

Lady Betty Across the Water

By C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON

Copyright, 1906, by McClure, Phillips & Co.

The ship courted to a wave of more importance than any that had gone before, then righted herself quickly. We, a little, everybody who could catch hold of the rail or of some friend's arm, laughing, but down on the steege deck there rose a cry which wasn't laughter.

"Child overboard!" some one screamed. And I realized with a horrid feeling like suffocation that a tiny boy down below, who had climbed up on the rail to watch the dancing, was missing.

It was a woman who had screamed, and everything followed so quickly that my mind was confused, as if a whirlwind had rushed through it and blown all the impressions on top of one another in a heap. There was a babel of voices on the steege deck, more cries and shouts and screams, and people surged in a solid wave toward the rail to look over. But of that wave sprang one figure separating itself from the other atoms, and then I heard myself give a cry, too, for the man who had been in my thoughts had thrown off his coat and vaulted over the rail into the sea.

"Jove! He'll be caught by the propeller!" I heard somebody near me say. I turned sick. The thought of his life being crushed out while we all looked on helplessly was awful. The sea was terrible enough in itself—the great, wide, merciless, blue water, which sparkled so coldly and laughed in its power—but to be crunched up by the jaws of a monster—I shut my eyes and couldn't open them until I heard men saying the strong wind to starboard might save him. I believe I must have been unconsciously praying, and my hands were clasped so tightly together that afterward my fingers ached.

People on our deck made a rush toward the stern, on the port side, for the ship had been steaming so fast that already we were forging away from the child who had fallen and the man who had jumped after him. Sally and I were carried along with the rush. She seized me by the hand, but we didn't speak a word. If dear



He was standing with his arms folded, friends instead of two strangers in a far remote sphere of life had been in deadly danger I don't think the sickness at my heart could have been worse. I would have given years if at that moment I could have had the magical power to stop the ship instantly with one wave of my hand.

But it was being stopped by another power than mine. I felt the deck shiver under my feet like a thoroughbred horse pulled on its haunches. The accident had been seen from the bridge. An order to stop the ship had been telegraphed down to the engine room and obeyed. Still when Sally Woodburn and I had been carried by the crowd far enough toward the stern to look out over the blue wilderness of water we were leaving behind the ship's heart hadn't ceased its throbbing, to which we had all grown so accustomed in the last few days.

"He's got the child!" exclaimed Sally. "See, he's hauling the little creature out his back with one hand and swimming with the other. Glorious fellow!"

Yes, there were two heads bobbing like black corks in the tossing waves close together. I pictured so vividly what my sensations would be if I were down there a mere speck in that vast expanse of blue that I almost tasted salt water in my mouth and felt the choking tingle of it in my lungs.

Then suddenly the ship's heart ceased to beat, and the unaccustomed stillness was as startling as an unexpected noise. A boat shot down from the davits, with several sailors on board. A few seconds later they were rowing away toward those two bobbing black corks, and I loved them as they bent to their oars.

I can't remember breathing once, or even winking, until I saw the child being lifted into the boat and the man climbing in after. What a shout went up from the ship! Sally clasped her pretty, dimpled hands, but I only let my breath go at last in a great sigh.

There was such a crush that I couldn't see them when they came on board, but there was more shouting and hurrahing, and men slapped each other on the shoulders and laughed. Throb, throb went the machinery again, and there was no sign that anything out of the monotonous round had happened, except in the excited way that people talked. Several men we knew paid a visit to the steege and came back with stories which flew about from group to group in the first class cabin and no doubt the second too.

It seemed that the little boy who had fallen into the sea was the only

son of his mother, a widow. They were Swedes, and the woman, who is on her way to the States to try and find a place as a servant, was quite prostrated with the agonizing suspense she had suffered. As for the little boy himself, he was not seriously the worse for his experience. The doctor was with him and said that he would be as well as ever in a few hours. A subscription for the mother and child had already been started among the first class passengers and would probably be made up to quite a good sum.

"But what is going to be done for the one who saved the little boy's life?" I asked the man who was telling me the news, a Mr. Doremus, who is a cousin of Mrs. Van der Windt's, very full of fun and good natured.

"A nice little pedestal labeled 'Our Hero' will be built out of the ladies' admiration and given to him to pose on," said Mr. Doremus. "However, I must say for the gentleman—though I've only seen him dripping wet and shaking himself like a big dog—he didn't give me the impression of being the sort of chap to say 'thank you' for the perch."

"Of course he isn't!" said I. "But I do think it's a shame if he's left out when subscriptions are going round. Of course he must be poor or he wouldn't be traveling in the steege. Something ought to be done to show him that the passengers admire his bravery—not anything fulsome, but something nice."

"I guess you don't know the American disposition yet as well as you will after you're wrestled with it on its native heath for a few months," remarked Mr. Doremus in his quaint way. "That chap down in the steege is an American, whatever else he may be, or I'll eat my best hat, and I wouldn't for five cents be in the deputa-tion to present him with the something 'not fulsome, but nice' on a little silver salver. I should expect him to give me the frosty mitt."

This expression struck me as being so funny that I burst out laughing, though I had to stop and think for a second before I could quite see what Mr. Doremus really meant, but I wouldn't forget my point in a laugh.

"Perhaps it wouldn't do to offer money," I went on. "Suppose we got up a subscription to buy him a second class passage for the rest of the way. That would show appreciation, wouldn't it?"

"It would," replied Mr. Doremus gravely, "and if you'll start the subscription, Lady Betty, it'll go like wild-fire."

"Very well, then, I will," said I, "though I'd rather some one else did it."

"It wouldn't be so popular from any other quarter. I'll help you. We'll go up and around together and pass the list, and if you like I'll do the talking."

I agreed to this, and if I'd thought about it at all I should have supposed that Mrs. Ess Kay would be as pleased as Punch with such an arrangement, because Mr. Doremus, as a relative of Mrs. Van der Windt's, is the only man on board to whom she makes herself agreeable. It appears that he has started several fashions in New York, the most important being to drive in some park they have there without a hat. But probably if the truth were known he lost it, like the fox that tried to make his friends chop off their tails.

Mrs. Ess Kay had gone to her stateroom soon after lunch, as the motion of the ship had given her a headache, and I didn't happen to be near Sally Woodburn. So I said "yes" to Mr. Doremus on the impulse of the moment without stopping to think whether I ought to ask permission first.

After the business was what Mr. Doremus called "fixed up," he took me back to my chair on deck. Sally wasn't in her place, and as I was wondering what had become of her the dressing for dinner bugle went wailing over the ship like a hungry banshee. I said to myself that Sally must have gone early because her frock was to be particularly elaborate. I felt conscious of having heaps of interesting things to tell, and I understood exactly what Victoria means when she says she's in one of her "pretty and popular moods."



There were two heads bobbing like black corks.

I danced into our stateroom, where only a drawn curtain covers the open doorway. No one was there, and the cabin was so quiet that it seemed to greet me with a warning "S-sh!"

Down fell my spirits with a dull thud, though I didn't know why. My joyousness changed to what story book writers describe as a "foreboding of disaster," but when I have it it's generally connected with a lecture from mother, so I know it only as a sneaky "I haven't eaten the cream" sort of feeling.

Just as I had begun to take off my frock Louise appeared at the door which leads into the little drawing room. She said that if I pleased madam would be glad to see me in her cabin. I hurried across to the other stateroom opposite to ours and there found Mrs. Ess Kay in a gorgeously embroidered pink satin Japanese thing which she calls a kimono. She was sitting in a chair in front of the makeshift dressing table puffed on her rings and clasping bracelets on her wrists with vicious snaps. Sally, who hadn't begun to dress, was standing up looking almost cross—that is, with different features from hers she might have succeeded in looking cross.

"Sit down, Betty, please, I want to talk to you," said Mrs. Ess Kay. "Somehow it always makes me feel stiff when she 'Betty's' me, as my old nurse says it does with your ears if you eat bread beans."

"If I do I shall be late for dinner," said I, just as if a minute ago I hadn't been dying to pour out my news.

"Never mind dinner, my dear girl," replied Mrs. Ess Kay, with an air which I do believe she tried to copy from mother. "What I have to say is more important than dinner. I hope what I have been hearing isn't true."

"That depends upon what it was," I retorted, disguising my pertness with a smile.

"Don't think I've been tattling," said Sally. "Whatever my faults may be, I haven't a rubber neck."

I didn't know in the least what she meant. But afterward she explained that if your neck is always pivoting around to pry into other people's affairs it is a rubber neck, and I shall remember the expression to tell Stan when I go home. He will like to add it to his collection of strange beasts.

Mrs. Ess Kay partly turned her back upon Sally. "The dear duchess" (she always speaks of mother in that way), "the dear duchess has entrusted you to my charge, Betty, and I don't know what I shall do if you take advantage of me by playing naughty tricks whenever I am incapacitated from chaperoning you for half an hour."

Afterward Mrs. Ess Kay was cool to Mr. Doremus and would have been cold, I think, if he weren't Mrs. Van der Windt's cousin. He lounged up to our place on deck to give me the news that the third class hero (as he calls the bronze young man) refused to be second class. He had asked permission to give the cabin offered him to the child whose life he had saved and the mother.

"It's for you to say yes or no, Lady Betty," announced Mr. Doremus, "because it's your show. You set the top spinning."

"She is to have nothing more to do with the affair," Mrs. Ess Kay answered for me quickly. "She is very sorry she commenced it and has lost the small interest she felt in the beginning. I do hope that tramp or beggar or whatever he is hasn't got it in his conceited head that Lady Betty Bukeley has bothered herself about his insignificant affairs, or he'll be thrusting himself upon her notice in some way which will be very disagreeable for me, as her guardian."

"Well, he has sent a message of thanks to every one concerned," said Mr. Tommy Doremus. "I don't know whether he put Lady Betty at the top of the list or not, and if that's the way you feel about our nice little stunt I expect it's just as well not to inquire further."

All the rest of the trip has been spoiled for me by the hateful way in which the excitement of that day ended, and it does seem too bad, for everything might have been so nice.

Whether people really do make ill natured jokes or not I don't know. But anyhow, Mrs. Ess Kay keeps hinting that they do, which is almost as disagreeable for me. She says that they have nicknamed the bronze man "Lady Betty's hero," and this has made me so self-conscious that I can't bear to go near the part of the deck where you look over into the steege for fear some silly creatures may think I'm trying to see him. I feel as if I had been a conspicuous idiot, and I'm so uncomfortable with Mrs. Ess Kay now that I expect to be wretched in her house. I can't talk it over even with Sally, because after all she's Mrs. Ess Kay's cousin. I wish I had a nose two inches long and green hair, and then perhaps mother and Vic would have let me stop at home.

Still I can't help taking an interest in ship life, and now that it's the morning of the last day on board I look back on it all as if it ought to have been even more fun than it was.

I enjoyed hearing about the mar-conigrams when they came. It seemed like living in a tale by Stan's favorite, Jules Verne, to have messages come flying to us in midocean like invisible carrier pigeons. I enjoyed having Mr. Doremus tell me about his luck in the big pools when the men bet on the day's run, and I'm afraid I rather reveled in seeing a row on deck one evening when one man accused another of being a cheat and a professional gambler and almost cried about some money he'd lost. If I had been the first man I wouldn't have trusted the other in the beginning, because he had fat lips, greasy black curls and wicked eyes so close together you felt they might run into one if he winked too hard on a hot day. But if I had been so stupid as to trust him I would have been ashamed to make a fuss afterward. I think people ought to be sporting.

I liked the "captain's dinner," too, in honor of the last night on board, with the flags and paper flower decorations, the hand playing military music, the dishes on the menu named after famous generals and the stewards filling in a long procession when the salons had been darkened, each carrying a brightly colored, illuminated ice and cake with tiny English and American and German flags stuck into the top.

Yes, I liked everything, except—but now it is nearly over. America is just round the corner of the world.

[To Be Continued.]

By Natural Means. "Do you always," asked the country friend of the professional chauffeur, "go fast when you are showing your machine to a prospective customer?"

"Sure!" answered the chauffeur. "If you notice my trail you can see for yourself I'm out for the dust."—Baltimore American.

For Bargain Day. "She's no lady." "Why, I always thought her most refined." "On the surface, yes. But what do you think of a woman who wears her little boy's football shoes to the bargain sales and spikes every one who gets in her way?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

After Him. "It's hard to lose your friends," remarked the man who was down and out. "Hard?" snorted the man who was on the high tide of prosperity. "It's impossible."—Philadelphia Record.

The Prompter. "I suppose that inspiration prompts many of your jokes." "A few," admitted the press humorist. "Desperation, however, prompts the most."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

WATERBURY BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

- AUTO REPAIRING.**
Fred Phoenix, Watertown, Conn. Automobile, Gas and Gasoline Engine repairing. If it's anything in machine line bring it to us.
- ARTISTIC WALL PAPER.**
To tempt you we will sell paper this week at 5 Cents per Roll. The A. F. Taylor Co, 48 Center St.
- EVERY'S LUNCH ROOM.**
445 West Main St. Working men of the west end, why carry your dinner? We serve a full course dinner for 20c.
- A HOME INDUSTRY.**
Waterbury Towel and Cabinet Supply Co, B. L. Russell, Prop'r. Why patronize out of town companies? 73 E. Main, 'Phone 244-5.
- APRON AND TOWEL SUPPLIES.**
Waterbury Apron & Towel Supply Co Office Cabinets a specialty. Prompt service. Goods that are right. C. H. Shove, Prop. 81 Kingsbury.
- ASH REMOVER.**
G. W. Brown, 68 Dover Street. I make a specialty of removing ashes, rubbish, etc. Personal attention. Telephone 942-4.
- BAKERY.**
Joe O'Brien, Stores 414-508 N. Main. Factory 12 Adams St. New England Bread, Bakery Goods. Ice Cream a specialty. Tel.
- BAKERY.**
North End Bakery & Confectionery. P. Hook, Prop., 764 N. Main. Fresh bread and cakes daily. Wedding Cake orders attended to.
- BUSINESS COLLEGE.**
Waterbury Business College. Fall term begins September 1, 1908. Send for New Illustrated Catalogue.
- BOUFFARD'S BAKERY.**
Try our Teas and Coffee. Cannot be excelled. Teas 35c lb, Coffee 25c lb. 385 E. Main, 1052 N. Main.
- BOTTLER AND GROCER.**
A. P. Blanchette, 258 South Main St. All kinds Liquors and Lagers bottled for family use. Groceries. Delivery. Tel 262-2.
- COFFEE ROASTING.**
Kaplan's Coffee Roasting Company. Fresh roasted coffee every day. Full line Fancy Groceries. 428 N. Main St. 'Phone 1187-4.
- CHIROPODIST.**
Mrs M. B. Root, Room 38 Apothecaries' Hall Bldg. Residence calls by appointment. Wed and Sat eves at office. Tel 149-2.
- WANA MAKER CLOTHING.**
For the man who has \$16, \$18 or \$20 to spend for a suit or overcoat tailored to your measure. Lyons & Grimes, 95 Bank St.
- CONTRACTOR.**
G. G. Riggs, Contracting Engineer, 65 Bank St., Waterbury, Ct. Reinforced Concrete Structures, Sidel-walk Lights, Fireproofing, etc.
- CONTRACTOR.**
Albert Delay, Waterville, Conn. General Contracting and Teaming. Excavating and Leveling. Light and Heavy Trucking.
- CARPENTER AND CONTRACTOR.**
Chas H. Payne, 325 Piedmont St. Estimates given. Jobbing a specialty. Personal attention to all work. Send post card.
- CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.**
J. A. Lovett, 59 Fuller St. Ford's All Wood Weather Strip. Estimates furnished. Jobbing attended to. 'Phone 1127-4.
- CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.**
Genest & Richard, 18 William St. Estimates on all contracts. Jobbing a specialty. Personal attention given to all work. Tel 1561.
- CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.**
J. H. Jones, 1147 West Main St. Contracting and Building. Jobbing work a specialty. Estimates furnished.
- COAL AND WOOD.**
L. D. Bouley, 507 East Main St. Lumber, Coal and Wood. Horseshoeing and repair work. Blacksmithing. Telephone.
- COAL AND WOOD.**
S. Robinovitz, office and yard Field St. Hard and Soft Wood. Hand screened Coal and Charcoal. 'Phone 264-2.
- COAL AND WOOD.**
Henry Robillard, - Foot of Field St. Let us have your order now for your winter supply of coal, wood or charcoal. 'Phone 264-6.
- COLLECTOR.**
Frank J. Rametti, Mercantile and commercial collections a specialty. Room 3, 16 E. Main. P. O. box 237. Tel.
- CARRIAGE AND WAGON WORKS.**
Gauthier Bros, 36 Lonsbury St. Formerly with G. Panetton 23 and 27 years. Tel 1340. Wagon repairing and painting.
- CARPET CLEANING.**
The Model Laundry Company. Special prices on carpet cleaning this month. Brussels 4c yd, etc. Telephone 89.
- IF YOUR PAINTING**
and Decorating has not been satisfactorily done of late, call and see C. E. Johnson, 699 North Main St. And he will tell you why.
- ELECTROLYSIS.**
Mary Ryan, Room 24, 109 Bank St. Hairdressing and Manicuring. Superficial hair, warts, moles, etc. removed without pain or scar.
- EYESIGHT SPECIALIST.**
J. H. Jencks, Fitter of the "So Easy" Eye Glasses. Old ones repaired. 123 E. Main.
- EAST END CARRIAGE CO.**
P. R. Larocque, Prop. East Main St. Carriage Manufacturers. Horseshoeing, blacksmithing, repairing, painting. Tel.
- FACTORY REMNANT CORNER.**
Wait for our new goods. Sept 1 our opening. Watch this little ad and save money. Cor South Main and Meadow Sts.
- FLORIST.**
John Evans, - Watertown, Conn. Florist and Nursery. Cut Flowers and Bedding Plants always in stock.
- GRAIN, FEED, ETC.**
New York Grain and Feed Store, 116-120 Meadow St. A. Willner, Prop. 'Phone 143-3. Dr Hess's Feed and Pan-a-ena, etc.
- GRAIN, FEED, ETC.**
I. A. Spencer, 392-394 E. Main St. Wholesale and retail dealer in Grain, Feed, Hay, Straw, Poultry Supplies, etc. Tel 673.
- GRAIN, FEED, ETC.**
Joseph Pepp, - 52-54 Canal St. Grain, Feed, Hay, Straw and Poultry Supplies. Animal Fertilizers. Tel.
- GALILEU'S ORCHESTRA.**
J. Galileu. Music furnished for weddings, receptions and private parties. Room 21, Citizens' bank bldg.
- GROCERIES, FEED, HAY, ETC.**
Geo Barton, Oakville, Conn. Staple and Fancy Groceries. Fresh Provisions received daily. Flour, Feed, Hay, Grain, etc.
- GROCERIES.**
Dixon's Grocery, 332 North Main St. Watch space for future prices. Fancy and Staple Groceries. Premiums given away.
- SUGAR CURED HAMS 1c LB.**
Boneless Sugar Cured Hams 14c lb. Fresh Shoulders every Saturday. At Bley's Market, 226 South Main St (Corner Grand)
- GROCERIES AND MEATS.**
Fred J. Loiselle, - 294 Mill st. Fresh Shoulders every Saturday. Fresh Vegetables every day. Delivery. 'Phone 146-6.
- GROCERIES AND MEATS.**
M. J. Wall, 892 East Main Street. 1 box Moore's Pure Toilet Soap, 8 cakes 20c.
- GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.**
J. H. Hapenny, 155-157-159 Bishop st. Pure Bottle Wines and Liquors for family use. Free delivery. Telephone.
- GERMAN MARKET.**
German Market, - 386 N. Main. Watch this space for Special Prices on Best Qualities each week.
- TAKE NOTICE.**
For sale cheap, 4-4 Light Sash Glass 32x60 inches. Hitchcock Hardware Co, Watertown, Conn.
- HARNESS AND HORSE GOODS.**
L. A. T. Peterson, 370 W. Main St. On your way to freight depot why not stop in and have your harness repaired. 'Phone 1261-2.
- HOTEL.**
Union Square Hotel, - 75 Cole St. Rates 45 week up, Trans \$1 day. Special rates theatrical and commercial trade. Tel 1037-3.
- ALL THE FALL STYLES**
of Soft and Stiff Hats at DORAN & TORPEY'S, 203 Bank Street.
- IF YOU WANT YOUR CLOTHES**
Work to look fine well just have them done by Hoffman Hand Laundry. If you are not satisfied you don't have to pay. Tel 1551-4.
- HORSESHOEING.**
James L. White, 37 No. Elm St. Careful attention on our part merits your patronage. Thirty yrs in business (auf ced).
- HACKS.**
John T. Allman, 9 Fuller St. Carriages and hacks to rent on all occasions. First-class horses. 'Phone.
- HACKS FOR ALL OCCASIONS.**
Frank Shepard, 4-20 Brook St. I furnish hacks that are equipped in the right way for all occasions. 'Phone 106.
- LAND SURVEYING.**
William Reynolds, 136 Grand St. Land Surveyor. Tel 563-5.
- "INSTEP SUPPORT."**
Cummings & Thompson 182 Cherry. Painful, weak feet, dropped arch, swelled ankles or knees, pains in limbs and back, cured with Supports.
- LADIES' TAILORING.**
Vincent E. Panunzio, 736 E. Main. Ladies fall suits made to order with all material \$22 to \$45. For making only \$10 to \$18. Near Wolcott St.
- LAUNDRY.**
American Laundry, 543-545 Bank. To prevent tearing shirts in laundering send us in. Done by hand. Called for and delivered. Tel 1236.
- LIGHTING SUPPLIES.**
John J. Welch, 36 East Main St. Sole agt for Kent Gas Lights. A full line Mantles, general lighting supplies. Tel 1467.
- MOVING.**
The Waterbury Trucking Co, 910 N. Main St. Special attention to piano and furniture moving; trucking. Tel.
- IF YOUR HOUSE LEAKS**
Since these late rains, come and see me or telephone about Metal Shingles. Let me talk about them. W. L. Whitney, 38 Division St., City.
- MILK.**
R. F. Worden & Sons, 152 Cherry St. Wholesale & Retail Milk Dealers. Pasteurized milk a specialty. Tel 799 and will deliver promptly.
- MILK AND CREAM.**
Goshen Creamery Co, L. A. Bunnell, Prop. 10 Bishop St. Butter, milk, Cream, wholesale, retail. Delivered. Tel.
- MOVING.**
J. E. Brant, 17 Meadow St. We have entirely new outfit for hauling heavy and light trucking. Household Goods moved with the greatest of care and at reasonable rates. Also Livery and Boarding Stables. Furnish livery night or day.
- MEATS AND GROCERIES.**
The New Market, - 202 No. Main. 21 lbs Sugar for \$1 with each \$1.50 grocery order. Potatoes 80c a bushel.
- MARKET.**
Willow Market, A. Kenady, Prop. 207 Willow St. New store with full line of Meats, Vegetables and Canned Goods.
- MOVING AND TRUCKING.**
Joseph Robillard, 72 Walnut St. Orders for general trucking attended to promptly. Coal, Wood, Charcoal, 'Tel 1310.
- MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.**
J. J. Derwin, 69 Bank. We are making a special offer on String Instruments, Banjos, etc. Call on us for bargains.
- METROPOLITAN DYE WORKS.**
All kinds Dyeing, Cleaning, Pressing, Repairing at short notice. French Dye Cleaning a specialty. 167 So Main St. Tel 1231.
- MACHINE FORGING.**
George Angrave, - 44 Brown St. General Blacksmithing. Dies, Dies, Crank Shafts, heavy Steam Hammers. Forging.
- ON THE HILL (SANATORIUM).**
A Modern Sanatorium. For nervous and chronic invalids, convalescent, medical and surgical cases. Operative surgical cases also received. Just the place to regain health. Best medical references. Tel. C. W. Jackson, M. D., Watertown, Ct.
- RUBBER SET BRUSHES.**
Use no other—the bristles will not come out. 25c to \$1. Gillette Safety Razors, \$5 to \$15. Dan G. Sullivan, Drugs, Watertown.
- HEATING STOVES.**
The most complete line in the state. Look our line over. Sole Agents for Sterling Ranges. C. Thatcher Co, - 39 Center St.
- PLUMBING, HEATING, TINNING.**
L. T. Burns, 722 E. Main. 'Phone. Hot air talk for winter delivery. Let us furnish estimate on heating by steam, hot water or air.
- A Party without a Flashlight Picture is almost a failure.**
Be sure and have one taken by SCOTZFAVA, 274 South Main St, Who will come at any time and place.
- PHOTOGRAPHER.**
J. H. Sincaster, 651 Bank St. Interior, Exterior, Flashlight, Enlarging, Copying, Pictures, Framing. Open on Sunday.
- REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE.**
C. S. Redmond, Room 10, 11 E. Main, 'Phone 1004. Real Estate, Mortgages and Insurance. Care. Management of estates.
- REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE.**
S. F. Williams, 15 W. Main. Call and see list of bargains in Real Estate. We represent strong, reliable insurance companies.
- RUBBER STAMPS.**
Waterbury Rubber Stamp Co. Rubber Stamps of all descriptions. Self inkers, self inking dates, etc. 199 Bank St.
- SECOND HAND GOODS.**
N. Salotrop, 204 Bank Street. New and second hand goods bought and sold. Large stock new Furniture.
- TRUCKING.**
F. J. Iarkin, 49 South Willow St. Bart and office Willow at. Telephone connections at office and residence.
- OAKVILLE.**
New three family house, all improvements, large lot, rents 10%, 5c trolley fare to Waterbury, \$500 down. B. H. Mattoon, Watertown.
- REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE.**
J. Littlejohn, 239 N. Main St. Representing most reliable insurance companies. Look at list real estate bargains.
- PRESCRIPTIONS.**
Ask your doctor about our skill, experience and fresh supply of Drugs. KILBRIDE, Druggist, Baldwin and Luke Sts.
- SALVATION ARMY INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT.**
212 Meadow Street. Scrap paper collected from stores, office buildings, etc. Send us order.
- FALL SUITS.**
John Eccles, 50 Bank Street. Fall Suits made to order and made to fit from \$16 up. Cleaning, pressing. Tel 154-4.
- FOR CLOTHES THAT HAVE**
Perfect Fit, Latest Style and Good Workmanship, go to LOUIS LEVY, Room 21, Buckingham Bldg.
- THE ROBINSON TOOL WORKS.**
T. D. Robinson, Prop. Pearl Lake Rd. Tools, Dies, Metal Making and special Tools. Bench filing machine. Tel-1167.
- VIOLIN REPAIRING.**
Adolph Reic, 16 Walnut St. Violins, Violas, Cellos and other Musical Instruments repaired. Bows Rehaird.