

Straight Lines are Taboo and Frills Run Riot in Newest Frocks



By Maybelle Mortimer.

Fashion seems determined that the straight silhouette must go. We are finding all sorts of little furbelows and frills tucked about on our frocks where we least expect them. No longer is there a straight line from bust to feet, making us look somewhat like an Egyptian mummy with a part of its swaddling wraps still on.

There are to be found "sashes," "overskirts," "peplums" and "polo" naise, only we don't call them by these names any more. Sashes masquerade as "an ornamental trimming at the waist line, overskirts are called "tunics," peplums are designated as "skirts to the blouse" and the polonaise has become a "panel skirt."

There "ain't goin' to be no straight lines no more," which will be good news to the stout lady. Even the straight line around the bottom of the skirt which we have considered absolutely necessary is out of date. A gown will have an unexpected slash at the side or front or it will be cut or looped into swallops all about the bottom with a tiny ruffle or knife

pleating the effect is most quaint and pleasing. The gown illustrated is of changeable taffeta in green and blue. The skirt has a little fullness at the ankle and the bottom. Skirts are growing wider. At the top of each scallop is a stiff three eared bow. The ornamental trimmings at the waist are made of two rather wide pieces of the silk, one put over the other and trimmed about with narrow knife pleating. The waist is the old-fashioned befe of our grandmother's day, worn over an under bodice of shadow lace. The skirt is the old-fashioned befe of our grandmother's day, worn over an under bodice of shadow lace. The skirt is the old-fashioned befe of our grandmother's day, worn over an under bodice of shadow lace.

PROMOTIONS FOR CANADIAN OFFICERS ARE ANNOUNCED

Five Will Become Major Generals—Distinguished Military Men Promoted—Temporary Appointments.

Ottawa, July 9.—Militia orders announce the promotion of five distinguished Canadian officers to be Major General. One of these already is a Major General in the Imperial service, one is a temporary Major General, and the rest are Colonels and temporary Brigadier Generals. Colonel and temporary Major General W. D. Otter becomes substantive Major General; Major General MacKen

zie, temporary Major General in the Canadian service, becomes substantive Major General in that service as he is already in the Imperial service; Brigadier General D. A. MacDonnell, C. M. G., I. S. O., Quarter Master General, Brigadier General W. H. Cotton, officer commanding the 2nd division, Toronto, Brigadier General C. W. Drury, officer commanding the 6th division, Halifax, are the other officers promoted. The promotions are in accordance with an act passed last session.

Every Married Couple Should Own THE "SCIENCE OF SEX"

Most of the ills that curse humanity are the result of sex ignorance. The publishers of this new and wonderful book are offering to the married a complete and comprehensive explanation of Sex Science. The book is published at One Dollar. One copy given FREE if you clip this ad, and send it with ten cents in stamps to pay postage and mailing to E. B. Crane, Publisher, 675 College Street, Toronto, Canada.

Wouldn't it be Great!

If vacations lasted 50 weeks and work but two.

DR. GOODSPEED IS INTERRED

Funeral of Prominent Baptist Clergyman at Paradise N. S.—Did Much for Church and Was Widely Known.

Paradise, N. S., July 9.—Yesterday afternoon the funeral was held of Rev. Calvin Goodspeed, who died here on Saturday. H. Hicks and Sons, funeral directors of Bridgetown, had charge and Pastor A. N. McNitch conducted short services at the house and the grave and more lengthy service in the Baptist church close by.

Pastor McNitch was assisted in the service by Rev. S. B. Kempton, D. D. of Dartmouth; Rev. Alfred Chipman, D. D. of Berwick; and Rev. S. S. Poole, of Middleton. Mr. Poole spoke as representative of Acadia University and Rev. W. J. Rutledge of the university senate, and Fred E. Cox, of the board of governors, were also present.

Rev. Mr. McNitch, who as his pastor had ministered to Dr. Goodspeed in his illness and who was with him at his death spoke of the kindly disposition of the deceased and his implicit trust in his Redeemer. Because of his high scholarship and keen intellect Mr. McNitch had dreaded becoming the pastor of Dr. Goodspeed but he soon learned to love him as a most true and helpful friend. After seeing one fall dead so peacefully in death, he could not but feel that it was an easy thing to die.

Dr. Kempton, a close friend for many years of Dr. Goodspeed, in a beautiful address spoke of the departed as a keen, fearless, yet most conciliatory champion of what he considered the right. In the press, in the convention and on the platform he never advocated what could be harmful to the denomination, nor could he hurt the feelings of any one; yet he was a great champion of Baptist faith. He is now promoted from Paradise on earth to Paradise above, said Dr. Kempton.

Dr. Chipman gave an outline of the life of Dr. Goodspeed. He was born 70 years ago in Nashua, N. B.; graduated in 1866 at 24, from Fredericton University; studied two years at Regents College, England, three years at Newton and one at Leipzig, Germany. He filled the principal of the Baptist Seminary at Fredericton; was for eight years a professor at McMaster, three years at Acadia University at Waco, Texas, and two years at Acadia University. As pastor he served Baptist churches at Woodstock, Ont., and other places, and was editor for five years of the Messenger and Visitor, and associate editor seven years of the Canadian Baptist. He also together with Dr. Welton, published a book upon the second coming of Christ.

Mr. Poole spoke of Dr. Goodspeed's work for education, his wonderful gift in illuminating difficult questions by a few concise words and the deep impress he has made upon the Baptist denomination. Mr. Poole as one of the younger men paid a graceful tribute to the great leader who has fallen.

A widow, Mrs. Fowler, of Amherst, two adopted daughters and a brother, Luther Goodspeed, of Nashua, and a host of friends and admirers mourn the departure of a great and good man.

ITALIAN YOUTH WILL FACE TRIAL ON MURDER CHARGES

Joseph Napoli is Accused of the Killing of Michael Gyrida at Hudson Bay Last June.

Toronto, July 9.—Joseph Napoli, the 18-year-old Italian water boy, was today sent to the September criminal assizes for trial, charged with the murder of Michael Gyrida at Hudson Bay on Sunday, June 23. Martin Gyrida, brother of the murdered Pole, testified that he had seen the four men, Napoli, Sami, Martak and his brother, fighting, and had seen Napoli stab Michael.

How Dayton Ladies Cure Their Corn-Pinched Toes

Miss M. Lukey, of Zena Ave., Dayton, Ohio, writes: "Before using Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor I was quite laid up with corns, and could not even stand the pressure of a loosely buttoned shoe. I applied Putnam's Extractor, and in a miraculously short time I was completely cured. I take great pleasure in recommending your valuable remedy to my friends. Putnam's Corn Extractor in 25c. bottles, sold by druggists."

DIFFICULT YANGTZE RAPIDS ARE CONQUERED BY TEACHERS

Passengers in Houseboat Enjoy the Rich Scenery and Find the Cheerful Work of the Rope-Pullers Pleasing.

The Ichang and Nukun gorges left behind, the quodan (houseboat) with its three passengers and crew enters a calm and lake-like part of the river, the hills, like those already passed being mostly of reddish hue. Indeed, the province of Szechuan, in which the gorges and rapids lie, is known to geologists as the Red basin from its contour as well as from the color of its rocks. The rocks are most heterogeneous in kind, varying from the hardest granite to the porous chalk; and such being the case, it is easy to understand why the river, following the line of least resistance, is so winding in its course.

After a time, the first of the rapids came in view, where the current, being confined in a narrow channel, rushes down at the rate of eight or 10 miles an hour. There are nine rapids in all, the most formidable being those of Hainan and Yeytan.

The scenery continues very fine. Below the town of Hsian-tan, where the river takes a sudden bend, and a steep sandstone escarpment a basin of liquid emerald, a tall pagoda stands, like a sentinel at his post. This passed, the quodan had a new rope attached to it 500 feet long, and was then hauled upwards against the current, the crew being joined by at least 20 other coolies, whose hoarse and yells, mingled with the beating of drums, were deafening; the whole population, women as well as men, turned out and joined in the din. By this rapid the country, which was a level, now became a series of steep hills, the Yangtze rapids, but, at present, notwithstanding the practised eye of the skipper, they are a menace to every kind of craft that has to face them.

This narrative closes with an extract from the diary of one of the other passengers: "While the quodan was waiting to be towed over the rapids, the Chinese party, with the Chinese attendants, were rowed over to the police boat always stationed here, to the old walled town of Kwei-chow, which we proceeded to storm. The expression is justified, for the first man who saw us fled away like a hare. However, we mounted the steps to the top of the wall, and as the town stands high, had a fine view of the valley and the river which at this season is low though swift, with many rocks exposed."

"After we descended a crowd began to collect, so, securing a rapid sketch, we sallied forth by another gate, and found our tiffin spread on the grass under a shady tree, the natives still following us at a distance. We proffered them as far as we could with friendly words and gestures, and on the whole they responded, especially the women. These, without exception, had painfully small feet, encased mostly by clumsy shoes, with which they stumbled about, and the wonder was that they were able to carry their infants with any safety. They were much interested in the food eaten by Europeans and evidently saw the 'fiz' of lemonade for the first time."

"The man of our party was one who had been among savage tribes and knew how to handle them, drawing a walk circle round his party and giving the natives to understand that it must not be encroached upon, laughing and joking with them continually, and keeping them in good humor. They offered us the pipe of peace, which we pretended to smoke, and afterwards escorted us to the shore of the hill, where they all said 'thin chin,' and we parted mutually satisfied."

"The Chinese trackers have really done very well throughout the voyage. In many books we read so much abuse of them, for their indifference and rudeness; but such has not been our experience of them. On the contrary, they have always been most interested in our movements and ever ready to oblige us in any way. They were required. Poor fellows! What a hard life is theirs! Yet they are always so willing, working and tracking 'from early morn to dewy eve,' hallooing and shouting their weird song all the while; and it has sunk deeply in my memory, as an abiding characteristic of boat life on the Yangtze."

HAYTT'S ADMIRAL IS COOK ADD CREW

Mis Navy of One Vessel to be Sold for Junk at Philadelphia After Men Mutiny.

Philadelphia, Pa., July 10.—The mate of the Nancy brig who according to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was also "boss" tight and the midshipman and the crew of the captain's gig, certainly was travelling some as a marooned soldier, but Admiral Watts, of the Hayttian navy, now in port will give him any sort of a start and guarantee to overhaul him. Not that the Hayttian navy, otherwise the gunboat Ferrier, can do 28 knots because she can't. That's just the trouble. It is in talking about his woe that Admiral Watts will win.

Once upon a time the Ferrier was the yacht America, owned by Archibald Watt, of New York. She cost \$100,000 fourteen years ago. Two months ago she was brought into port in an invalid chair, and ship surgeons were asked to restore her to health. "It'll cost Haytt \$30,000," they said. Admiral Watts, temporized and learned he could have the job done for \$15,000 at the United States navy yard. Then the Hayttian government temporized, and trouble began. The \$15,000 was either lost in the mails or hit by an iceberg for it never arrived. The crew mutinied and the invalid craft had a relapse, owing to lack of exercise. Debris were piling up and provisions were refused to the Admiral. That's where he began cooking. Arrived in gold braid, brass buttons and a frown, he fished for cash, broiled it in a boiler that would explode under fire, and ate it with his left hand while he penned wild appeals to the government with his right. Now the navy is to be sold for junk, and the Admiral would like to sell the gold braid, too, only if he does he will not have anything to walk home in.

FUNERALS.

Miss Essie M. Blair.

The funeral of Miss Essie M. Blair took place yesterday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock from her late residence, 242 City Road, Rev. J. H. A. Anderson conducted burial services, after which the remains were interred in Fernhill.

Mrs. Jeremiah McEachern.

From her late residence, 55 St. Patrick street, the funeral of Mrs. Jeremiah McEachern took place Wednesday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. The remains were conveyed to the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, where burial services were conducted by Rev. E. J. Conway, interment took place in the new Catholic cemetery.

Kansas is beginning her annual hour for harvest hands just when everybody's thinking of vacation.

FANCIED OFFICIAL WENT TO HIS DEATH

Hallucination of Albert Man Led Him on Hunt for Musk Rat He Believed Injured His Charge.

Albert, July 8.—Rev. J. V. Howey, Methodist clergyman, arrived here today to relieve Rev. Thomas Stebbings who is taking a ten weeks vacation from the Albert circuit.

Rev. Father Duke of Moncton came to Riverview today to visit Rev. Francis Lockary at the mission house.

Charles Morris of Albert, ex-customs officer, now in charge of the customs office at Hillsboro.

Thomas Downey and Mrs. Downey of Fredericton are visiting relatives in Harvey for a few days.

Mrs. Wm. M. Burns of Marysville, N. B. is visiting her sister Mrs. R. C. Atkinson, here.

Mrs. J. E. Bishop, Mrs. Norman Smith and Miss Harriett Turner of Harvey are visiting St. John to see the Old Home Week attractions.

Grappling for the body of Wm. O'Regan was continued all day near the Public Wharf at the mouth of the Shepody River, without any traces of the missing man being found.

The missing man was the youngest son of the late Daniel Francis O'Regan, a tailor by trade, and who in the seventies ran an election for a seat in the Provincial Assembly. The son, William, was always considered somewhat eccentric but was a great reader and a clever mechanic. He had been in failing health for a number of years and his mind became impaired. There is little doubt but that O'Regan in some way fell into the river from the wharf, as he is said to have had the idea that he was the caretaker of the government wharf and he had heard that the muskrats had burrowed into the river bank and caused the structure to slide partially into the water.

Possibly in making his fancied official investigation he fell from the wharf and the swift current has probably carried his body either up or down the river, according to the time of tide the accident occurred. It is not considered probable that the body would be swept out to sea and its recovery after the lapse of 9 or 10 days is confidently looked for.

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BEHIND SCENES IN LARGE HOTEL

Vast Under of Employees Work Army Ground-Mail Department Larger Than That of Small Town.

New York, N. Y., July 10.—When a party of visitors from Washington the other day were shown over one of the big New York hotels they wondered where the management found enough people to run it. A little later another party who saw thousands crowded in the dining hall, reception rooms and corridors, asked where the hotel found sleeping room for such a multitude. But those sightseers little thought of the army of employees beneath their feet and the vast underground system of providing food and luxuries that make the New York hotel one of the marvels of the day. An up-to-date ocean liner is its only rival for efficiency and masterly management.

To get facts and figures Mr. Oscar, the manager of the Waldorf Astoria, was interviewed. "We pay more than \$1,000,000 a year in salaries alone," he said, "and 1500 names are on our payroll. It takes 1000 experts to cater to all our patrons and make them comfortable. Their daily mail, averaging 6000 letters and papers is larger than that of an ordinary town of 50,000 inhabitants. Most of our visitors are society or business people and constantly writing letters. It takes six busy clerks to handle the mail. From 500 to 1000 telegrams pass through the office a day. The packages handled average from 500 to 800 a day, with carloads of trunks and smaller pieces in the baggage department. The telephone business of from 3000 to 4000 daily calls tops the list.

And leaving the hotel each day is surprising. The number of people entering is pleasingly large. To get the exact figures we recently stationed men with counting machines at the various doors, and the record for the day was 25,440, enough to make an army if all were soldiers. So you see it requires a large force to manage a great hotel without confusion or friction until it seems to run itself."

But the most wonderful part of the

Now, if it hadn't been for that con-sarned old Garden of Eden serpent, we'd all be having vacations all the time.

Can that be why most women never get vacations?

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A COOL, LASTING TOBACCO

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HUTCHINGS & CO

Bedding Manufacturers

Wire Mattresses, Mattresses, Iron Bedsteads, Feather Pillows, etc

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Attractive Stationery

Is generally indicative of care and attention in all business affairs.

You are judged by the letter heads you use.

May we help you to secure a favorable verdict.

Standard Job Printing Co.

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needs introduction to but few men. The man who has seen his world— who knows everyone about town— invariably nods his head when FOUR CROWN is proposed.

Agents For New Brunswick

Foster & Co., St. John, N. B.

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HE STROVE TO PLEASE --- BUT WHAT'S THE USE?

"Hello, Jones! What d'yer wantin' wear whiskers for in hot weather like this?"

"Ha, Ha! Jones has cut his whiskers off!"

"Ha, Ha! Jones is letting his whiskers grow again!"

Jones—Now I'll do what I like with my whiskers!

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

CURES ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

BRITISH MEDICAL ASSOCIATION

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