

The Question

Often asked by customers "What is going to be the popular shoe worn this coming season?" It is not always an easy task to forecast positively nowadays as styles are changing so often, but the feeling is that Pumps and Colonials are to be the leading styles this season. We are now showing a very large range of styles in Patent, Gun Metal, Suede, Tan and Canvas, light turn and welt soles, various shaped heels and toes. In satin for special occasions we are showing Red, Pink, Blue, White, Black, Lavender, Canary, Yellow and Gold.

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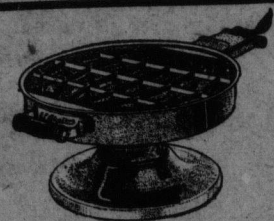
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We are showing an excellent line of Driving Harness in Nickel, Solid Nickel, also rubber mounted. We also carry a full and complete stock of Horse Furnishing Goods, all which we offer at low prices.

H. Horton & Son, Ltd.
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Special Reduced Prices

El Glostovo - \$4.35

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5 or 6 lb.

PHONES:
M 2579-11
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HIRAM WEBB & SON
91 Germann Street

PERSONAL.

Rev. F. S. Porter returned to the city yesterday after a ten days' visit to Boston and New York.
Mr. and Mrs. Beverly Robinson are spending the summer at Comox.
Mr. Geo. E. Barbour returned to the city yesterday.
Mr. Fred Schofield arrived home on the Montreal Express yesterday.
Miss Vaughn, librarian of the Free Public Library, has returned from Wolfville, where she attended the dedication of the Emmerson Memorial Library.
Mr. Joe Bullock returned home yesterday on the Boston Express.
Mr. Elie Macnam has returned home from Sackville.
Mr. Love, contractor for the St. Martin's mail service, proposes to conduct the service by automobile in the near future.
C. E. Kinkie of Lunenburg, N. S., who has been attending the New York

Seminary, passed through the city yesterday on his way to Halifax where he will be ordained for holy orders by His Grace the Archbishop of Nova Scotia.

Nell Brodie returned to the city last evening on the Boston Express.
Lyman Anglin, Gerald Anglin, Cole Jordan and Norman Wetmore, students attending Mt. Allison University, returned home last evening.

OBITUARY.

The death of Mrs. Mary Mindon occurred yesterday morning at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. W. J. Terris, 110 Somerset street. She was the widow of Henry Mindon. Besides her daughter she is survived by ten grandchildren. The funeral will take place tomorrow afternoon. The death of James Bain took place Thursday afternoon at his residence, 15 Sewell street, in the 78th year of his age. He was a native of St. John and

NEW BRUNSWICK NOW HAS 71 BEDS IN THE RED CROSS HOSPITAL

Colonel Hodgetts Conveys Thanks to Workers of the Provinces.

LADY TILLEY PLEASED

Subscriptions to Duchess of Connaught Fund Still Coming In.

With further reference to the Duchess of Connaught Canadian Red Cross Hospital, Lady Tilley has much pleasure in announcing that a cable has lately come from Col. Hodgetts, Canadian Red Cross Commissioner, stating that arrangements had been made for the accommodation of twelve extra beds in the New Brunswick ward. This will make, with the 59 already acknowledged, a total of 71 beds provided by the province of New Brunswick, so it is therefore well represented in this hospital. It is a source of great satisfaction both to Lady Tilley and to the provincial branch of the Red Cross Society that the response to this appeal has been so generous, at this time, when so many demands are being made upon everyone, but every town and society represented can certainly feel that in no better way could their money have been expended. In a letter recently received from Col. Hodgetts, he says:

"Will you please convey my personal thanks to the many workers in New Brunswick, for the very generous manner in which they have responded to my call for money with which to equip the Duchess of Connaught Red Cross Hospital, as well as for the many boxes of supplies that they have sent to me from time to time."

The twelve extra beds will bear the following names: Town of St. Stephen, N. B.; St. Stephen Red Cross Society, N. B.; Emma Murdoch, St. Stephen, N. B.; "Christ Church Cathedral Choir," Fredericton, N. B.; Bathurst, N. B.; Gagetown, N. B.; Friends at Plaster Rock, Victoria Co., N.B.; "Greenock" Presbyterian Church, St. Andrews by the Sea, N.B.; Smithtown Red Cross Society, Smithtown, N.B.; Bay Road Red Cross Society, Bay Road, N.B.; Ladies of Springfield, Kings Co., N.B.

Subscriptions towards the Duchess of Connaught Hospital Fund have also been received as follows: Women's Institute, Fair Haven, "Deer Island" . . . \$10.00 Honeydale Red Cross Society, 87.15 Balance Subscription Ladies of Springfield . . . 14.00 Subscriptions toward the purchase of hospital supplies for the general fund and for respirators are also acknowledged as follows:

City of St. John on account of grant . . .	\$200.00
Dorchester Red Cross Society for Dr. MacLaren's hospital . . .	75.00
Cornhill Women's Institute . . .	12.00
Chas. A. Gorman, Public Landing, Hopewell Cape United Baptist Church . . .	5.00
Albert Mines United Baptist Church . . .	23.67
Milltown Red Cross Society . . .	8.65
Dunktown Red Cross Society "Canadian Woman" (Boston) (respirators) . . .	20.00
St. Stephen Red Cross Society (respirators) . . .	3.00
Woodstock Red Cross Society (respirators) . . .	3.00
Gagetown Red Cross Society (respirators) . . .	2.00
Girls of the Cathedral Choir, Fredericton . . .	14.00
Proceeds of social held at Public Landing, per Eva P. Craig and Walter Bonnell . . .	2.50
	15.20

resided here all his life. He leaves his wife two sons and two daughters. Mrs. Sarah McKenzie, of Queen street, West End, died early yesterday morning after a short illness. She is survived by three daughters, Mrs. D. D. Anderson, of Calgary; Mrs. H. Smith, of St. John West, and Miss Alma at home; also two brothers, William McFawn, of Fredericton, and A. W. McFawn, of Hoyt Station; also two sisters, Mrs. John Harren, of Hoyt Station, and Mrs. E. A. Kirkpatrick, of Fairville.

Alfred B. Stevens, aged 18 years, died yesterday in mildred. He was a son of Mr. and Mrs. George Stevens and had been in ill health for some time. Besides his parents, three brothers, John, Leonard and Walter survive; also three sisters, Misses Frances, Eva and Edna. He was a member of the Prentice Boys' Association.

Shells Drop in Midst Of Horses, Killing 7 -- St. John Men Escape

Mrs. J. B. Campbell, of Little River, received an interesting letter on Thursday from her son, Stewart W. Campbell, who is fighting for his King and country on the battlefields of France. The young soldier has been in the very thick of the fighting and says that he has been most fortunate in escaping death. He wishes to give a message to the St. John boys at home, using the words: "Tell the St. John boys not to hang fire but come along; it's the time of their life and they won't mind once they get here." He says that what the St. John boys are always looking forward to is letters from home, and when some of the boys do not receive letters they look very much disappointed.

The letter follows:

France, April 27th, 1915.
My Dear Mother:
I received your letter dated March 31st and I sure felt bad when I heard you were so ill, for if anything happened to you I would never have picked up courage to return to St. John with my mother to welcome me home. If it is God's will that I pull through all right, I hope that my letter will find you better, and your next letter to me will bring me lots of cheerful news for you don't know how happy we are when we get our letters from home. We St. John boys bunch together and compare notes and for the moment we forget we are in France, until we get a reminder from our friends across the way that their eyes are still open and Calais is the home base, but nary a bit will they reach that little spot, and if they do it will only be over the dead bodies of us Canadians if need be. They thought they had us dead easy, but I think we have shown them that our land of the maple leaf will never need to blush for her sons at the front.

Well Mother, I told you in my last letter that we were about going into action. We did alright and we have been at it day and night for the last two weeks, with little snatches of sleep now and again. I thought I was sure on my way to the happy hunting ground. They opened the show in grand style with a regular hurricane of shot and shell of ever description. I think they must have been saving their ammunition up for the last six months just to give us a grand entrance when we did arrive, for it sure would have been a grand sight, only it was a little too close to dwell long over its beauties. For Mother, it was beautiful as well as terrible and thousands of our poor fellows have paid the price. God knows how I escaped. I don't; but I am good and glad, you may bet, for I don't want to have to give up so soon in the game. I sure want to get one of those German helmets for you for a souvenir, and a Tilman's at that, for oh my, they are pretty, and you can shine him with "old Dutch cleanser."

"I, and a few more of our chaps, had a close call yesterday. There was a group of horses only a couple of yards away that were struck with a shell and we were literally covered with their blood and pieces of flesh. Well, Mother, I just thought how lucky we were to not be standing where the poor horses were, for if we had been, of course, you would not have got your helmet, that's all, but God has been very good to me, you see, and spared me to continue to do my little bit in this big trouble, but I am happy to say I came out without a scratch, but it will not happen that they will get us cornered like that again if we know anything, and we are learning fast I assure you."

"Tell the St. John boys not to hang fire, but to come along, it's the time of their life, and they don't mind once they get here, and if they do get it they will know they came like brave men."

There is one thing that I am almost sure of, and that is, that this war is not going to be a short one, and I am afraid that the time is not far off when there will be such a thing as that I would not want to be one of those fellows. I would rather volunteer than wait till I was forced to enlist.

"I received the tobacco all right and am very thankful. I also thank you, Mother, for the socks, cigarettes and handkerchiefs. I received those sweet caporals and they tasted the sweetest ever."

Well, Mother, I will have to close for I am falling asleep. I am writing this on the top of my lantern box and the big guns are shaking the whole place, but they won't wake me once I lay my head down. I forgot to mention that I receive a bundle of papers every week with my letters so I can rest easy about that, and I have so far received all the parcels, big and small, that you sent me. Mother, you don't know how bad I would feel if I did not get my weekly letter from you.

My heart feels sad for some of the poor boys that go forward to get their letters and find that there are none for them. The looks on their faces is enough to make the more fortunate ones heart ache. There is much sadness about, of course, and somehow I seem to want to keep on writing to-night in spite of my weariness. I suppose I am thinking it might possibly be the last, but I hope that I will be spared to write many more to you and all my friends.

Tell Billie Quinn and Frank that I will meet them and the other chaps that I know who have enlisted, in old Berlin.

Well, Mother, it's no use, I will have to close for I am all in, although I hate to say good night. Give my love to Jack, Doug, and keep a good

share for yourself. God bless you, and good bye.

Your
STUART.
P. S.—We have no blotting paper here and that's the cause of some of the words being smudged. I received communion the day before we went into action.

GUY DAYE WRITES.
The following letter from Guy Daye, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Daye, of Hammond street, North End, was received yesterday by a relative:—
Somewhere in France,
May 12th, 1915.

Received your welcome letter this afternoon. I believe that the war will end this summer, before September.

We are back from the firing line now but expect to be called up again soon. One of the famous British Generals was here about an hour ago and congratulated and thanked us for our good work. I tell you what, we did work hard for three days and nights, without a wink of sleep. The General said the Canadians had made a name for themselves which would not soon be forgotten. You can't but have read before this how we, I don't mean the Field Ambulance, but the Canadians, how they saved the situation at—, when they were charging against all kinds of odds, they never for a second hesitated, but went right into it; but not all of them, for a large number had been killed or wounded before they had advanced ten yards. They succeeded, however, in doing what they had set out to do and that was to drive the Germans back.

I tell you it was a little hell for those who were in it, but we must expect it at this game.

We are staying in a large town now and the people here are more than good to us.

Can you imagine us going to bed before dark? Not exactly here, but if you don't you get into the "clink." That is what we call the jail and there is not much fun in that.

I saw Cyril McDonald and was talking to him a little while ago. I was telling him that I was about to write to you so he wished to be remembered. He is looking fine.

Lou LeLacheur got wounded in the hip by a piece of shrapnel. I carried him back to our hospital. He didn't seem to mind it very much as he kept talking all the way down.

We had to leave our dressing station several times on account of the artillery fire. There was something doing all the time, as the saying is. I wish that I could send some cards just to give you an idea of the beauties of France. To stand and look at the place you can hardly realize that there is a war on at all, but when you look up and see a German or British aeroplane being shelled, well then you change your mind. It is wonderful to see how the aviators control their machines while shells are breaking above, below and on either side. It must be very exciting away up there. Just the least mistake means certain death.

Well, I have a job on for twelve o'clock tonight. I am to go down to the station with some other boys to load wounded, so I must trot off to bunk and get a nap before I am called to go.

GUY.
George H. Estabrooks
May 10, '15.

Dear Mr. Legge:
Just a line to let you know I am safe. Came through the week's fighting in which the Canadian Division was so badly cut up, without a scratch. Have now moved to a point well out of danger and are having an easy time of it for a while. The signal corps did good work and received the thanks of the General. Lost two killed and three wounded, all in Ypres. For two days the cyclone riders had carried dispatches through there as the roads had been too badly smashed for motor cycles to pass.

The place was simply a death trap and full of men, horses and wagons simply blown to pieces by the shell fire. For six days the Germans rained shells on the place and we could not remove the killed. Believe me, I was glad when I made my last trip.

Will you remember me to the other fellows, as I cannot write as much as I would like to. If you ever hear any one talking of the glories of war, just send them along here and a quick cure is guaranteed. Your comrades brought in, simply blown piece-meal by shells, dead men and horses lying everywhere and the fear of being struck yourself leaves very little glory in a battle.

Am billeting in a little French house and getting the best of everything, which is a decided change for the better, so I should worry what the future has in store for me. I hate awfully to say how much I would give to get back in the old Y. M. again, but that will be something to look forward to and will make me run the faster if I get a German after me.

Yours, George H. Estabrooks.

P. S.—Have you heard anything from Tom McKee?

Retail Market.

The supply of provisions in the local market yesterday was sufficient to meet requirements. Meats were of particularly fine quality, New Brunswick beef being well represented. Roasts were from 14 to 25 c. a pound. Chickens were from 32 to 35c. pound. No important changes in the prices of butter have occurred, creamery being quoted at 36c., dairy 32c., tub 28c. Eggs are cheaper, fresh being sold between 22c. a dozen, case 18c. Vegetables remain at about average prices. Beets, lettuce and celery were on hand at moderate prices.

ACTORS ACT ACIDLY AT AN ALACRIOUS ATHLETIC ASSAULT

Actresses Assiduously Applaud Activities At An-nihilative Attack.

ANALISTS ANGRY

All Are Assuaged After An Accelerating Ascension.

A dozen or fifteen of the handsome talented young athletes who write for the daily newspapers, assisted by Mr. Kubelli who, when he is not playing ball, operates on the violin in a city restaurant, journeyed to the Maritime ground yesterday afternoon and in the presence of several thousand shivering fans, fanatics and fanatics gave an exhibition of baseball such has not been seen in this city for many years. In order that the afore-said H. and T. Y. A. could properly disport themselves, the services of a band of assassins from Mack's Musical Revue were pressed into service. The game was played for charity and afforded another instance of the truth of that old adage, "Charity, sweet charity what crimes are perpetrated in thy name."

The alleged exponents of the great national game of the Opera House appeared in making; the H. and T. Y. A. wore their Sunday suits and the effect was startling. At the close of the session, which went four or five spasms, the ump, announced that the actors had won by a score of six to one. When last seen the gentlemanly ump was making good time in the vicinity of the Devil's Back, hotly pursued by Kubelli and "Wild Bill" Owens, who really took the game seriously and were quite peeved at the result.

Actors Ask Concession
The athletes representing the newspaper profession did not make as good a showing as on former appearances, chiefly for the reason that the real masters of the national game occupied seats in the grandstand, the Revue team demanding as a concession that only the inferior baseball talent of the newspaper aggregation should be permitted to play, which may account for the result and then again may not.

The game opened with the newspaper men at the bat. This was also the result of previous arrangements, for there was only one ball and as "Sandy" Thorne paid for that, he insisted his side should have a crack at it before it was knocked out to the rifle range and lost. The ball is still in this office and when properly photographed will be presented to the Natural History Society museum.

Isadore Kubelli was the first man to face the twisters served up by Bud Shepherd and he was easy, very easy. Then Thorne, Williams, Slattery and other athletes essayed to solve the mystery with no better luck. However, in the field they performed prodigies of valor. Slattery's plastic poses on first base winning for him the enthusiastic plaudits of the multitude.

Disgraceful Exhibition

The actors at the bat gave a disgraceful exhibition. They actually hit as if they meant it. "Booth" McCuskey seemed particularly anxious to paste the pill if for no other reason than to give him opportunity to stand on first base in an attitude patterned after Robert Emmet in the dock. However, he scored a run. Nat O'Brien Farnum covered himself with glory by sacrificing the first run in so elated was he with this stunt, that the next time up he sacrificed again, only as there was no one on base the effect was lost. Farnum's medal is being cast in the Phoenix foundry and if finished in time will be presented to him before he leaves the city.

"Bud" Shepherd in the box served 'em up, a la Walter Johnston and held the heavy hitting H. and T. Y. A. down to two hits. "Dutch" Ervin got one of these and Ray Hanson, the only man of the twenty-seven on the field who knew the end of a bat from the other, was the second star. Shepherd appeared in a Charlie Chaplin makeup which was really good. Walter De Luna gave a like impersonation of the Shah of Persia in right field and his playing was as weird as his costume. Bobby Winstanley excelled himself; he had to for his wife was in the grandstand with both eyes on him. Clarence Love, who doesn't look a bit like he sounds, caught like a major until a foul ball hit him in the glasses. Then he removed to the coaching lines, while Bobby Winstanley tempted fate behind the bat.

Wild Bird Thorne
For the H. and T. Y. A. of the newspaper profession all did well. "Sandy" Thorne in the box was a wild bird at first but steadied down and after the fourth inning none of the actors could find him. The writer is in a position to know that he went right home. Lou Slattery at first was "there." Hanson at second also showed the class he acquired in the Fairville league, while Jimmy Dever at short was lonesome without his cigar but made a point of gathering what ever came his way. "Bill" Williams was at third for three innings. Then he concluded he had learned all there was to learn about the game and took his seat with the other masters of the art—in the grandstand. The outfield was wonderful. "Dutch" Ervin in left field found a soft place and slumbered peacefully through three innings. He had a o errors for nothing came his way. The other members of the team were up to advance negliges.

Kubelli Official Kicker
Kubelli, who represented the im-

Baby's Eczema Cured by Zam-Buk

Mrs. Elgin Cossett, Joggia Bridge, N.S., says:—"When my little daughter was five months old a rash broke out on her face and body. I called in a doctor, who stated that it was eczema, and treated her for it. His treatment, however, did not bring any relief, and the child got worse. I then tried a great many salves and so-called eczema cures, but nothing proved of any benefit. The sores continued to spread, and became very large. One day a friend advised me to give Zam-Buk a trial. I did not have much faith in Zam-Buk working a cure, but as there could be no harm in trying it, I obtained a supply. At that time the disease had defied all remedies for over a year. By the time I had used one box of Zam-Buk there was a marked improvement. I continued the Zam-Buk treatment and day by day the sores showed signs of improvement. Finally Zam-Buk banished every trace of the disease. For the tender delicate skin of babies, nothing equals Zam-Buk. Unlike other ointments, it is purely herbal. Use Zam-Buk for cuts, burns, bruises, eczema, piles, cold sores, chapped hands, and all skin diseases and injuries. At all druggists and stores 50c. box. Name "Zam-Buk" is on every box, refuse substitutes. FREE TRIAL BOX. Send this article, name of paper and stamp for return postage to Zam-Buk Co., Toronto.



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If you wish your horse to have a nice coat this summer try mixing some Molascuit with his grain each meal during April and May while he is shedding his old hair.

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YOU MAY LEARN TO DRAW

FOR

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SPECIAL OFFER

We are prepared to teach you how to sketch, and for the small sum of Five Dollars will give you 13 lessons (either by mail or personally), during June, July and August.

(This special offer closes on May 31st.)

Boys and Girls taught for \$2.50 during the same period.

Full particulars from

The Commercial Art School

106 Dorchester,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

ported talent of the occasion, was truly professional. He could argue with the ump. from more angles than any other man on the field. He was the official kicker for the team and "done his duty nobly."

During the painful spasms young ladies from the Mack's Revue Company went through an extracting performance in the grandstand and on the stage. With noble generosity the writer coughed his last dollar, while Sandy Thorne contributed a pamphlet on chicken growing—a science in which he is deeply interested. The proceeds amounting to seven dollars will be devoted to such of the patriotic funds as the board of strategy may determine.

The players desire to thank Mr. John Russell, Jr. for the use of the grounds and the spectators for their bravery in sitting through one of the worst baseball exhibitions ever witnessed in St. John.

BOY REMANDED TO JAIL.

Yesterday morning in the police court a seventeen year old drunk was remanded to jail, while another drunk was fined eight dollars.

A case against Meyer Witzman for blocking the sidewalk with an old stove on Pond street was stood over until next Monday.

The Best Advertisement

—a friend's recommendation is often the reason for a first trial of KING COLE TEA.



Its flavor so pleases and satisfies that users are glad to tell others.

REMEMBER the Guarantee!

"You'll like the flavor!"

