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41 King Street.

Beneath the Surface.

By EPES W. SARGENT.

Copyright, 1907, by M. M. Cunningham.

Hallen looked pityingly at the girl. In spite of the degradation to which she had sunk, vice had not yet set its seal inflexibly upon her features. The blackened eye, emphasized by the pitiful little attempt to conceal it by the use of powder, was the only stamp of viciousness, and from between the blackened lids the eye seemed to mirror an immaculate soul.

He looked with disgust about the cheap dance hall, with its blaring three piece band and its little crowds of merry-makers. There was a sordidness about it all that surprised him. But this girl seemed to have no place in the picture. Even the simple lines of her tattered dress bespoke a different plane of life.

Yet the story she had told shocked him in its revelation of the depths of misery to which a woman could sink. She was scarcely past twenty, but she had been deserted by her husband, had lost her little daughter and had gradually sunk into the slough of despond. It was a tale common enough in city streets, yet he hated to hear it from her lips. He wished that it might be, like his own, a fabrication.

A week before an editor had sent back a story he had offered.

"This rings false," the man wrote.

"Dig down and get your facts first



"DON'T YOU LET ME SEE YOU AGAIN?" HE PLEADED.

hand and let me see the result. I want something like it."

Disguise had been easy—a three days' growth of beard, tousled head and a shabby suit. He knew of the Odeon as a place where he was most likely to get material. He had intended to approach some man, but somehow he dropped into a chair beside the girl, and over a few drinks (he was rather proud of his trick of ordering gin and drinking the water instead of the spirits) they had exchanged experiences.

His own experiences were drawn from his imagination, but here was a story vivid in its directness, terrible in its unvarnished unveiling of misery and sin.

"Don't you let me see you again?" he pleaded. "Have you some address?" She waved her hand comprehensively.

"This is mostly my address," she laughed. The music had not yet gone out of her voice, and the laugh appealed to him. "I'm most always here."

Hallen rose and slouched out. It was a relief to get into the bath, and a shave was a positive luxury. He tumbled into bed with a sigh of satisfaction, but when the lights had been switched off no sleep came to his tired eyelids. He lived again the scene of the evening, and the girl's face haunted him.

She had laughed when he spoke of uplifting, had scouted the possibility of reform, and yet he was determined that he would find her again and in spite of herself lead her steps back into the paths from which they had strayed.

He was at the Odeon again the next evening; but, though he sat from early evening until late in the night, the girl did not come. The waiter grinned when he asked concerning her.

"I never saw her before. I thought you brought her in."

"But she said she comes in here every evening," he persisted.

"Well, she don't," was the surly retort. "I guess I know what I'm talking about, and that goes. See?"

There was an intimation in the voice that Hallen would go if the statement did not, and he subsided. For a week he haunted that place and others like it, but not a trace of her could he find, and at last he went back to his usual

it seemed almost like sacrilege to use her story as material, to vivisection the quivering remains of a miscreant life, but the story carried a great moral. Perhaps others might read and profit. He worked on it a week before he sent it off and then half hoped that it would be rejected.

On the contrary, he got instead a most cordial letter.

"Just what I wanted," declared the editor. "I've another almost as good. I am going to run the two together under the title of 'Beneath the Surface.' I am sending the check."

Hallen started as he saw the check. It was double rates, but even that did not atone for his failure to find the girl. He wished that he might take it to her, for it was she, not he, who had really earned it.

Perhaps, he told himself, it might be the means of bringing her back to the things worth while. It was at least worth trying. He could scarcely wait until evening to set forth in his quest.

He made several stops before he reached the Odeon, and it was late when he entered the gaudy resort. With a start he recognized the girl and went toward her.

A heavy set man was arguing with her as he came up. Hallen gathered that she had refused to dance with him, and he was glad of it. Her face brightened at his approach, and the other man, noticing the welcome, slunk away.

"I am so glad you came," she cried as he slipped into a chair. "I wanted to see you."

"I haunted the place for a week," he said, "but no one seemed to remember you as a regular visitor, and so I gave it up."

"I—I thought you might want to escort me home," she explained as a flush rose to her cheek. "It would have been embarrassing, so I said you could always find me here. Did you want me for anything particular?"

"I just wanted to see you again," he said. "I was not prepared to admit that your case was hopeless."

"I am afraid that I—I have a confession to make," she said. "Do you remember the other night how you said that with a fair start you might make your way up again, but that no one would take you since you came from prison? You said you wanted to go out west, you remember?"

Hallen nodded, and his face turned red. He had confessed to being a convict, deprived by that fact of a chance to get ahead.

"Then listen," she cried. "I did something I ought to be ashamed of. I put the tragedy of your life into a magazine story. See! I received \$75 for it. Won't you take it? It's really yours, you know. That will take you west and enable you to make a fresh start. Won't you, please?"

"On one condition," he said soberly, though his eyes twinkled.

"And that is?"

"That you take the check I received for writing the pitiful little tragedy of your life. You told a better yarn than I did. I got a hundred."

He laid his check beside hers on the table.

"To be published jointly under the caption of 'Beneath the Surface.'"

"You are Howard Hallen?" she gasped.

"And you Gertrude Perley? Wouldn't Loewer yell if he heard how his advice turned out? I presume he sent you the same sort of letter he sent me—to study the type at first hand."

The girl nodded.

"Just what he said. I've a friend who is a mission worker. She told me how to make up. She also told how they sell women ginger ale instead of whiskey and give percentage checks."

"I was wondering about that whiskey," he laughed. "It gave a very real touch to your story."

"I don't know whether the joke is on us or Mr. Loewer," she smiled. "But let's get out of here."

"Let's have a supper to celebrate," he suggested. "I can get home and back in no time and call for you and your friend at the mission house."

"Agreed," she nodded. "I think such an encounter deserves a better ending than a simple 'Good night. Glad to have met you.'"

"I think it does," he said, "a very different ending." His tone was pregnant with suggestion, and she answered with a smile. She could imagine what that ending might be, and the idea was not unwelcome.

Athletes of Attica.

The athletes of ancient Greece, if they should appear to view, would not be taken for a football team of today. The old time man of muscle wore his hair cropped, a distinguishing feature in a land of long hair. Trainers for the games led a very careful life. They were under orders for a rigid diet, which became especially severe just before the contest. Their bill of fare consisted of fresh cheese, dried figs and wheaten porridge. A little later in the era meat was allowed, with a preference for beef and pork. Bread was not allowed with meat, and sweets not at all. At one time a strange custom of diet came into vogue. Every day at the conclusion of practice the athletes were obliged to consume snatches

quantities of food, which was digested in a long continued sleep. The amount was gradually increased until huge meals of meat were taken. This diet produced a corpulence which was of advantage in wrestling, but injurious to other sports.—Smith's Companion.

His Shipwreck.

Among the many millionaires South Africa has furnished London is one who, although he has since learned to read and write, could do neither in the old days when he was making a fortune at Kimberley. His want of education was a standing joke among the members of the Kimberley club; where he was wont to spend his afternoons, pretending to read a newspaper, which he more often than not held upside down. In those days the English newspapers were not so freely circulated in South Africa, and readers had to depend on a shipping gazette style of journal, in which the advertisements were generally headed by the block of a ship in full sail. X, as we will call him, was holding this newspaper upside down when a friend approached and put the usual question, "Well, my boy, what's the news?" "Oh, not much," replied X; "only a lot of bloomin' shipwrecks," pointing to the inverted pictures of the sailing vessels.—Illustrated Bits.

A PORTLAND, ME., WEDDING.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized on June 14th, at St. Dominic's church, South Portland, Maine, when Elizabeth G. McCourt, of that city, and M. J. Henry Mulholland, of St. John, were united in marriage. The ceremony was performed by the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Hurley, V. G., who was also celebrant of the Mass. The bride wore a dress of white nun's veiling, made of silk, with hat to match and carried lilies of the valley. The maid of honor was Miss Berrie O'Donnell, of South Portland, Me., and the best man was Henry J. Spears of this city, an uncle of the groom. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the home of the bride to the immediate families and a few intimate friends. The gift of the groom to the bride was a gold monogram bracelet. Mr. and Mrs. Mulholland received a large number of beautiful wedding gifts. They left for a short wedding tour trip to New York, Jersey City and Boston. On their return they will make their home in this city.

MEDICAL CHATS.

ABOUT BABIES.

Naturally-fed infants, if constitutionally healthy, almost invariably grow fat and firm. They sleep well and give comparatively little trouble. Such have the best chances of becoming adults, and of reaching old age.

The fact that an infant has to remain an infant for a good long time weighs heavily against it. The young of animals can gallop about in some instances almost as soon as born. These need only be fed by the mother and be protected from attack, and they will thrive well enough; but infants are helpless creatures for many months, and remain entirely at the mercy of their mother or nurse for everything. If the mother or nurse do what is right in every respect, all is well and good; but unhealthy surroundings, insufficient air, bad light, and a careless toilet, set the young baby at a disadvantage, in its slow developments, as contrasted with the free running, independent existence of a young animal.

What looks healthier than a calf or foal in the fields? And, on the other hand, what circumstances seem more unnatural and sickly than those found in the majority of households, which, as often as not, have babies shut up indoors, it may be days together, and subjected to endless rocking and petting in order to soothe the weary hours of fidgeting and fretting, while pale faces and flabby limbs indicate not only the "cribbled, cabined, and confined" existence that is being dragged on, but that many false balances promise to mark the future.—Catholic Citizen.