MC2289

POOR DOCUMENT

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your choice of all worth up to $1.50 each for **50c. Silk Hats $1 and 1.50 each**

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White, Alice, Blue, Brown, Navy, Grey and Green, $1.00 each

Sale of Fancy Collars and Bows 15 cents each

Marr Millinery Co.

Corner Union and Coburg Streets

THE GREGORY DINNER

"Don't forget the Gregory dinner tonight, dear." Mrs. Walton called after her husband, as he stepped into the runabout.

"No," he answered, absently, inspecting the new check rein. "I may be late—Ashton, the president of our company, is to be in town today."

"Oh, dear! Do get rid of him somehow, for the Gregorys are no punctilious!"

"Do my best. Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

Mrs. Walton hurriedly attended to her household affairs and went off to the club to play golf. At 5 o'clock, when she returned, with just time enough to dress, she was met by the maid, who said:

"Mr. Walton tiliphone out, ma'am, a hour ago, for ye to come to the club fer dinner with him and Misther Ashton."

Mrs. Walton put down her curling iron, despair on every feature.

"Oh, the wretch," she cried, "he's forgotten all about the Gregory's."

She flew to the telephone.

"Give me 203. Hello—is this the Country club? Is Mr. Walton there? Well, send a caddy out with this message. Tell Mr. Walton that he's forgotten our dinner engagement, and that he must excuse himself to Mr. Ashton and follow me up at once. Did you get that? It's most important. All right—good-bye."

"Now, Maggie," she said to the maid, "when Mr. Walton comes you tell him to hurry just as fast as he can, and I'll explain as best I may until he gets there. He ought to be beaten." Then she stepped into the runabout and departed.

An hour later a station hack dashed up to the Walton's at a breakneck pace, and the head of the house, hot, flushed and irate, leaped out.

"I'll be down in ten minutes," he called to the driver, as he sped upstairs.

"Maggie—Maggie!" he bellowed as he reached his room. In due time her head appeared at the door and was hastily withdrawn at the sight of Mr. Walton clad in a cerulean blue, pawing among his things.

"How long has Mrs. Walton been gone?"

"About an hour. An' she left wor-rud ye wuz to bid all yer moight an' main. [illegible] he afther explainin' to the la[illegible]

"Where are my shirt studs?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Where is this blamed dinner?"

"Where? Oi don't know, sir."

"You don't know. Well, I don't either! I suppose she must have told me, but I haven't the ghost of an idea."

"She niver told me at-all at-all, sir."

"Oh, well, it must be the Papes. Come to think of it she did say the Papes—Papes—" he said, getting into the hack, "and you've got about two minutes to get me there."

Then he gave himself up to utter and soul-satisfying distemper. This social life—he was going to cut it out. No telling how Ashton would take being handed over to perfect strangers at the club, although he had been very decent about it at the time. Why on earth Louise didn't mention these things—. They swung up to the Papes at a clattering gait and he ran up to the door.

"Has Mrs. Walton arrived yet?" he asked.

"Mrs. Walton? She's not here, sir."

"Not dining here?"

"Why, no, sir. Mr. and Mrs. Pape are dining in town."

"Try Bolton's," cried Walton, without a word to the astonished servant. They dashed off to the other end of town and up to the Boltons.

"Has Mrs. Walton arrived yet?" he demanded.

"No, sir; she ain't here."

"Not dining here?"

"No, sir. They're at dinner now. Will you come in, sir?"

"No, thanks. I'll try next door," he called back to the driver as he jumped the hedge.

He repeated the formula at the Smith's, with the same results, and his ire had about reached the bursting point.

"I give it up," he groaned to the cabman, who had decided that he was drunk or insane; "take me home. Or, no—wait—try the Gregory's."

Another John Gilpin spurt, and they were there.

"Has Mrs. Walton arrived yet?" It was getting mechanical.

"Why, yes, sir," said the maid, "but she's gone."

"Gone? Gone where?"

The maid partly closed the door.

"I don't know—she and Mrs. Gregory went somewhere to dinner."

"Don't you know where?"

"No, sir—they didn't say."

"The devil," said Walton.

The maid closed the door entirely; she didn't want to take any chances. Tired and hungry, Walton got into the cab again. He had to have dinner—he'd go back to the club and look up the neglected Ashton.

"Station," he said, and they clattered on again.

Half an hour later he arrived at the club and made his way anxiously through the dining room, looking for the erstwhile guest. In the most secluded part of the covered porch a party of people laughed loudly and made merry. It got on Walton's nerves—all this gayety, and he glanced at them peevishly. Then he stopped and gasped. Mrs. Walton was in the midst of her best story, and Ashton and Mrs. Gregory leaned toward her in rapt attention. Walton strode to the side of the table, like Lear about to break into the banishment speech.

"Well!" he snorted.

Mrs. Walton looked up at him sweetly.

"Oh, here you are, dear. Where have you been?"

"Where have I been? Where have I been?"

"Say how—do—you—do to our guests, and join us. Have you dined?"

That was the last straw. He bowed to Mrs. Gregory and Ashton and sat down.

"No," he said, "I have not dined."

"Mr. Ashton said something about your suddenly having remembered a dinner engagement, and basely deserting him."

"Why, you know why I deserted him. The boy said it was urgent."

"The boy—the boy?" she said, vaguely. "I got your message to dine with you at the club, so I picked Mrs. Gregory up and came along to find poor Mr. Ashton about to dine with the Bachelors."

"And your wife was good enough to rescue me from that dire fate," Ashton interposed.

"I'm delighted to hear it," said Walton, grimly. "And, now, if you don't mind, I'll begin at the first. I'm starved, and I feel that I've earned something as a reward."

"If you'll get Mrs. Walton to tell you her splendid story about the man who couldn't find the dinner he was invited to, you'll be doubly rewarded."

"No doubt. Mrs. Walton is an excellent story teller," he remarked, solemnly, and something in his tone sent Mrs. Walton into paroxysms of laughter.

"Well?" said Mrs. Walton, after their guests had departed. "Well?" he repeated, all his ire returning.

Mrs. Walton began to laugh.

"It may be very funny for you to send me chasing all over Elmwood looking for an imaginary dinner, but I'm unable to see it!"

"Of course, you are, you poor, old martyr! You see, I thought the Gregory dinner was tonight, so I arrived in state, to find Mrs. Gregory sitting down to a lonely repast, Mr. Gregory having stayed in town. Well, you know how awfully proper she is, and what a tease she is, and I knew that if she discovered my mistake she'd be awfully embarrassed, and I'd never hear the last of it from him, so I thought quickly, and said I'd come to carry her off to the club to dine with us. I hoped we'd get there in time to head you off, but we didn't, and poor old Ashton, who was wandering about like a lost soul, said you'd been gone some time. I telephoned the house, and Maggie said you'd just left there, but as you didn't know where you were going, she couldn't call you up. So what could I do?" she concluded.

"But to greet me, after a hot chase like that, with a pleasant smile and coolly ask me if I had dined."

"Well, dear, I wouldn't let Mrs. Gregory know."

"Hang Mrs. Gregory! Here I was trying to get raise out of Ashton, which he thinks the company can't afford, and I was just getting him to see my point of view, when that boy called me off. You notice that your dinner party will cost us something, because I'll not get the raise, now."

"Oh, but you will."

"What do you know about it?"

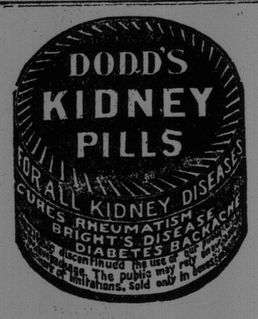
"Well, it didn't take me long to discover that Mr. Ashton's hobby was rose gardening, and I told him that it was your hobby, too. I said it was the sorrow, the only sorrow of our lives that we couldn't afford to have a hot house for roses, and he was so perfectly delighted to find that you had his taste in common that he told me he thought the company would have to put up for the hot house, after January 1."

"But, great Scott, Louise, I don't know an American Beauty from a potato plant."

"Never mind, when we get the raise we'll tell him that we decided to put it into a kitchen garden instead."

"Well, if you aren't a wonder!" said her husband, in sheer admiration.

"Of course I am," she replied, modestly, "or I never would have made what I have out of you. Don't forget," she added, as he put out the light, "that the Gregory dinner is next Wednesday."



Fashion Hint for Times Readers

EXPERIENCED SURF BATHERS WEAR MOHAIR SUITS.

Mohair, either striped, checked or pla suits. This is chiefly becouse this well-kn in, is a much-favored material for bathing own fabric has the fine, glossy appearance of silk, and even when thoroughly water-soaked does not cling unpleasantly to the figure. The princess bathing suit, with its panels extending straight from throat to hem, is exceedingly popular in English mohair, but scarcely more so than are the one-piece frocks which are made up in all the fashionable colors, sometimes trimmed with a contrasting shade of the same material, with satin pipings, with braid or with small or large buttons. Bathing caps usually match the frock in material and relief trimmings. They are of French peasant shape or are oilskin-lined, three-cornered handkerchiefs so arranged upon the head that the ends may be tied in front to resemble an Alsatian bow.

OBITUARY

James W. Pitfield

Moncton, N. B., July 19.—(Special.)—The death occurred at Winnipeg a few days ago of James W. Pitfield, a former well-known Moncton young man and son of J. W. Pitfield, a former resident of Moncton, but now of St. John. Deceased went west a few years ago and besides his father he is survived by one brother, Walter B., of Winnipeg, and two sisters, Gertrude and Edith Pitfield, of Moncton. He was twenty-four years of age and was clerk for a time in the I. C. R. offices.

John J. McBriarity

A telegram received by Mrs. Mary Corkery, of Brussels street, yesterday, brought news of the death of John J. McBriarty and it will be learned with regret by very many friends in St. John. Mr. McBriarty was for years a popular official with the then International S. S. Company operating the steamer service between St. John and Boston. He was also for a time in business in Prince William street, where he conducted a restaurant. Later he removed to Baltimore where he was port steward for the Merchants' & Miners' Transportation Company. He also conducted a business in Baltimore until failing health caused him to retire. Mr. McBriarty had been ill for three years. His home was in Baltimore but he had removed to Esopus hoping that his health would benefit by the change.

Mr. McBriarty was a native of Coldbrook, son of the late John and Catherine McBriarty and was about 50 years of age. He was twice married, his first wife being Miss Corkery, of this city and his second wife, by whom he is survived, being Miss Barbara Beal, of Baltimore. He also leaves three children—two boys, John D., and George P., who are with their grandmother, Mrs. Corkery, here, and one daughter, a girl of seven years, who is with her mother in Baltimore. Mrs. James Stanton, of Rochester, N. H., and Mrs. P. McKinney, of Haymarket square, are sisters of the deceased. The funeral will take place in Baltimore on Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. McBriarty had made friends everywhere and enjoyed a widespread acquaintance. In St. John as in many other places the news of his death will bring sorrow to many.

BOAT RACING AT NICKEL

If it makes the blood tingle to watch wonderful speed events people will be amply repaid in visiting the Nickel today, for the chief pictorial number on its programme is The Motor Boat Races At Monaco, France, in May, 1908, the most wonderful exhibition of aquatic speeding ever held. All the details of the racing meet are shown in the picture—arrival of boats on flat cars, weighing, launching and racing—and lovers of water sports will be delighted with the views. A second picture will show the famous French "ricochets," a freak type of motor-boat that attains railway speed like an automobile. Besides these extremely interesting foreign views, there will be three distinctly new Pathe productions—"The Spectre," a mystic, ghostly, scenic picture; "A Husband Wanted," extremely laughable, and "The Unsuccessful Flirts," after the idea of "The Hallroom Boys" in the New York Journal. All these five pictures are absolutely of late production, the same as are being shown in Boston and New York this week. The songs are new, too,—"When Sweet Marie Was Sweet Sixteen," sung by Miss Foley, mezzo; and an Irish novelty, "Tipperary," by Jack Gurney.

A purse of $1,500 in gold was presented recently to Rev. Frederick Bonneville, pastor of the Church of the Assumption, at Chicopee, Mass, on his return from Europe. "I cannot accept it," said Father Bonneville, as he averted his face to conceal his emotions. "With hundreds of my people out of work the sacrifice is too great. I want only your good will, not your money. God bless you all."

A firm in Vienna has put an advertisement in one of the papers there for an "unscrupulous commercial agent."

QUEBEC'S GIFT FOR THE PRINCE

Magnificent Gold Casket Will be Presented by Citizens of Ancient Capital.

Probably one of the finest examples of the goldsmith's art ever turned out from the Dominion of Canada is the casket that the citizens of the city of Quebec will present to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales upon the occasion of his visit to the tercentenary celebration next week.

The casket, which is the work of the Hemsley establishment, is of the finest frosted gold, and is designed in the form of a cigar case, so that His Royal Highness may, if he chooses use the casket in that capacity.

Standing seven inches high, and being eleven inches in length and seven and a half inches in width, the casket has a total weight of 150 ounces. Within the gold case there is an inner casket made of genuine Canadian cedar, and within this will be placed the illuminated address of the citizens to the Prince.

One the front of the casket are the arms of Quebec, in a medallion, in colored enamels, the cliffs, fort and ship in the background. In the central foreground of the medallion is an allegorical female figure, seated at whose feet is a Canadian beaver. In her right arm is supported a cornucopia, while beneath this is a beehive, and at the figure's side there rests a shield, with the old Quebec arms upon it, namely a lion holding a key, signifying the holding of the key to the continent by the city of Quebec. The medallion is framed with a wreath of laurel, around which is entwined a ribbon, with the motto in blue enamel: "Natura fortis industria crescit" (by nature strong, increasing by industry). The whole medallion is surmounted with a mural crown. Beneath the frame is a ribbon in blue, bearing the words: "Troisreme centenaire de Quebec," in gold letters.

To the left of this are the "Ich Dieu," and grey ostrich feathers of the Prince of Wales in enamel, and to the right the Prince's coat of arms, which are the royal coat of arms with two additional signs imposed upon them in extra relief—the peculiar bar indicative of the eldest son across the chief, and the arms of the House of Hanover in the centre of the shield. The crown above is the same as the King's except for the absence of the gold side.

On the right hand side of the casket is an enamel of Champlain's well-known drawing of his first "habitation" at Quebec, with a frame of musselshels in gold, with gold laurel leaves and ribbon.

On the left is a similar enamel of the Don de Dieu, Champlain's ship.

The back bears the presentation inscription in gold lettering in blue enamel—a very fine piece of work, in an ornate frame of pierced old scroll work, with maple leaves in the corner.

The dedication reads:

"Addresse des citoyens de Quebec a Son Altesse Royale le Prince de Galles Presentee le 23 Juillet, 1908, a l'Ouverture Officielle des Fetes du IIIe Centenaire de la Fondation de Quebec par Samuel de Champlain."

The casket rests on feet of eagle's claws clasping a ball at each corner, and the corners of the box are decorated from top to bottom with acanthus leaves. The whole decoration is in gold with the exception of the enamel which is in rich color, and the general effect is most impressive.

The top bears a medallion portrait of Champlain from authoritative sources, executed in enamel painting upon enamel over silver, surrounded by a plain frame of gold, with the enamel lettering, "Champlain, 1608," and that in turn surrounded by gold laurel wreath and maple leaves.

"These electric light bills are driving me positively crazy," said the man who worries.

"It's not so bad as that," answered the merry wag. "It's probably a mere case of chanderlierism."—Washington Star.

The Bane of the Race.

The disease that destroys thousands is constipation. Cure it now, today—this you can do with Dr. Hamilton's Pills, easy to take, no gripe, sure relief. Try Dr. Hamilton's Pills yourself, 25c per box.

Marvellous Saturday's Rush At the UNION

Hundreds of wise people flocked to the Great Mid-Summer Sale (Saturday) at the Union, where the clothing and furnishing bargains of the city were to be found, and it was quite noticeable by the hundreds who took advantage of this great opportunity which was proved by the record sales made during the business hours.

All This Week We Will Be Busy

as we are offering even extra inducements for this week and no one should miss them—Come see for yourself.

Union Clothing Company

26-28 Charlotte Street, Opposite City Market.

ALEX. CORBET, Mgr.

LOOKS FOR RETURN OF PROSPERITY

When Crop Begins to Move There Will be General Improvement.

(G. S. Bache & Co.'s Letter.)

The market during the week has displayed much underlying strength and has been slowly creeping upwards with short-time reactions, not generally extending over a few hours. Accentuated by occasional real reactions, in which case there would be correspondingly acute recoveries, it would not be surprising if this slow-moving upward trend continued for some time. At the end of each week the investor may compare prices and find that almost imperceptibly a steady advance has geen made. The business of the country is slowly improving in just this same way. But the investor who has not already purchased must not count too confidently upon the advance being slow.

There is a distinctly favorable feeling in the Copper market. This is shown in the improvement which is apparent among the brass manufacturing interests. The president of the American Brass Company, the largest individual buyer in the United States, says: "Improvement has come slowly, but it is plainly here, and the movement towards better conditions must be admitted." It is credibly stated that at least 4,000,000 pounds of electrolytic copper have during the month been sold for domestic consumption. It is this legitimate increase in consumption which will reduce the supply to a point where all at once there will spring up a sudden persistent demand for the metal—the commencement of the boom in copper and in copper stocks generally.

Crop news continues reassuring. Hope and fear as usual alternate—especially on the grain exchanges. Rain comes when drought is dreaded. Sunshine checks excessive wetness just at the important moment, and the trend is all favorable. The head of the Steel Corporation last week said that a great wave of confidence was sweeping across the country from West to East, and added that the farmer was king of the prosperity situation. His work, and the God-given American soil and climate, are producing a bounteous crop. When the golden stream of corn, wheat and oats begins to flow from the harvest field, it will mean new and overabundant employment for labor, for transportation, and for manufactories.

AN UNPRECEDENTED HARVEST

All reports from Manitoba and the other Western Provinces indicate that this year's grain crop will surpass that of any previous year. The increased acreage under cultivation and the ideal climatic conditions which have this season prevailed have brought about this result. All eyes are upon Western Canada, the "Breadbasket of the World." The benefits of this bountiful harvest are numerous and far-reaching, and in a great measure will serve to offset the financial stringency which has been felt throughout the country for some months past, and with two or three weeks more of continued good weather the "Granary of the Empire" will be the great factor in bringing Canada's affairs back to their normal state.

The work of cutting, threshing and garnering this immense crop will give months of employment to a vast army of laborers, and it is estimated that between twenty-five and thirty thousand helpers will be required for this year's harvesting. The farmers of the east are as much interested in this matter as are their western brethren; in fact, it is a work of national importance, and the call from the west for help must be heard and heeded in these Eastern Provinces, for upon the west depends largely the growth and development of the country. The Canadian Pacific Railway, realizing the demand for labor in the West, will, as in previous years, run farm laborers' excursions, and it is expected the laborers from the Maritime Provinces will be required to leave here about the first week in August. The exact date will be announced later. The general arrangements for the excursion will be along the lines of excursions run in previous years, the rates for which were $12.00 going from C. P. R. stations in New Brunswick; $13.00 from I. C. R. stations in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and D. A. R. stations, and $13.50 from P. E. Island points. When it is considered that the distance from say St. John to Winnipeg is nineteen hundred miles, it will readily be seen that the railway is offering the next thing to a free pass. Intending settlers are given a splendid opportunity to look the country over, and the money earned in the West will cover all the expenses of the trip and leave them something to the good.

President Roosevelt has directed Civil Engineer Robert E. Peary, U. S. N., to make tidal observations along the Grant Land and Greenland shores of the Polar sea for the coast and geodetic survey during his dash for the north pole in the steamship Roosevelt. The president believes that such observations will throw light upon the coast survey theory of existence of a considerable land mass in the unknown sea of the Arctic.

THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK IS BRIGHTER IN CANADA

(Montreal Witness).

The general business outlook from the Atlantic to the Pacific is steadily growing brighter. Orders for merchandise on a more extended scale are coming in to the wholesale houses, while the latter are buying more extensively from the manufacturers. During the past week, the Canadian Pacific and the Grand Trunk Railway companies, encouraged by the prospects of a big fall and winter's traffic, have engaged thousands more of men in their respective shops and for general railway work, while many other industrial concernes throughout the country are adding daily to their staffs, made necessary by the increase in business in all avenues of trade. The tide of immigration continues to pour into the Western country, while the older provinces are enjoying their share of the newcomers, who are said to have considerable money and to be a most desirable class of settlers. Estimated dividends this month in Canada will reach millions, and from the distribution of this large amount of money business in general is certain to benefit.

The continued favorable market in Wall street and the prevailing prices which have marked the past week were regarded as an entirely logical and normal consequence of the general trend of affairs which point to a gradual and permanent return of financial and industrial activity in the United States. It seems that a very respectable contingent in the United States business world is now by no means assured of a one-sided victory for Mr. Taft in the coming Presidential campaign, and is indeed predicting an election scare before the issue is decided. In these times timidity is contagious, and while the great majority of Wall street interests is confident of the outcome, both as regards political and general business, it apparently recognizes the factor of potential disturbance, furnished purely on the personal popularity of the Democratic candidate, in certain sections of the Republic. This condition of sentiment conduces to an irregular movement of prices, and while any sharp declines will attract good investment purchases, sharp rallies will likewise tempt holders to realize profits. It is quite evident that chances favor a gradually improving market for the immediate future at least, and if general business continues to show improvement the political factor may be even further obscured, and if so, a fairly active trading market seems in prospect.

The news of the week from the crop country has been favorable. It is the most important news of this or any time. It means more money, and if in great volume, it means new prosperity. The government report issued recently shows steady improvement since the first of the present month, and this is true more especially of the corn areas. The money situation is unchanged, except probably for the better. All leading banking houses at New York and other financial places have an over-abundance of funds, so much, indeed, that they continue to refuse to pay interest on deposits. More money is being handed out by the banks for commercial purposes, and many avenues of trade heretofore in need of such assistance are obtaining money at a low rate of interest. This tends to stimulate the general situation and put into circulation large sums of money which have up to the present been kept secure in the vaults of the big banks. With funds so cheap, and stocks yielding much higher returns than money,, it is natural that the tide should flow largely into investments. With July dividends reaching investors almost daily and money so plentiful, is it any wonder that throughout the United States the feeling of optimism is spreading, and the prediction is made that by the arrival of the month of November and with the outcome of the Presidential election known, the return of trade activity will be complete and once again the hum of prosperity will be heard from Maine to Florida, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

ADJUTANT CORNISH IN CHARGE AT METROPOLE

He Succeeds Adjt. Bowering in Important Department of Salvation Army Work.

Adjutant Cornish has returned from Toronto and has taken charge of the Salvation Army Metropole in succession to Adj. Bowering. He will also have charge of a new branch of industrial work which the Army is to organize here soon.

Adjt. Cornish has been succeeded in command of No. 1 barracks by Ensign Coy. Adjt. Bowering is still on furlough.

FLY PAPER FOR TREES.

(Toronto News.)

Dr. W. F. Bryans, 230 Carlton street, is a horticulturist of no mean pretensions. He has lately perfected a device to protect his shade trees from the ravages of the unwelcome insect visitors. This tree-protector is none other than sheets of fly paper tied around the trees about ten feet above the ground.

"How does the idea work, doctor?" he was asked.

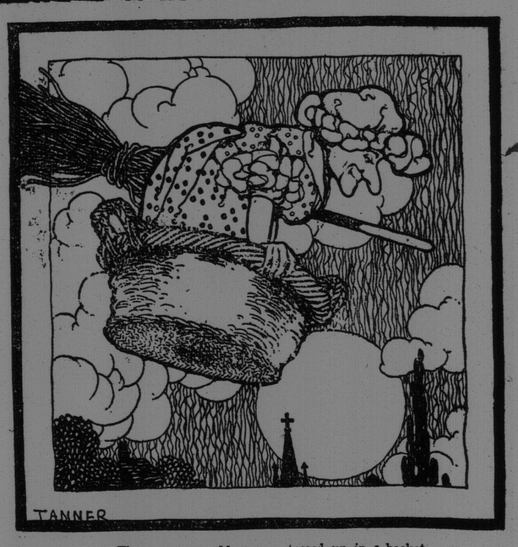
"Very satisfactorily," he replied. "They can't cross that tanglefoot."

The doctor told but the simple truth. Flies, bugs, worms, microbes and various microscopic parasites—one and all—when they attempt to amble over these deceptive sheets make a poor run.

No Alimony---Just a Separation.

Peaceful, quiet separation, no damage done, everybody happy again—that's the situation when you divorce your corns with Putnam's Corn Extractor. Acts like magic—don't use any but "Putnam's"—it's the best.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



There was an old woman tossed up in a basket
Ninety-nine times as high as the moon;
But where she was going, no mortal could tell,
For under her arm she carried a broom.

Find an old man.

ANSWER TO SATURDAY'S PUZZLE.

Right side down, in coat.