Damaged by Water!

A number of CHILDREN'S GREY LAMB COLLARS, CAPS, TAMS and MUFFS.

WILL BE SOLD AT BARGAIN PRICES.

COLLARS, $3.00 CAPS, $1.50

TAMS, $2.50 MUFFS, $3.00

The Linings are Damaged Only.

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WALL PAPER. JUST RECEIVED WALL PAPER.

3,000 rolls for immediate sale at less than wholesale prices.

From 3c. per roll up.

Actually we are selling papers worth 7 1-2 cents wholesale at 6c.

Our whole stock of paper at Great Bargains until November 15th to make room for Christmas Goods.

SEE OUR WINDOWS

This is the best opportunity yet offered, and you should inspect the stock if in need of Wall Paper.

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A number of Exhibition Carriages and Toboggan Pungs for sale at reduced prices.

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Cold Days Will Soon Be Here,

and you will be in need of a heating stove, why not prepare for it by buying your stove now. We have in stock a large assortment that has been but a short time in use consisting of Silver Moon, Tidy, Hot Blast, Prize Heaters and others too numerous to mention; we also have on hand some good ranges in first-class order. If in need of any such goods you can save money by buying from

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"Has an Exclusive Flavor."

The one Tea you will never tire of.

FOR SALE AT ALL GROCERS.

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It's a "Traveller"



Not an expensive shoe—but a mighty good one.

Made in Patent Leather, Calfskin and Vici Kid.

Look for the "Traveller" trade-mark on the sole.

Ames, Holden Limited, St. John, N.B.

28

HOW MR. J. BRANDT WALKER SQUEEZED A FORTUNE FROM WALL ST. IN EIGHT MONTHS

He Took Advantage of Lost Confidence and Played the Street When Public Shunned It--Cleared Up $5,000,000 Since St. Patrick's Day.

"The ticker tells the story all the time."

That is the way J. Brandt Walker, stock market plunger, who has made $5,000,000 since last St. Patrick's Day, explains his success. It is characteristic of the man. His interest in the market, as he frankly admits, is that of the speculator, and he watches the tape as the gamester watches every turn of the roulette wheel, and with the same motives and sensations. After he had made his first big killing last March, when he was believed to have cleaned up $1,000,000, some of his friends gave him a dinner. He was called on for a speech.

"I'm not much of a hand to make speeches," he responded, "but I'm a good hand at reading the tape."

Wall street, which never believes anything it hears and considerably less than half it sees, sprinkles salt with a copious hand on the accounts of Mr. Walker's winnings. At best the street concedes three millions to him—no more. But even to make $3,000,000 in six months is something of a feat, it may be mentioned for



J. BRANDT WALKER

the benefit of those who have never tried it. Wall street doesn't like Mr. Walker, but when one comes to think of it there are a good many men in Wall street who haven't made anything like $3,000,000 in the last six months, and that fact may have some bearing on Mr. Walker's unpopularity with the men who have been losing money.

FINANCIAL COMET.

"What goes up must come down." "Up like a rocket, down like the stick." These and other trite, old fashioned aphorisms express Wall street's opinion of J. Brandt Walker. Wall street regards Mr. Walker as a comet that is just now at the height of its brilliancy, and tells stories of similar comets that have flashed across the financial horizon in times past. Mr. Walker says little about the past, but frankly expresses his idea that at present Wall street is engaged in a losing game and that to "put a copper on" its biggest bets is a pleasing and profitable pastime.

For Mr. Walker is a bear, and what Wall street is banking on is to catch him some day with such a big bull bet "copper" that he will be wiped out when the bet wins instead of losing. "We'll get his scalp yet," says Wall street, but Wall street has said the same thing so many times about so many men who are still up and doing that Mr. Walker isn't alarmed. And then he goes and makes another million while Wall street is looking for him around the corner.

"Yes, I'm a speculator—nothing else," said Mr. Walker when a Herald reporter invaded his private office, at Forty-second street and Fifth avenue. His surroundings bore out his statement, for the paraphernalia of the Wall street operator were everywhere visible. Three stock tickers were ranged in a row across the middle of the big room that opens directly into the offices of the brokers through whom Mr. Walker does most of his business. On the big roll-top desk at which he sat were four telephones. Two more were on a table beside him and four others on another desk across the room. A box of cigars and an assortment of bottles, siphons and glasses decorated the long centre table. An atmosphere of money that pervaded the place was heightened by the luxurious green velvet carpet and the mahogany furniture, waxed, not varnished, and rubbed down to just that degree of dullness that the furniture dealers tell you is the extreme of good taste just now.

IN LIGHTING DEALS.

In the midst of it all sat Mr. Walker. Half a dozen secretaries and clerks busied themselves calling off choice bits of information from the tickers or answering the telephone, one or the other of which seemed to be ringing about all the time.

"U. P. off half a point," remarked a clerk at the ticker. Mr. Walker grunted and continued to puff at his cigar. "Ting-a-ling-ling" went a telephone directly in front of him. A secretary answered, "I'll see if he's in," said the secretary into the receiver, and then, with his hand over the mouthpiece, "It's Jones. "I'm not in," said Mr. Walker, and "He's not in," echoed the secretary into the receiver. Another bell jingled, and another secretary answered another telephone. "It's Smith—he says they're selling for fair," said the secretary. "That's the U. P. crowd," commented Mr. Walker, "Tell him to sell five thousand." "Sell five thousand U. P.," said the secretary into the receiver. "U. P. down a quarter, to seventeen and a half," said a clerk at a ticker, and Mr. Walker smiled.

All this time he had been talking—about himself, about the stock market and about the condition of the country generally.

"I've been doing business in this market for twenty years," he said, "but Wall street seems to have just found it out. I've lived here for five or six years, and before that I operated from Chicago. Out there I was in the brokerage business on commission with my brother, who is a member of the New York Stock Exchange. But I'm a speculator, and speculation and the brokerage business don't go well together. So I pulled out, and now I'm trying to make some money speculating. I've made money and I've lost money, but I've made a lot since last March." Rumor credits Mr. Walker with having only a "'shoe-string" when he began his present speculative campaign last spring. On that point he doesn't care to be quoted, but he admits that he didn't have any more than he could spend.

PUBLIC FINDS OUT.

"I'm a bear," he continued, going on to tell something about his financial methods. "On the country at large I'm a bull, but on the stock market I'm a bear. The trouble is there isn't the value behind the stocks. We all know how the men who manipulated Consolidated Gas and Metropolitan got rich, and if they could do that here, where everybody had a chance to see what was going on, how much better chance there is to do things with a railroad that runs across two thousand miles of prairie! If Union Pacific can honestly pay ten per cent dividends, Chicago and Northwestern ought to be paying fifty.

"You see," he went on, "I was brought up in touch with the railroad business. My father was general counsel for the Panhandle and later for other and bigger roads for thirty years. I had a chance to learn something about the profits in railroading. When somebody tries to tell me that Harriman has made $100,000,000 in the railroad business I have to laugh. These big fellows have made their money by speculating in Wall street and nowhere else. They have used the railroads and the big industrial corporations as bait to get the public to buy their stocks. When one man can keep to himself the knowledge that a big railroad is going to pay ten per cent dividend it gives his friends a fine chance to buy the stock when it's cheap, doesn't it? And when the dividend is declared the public is likely to come and buy isn't it? And they've got to buy their stocks from the men that have them haven't they?

"Well, the public is finding things out now and it won't buy any more of their stocks. That's what is the matter with the market—lack of confidence in the properties back of the shares. A few years ago you could sell a six per cent stock for 150. It was the security—the reserve values behind the stock—that made it a safe investment. Today there are eight per cent stocks selling for eighty, and not moving very fast at that. The public has found out that there isn't the value behind them—they've been milked dry.

"When the big fellows that manipulate the market found the public wouldn't buy any more of their stocks they tried another tack and began to issue bonds. That made the stock market worse than ever, because everybody knows the bonds have got to be taken care of before the stock is any good. Now they can't sell their bonds and they can't boost the price of them with dividends, like they did with the stocks. The ticker tells the story every time. Learn to read the tape and you can get rich.

EXPECTS BIG FAILURES.

"That's why I am a bear. Things are going to get a sight worse before they get better. Some morning the market is going to open with the announcement not of one failure, but of a dozen—big ones, too. That will start the real panic and it will be some years before we get over it."

"But you think there will be a recovery eventually?"

"Bound to be. They aren't going to tear up the rails, and people are going to keep on riding on trains and shipping freight. You can't stop people from using copper or any of the other products that the big corporations are based on. But there's going to be a big slump, and it's going to affect all kinds of business besides the stock market. Every line of business in America today is on a speculative basis. Big business houses in legitimate lines are borrowing money at seven and eight per cent to carry on their increased business. They've got to stop soon. The country was never more prosperous. That's why I said I was a bull on the country at large. But business has grown so fast that there isn't money enough to take care of it, and that's what's going to make trouble."

"Wall street thinks it's going to wipe you out," was suggested.

"Wall street can do its own thinking and I'll do mine," retorted Mr. Walker. "Wall street thinks it knows what I'm doing all the time. Wall street thought last night that I was short of a certain stock, and they rigged it all up to catch me. As it happened, I was long ten thousand shares of that stock, and I unloaded it all before noon today at an average profit of five-eighths. That's how much Wall street knows about what I'm doing."

With all of a Chicago man's breeziness, Mr. Walker combines all the apparent self-confidence of the typical Westerner, and he did not seem to be at all worried about the possibility of Wall street catching him napping. In fact nothing seems to worry him. He looks like a man who would eat well and sleep well under any conditions and who, if he failed, would take defeat as unconcernedly as he seems to accept victory. Physically he is a splendid specimen. Somewhat around six feet he would measure in his stockings. His shoulders are broad and his chest deep. His hair is tinged with gray, as is his close cropped moustache. If one were to guess at his age it would be somewhere in the neighborhood of forty-five. He has a cool, keen brown eye and can smile frankly and with apparent sincerity. When he speaks it is in rather a low pitched voice, but in tones that carry their meaning unmistakably. In dress he is very close to the latest of the fashion plates, and, according to Wall street, does not in the least object to making himself conspicuous in public places. Some of Wall street's best stories are based on Mr. Walker's alleged penchant for attracting attention to himself.

DOESN'T BLAME POLITICS.

Whether this is true or not, and whether or not Mr. Walker is going to fulfil Wall street's predictions and come a cropper of painful proportions, his worst enemies concede that, considered purely as a speculator, he has many of the elements of success. As he says himself, he became a speculator deliberately and by choice, simply because he considers it the easiest way to make money. But back of his speculations is the knowledge gained by close association with the railroad business since childhood, and by his own experience as a broker. He breathes figures, eats statistics and sleeps on railroad reports. "Inside information" is no part of his system of gambling.

One point that Mr. Walker emphasizes is his belief that political conditions have nothing to do with the present financial situation. "They talk about Mr. Roosevelt being to blame for all of this," he said. "Why, if the big railroads and industrials had been honestly conducted, could anything that Mr. Roosevelt says or that I say or that you say have any effect on them? Mr. Roosevelt isn't blamed for the New York traction situation, is he? And that's worse than anything else we know of, isn't it? The fellows that are to blame are the ones that have been unloading on the public at inflated prices, and that's why I'm a bear. The ticker tells the story every time."

And whether Wall street likes him or not, it has to agree that he is, in his own language, "a good hand at reading the tape."

WILL FIGHT TO A FINISH

Springhill Miners Meet and Decide to Continue Strike.

Springhill Mines, Oct. 22—Pioneer Lodge, P. W. A. decided today to continue the strike and fight the issue with the coal company to a finish.

A special meeting to consider some correspondence from the minister of labor convened this afternoon. It had been resolved at a previous meeting that the department of labor be communicated with to ascertain whether a new board of conciliation to decide upon certain districts in the mine could be obtained. The replies were not satisfactory to the miners inasmuch as the department evaded the real question, and instead advised that the men return to work. If at any future time an application was made for a board the government shall decide whether such matter was dealt with by a former board. The application would be submitted to the department of justice for settlement.

This beating around the bush, the miners say, annoyed them. They allege the award of the board did not decide the districts outside chutes 35 and No. 9 on the 26 hundred and 32 feet level, but that these were left open questions.

The workmen say they are tired and disgusted with this juggling performance, as they call it. Pioneer hall was packed to its capacity today when speeches were made on both sides of the question. The meaning of a lost case was pointed out and conditions which would be likely to follow were urged upon the meeting. On being put to a final vote it was unanimously resolved to stand out.

Nearly twelve weeks has passed since the strike began, and the miners say they are more determined than ever. It is their intention to appeal to all labor unions and to all others who sympathize with labor for assistance.

OBITUARY

William Verinder

William Verinder, a native of Guernsey, Channel Islands, died last evening at the residence of his brother, Thomas L. Verinder, 13 Richmond street. Mr. Verinder, who was unmarried and had been here about three years, was stricken with paralysis last Sunday night. Pneumonia developed and death resulted from that disease. While in Guernsey, the deceased filled the position of superintendent of the Wesleyan Sunday school and since coming here he had been quite prominent in the work of the Exmouth street church. Besides his brother and sister-in-law, he is survived by a nephew, Arthur G. Verinder, with Macaulay Bros. & Co., and a niece, Miss Louisa S. Verinder, with M. R. A., Ltd.

Mrs. Annie Maudie Long

The death of Mrs. Annie Maude Lang, wife of J. P. Lang, occurred in Boston on Oct. 13. Mrs. Lang was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Merritt, now of Boston and formerly of this city. Her husband is a native of St. John but has resided in the United States for many years. She is also survived by one daughter, Ruth, and two brothers, William Merritt, the skater, and Fred Merritt, both of whom are now residing in Boston.

Thomas McKee

The death of Thomas McKee occurred on Monday last at his residence, Mispec, at the age of seventy-nine years. Mr. McKee was of Loyalist descent, the last of seven sons, and was born at Mispec and lived there all his life. He is survived by his wife, four sons—Robert and George, of Fort Fairfield (Me.), and Charles and William, at home—also one daughter, Mrs. Margaret Stanley, wife of Joseph Stanley, of Mispec. S. H. McKee and Hamilton McKee, of Fredericton, and James R. McKee, of P. E. Island, are nephews.

ANOTHER SCHOONER ASHORE

Halifax, N. S., Oct. 22—Two topmast schooner James R., from St. Pierre for Cheticamp, was driven ashore yesterday afternoon on McQueen's Ledge, Big Glace Bay. The crew got ashore with much difficulty.

Schooner Frank left St. Pierre for Cheticamp in company with the James R. and was last seen by the latter on Saturday and news of her is anxiously awaited. Both schooners were owned in Cheticamp.

TWO MEN KILLED

Trenton, Ont., Oct. 22—An accident occurred this morning at the canning factory in which two men, George Graham and Louis Dube, were killed. The accident was caused by the explosion of a retort in which the contents of cans are cooked.

THE WEATHER

FORECASTS—Strong southwesterly winds shifting tonight to northwest, fair with local showers. Thursday, strong northwest winds, fair and cooler with heavy frost again on Friday.

SYNOPSIS—Another disturbance of very considerable importance is moving eastward across the Gulf and the general outlook is for very strong winds along the Atlantic Coast. To Banks and American Ports, strong southwest winds today, west and northwest on Thursday. Sable Island, southwest, 18 miles, fair. Point Lepreaux, southwest, 28 miles, cloudy at 11 a. m.

LOCAL WEATHER REPORT.

Highest Temperature during last 24 hours 52
Lowest Temperature during last 24 hours 46
Temperature at Noon, ... 52
Humidity at Noon, ... 72
Barometer Readings at Noon (sea level and 32 degrees Fah.) 29.70 inches.
Wind at Noon, Direction, S. W. Velocity, 20 miles per hour. Cloudy.
Same date last year: Highest temperature, 54, Lowest, 34. Fair.

D. L. HUTCHINSON, Director.

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Full Set of Teeth, $4.00

NONE BETTER IN CANADA.

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THE WHITE DAIRY, 38 Sydney St.

Have you ever tried our Jersey Milk and Cream? We have five teams in the city in our retail trade, so can leave at your door early every morning. Give us a trial for Pure Milk and Cream; also, Creamery Butter and Hennery Eggs.

Phone, 622, Office Wholesale, 985-41. SUSSEX MILK AND CREAM CO., Limited.



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IN PLACE OF

TAFFETA SILK

HEATHERBLOOM UNDERSKIRTS are a phenomenal success all over the United States.

You see them advertised in all the prominent magazines.

"Compare a Heatherbloom Skirt with any silk skirt you can buy, you will find it has all the advantages, beauties and possibilities of the latter, but not one of its faults.

Heatherbloom never splits, cuts or cracks, yet it has a dainty rustle, delicate sheen and fine finish that make it really beautiful for its purpose."

HEATHERBLOOM SKIRTS, $2.25, $3.50

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