A SUNDAY CLOSING CRUSADE

(By Edwin J. Webster).

Pat Weldon, thick-set, red-faced, with an air of dignity, stood in front of his saloon, an ominous frown on his face.

As the political leader of the Ninth ward pivotal ward of that assembly district, Mr. Weldon thought that he was at all times entitled to the most respectful treatment. It was certain that John McDowell, the principal owner of the local baseball club, had acted in a manner to lacerate the political leader's self-esteem.

"It isn't his refusing me season passes," thought Pat, "and it isn't his throwing me down when I asked him as a personal favor to give Tom Wilson a try as pitcher on the nine; it's the ingratitude of the man that jars me. After all the trouble I took this spring to see that his Sunday baseball games wouldn't be interfered with and now he's trying to get up an opposition party in the Ninth ward."

He was still wrathfully considering the matter when the evening paper was delivered. He glanced at it languidly. Among the local items was one relating to a meeting of the Ministers' Association. Ordinarily Pat was little interested in the doings of this association. But the report of the "committee on Sunday baseball games" caught his eye. He read it with increasing zest.

According to the paper, Rev. Ezekiel P. Jones, a young and ardent leader in municipal reforms, had been appointed an investigating committee of one to attend the game scheduled for the next afternoon, which was Sunday. If Mr. Jones found that the law was being violated he was to apply for warrants for the arrest of the proprietor of the team and the players. As he read the resolution passed by the Ministers' Association a gleam of gratification crept into the eyes of Pat Weldon, political leader.

"The good man who is after the ball players means well, but he don't know all the ropes," soliloquized Pat. "I can let him take the leading part, while I fix things with Tommy Evans, the police justice, Rev. Ezekiel P. Jones of the Third church and Mr. Patrick Weldon of the Ninth ward—there'll be a team that will make Johnny McDowell think he is trying to side-step a cyclone!"

When the Rev. Ezekiel P. Jones presented himself at the entrance to the ball grounds on Sunday he was politely but firmly told that he would not be admitted. McDowell had been forewarned by the action taken by the Ministers' Association. While Mr. Jones stood in perplexity before the gate he was astonished by a jovial, if forcible, slap on the back. Turning, he beheld the smiling countenance of Patrick Weldon of the Ninth. Pat extended his hand cheerily.

"You seem to be up against it," said Pat, beaming friendliness from every line of his rotund figure. "But it's all right. I'm with you and we're going in, and we'll get a bunch of evidence that will make these Sunday baseball people think they have run against a brace faro game."

"It's all right. He's with me," said Pat authoritatively, as they pushed past the gate tender into the baseball grounds.

"You see," said Pat impressively before the astonished Mr. Jones had time to ask questions or regain his presence of mind, "you see, lots of times you people have tried to stop the Sunday games; and you were right, for the law ought to be obeyed and people like McDowell taught a lesson. But you didn't have somebody with you to tell you how things ought to be run. And that's what I am here to do. You and your friends can put on the pious front and furnish the respectability required, and I will hustle around and see that the police back you up." And Pat brought his hand down with a reassuring slap on the knee of Mr. Jones, at the same time giving him a wink of the utmost good fellowship and mutual understanding.

The events of the last few minutes had proceeded so rapidly the Rev. Mr. Jones had not had time to comprehend what it all meant. He had looked for some commendations of his attempt to stop Sunday baseball playing, but the genial leader of the Ninth ward was the last person from whom he had expected approval or aid. If so minded, Pat Weldon would certainly be an efficient ally in a Sunday-closing crusade.

"'A brand snatched from the burning,'" murmured the good man softly.

"There's no occasion for calling me a brand," replied Pat, somewhat aggrieved. "But let it go at that. We understand each other now. Wait until they have played a couple of innings, so that you will have evidence. Then hustle right over to the police station and call on the captain to arrest the players. Be sure he arrests McDowell."

"Are you certain fines will be imposed?" inquired Mr. Jones, a little despondently. "Baseball players have been arrested before, and the police justice has discharged them."

Pat beamed with the air of a man who feels that his services, while freely and cheerfully rendered, are none the less essential.

"Right there is where I break into the game strong," he declared with a sincere appreciation of his own value. "When these fellows are arrested, they will all be taken before Police Justice Evans — Tommy Evans, you know. Everything Tommy has had in politics he owes to Pat Weldon—honest Pat Weldon he always calls me. All the boys suppose I am trying to steer you off from making trouble about Sunday games. Even McDowell doesn't appreciate that I am laying for him."

Now for the first time the Rev. Ezekiel Jones began to realize the guile of his unexpected ally. But the ever-active Pat seeing no necessity for conversation after a plan of operations had been outlined, already was hustling down the steps of the grandstand on his way to "fix things" with Police Justice Evans.

Ezekiel P. Jones, reformer and representative of the ministers' association, hastily wrote down the names of the players and of McDowell, the owner of the baseball club, and then hurried to the nearest precinct station, where he made application for the arrest of the offenders.

In the second half of the ninth inning the police marched across the diamond under a fire of jeers from the grand stand and bleachers, and notified McDowell and the team that they were under arrest. The players, headed by McDowell, wrathfully denouncing the police, the ministers' association, and the world in general, were led to the precinct station. There they were paroled to appear before Police Justice Evans the next morning.

The Rev. Ezekiel P. Jones returned to his home. His heart was filled with gladness as he thought of the success of his invocation of the strong arm of the law.

The next morning Mr. Jones reached the police court building before court opened. As he strode up the corridors leading to the court room he met Pat Weldon. The broad countenance of the new ally of the ministers' association beamed a welcome. He seized Mr. Jones by the buttonhole, and, despite his wavering indecision, led him to a corner of the corridor.

"I saw the judge yesterday," said Pat in confidential tones, "and told him McDowell was knifing him in the Ninth. Of course Tommy was wild in a minute.

"Then I looks up McDowell.

'Mac,' I says to him, you know Tommy Evans, and how he hates to have anyone delaying police court by calling for a jury trial. Now I've had a talk with him, and when the cases are called tomorrow, plead guilty and throw yourself upon the mercy of the court. Tommy will see that you are treated as you ought to be.' And Mac said he would."

And Mr. Jones received a friendly but staggering poke in the ribs from the stubby forefinger of the Ninth ward leader.

But the representative of the Ministers' Association was shocked.

'Oh, this will never do, Mr. Weldon!" he protested, almost in despair of making Pat understand his attitude.

Pat and Mr. Jones entered the court room just as Police Justice Thomas Evans, a short, fat little man, who loved the sound if his own voice, read the charge.

McDowell had a short conference with his attorney. Then the lawyer, with an easy air of confidence, entered a plea of guilty for all concerned, and asked for the mercy of the court. McDowell glanced at Justice Evans. A half-smile was on the baseball magnate's face. He seemed almost impatient as he waited in full confidence for the expected discharge of himself and the baseball team.

But Justice Tommy Evans had a look of the sternest severity. He pounded the desk in front of him with a plump hand and half rose from his seat.

"According to the pleas of the prisoners themselves," thundered the little justice, "they have been guilty of a most flagrant and open violation of the penal code. The duty of the court is plain under the circumstances. The sentence of the court is that McDowell, the owner of the club, pay a fine of $100, and that each player pay a fine of $20. And let me tell you, Mac," continued the judge, dropping into a more conventional tone, "that the next time you are up on this charge it will be no fine, but six months straight, that will be coming to you."

Consternation filled the heart of each player at the words of the little judge. But the bitterest cup of woe was that which fell to the lot of McDowell. The etiquette of the baseball world required that he should pay the fines of the players as well as his own, and this would eat up a goodly portion of the profits of the baseball season.

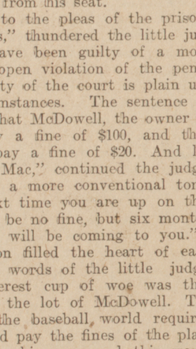
He glanced toward Pat Weldon. Instead of sympathy, he saw only a look of gratified revenge. Beside Pat sat the Rev. Ezekiel P. Jones, vaguely displeased with some of the details, but eminently satisfied at the result of the crusade against Sunday baseball playing. McDowell understood what had happened. Silently, but with a hand that shook with rage, the baseball magnate wrote out a check. And, minister, politician and players filed out of the court room.

In the corridor Pat Weldon, a smile of triumph on his face, turned to the clergyman.

"Did we beat them?" he inquired gleefully. "Did we teach them to obey the laws and keep out of politics?"

"And here's one more thing I wanted to speak to you about," continued Pat, sinking his voice to a businesslike political whisper, "I've tried to do the right thing by you, but of course in doing it I've queered myself with a lot of people who favor Sunday games. Now it seems to me that the fair thing for you to do would be to get your friends to back me up at the primaries. Tell them that Pat Weldon is a good fellow and your friend. If you could get the Ministers' Association to pass resolutions sort of indorsing me, it would be a good thing."

What the "Canada Lancet" says about Abbey's Effervescent Salt.



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It corrects acidity of the stomach, making it a specific in certain forms of dyspepsia and in gout and rheumatism.

Abbey's Effer- vescent Salt

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25c. and 60c. a bottle.

Travellers Guide

TRAINS DEPART FROM ST. JOHN.

6.00 a. m.—Express for Pt. du Chene, Halifax, Sydney, etc.
6.45 a. m.—Express for Boston, Fredericton, Quebec, etc.
7.45 a. m.—Mixed for Moncton, etc.
9.25 a. m.—Suburban for Welsford, etc.
11.00 a. m.—Express for Pt. du Chene, Halifax, Quebec, Montreal. (Connections with Ocean Limited.)
11.45 a. m.—Express for Pt. du Chene, Pictou and Halifax.
1.10 p. m.—Suburban for Welsford, etc.
1.15 p. m.—Suburban for Hampton, etc. (Connections Hampton and St. Martins except Monday.)
5.05 p. m.—Suburban for Welsford, etc.
5.15 p. m.—Express for Sussex, etc. (Connects Hampton & St. Martins on Monday only).
5.40 p. m.—Express for Montreal and coast, Fredericton and St. Andrews.
6.55 p. m.—Express for Boston, etc.
6.10 p. m.—Express for Fredericton, etc.
6.15 p. m.—Suburban for Hampton, etc.
7.00 p. m.—Express for Quebec and Montreal, Pt. du Chene.
10.30 p. m.—Suburban for Welsford, etc.
11.25 p. m.—Express for Pictou, Halifax and Sydney.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

6.25 a. m.—Express from Sydney and Halifax, etc.
7.45 a. m.—Suburban from Hampton, etc.
7.50 a. m.—Suburban from Welsford, etc.
8.55 a. m.—Express from Fredericton, etc.
9.00 a. m.—Express from Sussex, etc. (Connects Hampton & St. Martins on Mondays).
10.40 a. m.—Express from Boston, etc.
11.20 a. m.—Express from Montreal, Fredericton, etc.
12.10 p. m.—Suburban from Welsford, etc.
12.50 p. m.—Express from Montreal, Quebec Pt. du Chene, etc. (Connects Hampton and St. Martins, daily except Monday).
3.20 p. m.—Suburban from Welsford, etc.
3.30 p. m.—Suburban from Hampton, etc.
4.30 p. m.—Mixed from Moncton, etc.
5.00 p. m.—Express from Pt. du Chene and Moncton.
5.15 p. m.—Express from Halifax, Pictou, Campbellton. (Connects Ocean Limited, from Montreal.)
9.30 p. m.—Express from Moncton, etc.
10.00 p. m.—Suburban from Welsford, etc.
11.00 p. m.—Express from Boston, etc.
1.40 a. m.—(Sunday only) Express Sydney and Halifax, etc.

Trains on the New Brunswick Southern Railway leave west side daily for St. Stephen at 8.10 a. m., arriving at west side on return at 7.10 p. m.

RIVER STEAMERS.

DEPARTURES.

8.00 a. m.—May Queen leaves Indiantown for Chipman, Gagetown and Grand Lake points Wednesdays and Saturdays.

8.30 a. m.—Victoria or Majestic, for Fredericton and intermediate landings, daily, Sunday excepted.

9.00 a. m.—Hampton, for Hampton, Clifton, Kingston and Kennebecasis landings, Tuesdays, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

10.00 a. m.—Crystal Stream, for Cole's Island, the Narrows and landings on the Washademoak, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

12 noon—Champlain, for the Belleisle.

3.00 p. m.—Hampton, for Hampton, Mondays and Saturdays.

ARRIVALS.

5.00 p. m.—Elaine, for Queenstown and intermediate landings, Saturday 5.00 p. m. for Gagetown.

5.30 p. m.—Majestic for Hampstead and intermediate landings, on Saturdays.

8.00 a. m.—Majestic, from Hampstead every Monday.

9.00 a. m.—Hampton, from Hampton.

10.00 a. m.—Elaine, from Wickham daily.

1.30 p. m.—Crystal Stream, from the Washademoak, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

12.30 p. m.—Champlain, from Belleisle, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

3.30 p. m.—Victoria or Majestic, from Fredericton daily.

4.00 p. m.—May Queen, from Chipman and Grand Lake points, Mondays and Thursdays.

FERRY STEAMERS.

Ferry steamers cross the harbor from the foot of Princess street, east side, to Rodney wharf, west side, every 20 minutes, commencing at 6 a. m., the last boat leaving the east side at 11.30 p. m. On Sundays the first trip is from the west side at 8 a. m., and the last trip from the east side at 11.10 p. m.. On Saturday evenings only, boat leaves west side at 11.45 and St. John at 12.

The E. Ross, from Indiantown to Milford makes three trips an hour, daily (Sunday excepted), from 6.15 a. m., till 10 p. m. and Saturdays till 10.40 p. m. On Sunday from 8 a. m. till 9 p. m..

The Maggie Miller between Millidgeville, Summerville, Kennebecasis Island and Bayswater:—

Leaves Bayswater at 6.00, 7.30 and 10.30 a. m., and 2.45 and 5.15 p. m.

Leaves Summerville at 6.20, 7.45, and 10.45 a. m. and 3.00 and 5.30 p. m.

Leaves Millidgeville at 6.45 and 9.30 a. m. and 2.00, 4.00 and 6.0 p. m.

Boat will leave Millidgeville every Monday morning at 6.00 o'clock.

SATURDAY.

Leaves Bayswater at 5.30, 7.00 and 10.30 a. m., and 3.45, 5.45, and 7.45 p. m.

Leaves Summerville at 5.50, 7.20, and 10.45 a. m., add 4.00, 6.00 and 8.00 p. m.

Leaves Millidgeville at 6.15 and 9.30 a. m. and 3.00, 5.00 and 7.00 p. m.

SUNDAY.

Leaves Millidgeville at 9.00 and 10.30 a. m. and 2.30 and 6.15 p. m.

Leaves Bayswater at 9.45 and 11.15 a. m. and 5.00 and 7.00 p. m.

Leaves Summerville at 10.00 and 11.30 a. m. and 5.20 and 7.20 p. m.

Commencing July 1, steamers leave St. John at 8 a. m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for Lubec, Eastport, Portland and Boston. For Boston direct on Tuesdays and Saturdays at 6.30 p. m.

Returning from Boston via. Portland, Eastport and Lubec, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 9 a. m. From Boston direct Mondays and Thursdays at 12 noon.

Steamer Prince Rupert for Digby leaves her wharf daily at 7.45 a. m., connections for Halifax and Yarmouth; returning arrives about 4.30 p. m.

Steamer Senlac sails Thursday evenings at 6 o'clock from Reid's Point wharf, for Yarmouth, Barrington, Shelburne, Rockport, Liverpool, Lunenburg and Halifax. She arrives in St. John Wednesday evenings at 6 o'clock.

Steamer Westport III. leaves Knox's wharf every Friday at 12 noon for Westport, Weymouth, Yarmouth, etc. She arrives in St. John Thursdays.

Steamer Aurora, for Grand Manan, Campobello, Eastport, etc., leaves Tuesdays at 10 a. m. and arrives Mondays at 2.30 p. m. at Merritt's wharf.

Steamer Granville, for Lower Granville, Annapolis, etc., leaves Tuesdays at 12 noon and arrives Mondays at I. C. R. pier.

Steamer Brunswick, for Spencer's Island, Canning, Wolfville, etc., leaves Tuesday evenings and arrives Mondays at Thorne's Wharf.

Steamer Beaver, for Harvey, Albert, Hillsboro, etc., leaves Thursdays and arrives Wednesdays at Thorne's wharf.

Advertisers Take Notice.

Advertisements intended for Saturday's issue must reach this office Friday night. The Times CANNOT GUARANTEE the insertion of advertising copy left until Saturday Morning. Advertisers who are later than Friday night MUST TAKE A CHANCE.

CLOUD OF KITES TO SCARE DEMONS

Odd Trimmings on a British Steamship Which Had a Chinese Crew Aboard

(New York Herald).

Captains of several passing steamships who sighted the Satsuma, a British freighter, bound west, in the Indian Ocean in June no doubt wondered why there was was a swarm of kites floating about the ship. The kites hid the funnel and the masts and must have presented a peculiar sight for passing skippers. Captain Chubb explained the situation when his ship arrived yesterday.

It was because of Low Tick. Low Tick is, officially, No. 1 fireman. Unofficially, according to the Satsuma's officers, he is a nuisance. He became ill just before the Satsuma touched at Singapore and continued so until long after the vessel had cleared from that port. The kites were the result. Low's shipmates, all of them Chinese, believed that the evil spirits were after their colleague and the kites, strung from every possible boom, rail and line on the ship, were hit upon as the only effective weapon against the intrusive demons.

Young chickens, freshly roasted and offered up as sacrifices to the spirits who were, the sailors believed, in league to carry off Low Tick, were in evidence on every side until the Satsuma fairly resembled an open air kitchen. Rice was sprinkled over the deck and the kites were flung to the breeze every morning at daybreak. Evil spirits are not supposed to travel at night on the high sea, so Low Tick's fellow firemen felt reasonably safe from sunset to sunrise.

When Low Tick recovered another trouble came upon the freighter. Mr. Foote, chief engineer of the ship, in a desire one morning to exercise, took hold of an earthen gourd in which the Chinese had placed their sacred incense and swung it about him like an Indian club. The next day the freighter ran into a southwest monsoon and the big ship was being sent through the terrific seas, tumbling and plunging for nearly forty-eight hours.

Then it seemed to Mr. Foote that his Chinese firemen were no longer amiable toward him, and their attitude continued to be less cordial when Won Kee Tin, one of the chief engineer's "trusties," confided to him that the reason of the firemen's surliness was that he desecrated their joss and affronted their religious ideas by using the gourd containing the sacred incense as a weapon for physical culture. The monsoon, they thought, was the result of this indiscretion. It took Mr. Foote some time to convince his firemen that he did not know that the gourd contained anything, much less the incense calculated to drive off undesirable spirits.

Of nine Japanese spaniels that were taken aboard at Yokohama in May only two survived the long journey, and these two landed yesterday. One of them, a puppy, has been taught every trick on the dog calendar. He calls the officers to dinner, carries the little wicker basket containing Captain Chubb's coffee to the bridge, brings the log sheets to Mr. Seller, the second officer, every noonday, and even attempts to lend a hand at the hauling of the hawsers.

BUY THE TICKET AT THE OFFICE

New Plan of Paying Car Fare Incepted at Seaside Park and Works Well.

An innovation at Seaside Park is the establishment of a ticket office for use in rush hours. Every evening that there is a band at the park and on Saturdays and Sundays, as well as on special occasions, when there is likely to be a crowd, the new system will be utilized. The cars stop inside an enclosed space, and passengers wishing to get on the cars to return to the city, pass through a turnstile, paying their fare and receiving a transfer ticket. After passing the ticket seller they arrive in a wire enclosure, and as soon as the people have left the car on the left side they are allowed to enter on the right. In this way the company expect to save the conductor a lot of time in collecting fares and also to make faster time on the run back and forth. The new scheme was put in operation on Saturday afternoon last for the first time, and it is said to have worked very satisfactorily.

PERSONALS

Mrs. J. Matthews, St. John, is visiting in Chatham.

Ald. Lewis, of St. John, is in Chatham, staying at Robert Logie's. Mr. Lewis is a Miramichi man, having formerly lived at Escuminac, and will spend a few days on the river, visiting old friends.—World.

Invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Grace Paisley, daughter of Dr. Paisley, to Prof. Watson, the marriage to take place on Wednesday, August 22nd.—Sackville Tribune.

Mt. Allison will have a very large contingent at McGill this year. Among those who will take engineering there are Herbert Read, B. A. '05, Robert Emmerson, B. A. '01, George Killam, B. A. '06, H. L. Doull and H. Bates, all of whom, holding certificates of having completed the two years' course at Mt. Allison, will be admitted into the Junior year. Another native of Sackville, Walter P. Copp, B. A., Acadia '06, having completed a similar course at Acadia will enter the same class.—Tribune.

Rev. Neil Herman, of Portage la Prairie, left last week to visit the parental roof in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. On his return Mr. Herman will visit Boston and there address the Canadian club on the "Canadian West."

J. McSweeney, of Moncton, will take up the study of architecture with Neil Brodie.

Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Knox, of Knoxwood, Alabama, arrived here yesterday and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. E. W. McCready.

R. deF. Wheeler, of Brookville, and Frank Dayton, of Edmundston, have returned from Bermuda, where they spent some weeks. They were accompanied on their return by A. Wyman Doe, of Bermuda, who is the guest of Mr. Wheeler.

D. J. O'Connell, of Sussex, was in the city yesterday.

Miss Annie Barney, of Dorchester (Mass.), is visiting Miss Vivienne Palmer, Douglas avenue.

Mrs. Margaret Mercer, of Duluth (Minn.), is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Robert C. Weyman, 31 St. Andrews street. Mrs. Charles B. Mercer, of Hartford (Conn.), is also visiting Mrs. Weyman.

Rev. Dr. I. H. La Fetra and his wife, also Wilbur La Fetra and Miss Gladys, of Santiago, Chile, are guests of Dr. A. A. Stockton, M. P.

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of Orange Meat simply grows on you. The crisp, toasted flakes---with the unique blending of spicy malt and wheat sugars---take an added deliciousness every time you eat them.

If you want to get all your old-time pleasure out of breakfast and supper, eat Orange Meat.

A lady in Victoria, B.C., writes: "You will see from the coupons I am sending, that we are still using Orange Meat, which the children like very much. They won't eat oatmeal since we started with Orange Meat."

Many new premiums have been added to the already large list of useful and beautiful articles given to users of Orange Meat. Every 15c package contains a coupon good for premiums.

Write for premium list to "Orange Meat, Kingston."

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25c package contains 2½ times as much as 15c size. 27

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Don't eat your meals quickly; this causes indigestion and a red nose.

Don't worry; other people's troubles are quite as bad as yours.

REMEMBER No butter will go out (either wholesale or retail) from the Creamery with the ST. JOHN CREAMERY Stamp upon it, but that which is STRICTLY FRESH We make hundreds of pounds every day.

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