

THE EVENING TIMES, ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 17, 1909

9

**"Let the GOLD DUST TWINS do your work"****Gold Dust Saves Time**

"If time is money" GOLD DUST is surely a money-saver. What is the use of trying to wash dishes 1000 times a year without

**Gold Dust Washing Powder**

when it will cut your labors right in two? The GOLD DUST way is the right way and should have the right of way over all other cleansers.

OTHER GENERAL USES FOR GOLD DUST: Scrubbing floors, washing clothes and dishes, cleaning wood-work, of cloth, silverware and tinware, polishing brass work, cleaning and shining shoes, and making the floor shine.

Made by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Montreal, P. Q.—Makers of FAIRY SOAP.

**GOLD DUST makes hard water soft****A MODERN NOTION OF MATRIMONY**

Should a Woman Sacrifice All Her Ambitions and Aspirations Upon Becoming a Wife

"Isn't she a married woman?" asked the man pricking up his ears.

"Certainly she is married, and most happily married," answered the woman. "Then I want to know why she is galivanting off to Europe to draw pictures?"

"Because it's a good opening for her," coolly answered the man. "Why should she not go when she has the chance?"

"No," said the woman. "They're not rich, you know. This is a business trip for her. It will mean big things for her art."

"So you tell me. Rather a new-fangled domesticity, isn't it?"

"Well," said the woman. "I guess I couldn't call it domesticity at all. It's a happy marriage. That goes one better."

"Tush," said the man. He is an old-fashioned man and he said "Tush" derisively. He also rose and walked the floor. And he delivered himself of his thoughts on this new kind of matrimony when women go out to work, and not only to work but to "lead about the universe"—as he put it—in the interest of their various business, says the Philadelphia Bulletin.

"What business has a married woman to have a business?" cried he, with more fervor than choice of words, when he was married her interest in her husband. There are enough things to keep her busy in her own home, if she would attend to them. How can any woman with a right feeling for the man she married run off to the ends of the earth and leave the fellow to shift for himself?"

The woman smiled as she bent over her work.

"Her husband isn't an invalid, you know," he suggested mildly. "I suspect he can get back and forth to his work; and I surmise he will still be able to find his way to the place where they take their dinners."

The man sneered. "No cooking done at home, eh?" said he.

"Oh, no," said the woman calmly. "You know Emily is an artist. She has kept her studio and gone right on with her work. They live in a dear little apartment. Emily gets breakfast. They take their dinners out. It's Bohemian, and jolly."

"It's outrageous," exclaimed this very old-fashioned man.

"Now look here," said the woman, seriously. "Emily and her husband are one of the happiest couples I know. They are much happier than many pairs I could name where the wife waits on her husband hand and foot, and cannot breathe out of his sight. You are shocked because they have the modern notion of matrimony, which is that it is a contract for the highest good of both, and not merely for the material comfort of one. The trouble with you men is that you regard marriage as an agreement whereby you are to get well-cooked meals, a happy home, and the sympathy that will help you on in your work. The woman is to get food, clothes, a roof and affection. You don't think of her as a reasoning creature with talents and ambitions of her own. She is merely an accessory to minister to your happiness and success. Isnt it so?"

"She likes it," triumphed the man. "She is happiest so."

"Not always," the woman shook her head. "Never, if she is a strongly individual woman. When the average man proposes marriage he means something very much like this: 'Because I love you I wish you to put aside all your talents and ambitions for the sake of my personal comfort. I wish you to deliberately waste the talent nature has given you, and which you cultivated at great cost and time. If

I did not love you I should be glad to see you go ahead to achieve things. But since I do, you must sacrifice your own nature, come be my housekeeper and handmaiden, and be happy in the knowledge that you are making me sleek, fat, prosperous—and selfish."

"No man says that," said the woman, "but it is what he means, as he proves by his horrid indignation when he hears of a woman doing anything else. Now, if you will pardon me, that attitude seems to me as far as possible from love. It is a selfish desire for personal gratification and comfort. It is not a desire for the highest good, the highest happiness of the loved one—which is what love ought to be."

"The common conception of marriage is that two people who love each other ought to stand in the way of each other's highest development. The right conception—and the ideal that will prevail some day—is that they ought rather to try to promote each other's welfare, even at the cost of a little self-sacrifice. Such happy unions as those of the singer Emma Barnes, and her husband the artist, Julian Story, are types of the ideal marriage we shall have one of these days, when women are as individual and men as unselfish as they ought to be."

"And for one," finished the woman, with a convincing nod, "am overjoyed to see Emily and her fair-minded husband helping along that day. Of course I don't expect you to agree with me."

And of course he didn't.

**Upset By Constipation.**

**Distressing Indigestion, Stomach Gas, Palpitation, Constant Headaches**

When Robbed of Beauty and Strength, and Suffering from Lassitude, Inertness and General Ill Health.

**Dr. Hamilton's Pills Cure.**

"It is with intense satisfaction that I am able to relate how I was enabled by Dr. Hamilton's Pills from my bed of sickness, writes H. H. Sargent, a well known hardware traveler residing at Charleston. So many changes of diet brought on a fit of indigestion and liver complaint, but being very busy, I didn't give the matter much attention. Headaches, awful dizzy spells, and constant tiredness soon made it impossible for me to attend properly to business. My appetite faded away. I became thin and looked yellow and jaundiced. I used three different prescriptions which physicians said would tone up my liver, but regulate my bowels—but I got no relief at all till I started to use Dr. Hamilton's Pills. After taking them for a few days I was surprised at the energy and force I obtained; the old feeling of tiredness and lack of desire to work disappeared and instead came vigor, energy, ambition, good color and sound digestion. I take Dr. Hamilton's Pills three times a week and ever since have enjoyed the best of health."

"What's the use of feeling so languid, so stupid and dull when Dr. Hamilton's Pills will give you such robust, joyous health. For all disorders of the stomach, bowels, liver and bowels, no medicine compares with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. 25c. per box or five boxes for \$1.00 at all dealers for the Catarrh Company, Kingston, Ont."

**ANAPOLIS M. P. TALKS OF CROPS**

**S. W. W. Pickup Says the Valley Looks for a Good Crop and Good Prices.**

S. W. W. Pickup, M. P. for Annapolis (N. S.), arrived in the city yesterday and is at the Dufferin. He came in from Ottawa, where he had been on private business.

To a Telegraph reporter the member for Annapolis said that he looked for a good fruit crop in the valley this season. The present outlook, too, was for good prices. With the exception of hay, crops in general would be good. Mr. Pickup says that they are having already in Ontario and Quebec, with a splendid crop in the valley. Referring to matters political, he remarked on the vigor of the St. John county by-election and at the great effort being made by the Conservatives to win the seat.

**DR. SPANGLER ILL.**

Dr. H. L. Spangler is confined to his residence with a slight attack of bronchitis. It was said at his house last night that he hoped to be out again in a few days.

When the police get on a man's trail he can't conceal himself among the branches of his family tree.

## S. S. RYAN AND J. T. RYAN SUBSTANTIATE THE ALBERT COUNTY CHARGES

Hon. Mr. Robinson's Statements Solidly Backed Up in Telegrams Received Yesterday from Representative Moncton Men.

"I charge Mr. Hazen with using the office of attorney general for party purposes. I am informed by the deputy sheriff that Mr. Jonah came to him and tried to interfere with the warning of the jury in this case. You are paying the bills for this travesty of justice. Do you think the man who abets it should be allowed to remain premier? (Cheers.)

"There is again the case of Mr. Hazen's friend, W. B. Dickson, one of the representatives of Albert county. There is an affidavit filed by W. Malcolm Mackay charging him with forgery. He is charged with forging the names of different people and practically with having stolen thousands of dollars of Mr. Mackay's money. I think Mr. Hazen will have enough to do to look after Peck and his friend Dickson." (Loud cheers.)

Hon. C. W. Robinson's Speech at Milford. The Standard of yesterday published denials from Deputy Sheriff Garland that he had been interfered with by Mr. Jonah in summoning the jury in the Stewart case.

James T. Ryan, ex-mayor of Moncton, sends the following telegram from Moncton:

"I see by the St. John Standard, that John Garland, deputy Sheriff of Albert, says Mr. Jonah never asked him to warn the jury in Stewart case. Mr. Garland was discussing the Stewart case in my store with me and told me that Mr. Jonah came to him and told him he was expected to warn the jury in the Stewart case and to be sure he had the right men.

S. S. Ryan of Moncton, Ex-M. P. P., adds to this testimony the following:

"I was discussing Stewart case with W. B. Jonah. He told me he saw the jury list."

## NO GOVERNMENT MONEY FOR YORK COUNTY ROADS

All the Cash Has Been Spent for Bridges, and Highway Boards Can Get Nothing

Fredricton, N. B., July 16.—So far as can be learned not a single parish in York county has received a dollar from the government this season for expenditure on the roads. The excuse given is that the money has all been expended on bridges.

In one parish, where a road machine was badly needed, the chairman of the highway board wrote a member of the legislature requesting him to use his influence in obtaining one. After considerable delay he was informed that it was too late this year to procure one from the factory and he was told to have the necessary work done by statute labor.

The chairman came to this city and purchased a machine on his own responsibility from an agricultural implement firm and had it delivered the following day.

The new highway act has increased the tax in York county, but that is about all it has accomplished so far.

The I. C. R. detective agency, Moncton, prosecuted.

A few days ago the young lad broke the scales on two I. C. R. box cars and took from one a twin cheese which they hid away in a pile of sawdust, in other car they were in search of bananas, but found none.

The I. C. R. detectives have been keeping an eye on railway property about here and further arrests may be looked for. Those in the habit of loading about the station, freight sheds and box cars will certainly meet trouble.

Upwards of thirty boxes of cigars were also found under the freight shed platform, but the thief in this case has not yet been located.

**ELECTION AND COUNTY COUNCIL ON SAME DAY**

The finance committee of the county council met yesterday afternoon and passed a number of bills. The meeting of the council is to be held on Tuesday next, but in the absence of a quorum the council can adjourn from day to day.

On the 17th inst. the council will adjourn till the following day.

The annual inspection of the 62nd Fusiliers will take place this afternoon at 3 o'clock on the Barrack square. On account of the fact that General Drury will be unable to be in the city the inspecting officer will be Lieut.-Colonel G. Rolt White, D. O. C.

An optimist always looks on the bright side of other people's troubles.

**You cannot possibly have a better Cocoa than**

**EPPS'S**

A delicious drink and a sustaining food. Fragrant, nutritious and economical. This excellent Cocoa maintains the system in robust health, and enables it to resist winter's extreme cold.

**COCOA**

Sold by Grocers and Storekeepers in 2-lb. and 4-lb. Tins.

HALF-HOLIDAY TODAY.—The store will be closed at one o'clock.

JULY 17, 09.

## Listen to the Call of the Great Outdoors But Heed the Call of the Midsummer Sale Before You Go—It's Going Ahead of All Past Records

The response to our several announcements has been simply marvelous. People are coming from far and near. Great numbers of men whom we have never served before are coming in addition to our regular customers,—all hungry to participate in the very unusual bargains.

**Store Closes at one Today.** To serve everyone comfortably we start with full steam at 8 a. m. We promise you a good five hours' service, our own regular staff being greatly added to so as to serve you promptly.

**Great Savings in Men's Furnishings**

Soft Negligee Shirts, regular price 75c, 85c, \$1.00—Sale price ..... 50c.  
Hard and Soft Bosom Shirts, regular price, \$1.25, \$1.50—Sale price ..... 75c.  
Workmen's Shirts, regular price, 50c, 60c—Sale price ..... 35c.  
Bathington Shirts and Drawers, regular price, 30c—Sale price ..... 20c.  
Natural Wool Shirts and Drawers, regular price, 75c, 85c—Sale price ..... 50c.  
Black and Tan Cashmere Hose, regular price, 30c—Sale price ..... 20c.  
Cotton and Flannel Nightshirts, regular price, \$1.00—Sale price ..... 70c.  
All-Wool Suspenders, regular price, \$1.00—Sale price ..... 50c.  
30c, 35c, and 40c Suspenders, during this sale ..... 20c.  
Neckwear, silk four-in-hands, regular price, 35c—Sale price ..... 25c.  
Umbrellas, regular price \$2.00—Sale price ..... \$1.50.  
All Straw and Felt Hats greatly reduced.

The above list will serve to give you an idea of the bargains to be had. But come and see for yourself. Look through the stock. There must surely be something you are in need of. But then at the prices it will pay you to buy for future needs.

King Street  
Cor. Germain

**GREATER OAK HALL**

SCOVIL BROS. LIMITED, St. John, N. B.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF CANADA IN 1858

(Toronto World.)

In his "Rambling Recollections" Sir Henry Drummond Wolff, long prominent in British public life, narrates a notable incident respecting the early days of Canadian nationalism and the dawn of that principle of local autonomy which is now generally accepted as the keystone of the imperial fabric. Three Canadian statesmen, he says, came to England in 1858 to study certain points.—Mr. Cartier, Mr. Ross and Mr. Galt. They were invited to dine at Knebworth and at a dinner given by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, then secretary of state for the colonies, they heard the most interesting speeches, "in which they laid claim to being the advisers of the British Crown for colonial (Canadian) affairs. The rapid progress made by that country, adds Sir Henry, may be said to have begun with a visit of these Canadian statesmen."

This claim, made more than half a century ago, was the germ out of which has sprung the twentieth century conception of the British Empire. Writing long after the visit, Sir Henry Drummond Wolff does not set down how that claim was received, but the fact that it remained indelibly impressed upon his memory may be taken as significant of its novel character.

Sir Henry Lytton, later Lord Lytton, minister in literature as well as statesmanship, in the same year delivered a speech on the emancipation of an expedition of Royal Engineers organized to assist in opening up British Columbia. His speech, previously unpublished, is a remarkable example of stimulating excellence, and Sir Henry's mind was the best he ever delivered.

The colonial secretary told the soldiers they were going to a distant country, not to conquer, but to build, to create, to create; not to overthrow kingdoms, but to assist in establishing new communities under the sceptre of the Queen. He went on to hope that the national flag would wave in peaceful triumph on many a royal birthday, from walls and church towers which they had assisted to raise from the wilderness, and would leave to remote generations as the bloodless trophies of their renown. He appealed to them, not as soldiers, but as pioneers of civilization, and closed with this peroration:

Farwell! Heaven speed and prosper you! The enterprise before you is indeed glorious. Ages hence, industry and commerce will crowd the roads that you will have made; travelers from all nations will halt on the bridges you will have first flung over the solitary rivers, and gaze on gardens and corn fields that you will have first carved from the wilderness. Christian races will dwell in the cities of which you will map the sites and lay the foundations. Take Hood's Sarapamita along with you. It refreshes the blood, improves the appetite, makes sleep easy and restful.

FIFTY AGAINST TWO. It is not reasonable to expect two weeks of outing to overcome the effects of fifty weeks of confinement. Take Hood's Sarapamita along with you. It refreshes the blood, improves the appetite, makes sleep easy and restful.

Long after forgiving an injury a woman keeps trying to forget that she has forgiven it.

England and France! the vision will not pale—The double cross, the double cross, "Saint George" and "Saint Dennis!"

Surge upon surge the cries of conflict come. Ticonderoga felt the bloody thrust, And Cromwell's cannon roared their defiance.

Upon the brilliant battlements of Montcalm, Another thrilling scene that fortress knew. When, ere the Maytime morning's earliest glow, Bold Ethan Allen and his fearless few, Seized its embattled walls without a blow.

Still can we hear him—in the gray light see The firmest features of his mountain boys: "Up with your firelocks, you who'll follow! And every soldier held his gun at point.

Appetite Poor?

Stomach out?

Liver off?

Everything seem wrong?

Make everything right with

**Abbey's**

**Enter-Salt**

—Nature's cure for all Stomach, Liver and Bowel Troubles.

AT DRUGGISTS, 25c. and 60c.

## SONG OF LAKE CHAMPLAIN

Poem by Clinton Scollard for the Tercentenary of Lake Champlain, Read at Fort Henry, N. Y., July 5, 1909.

Midsummer—and the world a full-blown flower, This wide new world as virgin as its soil; As woodroose seemed it in unfolding leaf, As did the blossoms upon Aaron's rod!

That distant hour when first his falcon eyes Gazed on this far-outrolling inland main— A swarthy Jew under lawless skies— The knightly-hearted valiant de Champlain!

No man of pomp, no silken courtier he, No selfish grasper after glory's star, But one who wore the uniform of his fleur-de-lis.

Like his brave patron, Henry of Navarre! Dred from Biscayan sales flung up the brain, His look was level as a couched lance, Like saintly Louis, the beloved king.

That gave fair lustre to the fame of France. Roland and Bayard—he was kin to these: Swerved he no more than magnet from iron pole.

As for his sailed upon the uncharted seas With dreams of high adventure in his soul. What foes he faced, what dangers dread he dared—

Pat in peace, in war unwavering! Unmoved he toiled, unnumbing he dared, Like saintly Louis, the beloved king.

Since then the Great Recorder of the Days Thousands has scrolled upon his golden page. Yet still a sheet of shimmering chrysopease The great lake speaks for whomsoever sails his shore.

Behold the peaks that proudly the soldiers Still burn the sunset like a mighty forge: Still, with its voice of wandering unrest, Like saintly Louis, the beloved king.

Slope capping slope the awakening east, Or cleaves or curls by frowning height or shore. Vermon's broad ranges show their emerald side; And still, their meadows opulent with grain, And still with grain, the Here stands the lake.

Across the waste, as it breaks or broods, In twilight purple, or in dawning gold, adown the gale, the white sails of the fleet.

Behold the peaks that proudly the soldiers Still burn the sunset like a mighty forge: Still, with its voice of wandering unrest, Like saintly Louis, the beloved king.

Slope capping slope the awakening east, Or cleaves or curls by frowning height or shore. Vermon's broad ranges show their emerald side; And still, their meadows opulent with grain, And still with grain, the Here stands the lake.

Across the waste, as it breaks or broods, In twilight purple, or in dawning gold, adown the gale, the white sails of the fleet.

Behold the peaks that proudly the soldiers Still burn the sunset like a mighty forge: Still, with its voice of wandering unrest, Like saintly Louis, the beloved king.

Slope capping slope the awakening east, Or cleaves or curls by frowning height or shore. Vermon's broad ranges show their emerald side; And still, their meadows opulent with grain, And still with grain, the Here stands the lake.

Across the waste, as it breaks or broods, In twilight purple, or in dawning gold, adown the gale, the white sails of the fleet.

Behold the peaks that proudly the soldiers Still burn the sunset like a mighty forge: Still, with its voice of wandering unrest, Like saintly Louis, the beloved king.

Slope capping slope the awakening east, Or cleaves or curls by frowning height or shore. Vermon's broad ranges show their emerald side; And still, their meadows opulent with grain, And still with grain, the Here stands the lake.

Across the waste, as it breaks or broods, In twilight purple, or in dawning gold, adown the gale, the white sails of the fleet.

Behold the peaks that proudly the soldiers Still burn the sunset like a mighty forge: Still, with its voice of wandering unrest, Like saintly Louis, the beloved king.

Slope capping slope the awakening east, Or cleaves or curls by frowning height or shore. Vermon's broad ranges show their emerald side; And still, their meadows opulent with grain, And still with grain, the Here stands the lake.

Across the waste, as it breaks or broods, In twilight purple, or in dawning gold, adown the gale, the white sails of the fleet.

Behold the peaks that proudly the soldiers Still burn the sunset like a mighty forge: Still, with its voice of wandering unrest, Like saintly Louis, the beloved king.

Slope capping slope the awakening east, Or cleaves or curls by frowning height or shore. Vermon's broad ranges show their emerald side; And still, their meadows opulent with grain, And still with grain, the Here stands the lake.

Across the waste, as it breaks or broods, In twilight purple, or in dawning gold, adown the gale, the white sails of the fleet.

Behold the peaks that proudly the soldiers Still burn the sunset like a mighty forge: Still, with its voice of wandering unrest, Like saintly Louis, the beloved king.

Slope capping slope the awakening east, Or cleaves or curls by frowning height or shore. Vermon's broad ranges show their emerald side; And still, their meadows opulent with grain, And still with grain, the Here stands the lake.

Across the waste, as it breaks or broods, In twilight purple, or in dawning gold, adown the gale, the white sails of the fleet.

Behold the peaks that proudly the soldiers Still burn the sunset like a mighty forge: Still, with its voice of wandering unrest, Like saintly Louis, the beloved king.

Slope capping slope the awakening east, Or cleaves or curls by frowning height or shore. Vermon's broad ranges show their emerald side; And still, their meadows opulent with grain, And still with grain, the Here stands the lake.

Across the waste, as it breaks or broods, In twilight purple, or in dawning gold, adown the gale, the white sails of the fleet.

Behold the peaks that proudly the soldiers Still burn the sunset like a mighty forge: Still, with its voice of wandering unrest, Like saintly Louis, the beloved king.

Slope capping slope the awakening east, Or cleaves or curls by frowning height or shore. Vermon's broad ranges show their emerald side; And still, their meadows opulent with grain, And still with grain, the Here stands the lake.

Across the waste, as it breaks or broods, In twilight purple, or in dawning gold, adown the gale, the white sails of the fleet.

Behold the peaks that proudly the soldiers Still burn the sunset like a mighty forge: Still, with its voice of wandering unrest, Like saintly Louis, the beloved king.

Slope capping slope the awakening east, Or cleaves or curls by frowning height or shore. Vermon's broad ranges show their emerald side; And still, their meadows opulent with grain, And still with grain, the Here stands the lake.

Across the waste, as it breaks or broods, In twilight purple, or in dawning gold, adown the gale, the white sails of the fleet.

Behold the peaks that proudly the soldiers Still burn the sunset like a mighty forge: Still, with its voice of wandering unrest, Like saintly Louis, the beloved king.

Slope capping slope the awakening east, Or cleaves or curls by frowning height or shore. Vermon's broad ranges show their emerald side; And still, their meadows opulent with grain, And still with grain, the Here stands the lake.

Across the waste, as it breaks or broods, In twilight purple, or in dawning gold, adown the gale, the white sails of the fleet.

Behold the peaks that proudly the soldiers Still burn the sunset like a mighty forge: Still, with its voice of wandering unrest, Like saintly Louis, the beloved king.

Slope capping slope the awakening east, Or cleaves or curls by frowning height or shore. Vermon's broad ranges show their emerald side; And still, their meadows opulent with grain, And still with grain, the Here stands the lake.

Across the waste, as it breaks or broods, In twilight purple, or in dawning gold, adown the gale, the white sails of the fleet.

Behold the peaks that proudly the soldiers Still burn the sunset like a mighty forge: Still, with its voice of wandering unrest, Like saintly Louis, the beloved king.

Slope capping slope the awakening east, Or cleaves or curls by frowning height or shore. Vermon's broad ranges show their emerald side; And still, their meadows opulent with grain, And still with grain, the Here stands the lake.

Across the waste, as it breaks or broods, In twilight purple, or in dawning gold, adown the gale, the white sails of the fleet.

Behold the peaks that proudly the soldiers Still burn the sunset like a mighty forge: Still, with its voice of wandering unrest, Like saintly Louis, the beloved king.

Slope capping slope the awakening east, Or cleaves or curls by frowning height or shore. Vermon's broad ranges show their emerald side; And still, their meadows opulent with grain, And still with grain, the Here stands the lake.

Across the waste, as it breaks or broods, In twilight purple, or in dawning gold, adown the gale, the white sails of the fleet.