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We are now showing in our show windows a range of Women's and Growing Girls' White Canvas Button Boots, sizes from 2 1-2 to 5 at \$1.98 a pair that are exceptionally good value. They are American made and come with a nice low walking heel, double sole and of a superior grade of specially selected canvas.

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Our Stores Open 8 a.m. Close 6 p.m. Friday's 10 p.m. Saturdays 1 p.m.  
Special Prices on the Best of Quality Raincoats  
Today, Wednesday, and Following Days  
We will place on special sale the whole of our splendid stock of Raincoats at away down prices, as our stocks are far too large and the weather has been against selling of same, consequently our loss will be your gain.  
These coats are the very best English heavy-proof, rubber lined, the outside being of the Paramatta, Tweed, Poplins, etc., in the new shades of Olive, Reseda, Grey or Black; also in the Black shiny rubber. The original prices of these goods were from \$5.50 to \$20. Every new style is depicted in this sacrifice sale.  
The Special Prices are from \$4.50 to \$14.00 each  
MACAULAY BROS. & CO.

WEDDINGS.  
Pierce-Nixon.  
An interesting event took place on Monday afternoon at Medford, Mass., when Miss Bertha Allen, Nixon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Nixon of St. John, was married to R. H. Pierce, of Boston. The ceremony was performed by Rev. S. D. Towne, at the residence of Mrs. J. W. Cress, aunt of the bride. The bride, who wore a handsome blue travelling suit, was given away by her mother. The couple were unattended. Soon after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Pierce left for the White Mountains on their honeymoon. The wedding presents received from St. John and Boston were numerous and beautiful. Mrs. Pierce, who had been in charge of the Model Millinery establishment, has many friends in St. John. Mr. Pierce is an engineer on the Eastern S.S. boat plying between Boston and Bangor. The young people will live in Boston.  
Bull-Perkins.  
Woodstock, June 16—A very pretty wedding was solemnized at Christ's church this afternoon when Miss Patsy Louise Raymond, daughter of Mr. C. H. L. Perkins was united in marriage to Mr. James Allison Bull, son of Mr. Byron Bull, by Ven. Archdeacon W. O. Raymond of St. John, uncle of the bride, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Millidge, rector of St. Luke's church. The church was artistically decorated with white flowers.  
The bride was given away by her father and looked charming in her going-away dress of natural pongee trimmed with brown satin and hat to match trimmed with white cornflowers. The bridesmaids were Miss Nora Raymond, cousin of the bride, who wore a gown of pink crepe trimmed with

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pink silk, and white hat with pink roses and black velvet ribbon, and Miss Elizabeth Ketchum, who was groomed in blue silk with allover lace tunic, and white hat, trimmed with pink roses. The bridesmaid later was Miss Sadie Kelley. She was groomed in Alice blue silk, wore a black lace hat, and carried a bouquet of pink and white carnations. The groom was supported by R. C. Stewart.  
Following the ceremony at the church the happy couple repaired to the home of the bride's parents, where a dainty wedding breakfast was served. The happy couple left on the I. C. R. at 7:10 for Montreal and Upper Canadian cities where they will spend their honeymoon. On their return they will reside at 183 Paradise Row. Both are popular in St. John. The bride has for the past couple of years been connected with the N. B. Telephone Company, and was one of the most popular young ladies at "Central." The beautiful array of gifts received by her testify to the popularity she enjoys among a host of friends and acquaintances. Many valuable remembrances by silver and cut glass were included in the list, evidence of the esteem in which she is held.  
Law-Sunderland.  
A quiet wedding took place yesterday afternoon in St. Andrew's church when R. D. Moa. Law of this city and Miss Ethel M. Sunderland of Victoria, B. C., formerly of Montreal, were united in marriage by Rev. Dr. McVicar.  
The principals were unattended and left on the Montreal train. On their return they will make their home in St. John.  
The groom is the New Brunswick representative of the Canada Paint Co. Ltd., Montreal, and son of Alex. L. Law, deputy collector of inland revenue, St. John.

THE STANDARD, ST. JOHN, N. B. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 17, 1914

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE AT ST. JOSEPH'S UNIVERSITY

Alumni From All Over Canada and United States Assemble To Celebrate Fiftieth Anniversary of Their Alma Mater—Prominent Men In Church and State Take Part in Ceremonies.

(Continued from page 1)  
If I may be permitted to take this as a guiding motto and something of a text from the speaker of that day—himself now only of sweet memory—I would offer it, Reverend President, as part of our expression of devotion and loyalty and in thankful answer to your kindly welcome. We have come back from near and afar and from many fields. For those who have distinguished themselves in the various lines of their endeavor their deeds are their spokesmen. They have, in attaining high achievement, brought honor and fame not only to themselves but to this institution where their youthful characters were first moulded and where their budding talent was fostered and nurtured for the later blooming. And for the others of us whose lots have been cast upon the lowly byways, I can only say that we have not forgotten the truths learned here and that we have endeavored to keep, and I hope we have kept, the faith and the courage which were ours when we came here.

And it is well to bring back this pledge and renew it among such scenes. The years fall away as we make it. Again we are standing on the road that leads through the marsh and up the hill; the sweet and softening influences of the springtime are everywhere; in the doorway stands the benign Lefebvre—"star of an unfading sunset"—at his side the delightful austere Roy, the "picket" break the stillness of the evening air; across the fields and the marshlands the workers stop and devout heads are bowed as "The Angelus" is said; the spirit of peace and faith clothes the countryside and the whole atmosphere carries the spell of the reverentially spoken "Ave Maria." It was in an abiding faith that the young student then said his prayer and in the same spirit and with a devoutness more intense perhaps because the scene has become mellowed by memory we say it again here to-night.

It is to their own betterment that men should pause at times along the highway and take a look ahead and behind. It is well that they should take fresh vigor from the contemplation of earlier aspirations. Dreams may have faded and hopes may have dimmed, but even in defeat there are spurts to courage and the thought of the conqueror's trophy often gives the half won victory the rosy hue of success. It is in re-unions such as this that the backward glance may be a blessing. We may gloss over the failures and rejoice over the victories, consider them all as coming in the course of a day's work and go away with a clean conscience to buckle down to the labors that confront us in our different spheres, stronger because of having returned to the source of the inspirations of years ago. Of course all have not returned, and some never will. For these last we welcome in the place where "all their noble earthly desires are quenched in the fullness of their fruition." Dear as were to us it is with regret and a feeling of deep personal loss. Brave and cheerful souls, brilliant minds, characters of sterling nobility, they shed their lustre over our times and their memory remains and ever shall remain like the glint of a perpetual sunshine. Their names are graven on an honor roll more enduring than stone.

It was on old teaching of the Greeks that the spirits of the valiant Hellenes who went forth to battle in foreign fields and died there with their shields in front of their wounds return to their native land before passing on to the great Olympus and would be allowed at festive times to revisit the scenes of their life. The sentiment expressed I am almost pagan enough to believe it—then the spirits of St. Joseph's are with us. I tried to over the hilltop here tonight or are looking down through the silent stars.  
There is another alumni—or an honorary one—to whom, I think, some tribute should be paid here. For many of them it was not theirs to profit, except, perhaps, from the advantages that this institution held out. Not for them were the benefits of the class room or the joys of the sports in the field. But they sent their children here, many of them at a great sacrifice notwithstanding the small

Skin Trouble on the Scalp

Skin Dried and Cracked and Hair Fell Out—Cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment.  
Became so annoying and distressing any time, but doubly so when it got into the scalp and caused the hair to fall out. Here is a grateful letter from a lady who was cured by using Dr. Chase's Ointment.  
"Mrs. Hector Currie, Tobernory, Ont., writes:—'I was cured of a disagreeable skin disease of the scalp by using Dr. Chase's Ointment. The trouble started with itching and pain in the scalp, the skin would get dry and crack, and at times would bleed, and the hair would fall out. I tried three doctors without benefit, and suffered for three years. Reading in the Almanac about Dr. Chase's Ointment, I began its use, and now I am completely cured. The hair has grown again, and I am as well as I ever was. You are at liberty to use this letter, for I am glad to recommend so excellent a treatment.'"  
Dr. Chase's Ointment has no rival as a cure for itching skin diseases.

was, of course, the rich wealth of a good man's character, but we must not forget that the seal of St. Joseph had been placed upon it at an early date.  
So it is a combination of the institution and the man, and as with men so with institutions, you may know that their works. With that in mind we confidently and with no unjustifiable assurance place the University of St. Joseph's College before the country and others as exemplifying all and giving all that may be needed for a full equipment in the battle for the good.  
Never more than now has there been greater need for loyalty to the principles she guards. Abroad and at home the forces that are fighting against the eternal truths have grown more arrogant with the years; existing order, always their point of attack, calls to her champions; the religious iconoclast is proudly boasting that the era of free thought has come and one of his rapid alarums is that it is the cause of the real "intellectuals"; to the unwary is held out the hoary sophism that the old time institutions and the old time faith are not in accord with the progress of the sciences; the frebrand and the anarchist about their gospel of unrestraint; they seek to keep religion from the hearthstone and God from the schools. These tribes of the night and the darkness are rushing against the citadel that has ever shown itself an impregnable fortress to their assaults and that has ever repulsed them even as John Sobieski from his mountain fastnesses hurled back the swarming hordes of the Musselman. The exposure of right, the preserver of truth, the custodian of the virtues, the safeguard of humanity—the Church remains the impassable barrier against the onslaught of unbridled license and of the incendiaries who would lay the torch to the foundations of society. In this we are indulging in no vain boast, nor are we carried away by an enthusiasm that has its foundation in selfishness, or in an overrated importance of an institution of which we are a part. For the fact has been proclaimed, and has continuously endorsed by friendly counsel. Outside of the institution given by Boyle O'Reilly in his "Rules of the Road," to be "true to your work and your word and your friend" we might ask you to have a heart for your fellowman. The matter of fact teachings of a calling that becometh a priest who has no other end in philosophizing in the abstract leads me to tell the story of a funeral I attended less than a year ago.

The funeral was that of a graduate of St. Joseph's—one of the closest and dearest friends that some of us ever had. The celebrant of the requiem mass was a young priest who had come from a long distance. We did not know who he was until the Holy Sacrifice offered up, he turned to say a word for the man who lay dead before him. Then came the story—placed out later from the young priest could not trust himself to tell—of the young Irish American lad, who, far removed from the necessary advantages, had been filled with a consuming desire for the priesthood, of the kindly advice and the practical help that had carried him through the night school; of the money that paid his way through college; of the further aid that came to him in the seminary. And all of this was given with so great a secretiveness—real test of the unassuming favor—that the benefactor who had been so kind, I still feel the emotion that gripped us as the young priest said that all that was asked of him was that he might say a prayer for his friend when he was gone. That was why he had come to say the mass for him.

To many of us the story was only accumulative testimony to the real greatness—though somewhat obscured, because of his modesty, of the man who had passed away, but it brought home to us more pointedly perhaps than anything else could have done the full realization of what a noble life sent out when John Boden died. This is only one incident picked up haphazard and at a cursory glance over St. Joseph's graduates. You may multiply it many times before you approach the record—or anything like the record—of the men who have gone from here. In this case I recall there

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They do so much to promote and maintain the purity and beauty of the complexion, hands and hair under all conditions, and are unexcelled in purity, delicacy and fragrance for the toilet and nursery.  
Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold throughout the world. A liberal sample of each with 25-cent bottles on the use and treatment of the skin and hair, sent post-free. Address: Foster-Penick & Company, Dept. 9K, Boston, U.S.A.

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TWO WOMEN AVOID OPERATIONS  
By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.  
Chicago, Ill.—"I must thank you with all my heart for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I used to go to my doctor for my troubles and he would not help me. I had headaches and could not eat and doctor claimed I had female trouble and must have an operation. I read in the paper about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I have taken it and feel fine. A lady said one day, 'Oh, I feel so good all the time and have no headache.' I said, 'Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,' and she did and feels fine now."—Mrs. M. R. KARSCHNICK, 1438 N. Paulina Street, Chicago.

SIXTY NEW SETTLERS  
New Brunswick's representative in Great Britain brings out large party—Australian immigration.  
A party of about 60 new settlers arrived in the city yesterday, accompanied by A. Bowder, the representative of New Brunswick to Great Britain. Included in the party were about 20 girls who will enter domestic service. They came out on the Allan liner Hesperian, landing at Quebec on Sunday.  
Speaking to a reporter Mr. Bowder said New Brunswick had received its share of immigration from the old country this spring, and that about all the farm help for which application had been made by native farmers had been secured. "It has been dull times for the immigrant agents lately," he said. Owing to the depression in Canada people have not been coming to this country in such numbers as last year.  
Then Australia is making a big bid for immigrants. Australia is practically giving immigrants a free pas-

Dayton, Ohio.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound relieved me of pains in my side that I had for years and which doctors' medicines failed to relieve. I will be glad to assist you by a personal letter to any woman in the same condition."—Mrs. J. W. SHERER, 1235 Cass St., Dayton, Ohio.  
If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

sage. You can go from England to Australia for £3, and many people have that amount advanced them. It costs about £8 to come to Canada." Mr. Bowder said that the usual advertising work was being carried by his offices, and there was a steady increase of interest in New Brunswick. As its advantages as a place for mixed farming was better recognized, he thought there would be an increase in the number of immigrants with capital to take up land.  
Mr. Bowder will remain here about three weeks, and visit some of the new settlers, whom he has sent out in previous years, to see how they are getting on.  
Among those who met the party and acquired the services of a man and his wife was Hon. I. P. Parris, a former commissioner of agriculture for the province.