

ROYAL HOTEL

ST. JOHN, N. B.
PASSENGER ELEVATOR.
DOHERTY & RAYMOND.
PROPRIETORS.



Royal Insurance Co.
Scottish Union
and
National Insurance
Company.

Combined Assets, Ninety-eight Million
Dollars.
Invested in Canada, Three Million
Dollars.

J. M. & C. W. HOPE GRANT,
AGENTS,
50 Princess Street, St. John, N. B.

FURNESS LINE.

ST. JOHN TO LONDON.

From	From	From
London	Steamer	St. John
March 14	St. John City	April 4
March 24	Halifax City	" 11 "
April 3	Almeriana	" 19 "
April 15	Kanawha	May 2
April 27	St. John City	" 16 "

Rates of freight on application.
WM. THOMSON & CO., Agents.
St. John, N. B.

NEW VICTORIA HOTEL

245 to 247 Prince William Street.

J. McCOSKE,
Proprietor.

NEIL BRODIE,

ARCHITECT.
BUSINESS STREET,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Willard H. Reid

Painter and
Decorator.

Estimates Promptly Furnished.

Shop 276 Union St. Telephone 1054.
Home and Church Decorations

**Nector's
Cod Liver Oil
Compound.**

An invaluable preparation in all wast-
ing diseases, positively cures ob-
stinate coughs. The best Tonic.

\$1.00 a Bottle.

W. J. McMILLIN,

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SOFT COALS

Winter Post, Springhill, Pictou, Broad
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J. S. GIBBON & Co.,

Bay St., 64 Charlotte St., and
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KINDLING WOOD, \$1.00 per load and
upwards.

DRY HARD WOOD, from \$1.75 per
load upwards.

BEST QUALITY SCOTCH ANTHRA-
CITE at lowest prices.

GEO. DICK, 46 Britain St.

Foot of Germain St. Phone 1116.

**INTERCOLONIAL
RAILWAY.**

On and after MONDAY, April 8th
1907, trains will run daily (Sun-
day excepted) as follows:

TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN.

No. 6—Mixed for Moncton	6 30
No. 2—Express for Halifax, Camp- bellton, Pictou and the Sydneys	7 00
No. 26—Express for Point du Chene Halifax and Pictou	12 25
No. 4—Mixed for Moncton	13 10
No. 8—Express for Sussex	17 10
No. 134—Express for Quebec and Montreal	19 00
No. 10—Express for Halifax and the Sydneys	23 25

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

No. 9—Express from Halifax, Pic- tou and the Sydneys	6 20
No. 7—Express from Sussex	9 00
No. 133—Express from Montreal and Quebec	13 45
No. 25—Express from Halifax, Pictou, Point du Chene, and Campbellton	17 40
No. 3—Mixed from Moncton	19 30
No. 1—Express from Moncton	21 20
No. 11—Express from Moncton (daily)	4 00

All trains run by Atlantic Standard
Time; 24.00 clock is midnight.

D. POTTINGER,

General Manager.

Moncton, N. B., April 8th, 1907.
GEO. CARVILL, C. T. A.,
City Ticket Office—8 King Street, St.
John N. B. Telephone 2071.

SMITH'S**Fish Market,**

25 Sydney St.

Telephone 1704.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

J. F. McDONALD,

Carpenter and Builder.

Jobbing promptly attended to. Esti-
mates furnished.

Telephone 1589
Residence, 83 Lombard Street.
Shop, 26 City Road.

PARK HOTEL,

45, 47 and 49 KING SQUARE.
The most pleasantly situated Hotel in
the City, directly facing King Square,
recently Remodelled and Refurnished
throughout, and now has, among other up-
to-date improvements an Electric PAS-
SENGER ELEVATOR to all floors. For luxury,
comfort and views second to no other
house in the city.

CHAS. DAMERY, PROPRIETOR

JOHN F. GLEESON

Real Estate and Financial
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Room 7, Second Floor, Can-
ada Permanent Corporation
building.

It would be to the advantage
of persons having property
for sale to communicate
with me. Phone 1572.

C. C. C. C.

A mild, pleasant corrective
for troubles of the stomach
and bowels. They cure Con-
stipation and Dyspepsia.

20 Cents Box.

**GEO. E. PRICE,
Druggist,**

303 Union, Phone 1459
127 Queen, Phone 677.

**Prince Edward Island
OYSTERS**

The first of the season.
Wholesale and Retail at 43 King St.
J. D. TURNER.

**Our New,
Up-to-Date
Machines**

are turning out beautiful work.
We also put on neck bands,
sew on buttons, darn hosiery
and make repairs All Free.

Ungar's Laundry,

Dyeing and Carpet Cleaning
Works, Ltd.

Telephone 58.

St. Mary's College,

Halifax, N. S.

Thorough Classical and Commercial Course

Household arrangements in charge
of Sisters of St. Martha.
Located in most central and most
healthful part of the City.
Terms \$160.00 per Year.
For particulars apply to
CHAS. E. McMANUS, Rectr.

NEW**Cloths
For Spring and
Summer Wear.**

Our stock is now complete in
all lines for Spring and Summer.
We claim to have the largest
and best assorted stock and the
best values in Eastern Canada.
Inspection solicited.

**A. R. Campbell & Son
High Class Tailoring**

26 Germain Street.

Phone 238. House Phone 230.
John McGoldrick,

(Established 1852.)

Iron and Metals.

Highest Cash Prices Paid for Old
Rubbers, Iron and Metals.
Largest dealer in Old Rubber Boots
in Maritime Provinces.

Write for Price List.
Manufacturer of Babbit Metal and Pig
Lead.
Quotations on Large Quantities of Old
Material Our Specialty.
15 Main St., ST. JOHN, N. B.

A. B. Smalley & Son**Special Inducements.**

We will give special inducements
on all articles purchased from us dur-
ing our stay in present premises.

New Goods coming in and
very large discounts on any
thing damaged by late fire.

89 Prince Wm. St.
Next Door to Old Stand.

**Just Received
Pure "1907" Maple
Sugar.**

Oranges, Prunes, Dates, Meats, Fish
and Vegetables.

—GROCERIES—

CHAS. A. CLARK,
73-77 Sydney St.

**That Speech
of Barney's**

By Ina Wright Hanson

Copyright, 1906, by Ina Wright Hanson

Had Irinda been beautiful or had she
known that there were times when she
was very charming indeed it never
would have happened.

Irinda's worst fault was morbidness
when she remembered that she was
sallow and pale eyed and had sandy
hair when she would have preferred
pink and white complexion, dark eyes
and golden hair. She would have add-
ed dimples and beautifully arched eye-
brows, too, if she could have had her
way about it. As a matter of fact, it
was only when she was remembering
her ugliness that she really was ugly.
Her face in her times of forgetting pic-
tured quite pleasantly her pure spirit
and loving heart.

Irinda and a jolly lot of other music
lovers were on a train bound for San



HER EYES WANDERED TO THE OPPOSITE
SIDE OF THE CAR.

Francisco and a week of grand opera.
Jim, her satellite, was along, not be-
cause he appreciated grand opera, but
because he appreciated Irinda.

So much for the hero and heroine.
Next the villain, to whom his Celtic
mother had given a ravishing pair of
blue eyes and a tongue tuned to soft
words. "Barney was not a villainous
villain at all—just a warm hearted boy
who loved everybody and wanted to be
loved by everybody in turn. He must
have the villain's part because there
cannot be a second hero and because—
But you shall see.

As the train sped along Jim went to
the smoker—not to smoke, for he had
never learned how, but because he
feared Irinda might be tiring of him.
Barney immediately took his place.

Soon after a lady and gentleman
boarded the train. As Irinda's seat
had been turned so that her back was
toward the engine, the newcomers
were in full view of her. The lady
bent her head, and some rice fell from
her smart brown turban. The gentle-
man smiled, and the lady's cheeks
went red as roses. Then she opened
her magazine and tried to look uncon-
scious.

"Oh, Barney," breathed Irinda, "isn't
the bride lovely? Do look at that but-
terfly in her veil just at the corner of
her sweet red mouth! See that perfect
curve from her forehead to her chin as
she looks out the window. Now, quick,
Barney, she is turning to her husband.
See her beautiful eyes. They're as
brown as her dainty hat."

Barney's ravishing eyes glanced at
the beautiful lady, Barney's quick
mind took in the situation, and Bar-
ney's warm heart rose to the occasion.
Smilingly he turned to Irinda.

"Why, I never think of a woman's
looks, whether she has a pretty face or
not. That doesn't appeal to me. When
I know a woman she attracts me or
not according to whether or not she
has magnetism. Magnetism is as good
a name as any other for what no one
understands. But, believe me, Irinda,
magnetism is the charm of a woman,
not a pretty face."

Barney's blue eyes said so much more
than his tongue, rolling over so slight-
ly his "rs," that Irinda's colorless face
flushed becomingly. The eyes said that
she, Irinda Bowen, had the magnet-
ism, or whatever it was, and that it
had never occurred to Barney whether
or not she was pretty.

Happy thoughts fluttered around Irin-
da for the rest of the journey. Barney
left her, and Jim came back. She
smiled at him. He didn't know it was
an impersonal smile, born of Barney's
words. She remembered the day when
she had cried out fiercely at her lack
of beauty, and Jim had answered:

"What difference does it make what
you look like? You are always beau-
tiful to me, Irinda."

He never knew why she had pushed
him away when he would have put his
arms around her. Stupid old Jim
couldn't know that he had made a
tactful acknowledgment of her ugliness,
while Barney—why, Barney had never
thought anything about it.

Grand opera week went by in a di-
apason of glory. Irinda was wonder-
fully happy, and every day she told
herself shyly and with many blushes
how much she was caring for Barney.
It was not till they were homeward
bound that the tragedy happened.

The tragedy? No, it was not the
train leaving the rails and plunging
down an embankment. It was only
Barney's pleasant voice, rolling ever
so slightly his r's—it was only Barney
making this remark to Alderly, the
chaperon's husband:

"I have been noticing the ladies in
this car, and I don't believe I ever saw
so many beautiful ones together. Don't
you know it is rare to find a really
beautiful woman? If her eyes are
fine, something is wrong with her chin;
if her nose—"

Irinda felt sick and voluntarily closed
her ears, while her sun seemed to
leave its horizon. Barney, who never
thought of a woman's looks, was dis-
cussing woman's beauty! Then he had
not meant what he had said to her at
all.

Irinda felt very much as she had
when some one told her that George
Washington and his little hatchet and
William Tell and the apple were prob-
ably only pleasant stories. But at the
same time she was suddenly conscious
that she did not love and never had
loved Barney. Her eyes wandered to
the opposite side of the car, where Jim
sat alone. A little flicker of sunshine
was touching his brown hair with gold.
Irinda, with a quick indrawing of her
breath, remembered that it had looked
just so the morning her mother died.

The doctor had told them—her father
and herself—that the sick one could
not live through the day, and he had
gone away and left them to their sor-
row. Miserably father and daughter
had communed together. She must be
told, but each shrank from the telling.
Just then Jim had come. He had been
like a son to Irinda's mother, and she
relegated the task of telling her that
Jim never had loved her to her life.

She remembered how she had
about it—not smoothing
parts at all, but with eyes
and words so full of sympathy and
tenderness and stanch hope for the un-
known future that death seemed to
lose something of its dread. And as
she, at the foot of the bed, had lifted
up her tear stained face she saw a ray
of sunlight touch Jim's hair just as it
was doing now.

She tried to picture Barney in the
death chamber. He would not have
lacked in sympathy, but he would have
tried to bring encouragement where no
encouragement could be. She drew
contrasts as she watched the brown
hair turning golden—contrasts between
foam of the sea and the depths of the
ocean, bending reed and a sturdy oak,
between irresponsibility and stern-
ness. Then she remembered the
seat where Jim sat alone, and she
turned toward her starting point of
sternness.

"Irinda, I have loved you for a long
time, but you've always put me off
from telling you. It may as well be
settled now and forever. I want you
for my wife, and I'll do my best to
make you happy. I don't want any
trifling child. Just plain you or no."

"Jim, if you really want any one so
selfish and ugly and foolish as I am
I'm sure you're more than welcome.
I'm not worthy to be your wife,
though," she replied humbly.

"Thou art all that is fair to me, my
beloved."

Jim's voice was hushed as one who
prays. His eyes, looking down rever-
ently at his little sweetheart, were
wondrous in their great happiness, and
Irinda, though tearful, smiled content-
edly in answer.

Organ Grinder's Winter Resort.
The organ grinders of America, no
less than the millionaires, have their
winter resort. The organ grinders'
winter resort is Italy, the Italian Ri-
viera, and every boat that sails for Na-
ples or Genoa in the late autumn has
a steerage crowded with organ grind-
ers. These men do so well in the
spring and summer that they can af-
ford a winter at home. Their home is
a lovely one, far different from what
they would get if they stayed in Amer-
ica. They sit at home on ancient
stone benches in the sunny squares of
little mountain towns. Behind them
rise in the blue and gold air the pale
pinnacles of the Maritime Alps. Be-
fore them, but far below, stretches the
blue and glistening floor of the sea,
with tiny ships coming and going. Yes,
it is very pleasant for the organ grind-
ers at home. Palms bloom every-
where. Oranges, yellow as gold, shine
among the foliage. The air is sweet
with the perfume of the great rose and
violet farms that feed the voracious
perfume factories of Grasse. And it is
cheap. For 10 or 15 cents a day an
organ grinder can be as happy in his
winter resort as the millionaire can
be in his for \$10 or \$15.