Fortnightly Club was held in White's restaurant last evening, and was a pronounced success. The speakers were many and in excellent form, and a few of the subjects treated were rather novel, notably How I Won My Election, by J. B. M. Baxter, and How I Would Treat the Wife Beater, by Police Clerk Geo. A. Henderson.

The remarks of Capt. B. R. Armstrong, who saw active service in South Africa, were also heard with much interest. He spoke on How I Felt in Battle, the coming of the president, Dr. H. C. Wetmore, presided.

The opening address was made by the president, after which the toast to the King was honored. The health of the President of the United States being proposed, Judge Wilfrid, U. S. consul, eloquently responded, and this was followed by a poem read by J. Clawson. Then the toast list in general was taken up and brought much enjoyment.

G. S. Mayes sang Voices of Spring with D. Arnold Fox as accompanist.

J. B. M. Baxter, speaking on How I Won My Election, caused much laughter by his humor. He said that in the last contest he had not solicited votes, yet received more than in any previous election. He had been through fourteen campaigns, and had lost but four. In conclusion he referred to the "forward movement" which had developed the port.

W. F. Hatheway then narrated several good stories and H. M. Stansbury sang The American Song.

Wm. Brodie spoke on Beautiful Canada, after which G. A. Henderson, in humorous vein, explained how he would treat the wife beater. He contended that in many instances it is the husband and not the wife who should be protected. Some wives were only too able to demonstrate their ability in the matter of physical chastisement.

Other speakers were A. D. dds, whose subject was An Impartial Judgment of Bacon, W. H. Treumann, who told why he would hate to be a millionaire, and Dr. Melvin, whose subject was The Cock Sure Scientist.

A. Watson played a violin solo and D. A. Fox a piano solo.

Capt. R. R. Armstrong's account of how he felt in battle was heard with much interest.

J. C. Anderson and A. H. Wetmore, new members, spoke. Dr. Crockett spoke on Illusions. W. H. Harrison responded to the toast to the Ladies, and Dr. McCull spoke on The Phagocyte Abroad. The song The Two Grenadiers, was given with much effect by Judge Wilfrid. The singing of Auld Lang Syne brought the dinner to a close.

Dr. T. T. Beveridge succumbed to pneumonia in Appleton, Wisconsin.

Dr. T. T. Beveridge, of Appleton (Wis.), died on Friday last of pneumonia. He was well known in St. John and friends here will regret to read that he has passed away. Dr. Beveridge was born in Andover, Victoria county, in 1842. He was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania and in Edinburgh and practiced his profession in his native county until 1882, when he removed with his family to Appleton, where he had practiced ever since.

Dr. Beveridge married Lydia A. daughter of the late Charles McLaughlin.

NEW LUNENBURG
SCHOONER WRECKED

Lunenburg, N. S., April 24.—(Special)—W. C. Smith & Co. received word today from Captain Cook, of the fishing schooner Hiawatha, stating that the vessel had run ashore at Point Michael (C. B.) and was a total loss. The crew were all saved.

Captain Cook left for the fishing grounds two weeks ago with the Hiawatha, and was launched. Captain Cook had used his first bait and was running for Canoe, but got out on his course. This schooner was one of the finest of the Lunenburg fishing fleet.

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FORMER NEW BRUNSWICK
PHYSICIAN DEAD

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Dr. Beveridge married Lydia A. daughter of the late Charles McLaughlin.

There was a large gathering of Oddfellows in Simonds street hall last evening, when the 87th anniversary of the founding of the order was celebrated by the local lodges.

Peoples Lodge, which meets in the Simonds street building, was the "host" of the other lodges, including Pioneer, Si-loom and Golden Rule. Among those present were Grand Master C. N. Skinner and grand officers, Dr. Christie, Dr. Smith and H. Colner and Mr. Doig.

The grand master's speech was heard with close attention and was one of the leading features of the evening. He took as his leading thought, "Love Your Neighbor as Yourself." He spoke eloquently on the principles of Oddfellowship and illustrated it by narrating historical incidents. He also made reference to the progress made by the order under the influence of advanced ideas.

A good musical programme was carried out and refreshments were served.

Victoria Temple, No. 2, T. of H., elected the following officers last evening: R. D. Martin, W. C. T. J. Gouland, W. V. T. J. MacFarlane, W. recorder; S. Dellow, assistant recorder; F. A. Etey, financial secretary; W. C. Simpson, W. treasurer; Wm. Lewis, W. chaplain; James Sullivan, W. U.; H. Dean, W. D. U.; A. Martin, W. G.; D. C. Fisher, W. S.