

**LENT....**

A FEW SUGGESTIONS

- Broiled Mackerel 25c per tin.
- Kipperd Herring 25c per tin.
- Snow White Halibut 25c per tin.
- Fancy Prepared Codfish 20c box.
- Fancy English Bloaters 5c each.

**EXTRA SPECIAL**

Salted Salmon Tips 20c per lb.  
Salt Herring, Mackerel. Salt Salmon.  
Just Received--A fresh shipment of Bakers  
Barrington Hall Steel Cut Coffee.

**A. V. ALLEN,**

**THOUSANDS MOVE.**

(Continued from page 1)

president of a life insurance company at the very least, the career of Kiki Peters has been cruelly nipped in the bud. Kiki is 13 years old, which unfortunate number may account for his bad luck, until last Wednesday, when Justice Wyatt of the Children's Court sentenced him to two years in the New York Juvenile Asylum's exclusive resort for young men of tender years, Kiki was leader of the famous Whyo gang of youthful highwaymen who haunt the East Sixty-fourth street fastnesses. Like a true disciple of Dick Turpin, he always led his trusty band to prey upon the wealthy. Once and again he led them in daring and successful raids upon the gilded scions of the rich who go to school in the aristocratic neighborhood of West End Avenue, whence they returned bearing much spoil in the way of skates, hockey sticks and red sleds, and leaving the enemy dissolved in such tears as flood Wall Street the morning after Mr. Harriman has acquired control of a few railroads. But the third time stern-visited fate, in the guise of a fat cop, lay in wait for the daring band, and a treacherous bit of ice precipitated the plunder-laden Kiki into the hands of pursuer. Kiki steadfastly refused to tell the names of the lads who were with him, and announced that even if he got a life sentence he wouldn't squeal. When he heard his sentence he remarked: "Well, dis is easy. I sure tinks I gits de Pef, but I ain't got no kick comin." Judging by the records of other East Side desperadoes who have been sent to the Juvenile Asylum, the chances are good that Kiki will be turned to a more useful if less spectacular career than that of highwayman.

sion fund for the year ended December 31, 1906, which has just left the hands of the printer, shows that several of the higher-class pensioners, who retired with the reputation of possessing large fortunes, are still drawing large sums from the fund. In the young list of pensioners, which include a great number of widows, a score of children, and 305 retired members of the force, there are few names which were once a power in the city's affairs, not only as to police matters but in other directions as well. There is, for example, former Inspector and ex-Chief Thomas Byrnes, who retired from the force when Theodore Roosevelt was a commissioner, and who is credited with a large fortune accumulated in Wall Street under the tutelage of Jay Gould and other magnates of the Street in days gone by, but still draws a pension of \$3,000 a year. Another old-timer, long since forgotten by the public, is William Murray, who is said to be far beyond the reach of the gaunt and hungry wolf. John McCullagh, who is now in business in the city, is the third member of the trio who are drawing the highest pensions on the list. Former Chief of Police Devery, after retiring, openly invested \$395,000 in real estate, and among the present Inspectors of the Force, McCluskey, Cross, Flood and Titus live in a style far beyond the salary of a police inspector. So no one wonders at the opposition to the bill, now before the state legislature, which is designed to give the Commissioner such control over the force as to seriously menace, if not entirely destroy, the opportunity for while serving as guardians of the city's peace and wealth.

The Anti-Suicide Bureau of the Salvation Army which has just been opened in New York is expected to throw considerable light on the darker side of Hamlet's grim philosophy. From statistics collected by the Army, it seems that suicides in New York number 22.7 per 100,000. In cities like

The official report of the police pen-

**Dig, Don't Knock**

**A** FARMER can't raise crops by knocking upon the ground. Mother Earth don't answer knocks; but let him dig, scatter good seed and behold! the earth yields abundantly.

**HENCE, WE DIG!**

We are digging into our splendid stock, sowing the low price seed and as a result our clerks are kept on the jump!

- 1-2 off on winter Overcoats
- 1-5 off on Rain Coats and Suits
- 1-5 off on Hats and Underwear
- 1-5 off on Trunks, Umbrellas etc.
- 42 long pant Boys Suits, Your choice \$4.35 Sizes 12 & 19.
- 56-- 3 piece boys suits, your choice \$2.90 Sizes 7 & 15.

GET THEM AT.....

**Jaloff's New Store**

120 Eleventh St., Between Commercial and Bond

ARTISTIC

**MILLINERY**

Ladies' Suits, Coats, Skirts  
Waists and Furnishings

Our garments have a distinctive style, high class materials, best of workmanship, and when it comes from

**JALOFF'S**

you won't see any more like it in this market. Ladies that wish millinery and clothes that others won't have can always depend on this establishment for exclusive styles. Our prices are the most moderate in the city. We have direct New York advantage on prices that no other store in this city enjoys.

**Just Arrived:**

A new line of Millinery and a few samples the famous KNICKERBOCKER SUITS direct from New York City.

**HERMAN WISE**

Astoria's Reliable Clothier and Hatter.

BEHIND EACH ARTICLE SOLD IN HIS STORE

Hoboken and St. Louis the proportion is 22.2, and the average of fifty cities throughout the country is 17.19, while San Francisco has the high average of 49.6. The opening day of the bureau was marked by the appearance of four men and one woman, all conspicuously well dressed. The first was a tall, old Hebrew who stated that he had lost the savings of a lifetime, some \$400,000, in Wall street and could see nothing ahead more attractive than death. Next came a woman of 49 with a French accent, who stated that she had been swindled in a business partnership and left alone in New York without friends or money. Then came a waiter and bartender who had three times attempted suicide by various means, and, driven to desperation by losses in race-track gambling, had tried to shoot a friend. Another man confessed to being a criminal who had been indicted forty times for larceny and was harassed by the fear of a life sentence. The last was a youth of 20, a victim of drugs, who stated that he had run through \$60,000 within a month, had forged his father's name to checks, and was ready to die unless the Army could think of something better. According to Captain French, who is in charge of the work here, a similar bureau in London, which was opened early in

January, received 300 intending suicides during the first eleven days, including all classes and conditions of society, from gentlemen in silk hats to Billingsgate crossing sweepers. Out of 600 applications, 300 had gone broke, about 50 were lonely, 150 could not get a job, and the balance wanted to commit suicide because of illness.

More than \$43,000,000 worth of precious stones entered the country through the port of New York last year, the greatest in the history of the business, and this city is now regarded not only as the principal diamond market of the world, but also the chief depot for cutting the rough gems. A recent news dispatch from London states that workmen from the diamond factories of Antwerp are emigrating to the United States in large numbers, attracted by the high wages offered in New York and Massachusetts, and that local opinion is alarmed for the future of Antwerp's ancient industry. Since the first gem was exported from the Cape of Good Hope in 1868, the United States has paid about \$326,000,000 for diamonds, or one-half of the amount of cash which South Africa has obtained for its entire supply of precious stones sold to all parts of the world. These figures, however, represent only what

the importers have paid, and authorities in the trade say that the public pays at least as twice as much. Taking into account the fact that the value of diamonds has been going up cent in the last eight years, some dealers are of the opinion that the gems brought into this country from South Africa in these 38 years must now be worth more than a billion dollars. Nearly all of them are in existence, as the percentage of loss is so small as to be unimportant.

**Don't Complain.**

If your chest pains and you are unable to sleep because of a cough. Buy a bottle of Ballard's Hoarhound Syrup, and you won't have any cough. Get a bottle now and that cough won't last long. A cure for all pulmonary diseases. Mr. M. J., Galveston, Texas, writes: "I can't say enough for Ballard's Hoarhound Syrup. The relief it has given me is all that it is necessary for me to say." For sale at Hart's drug store.

**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Gifford*

**NOTICE.**

M. Eleo having sold out his interest in the Toke Point Restaurant, will not, from this date on, be responsible for any bills contracted by or for that house.

BUY YOUR

**SPRING SHOES**

FROM

**S. A. GIMRE**

548 Bond St., opposite Fisher Bros.