OLD SHOES STORY.

Old Jason Lucre's pride was wounded, and when one touches that tender spot in a millionaire something is likely to happen.

Jason was called a millionaire, but as a matter of fact the condition and state of his worldly wealth should not be described by so common a term. To descend to numbers, ten of them would be compelled to labor so as to convey an adequate expression of his wealth.

The fly in the ointment of happiness of the billionnaire was caused by an institution of his own founding—the Jamson - Lucre Chemical Company.

This concern had been the real foundation of his fortune, the beginning of which had led him into other lines and enabled him to amass enormous wealth.

And that was why it hurt so excruciatingly. He always had a tender regard for that nest egg. So much so that when the Goddess of Fortune had beamed on him he turned the plant over to his faithful employees, never dreaming that they would ever let it slip away from them.

Surely there it would be in safe hands, he thought, but they, too, were seized with the lust for gold and, when the trust came along making most seductive offers, they capitulated and the Jason Lucre Chemical Company was no more.

The brass sign bearing the legend, "The Jason Lucre Chemical Company" came down at once. In its stead arose a gaudy and garish one of burnished gold lettering announcing the name of the new owners and the further inscription that this now was "Plant No 2."

It was a deep wound. Great was the pride of Jason Lucre the day, fifty years before, when the neat brass plate had gone up at the side of his modest office. As the years passed the sign remained and the fondness for it grew into a sentiment that would not brook its removal in any circumstances. When a new office was built the sign always went with it.

Now, to think it had passed away and the bitterest dose of all was the plain, prosaic "Plant No. 2." Number two? Nothing of the kind to Jason! it was number one or nothing. It was all in all to him.

The sign would go back and he would send it back in his own particular and peculiar way.

While the old fellow had retired from business it is certain that the fertile brain that conceived his millions did not retire.

He did not allow the incident to excite him outwardly. The secret of his success was calmness and deliberation. He took a few days to ponder over it.

Since his retirement from active participation in business affairs he had devoted his time to deaching himself from as many millions as he could in public benefactions. This was always done, too, in a way original to himself.

He was particularly partial to religious projects and therein lay his revenge, although he would not personally call it by so harsh a title.

When he was ready for his little party, as he pleasantly called it, he sent word to the newspaper boys. They need no second summons, for they knew when old Jason Lucre had something to say they wanted to hear him say it, and they came hot-footed.

It didn't take many words to outline his plan. Like true devotees of the craft they were not long in working these few words into columns of good rich copy. Had the offer come from any less substantial and reliable a person than Jason Lucre they would have refused to give it credence.

The news travelled fast and the whole nation was agog, first with laughter, then with rapidly succeeding excitement and wonder, even unto amazement.

The gist of the play was about as follows :—

Jason Lucre, billionnaire, would distribute among the churchees of the United States, irrespective of denominational creed or bias, about $4,000,000. Only three churches in each State and territory were to share in the distribution, $100,000 to be appointed to each State and territory. The churches to become the beneficaries of his benefactions would be selected by chance.

The chance would be determined by old shoes. Yes, old, dingy, musty, crusty shoes of any description whatsoever. One shoe constituted a chance and as many chances could be taken as there were old shoes.

The old shoes were to be sent to him and each shoe must bear on the inside of it the name of the church desiring the prize.

At first a wave of mirth convulsed the country, but not for long. They knew their man. He meant it and that was all there was to it.

Day after day the papers were filled with column after column of all sorts of matter bearing on the novel contest.

The busiest workers of this or any land are church workers and they went to work with the greatest zeal in their history.

Old shoe parties were instituted by the hundreds in every city, town, village and hamlet in the land. If possessed of an omnipotent eye, one could see forty out of every hundred inhabitants almost any night treading their way to their churches with the price of admission—one old shoe.

They didn't stop at that. They brought them in bundles and baskets, in boxes and waggons. People commenced going to church who had never gone before, and never expected to go again.

Then the shoes began to go to the originator of this scheme, a perfect deluge of them. The problem of their disposal would have been too much for any ordinary man, but in this old Jason also exercised his sagacity and foresight. He purchased an entire farm of more than ordinary acreage in Devaun, New Jersey, and to that point all shoes must go.

First they came in a few straggling waggon loads, which were easily hauled from the station. The day wore on and the shipments of discarded shoes began to mount to the thousands. Then they went to the farm in entire carloads.

It seemed that every nook, cranny and ash dump in the station was being scoured to swell the avalanche.

Individuals got busy and sent a shoe or two by post until the mails were choked with shoes. This increased so rapidly that it was necessary for the Government to establish a post office of the first class at this unheard of place.

Men with judicial pull scrambled for the office and so many sore spots were engendered by its disposition that it cost the representative who handled the plum his place at the next election.

They even changed the name of the place from Devaun to Shoe, and the country laughed again at the enormous proportions the scheme was amusing, but they took up the work of garnering the shoe crop more assiduously than ever.

The express companies shared in the deluge, bringing thousands upon thousands of boxes to be dumped into the stream of discarded leather.

The railroad companies were compelled to put on special trains— express, mail and freight—to accommodate the immense volume of business offered.

A wave of true human gaiety swept over the country. People travelling from one railway station to another had their progress impeded by boxes upon boxes of shoes at their depots. Trains were late in arriving at their destination, but every one laughed at this with greatest good nature. "It's only a shoe train," they would say when a trainload of commuters on their way to or from work would come to a dead stop. Then they fell to reading page after page of it in their newspapers.

Side track after side track was laid on the farm at Shoe to accommodate the plethora of old shoes. Hundreds of men found employment for months in unloading and storing shoes. Mechanical devices had to be employed to pile the shoes, so great had the heap become.

The shoes were commencing to tower to a mountainous height that was one of the sights of a generation. Thousands of people travelled hundreds of miles to see it, and hundreds more crossed the continent with no other object in view than to see "Shoe Mountain," as it was popularly called.

There was not a railway making up the great network of iron bands that gridironed the land that did not quote rates to Shoe. From nearby points excursions were run daily carrying thousands of people to the scene, and often many of them were loaded down with their personal contributions to the heap. The conditions specifically stated that only leather shoes were eligible. The incident furnished another good laugh for summer resorts began to howl, for Shoe had displaced them in the popular fancy and favor.

Men made little fortunes, as fortunes go in these days, catering to the wants of the visitors. Shoe blossomed into an amusement resort second to none. One enterprising mind evolved a magnificent shoe of gigantic proportions, with an interior fitted out as a theatre and place of amusement. It was modelled after the domicile of the old lady of large family immortalized by Mother Goose.

It made the originator a man of wealth, for no one would think of going to Shoe to see Shoe Mountain without going into the big shoe before going home.

Thus it went. The country at last was seized in the grip of an old shoe famine; and it was all to salve the wounded pride of a billionaire.

Even Canada had responded. Former Americans in that land had sent shoes by the tens of thousands. Nor did old Europe lag behind. Ocean liners were jammed from stem to stern with old shoes of all kinds. In many cases the tide of immigration was dammed by the influx of shoes, it being more profitable to handle shoes while the harvest was on.

An amusing feature of the contest was the mistake of some well meaning folks in Holland who sent to American relatives an entire shipload of old wooden shoes. Of course they were barred, as everybody and also filled more space in the newspapers.

One metropolitan sheet was so bold as to announce in glaring headlines that the news of the contest had even permeated the minds of the heathen in India and its millions of inhabitants were filled with unrest and wailed that because they wore no shoes they could not contribute. Of course this was only one of many hoaxes, but the people were eager for news of any kind and devoured it as they did hundreds of others.

All sorts and conditions of men were stirred by the uniqueness of the device, and great was the wonderment as to what would ultimately become of the pile.

So great was the interest aroused that college professors discussed the contest in their meetings. Many erudite papers were contributed by them to the scholarly journals on the psychological origin of the mental waves that actuated a nation in one common impulse.

At last, after many months, the stream began to subside, it shrank to a mere dribble, but threatened to swell again when some overzealous folks, not being able to procure old shoes began to send brand new ones until they began to arrive by the thousands of pairs.

Old Jason foresaw what this meant. Many people would deny themselves to the extent of actual want to purchase new shoes for the pile. Since the supply of old shoes were exhausted many people sent these new shoes with the idea that the chance of their church would be better by having a shoe or two at the top of the pile.

It was time to call a halt and halt he did. Due announcements were made and the flood of shoes dwindled to nothing.

Millions of shoes had been contributed and the leathern mass became one of the world wonders. It was advertised hither and thither, across all seas and to the uttermost parts of the inhabited earth by the always popular postcard and in thousands of other pictured ways.

A day was set for the drawing. And a day of days it was, recalled in song, story and historical records in after years as the "Shoe Day!"

The railroads were so taxed that they could not begin to convey the people who desired to go to the scene. They did the best they could, and at that the multitude was enormous.

The Governor of the State had consented to draw the lucky shoes, and it consumed an entire day from darkness to dawn. To facilitate progress paths of planks were built over and about the pile.

All day long the Governor and his attendants walked over and about, up and down the pile, selecting a shoe here and a shoe there, first at the top and then at the bottom, until all the prizes had been awarded.

When it was all over a sigh of relief went up. The lucky churches, from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Lakes to the Gulf, were jubilant. Every one was satisfied, even the losers, for had they not had a time of all times?

But no satisfaction equalled that of Jason Lucre. He was serenely satisfied. As he glanced over his evening paper, page after page was filled with the exciting events of the day. That portion of the paper long ago had ceased to interest him.

His satisfaction was borne of a small item tucked away in an obscure nook of the sheet.

This is what he saw:

"New York, April 23—At the offices of the Universal Chemical Company today it was announced that the concern had gone into the hands of a receiver. The exact cause of the failure was not divulged, but it is known that twenty-seven of the plants of the company, engaged exclusively in the manufacture of high grade potash, have been idle for several months. It is rumored that Jason Lucre, the 'shoe day' philanthropist,' was at one time interested, but was squeezed out over a year ago."

Only a slight smile indicated his satisfaction, for satisfied he was. He held the key to the situation and they knew it and were coming to him on the morrow.

In the joy of his victory he recalled how in the early days of his career he had invented a process for obtaining the highest grade of potash from old shoes. When a new quality of shiny shoe leather was invented and struck the popular favor its production called for an immense quantity of this grade of potash. The trust then endeavored to corner the supply, but in their hungriness reckoned without old Jason and incidentally treaded on his toes. They had got too far from their base of supply and were liable to be far from it for some years.

They went to see Jason and when they went away "Shoe Mountain" was theirs at Jason's price, but not before the sign "Plant No. 2" came down and the brazen and now glistening "Jason Lucre Chemical Company" beamed forth again resplendent in its wonted place.

St. Joseph, Levis, July 14, 1903.
Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentlemen,—I was badly kicked by my horse last May and after using several preparations on my leg nothing would do. My leg was black as jet. I was laid up in bed for a fortnight and could not walk. After using three bottles of your MINARD'S LINIMENT I was perfectly cured, so that I could start on the road.

JOS. DUBES,
Commercial Traveler.

AN AMAZING DIAMOND.

(Westminster Gazette.)

We get a very impressive idea of the original size of the famous Cullinan diamond when we consider that it has already provided cut stones weighing in the aggregate nearly 1,020 carats, or more than 6 2-3 oz. troy. Of these stones, the largest weighs 316¼ carats, nearly five times as much as the Koh-i-noor, four times as much as the Regent, and more than two and a half times as much as the Orloof, the magnificent jewel which blazes in the sceptre of the Czars of Russia. The second Cullinan stone, which is of 309 carats, weighs more than the Koh-i-noor and Orloof together. And now Queen Mary is the proud recipient of six more Cullinan fragments, the largest of which is heavier by nine carats than the star of South Africa, while the six together represent a weight of about 102 carats. And yet, of the original Cullinan, more than 2,000 carats remain in one form or another.

LUCKY JIM WAS THERE.

James Thompson, manager of the Hollenden, dropped into the room of an old friend, a guest at the hotel, the other day, to visit with him while the latter was changing his clothes preparatory to filling a social engagement here in town.

When the hotel guest got to the finishing touches at his necktie, he turned to Thompson and inquired:

"Say, Jim, do I look all right?"

"Oh, I've seen worse looking fellows," replied Thompson, flatteringly; "but see here, don't you think it would be the real thing if you would er-uh don a pair of trousers?"

Yes, the man had forgotten 'em. Like as not he'd had thought of the nether garments before he got to his car, but they had skipped his mind for a moment.

"Golly, Jim," he said, "but I'm glad you happened to drop in when you did."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE EDITOR

A JOURNAL of information for all Literary Workers. Thirteenth year. Monthly, permanent and successful magazine of its class. Tells what editors want. How MSS. should be prepared: where to find the best market. Answers every question that you want to know about the business of writing for the press. 10c a copy. $1.00 a year. Send 10c for sample copy, or 25c for three recent numbers.

THE EDITOR
Deposit, N. Y.
—25dtf

Are You On a "Party Line"

Are you on a party line? Are you letting another man get most of the profits of your business? Are you using the powerful business weapon—the telephone—in favor of competition and against yourself?

If you only knew how many orders—dollars—passed into the hands of your competitor every time a customer was answered with "line busy"—and you not using the phone.

If you had an idea of how adverse criticism is aroused and orders lost on not having exclusive telephone service you would immediately see to it that this leak in your profits was stopped.

The Telephone Co of P. E. Island
Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

Red Blood Tablets **NULIFE** Red Blood Tablets

Nulife is a nerve and blood food

NULIFE is the master product of the best chemists and doctors known to the medical world. It is a remedy of remarkable curative powers, a preparation that will put new life in your body and thrill you with the joy of perfect health and strength. Nulife is a blood and nerve food—a medicine that will aid in the cure of any disease—a preparation that builds up the great essential for perfect health—pure blood—and successfully combats all disease germs.

How to get a clear complexion

A great many people would be pretty, even handsome, if they were possessors of a clear complexion. Facial beauty is dependent upon the condition of the blood—Get pure blood and all pimples, blackheads, etc, will be entirely eliminated.

NULIFE (Red Blood Tablets) will build up your system, clean your blood of all impurities and make you the possessor of a clear complexion, the foundation of beauty. Every Nulife tablet means more and better blood, means freedom from disease, means a longer life.

NULIFE is the King of Blook Builders——

Nulife (Red Blood tablets) is a combination that will cure all diseases arising from a poor or impure condition of the blood.

It is a remedy that is tried and true, a remedy brought to this Province as a blessing to humanity, it will act naturally and will help nature do its best work. Nulife extends a helping hand to all invalids, it acts directly on the blood, increases the corpuscles and enriches the blood, adds stamina and strength to the system and offsets disease and death.

The human system is more or less liable to attacks from disease—a weak system accumulates disease germs and continuously courts illness. Nulife is made to strengthen the system to a state of perfect health and strength.

The only way to enjoy life is to secure good health. Good health is determined by the blood and the blood—the foundation of all good health—should be kept pure and rich always.

Everything depends on the your health—on the condition of your blood. You cannot find a disease or ailment which was not caused by bad or impoverished blood at the beginning.

A few diseases caused by poor blood in the system

Below is tabulated a list of ailments directly due to the presence of impure blood in the system. Glance over the list—are you troubled by any of them? Nulife works wonders even with advanced cases of these diseases

Anaemia,	Heart Pain,
Brain Fag,	Heart Palpitation,
Blood Disorders,	Insomnia
Bad Color,	Langour,
Bodily Weakness,	Loss of Vigor,
Despondency,	Morning Sickness,
Dyspepsia,	Nervousness,
Debility,	Poor Appetite,
Exhaustion,	Rhumatism,
Epilepsy,	Sciatica,
Fainting,	Salt Rheum,
Headaches,	Skin Diseases,
Hysteria,	Heart Strain.

Reliable dealers who sell Nulife—get it from them

Below is a list of wide—awake dealers who have stocked Nulife for the benefit of their customers—dealers who have investigated into the merits of this remedy and have found it to be above the ordinary. Ask them about it.

Two Macs,	City,
Geo. E. Hughes,	City
J. W. Carruthers,	Montague
Cox Bros,	Morell
Mrs. A. M. Campbell,	St. Peters Bay
H J. Mabon,	Souris
Alex. Robertson,	Red Point
Jas. F. Lord,	North Tryon
J. P. Smith,	Kinkora
S. H. Colwill,	New Haven
Ewen McKinnon,	Hampton
Calvin Howatt,	Victoria
Keir & McFadyen,	Kensington
P. N. Enman,	Summerside
E. C. Lepage,	North Rustico
Johnson & Johnson,	City

International Drug Corporation
London and Berlin

Johnson & Johnson, City, Wholesale Distributors.