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DOMINION CORSET CO., Mnfrs.

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Miss Gillman, Authoress

By A. M. Davis Ogden.

It was very hot and stuffy in the little office. From the room beyond came the monotonous click-click of a typewriter, broken only by the regular jangle of the bell and the shove of the carriage back into position.

The editor sighed wearily. Of what earthly use were the readers if they passed on such stuff as this to him for decision? He stared angrily at the heap of manuscripts on his desk. He was only a very young editor, the junior, in fact.

How tired he was of reading the effusive output of those who conceived themselves as geniuses. And today he had another ground for ill-humor. All the week he had been looking forward to a quiet, restful Sunday at his sister's. And now the morning's mail had brought news which spoiled all that.

"I am so glad you are coming," Anna's letter ran. "Especially as I expect Edna Lawrence. She writes, too, and I am sure you will like her."

He had at once sent Anna a wire pleading detainment on important business. He liked women well enough; they were nice and soothing and sat with pretty folded hands. But girls! He shivered at the very idea. They were always rushing about, giggling, chattering—it was easy to see that the editor was young.

There was a timid knock on the outside door. The click of the typewriter stopped. A moment later the stenographer appeared.

"A young lady wishes to see you, sir," she said. Warrington groaned. But he felt himself resigned to the worst today.

"Very well; show her in," he said grimly.

There was a moment's pause; a hesitating step. And then the editor fairly jumped. She was so unlike what he had expected. She looked so altogether like a little girl about to cry that the editor felt impelled to comfort her.

"Come in," he said gently. And then he smiled. "Do I look so terrible?" he queried, rather amused, as the girl still stood uncertainly.

"No—no," she said, reluctantly. "You don't. But then, I never spoke to an editor before."

"I am quite a tame one," he assured her.

The girl came in, carefully closing the door behind her. Then she pulled out a letter.

"It—it was that which gave me courage to come," she said. "I—I thought perhaps you might have made a mistake. Because the story isn't really very long," she added eagerly.

Warrington took the letter. It was typewritten, on the office paper, and set forth in polite terms that the editors liked the enclosed story; that it was bright, racy and original, but that it was rather too long for their use. It closed by requesting the author to send something shorter. Warrington looked up.

"Yes, I remember now," he said slowly. "We liked the story, Miss Gillman," gathering the name from the letter. "But it is a little long—couldn't you—couldn't you cut it perhaps?"

Warrington hardly recognized himself as he proffered his last suggestion. But somehow he felt absurdly anxious to help this appealing little mite. The girl considered a moment.

"Perhaps I could. I do so want to see it published. Don't you love to see your name in print?" For the editor was also an author and was regarded as one of the cleverest of the coming young men. Only his love scenes were a bit weak and people thought he would get over that.

"Yes, I do," he confessed. "One doesn't get tired of it. At least I don't. But about yourself."

"Perhaps I might try another one," said the girl slowly. "I—I have the idea. About a girl who admired a man's work and wanted to meet him. And so she goes to his office on some excuse and finds him there—" she stopped.

"Yes," said Warrington. "And does she like him?"

The girl threw him a queer little look.

"She likes him very much," she assented. "But then she doesn't know how she is to see him again."

"Can't the man manage that?" interrupted Warrington.

"O, he doesn't think anything about it," she explained hastily. "You see, he doesn't care about girls—and so—"

Warrington looked puzzled. Somehow the plot sounded oddly familiar. But he was not one bit conceited.

"How do you work it out, then?" he asked.

"O," said the girl breathlessly, "I believe they meet at the home of some friend, and there's a lake and moonlight—"

"I see," said Warrington absently. The story itself he did not think much of, but it had suggested an idea. How was he, Warrington, going to see this girl again? He was aware of a great and growing desire that he should do so.

"Goodby," she said. "Thank you for your kind advice. And I will try the new story."

"And in the meantime?" he said.

"You mean—" she asked.

"Am I not going to see you again?"

He put it plainly. She flushed deeper than before.

"O—do you—do you really want to?" she asked eagerly. "Do you?"

"I do," he said determinedly.

She drew a long breath, then threw back her head.

"I am going to be at your sister's for Sunday," she said distinctly. "If you choose to come."

"Choose!" he echoed. "I will come, of course. "But—" staring in sudden bewilderment. "Who are you? I never have heard her mention—" But the girl interrupted.

"I am Edna Lawrence," she said, speaking very fast. "And—and you will probably despise me, but I am going to tell you the truth. Anna inadvertently let fall this morning that on my account you were foregoing your holiday. And, of course, I felt sorry. And—and I told her that I would make you come. And she wagered me that I couldn't. So—so, of course, after that I had to. But you needn't," she urged. "I—I will never tell her that you said you would."

"I see," he said. "And the story?" The girl swallowed a little sob.

"Oh, I wrote it," she said. "Hope Gillman is the name I took. I—I'll try to rewrite it."

"I mean the other," said Warrington gently. "The one about the girl who came to the man's office. Did—did she really like him?" he demanded, his own voice changing sharply.

"For it wasn't quite right as you had it. Perhaps the man had never cared for girls before, but this one he did care for, and he did try to see her again. Did he succeed? Was there a lake and moonlight? Tell me," his tone dropping to an eager entreaty. "May I come to Anna's tonight?"

But the girl, who had fled to the door, caught at the handle. Then she stopped and looked back.

"There—there certainly is a lake,' 'she admitted faintly, "and perhaps there may be a moon—tonight."

And the next moment she was gone.

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FIVE DROWNED AT A SCHOOL PICNIC

Sunday School Teacher and Four of Her Scholars Perish at Burrard Inlet, B. C.

Vancouver, B. C., July 15.—(Special)—A Sunday school teacher and four children were drowned at Burrard Inlet yesterday while attending a Sunday school picnic Miss Gertrude Ankers and four pupils of Brownville school, near New Westminster, were in bathing, hand in hand. One stepped from the ledge into deep water, dragging the others.

The children drowned were Annie and May Murphy, sisters, aged seventeen and fifteen; Alice Poulson, twelve, and Signi Buck, ten. Miss Anker's body was recovered. She was an only daughter, aged twenty-five.

THE LONE MARINER OF THE ATLANTIC

(St. Andrew's Beacon.)

A khaki-clad man of middle age, stout and strong-looking, with an air of independence about him suggestive of a son of Neptune, is Capt. Hall, of Duxbury, master of the schooner Angler, 90 tons, which dropped anchor in the harbor on Monday, with a full load of lumber bound from Calais for old Nantucket.

Capt. Hall is the "lone mariner' 'of the North Atlantic. When he doesn't have his wife with him, as he has this trip, he sails alone. He is mate, and cook, and cabin boy all in one. He hoists the big sails alone, in the old-fashionel way, hand over hand, throat and peak. When night comes on and he wishes to anchor, he lets the mud-hook go "all by his lonesome" and raises it the same way. He sleeps when he can, making a harbor every night when possible. He enjoys the solitary, strenuous life, and, looking at his sturdy, well-knit figure, he seems to stand up well under it.

Just why he has adopted the role of a lone mariner no one can say. Some people assert that it is because he is an awful stutterer and that it wears on his nerves to be obliged to give orders to any one. His wife, who is a comely young woman, can take her trick at the wheel with the best of them and doesn't need bossing. But, notwithstanding this impediment in his speech, he is a first-class sailor man all the same, and one of the wonders of the Atlantic coast.

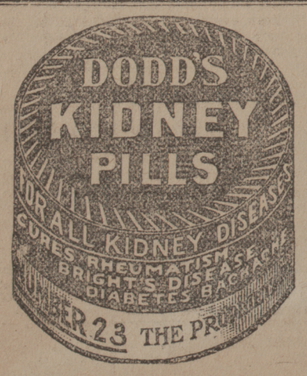
A FISH STORY

While out fishing the other day about three miles from the island. Captain G. A. Thurber caught a large haddock which upon being thrown into the boat spued up a solid gold brooch. This valuable pin, together with the larger number of fish, made a very successful day for the genial captain. Anyone wishing to see this pin and hear the story related more particularly can do so by calling on the captain at the Freeport House where is is stopping during the absence of Mrs. Thurber.—Freeport Items, Digby Courier.

A LOOK AHEAD.

"Why, what's the matter, child?"

"Boo—boooo! I'm skeered that when I grow up I may marry a red-headed feller, and I hate red hair!"



Fashion Hint for Times Readers



NEW BATHING SUIT OF SATIN FOULARD.

Satin-surfaced materials are much the smartest sorts for bathing suits just now, and these satiny suits are matched by shoes, cap and parasol in very stunning effect. This bathing suit shows the bolero bodice, with draped sections of the material crossed over a tucked guimpe of plain white satin, and this white satin is used in pipings on the sleeves and skirt. The suit is in one piece, being fitted to the figure at the waist by pleats stitched fast to a shaped lining.

JAMES LORD RESCUES A LAD FROM DROWNING

This Makes the Seventh He Has Taken from the Water in a Few Days—William Daley the Latest to be Saved by Veteran Fisherman.

That the harbor waters did not claim as a victim nine year old Willie Daley, only son of his widowed mother, Mrs. Emma Daley, of 72 Prince street, west side, is due to the promptness of James Lord, a veteran west side fisherman, of 149 King street street, who by his action has added another to the already large number of lives saved by him.

Between 1 and 2 o'clock yesterday, as Mr. Lord was passing Market Slip, Carleton, he noticed three boys playing aboard a cabin boat. As the tide was low the boat was some little distance below the top of the wharf. Just as he warned them of their danger, the Daley boy fell overboard.

In a moment Mr. Lord, grasping the mast of the boat, slid to the deck, instructing the two boys to sit upon his legs and hold on to him, he reached over the side and just managed to catch hold of the unfortunate boy as he was going down for the last time, in fact he was under water when rescued.

After snatching Daley from the jaws of death, the rescurer encountered a new difficulty. He had reached so far over that he found the task of getting back with his charge a hard one. To have fallen into the water would have been serious, as Mr. Lord has a crippled arm, and he would have found swimming well nigh impossible, but he got on the boat all right. It was found necessary to work with the boy for some time on the wharf.

It was learned by a Telegraph reporter last night that Mr. Lord has prevented seven drowning accidents since the school holidays. He was quite modest about it and while admitting it would only say that he had pulled the boys out of the water as they had fallen from boats where they were playing, or had been carried out by the tide, and in one instance where a lad had fallen off the wharf.

Mr. Lord spends much of his time about the water front and says that he will be heartily glad when the school holidays are over as it keeps him busy all the time in his oversight of the youngsters who persist in playing about the wharves and boats.

The Market Slip is the main attraction. It was ascertained at the Lord household, though it was with difficulty, that Mr. Lord could be persuaded to talk of it, that his feats of life saving date back some years. About seven years ago he saved the life of Douglas Barton in the Market slip. Then about ten years ago he went in after John Farrell, who while bathing in a cove near the falls, got beyond his depth. There were others also. During the time of the Paris crew races on the Kenebeccasis he jumped in after a drunken man.

PROHIBITION REVIVES THE MOONSHINE STILLS

Illicit Manufacture of Liquor Has Increased 50 per Cent.—"Dry" in Theory Only—Eighteen Dollars Worth of Meal and Sugar Makes $120 Worth of Whiskey.

Just as the revenue officere were about to enter moonshining on the government's card index as an extinct industry, illicit manufacture of liquors suddenly increased fully 50 per cent. in Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee and other southern states, and Knox Booth, one of the most widely known internal revenue officers in the South, says the arid condition, under prohibition in these states is the cause.

Moonshining was about ended throughout the South says the government experts when the "dry" agitation began. Under old conditions, saloons had multiplied until there was one on almost every hilltop or mountain peak and hundreds of them in the valleys, many grocery stores in the rural sections handled liquor and there had come to be comparatively little profit in the manufacture of moonshine whiskey.

Moonshine had gone down, down, down in price until it sold as low as $1 to $1.50 a gallon, prices which discouraged the industry in the face of vigorous work on the part of Uncle Sam's revenue scouts, whose rifle barrels had become longer and longer. In fact, moonshiners had come to be few and far between.

But now that the South is an arid land and the prohibitionist rides his thirtless camel to and fro, watching for bold rogues who keep open saloon doors, the rewards of successfully evading the laws by moonshining are so great that the old timers who used to still mountain dew as a "matter of principle" have lost sight of the principle and are risking their lives for the big profits.

Knox Booth quotes a captured moonshiner as saying that six bushels of corn meal and 200 pounds of sugar make 30 gallons of whiskey, which sells faster than hot cakes at $4 a gallon. A small still can turn out 30 gallons a day easily, giving the enterprising shiners a profit of $100 for a day's work. And the risk doesn't bother him much. Ability to convert about $16 worth of raw material into $120 worth of liquor has made him more fearless than ever.

The revenue officers declare that prohibition has sa revied moonshining that they will probably have the work of a generation in cleaning out the moonshiners to do over again.

The moonshiner of today, nevertheless, does not cherish the delusion of his fighting fathers that he has a right to make liquor from materials made on his own mountain top; he's just in the game to beat the government as long as he can and to pile up "a stake" for use when he "sets out" if he is caught and sent to the penitentiary.

He doesn't go so heavily armed as his fathers did, and he isn't such a "killer," say the revenue men. He relies upon his heels and hiding places more than upon the accuracy of his rifle fire. The peril of the revenue agent is nothing to what it was a generation ago, and it is rarely now that one is killed.

But still the moonshiners continue to be a dare-devil set. "Every day now we get reports of illicit distilleries," said Knox Booth. "And we generally succeed in destroying the stills and capturing the moonshiners. Booth and his men have just returned from a raid in Tallopoosa county, and he relates this illuminating picture of the modern moonshiner:

"About three miles from Goldville we slipped up to a still and found the operators lined up in front of the establishment having their pictures taken. As the photographer was about to snap the group ,one of the men saw us and gave the alarm, and there was a grand rush for the swamps. We captured the photographer."

Many stills have been destroyed recently and numerous arrests made. In one raid John Alford, the alleged operator of a still, was taken while asleep. He gave Mr. Booth the figures on the profits of the business. With sugar at five to six cents a pound and meal at a dollar a bushel, Alford said it was a dull day when he could not clean up $100 or more.

So, according to Mr. Booth, moonshining is no longer romantic nor very tragic, but simply mercenary, and he charges the change as well as the revival to prohibition.

EXTRAVAGANT TALK.

He—The hero of that novel, according to the author, was a very colorature chap.

She—How so?

He—At different times during the story he has felt blue with trouble, red with rage, white with fear, yellow with envy and green with jealousy.

DOCTOR ADVISED OPERATION

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Canifton, Ont.—"I had been a great sufferer for five years. One doctor told me it was ulcers of the uterus, and another told me it was a fibroid tumor. No one knows what I suffered. I would always be worse at certain periods, and never was regular, and the bearing-down pains were terrible I was very ill in bed, and the doctor told me I would have to have an operation, and that I might die during the operation. I wrote to my sister about it and she advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Through personal experience I have found it the best medicine in the world for female troubles, for it has cured me, and I did not have to have the operation after all. The Compound also helped me while passing through Change of Life."—Mrs. LETITIA BLAIR, Canifton, Ontario.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has proved to be the most successful remedy for curing the worst forms of female ills, including displacements, inflammation, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result has been worth millions to suffering women.

MR. HATHEWAY TO MAKE TOUR OF THE WORLD

The council of the St. John Board of Trade met yesterday forenoon to confirm the appointment of W. F. Hatheway, M. P. P., and James Pender as delegates from the local board to the seventh congress of chambers of commerce of the empire, to be held in Sydney, Australia, commencing Sept. 14. Mr. Hatheway will go via New York and San Francisco, and will make a tour of the world before returning, while Mr. Pender will leave by steamer sailing from Vancouver.

Following are a list of the subjects to be discussed at the congress:

Commercial Relations between the Mother Country. Her Colonies and Dependencies.
Imperial Preferential Trade.
Preferential Treatment of the Colonies.
Naval Defence of the Empire.
National Defence.
Defence of the Empire.
Imperial Council.
Parcel Post Rates.
Taxation of Commercial Travelers.
Taxation of British Traders in the Colonies.
Duty on Commercial Travelers' Samples.
Colonial Duties on Catalogues.
Emigration.
Encouragement of British Emigration.
Merchandise Marks.
Weights, Measures and Currency.
Telegraphic Communication.
Cheap Cable Communication.
Validity of English Arbitration Awards.
Validity of English Judgments in the Colonies.
Certificates of Origin or Declaration of Origin of Goods Shipped to the Colonies.
British Standard Tubes and Threads.
Labor Conciliation.
Lighthouse on the Snares.
Lighthouse at Cocos Island.
Light Dues.
Prevention of Tuberculosis.
Jail Manufactures.
The Excise Duty on Cotton Cloth Manufactured by Indian Power Looms.
Sea-Carriage of Goods.

A special meeting of the board will probably be held to discuss those subjects which are of importance to Canada before the delegates leave, in order that they may have the opinion of the board before discussing them at the congress.

The council has appointed a special committee to again urge upon the common council the importance of arranging either through the department of public works of Canada or the Canadian Pacific railway for elevator facilities at berths Nos. 5, 6 and 7, in time for next winter's business.

The firm of Puddington, Wetmore & Morrison was substituted for the name of A. H. Wetmore on the board's membership roll, and Hilyard Bros. and H. P. Robinson were recommended for election to the board at its next regular meeting.

J. E. Walsh, manager of the transportation department of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, and Mr. Breadner, manager of the tariff department of the same association, will be in St. John today and on Saturday will meet the St. John members of the association at the board of trade rooms to discuss matters affecting tariff and transportation.

OBITUARY

Miss Elizabeth Brown

The death of Miss Elizabeth Brown, daughter of Andrew Brown, of this city, took place Thursday in St. Martins, where she was visiting. She is survived by one sister, Miss Jane Brown, of this city. Andrew Brown, her father, was a native of Scotland and came to this country many years ago. He was prominent in shipbuilding circles and made several trips to Great Britain as super-cargo of his own ships. The body was brought to St. John yesterday and the funeral will be held this afternoon. Miss Brown's death will be heard of with regret by a wide circle of friends.

Rev. Norbert Callahan

Rev. Norbert Callahan, who was drowned at Bonaparte lake, New York, recently, was born in Campbellton twenty-four years ago.

Father Callahan's death was caused by the capsizing of a canoe in which he and Father Hues, of Quebec, were paddling about the lake during a high wind. Father Hues was saved by the gallant work of two boys, but Father Callahan sank immediately on the capsizing of the canoe.

Miss Harriet Marks

Miss Harriett Marks, sister of Mrs. L. Isaacs, died in Brooklyn on Wednesday.

CONSERVATIVES USING EVERY TRICK TO LAND THE COUNTY ELECTION

They are Now Attempting to Put in Partizans as Returning Officers—Scandalous Attempt to Gain Control of the Ballot Boxes is Exposed.

One of the most scandalous features in the Conservative campaign in St. John county has just come to light. This is neither more nor less than bringing to bear the influence of the administration of the day to have partizan Conservatives placed in charge of polling booths in the different parishes.

This barefaced effort to have Conservatives placed in the position of returning officers excited much indignation among those who heard it yesterday. That there was truth in the reports was shown by the citing of particular instances. It was freely said that many men who had been returning officers for years and whose record for probity and uprightness of character was above reproach, would not have a place in the polling booths this year unless this exposure should prompt a change in the programme.

In the parish of Simonds, John Lee, a gentleman who is regarded as one of the most representative men of the district, and who has been for years returning officer will not, it was said, be found in that position the coming election, and it is understood that William Shaw, jr., and Mr. Shellington, both of them partizan Conservatives, have been nominated by the Conservative campaign managers for returning officers for Simonds.

Another matter is that the polling booth, for years held at Lee's corner, a central location, will no longer be foundthere, but in a club house at Crouchville.

The fact that the Conservatives have resorted to such methods shows to what straits they are driven. They are showing that they are out in this by-election in every effort to win by whatever means it may be done, fair or foul.

Since it is clear to them that the orators they have specially imported into the county have fallen far short of convincing the electors they are adding to their efforts by underhand means. The people of St. John county will show by their ballots on next Tuesday how much they despise such political tricksters.

SENATOR PERLEY DEAD AT HIS HOME IN ALBERTA

Toronto, July 15 —(Special)—The death of Senator W D. Perley took place suddenly this morning in Craig's store, in Wolseley (Sask). Appoplexy was the cause.

Senator W. Dell Perley, a native of this province and a prominent Conservative, died yesterday in Wolseley, Alberta, where he had made his home for years.

News of his death came late yesterday in telegrams to his sister, Mrs. B. J. Grant, of Carleton, and his brother-in-law, E. W. Slipp, of Slipp & Flewelling. Another relative here is Mrs.C. B. Lockhart, of Carleton, a cousin.

Senator Perley visited St. John and his old home in Sunbury county last spring, and while here visited his sister, Mrs. Grant. He had just recovered from an attack of bronchitis then, but had made an excellent recovery and said to Mrs. Grant that he had never felt better. The telegrams received yesterday gave no particulars as to his death and as the relatives here had no word that the senator was ill, the news came as a great shock.

Hon. Mr. Perley was born in Gladstone, Sunbury county, on Feb. 6, 1838. He was educated in the schools there and at Sackville Academy and the Baptist Seminary. On Sept. 20, 1869, he married Phoebe A. Slipp, of Hampstead, Queens county, and they made their home in Maugerville, where Mr. Perley carried on farming until 1882.

While living there, he was seven years in the county council, the last year filling the position of warden. In 1878 he was a candidate for the House of Commons, but was defeated by a majority of forty-one. He ran again in 1882, but was defeated again by a narrow majority.

Mr. Perley soon afterwards removed to the west and located in Wolseley (Sask.) Being a pioneer settler there, he took an active part in organizing the first municipel council and was the first chairman. He was later elected a member for the Qu'Appelle district in the northwest council, and was sent with two others to Ottawa on a better terms delegation.

They were successful and Mr. Perley received the Conservative nomination in the first dominion election in the territories in 1887, and was elected with 726 majority. On Aug. 3 next year he was made senator, Hon. Mr. Dewdney, who succeeded him, being taken into the cabinet as minister of the interior.

In 1893 Senator Perley was asked by the Haultain government to accept the position of commissioner for the Northwest Territories at the world's fair in Chicago.

Senator Perley retired from his interest in his farm business some time ago, handing it over to his sons. He enjoyed a wide acquaintance in his native province, and many will be sorry to learn of his death.

ROBERT D. EVANS LEFT $12,000,000 TO WIDOW

Salem, Mass., July 15.—The will of Robt. D. Evans, president Taft's summer landlord, who died last week as the result of injuries received by a fall from a horse left his whole estate, valued at $12,000,000, to his widow, according to information made public when the will was filed in the probate court this afternoon. Upon Mrs. Evans' death the estate is to be divided between his heirs and her's. Mr. Evans, besides owning Woodberry Point, President Taft's summer home, was a large holder of other real estate and mining properties.

The first prize in the ladies' doubles in the tennis tournament was won by Miss Bertha McAvity and Miss Gwen McDonald, who won thirty games out of fifty. There was a tie for second place between Miss Gladys Hegan and Mrs. Emery, and Miss Phyllis Stratton and Miss Frances Hazen. The prizes to the winners were gold pins, presented by Miss Clara Schofield.

In keeping with the Conservative misrepresentation campaign in the by-election, the Standard stated that at Mr. Bentley's meeting on Saturday night, many left the hall when the Liberal candidate arose to speak. The facts are that Mr. Bentley was given a rousing reception and was heard to the close, and his telling points warmly applauded.

CHATHAM BABE IS FATALLY BURNED

Chatham, N. B., July 15—A sad accident occurred at the residence of Daniel Cripps, Church street, this afternoon, when his five months-old baby boy was fatally burned.

The child was lying on a bed and an older child playing with matches set fire to the bed quilts.

The mother, who was in another room, heard the calls and rushed in at once and attempted to extinguish the flames. She succeeded in doing so, but not before her own hands were severely burned.

The child was burned on the head,arms and legs and it is doubtful if it will recover. An alarm of fire was sent in and the fire department responded. Drs. Marven and Duffy also arrived quickly and attended to the injured child.

A SON BORN TO THE PRINCESS DE SAGAN

Paris, July 15—A son was born to the Princess de Sagan today, who was Miss Anna Gould, of New York.

Prince Helie de Sagan and Mme. Anna Gould were married July 7, 1908, following her divorce from Count Boni de Castellane.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

ADVERTISING PUZZLE



Can you read this sign?

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.

Left side down, in surf.