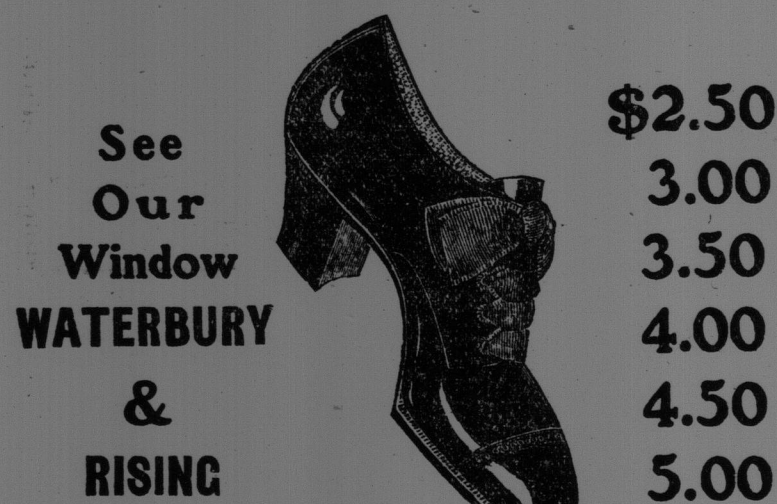


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Prices Ready-Made from \$6.00 to \$15.00
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HOW NOVELISTS HAVE
PEOPLED THE PLANETS

Besides the earth, there are in the solar system five other worlds that might conceivably be inhabited by sentient beings more or less remotely akin to ourselves. These are: Venus, Mars, Mercury, Jupiter, and the moon. But the most likely of them all to be really and truly peopled, is the first named. Consequently it is as regards this particular planet that speculation in this direction has been most rife.

Scientists, as is their nature, are cautious in the extreme. Professor Hall, for instance, will only admit that if oxygen be a constituent of the atmosphere of Venus, and if water be present on its surface, then, "we may expect to find in that planet life of a kind perhaps analogous in some respects to life on the earth."

GOD-LIKE BEINGS.
Story-writers of the type of Mr. H. G. Wells, however, have given more rein to their imaginations. Thus, Mr. John Munro, in "A Trip to Venus," introduces us to a race of god-like beings, dwelling in garden-cities of immense extent, and which are adorned with tropic trees, fountains and statuary. The Venusian women are depicted as being especially beautiful and graceful, so that the hero of the story promptly falls in love with one of them. But he is enticed back to the earth, and taken to Mercury, which planet he depicts as being "peopled" with huge flying dragons, monstrous, misshapen, malevolent.

The late Mr. George Griffith, in "A Honeymoon in Space," has also introduced us to the Venusians as he conceives them. They are "half bird, half human, with sort downy feathers," and they fly as easily, and as gracefully as they walk. On the other hand, Mr. Fred Jones, the author of "To Venus in Five Seconds," depicts the planet as being inhabited by fleas as big as elephants. These creatures, which he designates "Theobians," dominate all else that live on Venus, being not only immensely strong, but also enormously clever.

FERTILITY OF INVENTION.
Edwin Pallander, again, in that weird nightmare of a novel, "Across the Zodiac," has it that the planet has evolved a "flower kingdom," as is the case here on earth. Gigantic roses struggle with mastodons and conquer them. Vast reptile-like creatures lie in wait to entrap the unwary. The vicious Venusian primroses purr or scold, according to whether they are pleased or irritated. And so on.

And as it is with Venus, so it is with the other supposedly habitable planets and planetoids. In fact, the contradictions of the story-tellers of this particular type, is only surpassed by the fertility of their invention, which is boundless. In his "First Men in the Moon," for instance, Mr. Wells describes the Lunarians—whom he christens "Selenters"—as ant-like men, with huge flying dragons, monstrous, misshapen, malevolent.

and tentacles in place of hands. But this is all wrong, according to Griffith, whose mythical hero, Lord Redgrave, found the moon "people" to more nearly resemble "billiard balls, in size, and, livid and grey." While Edwin Pallander, in "Across the Zodiac," gives us to understand that they have the bodies of men and the heads of monkeys, and are, moreover, thirty or forty feet tall. Apparently, too, these extraordinary denizens of a distant world wear foot-covers like unto our own, for he makes one of his characters discover upon the moon's surface "large unmistakable footprints—hoofbeats with square toes."

PEOPLED BY SPIRITS.
For sheer unadulterated mysteriousness this boots all to pieces Robinson Crusoe's similar discovery on his "uninhabited" island; and the worst of it is that, unlike Defoe, Mr. Pallander vouchsafes us no explanation of the weird occurrence.

Finally, it should be mentioned that the inimitable Jules Verne—who, of course, the primary inventor of this type of romance—is perfectly certain that there is no life whatever on the moon's surface, or, while it is true, he does not make his adventurous voyagers land upon the satellite, they simply sail around it, and he remembers, but they see enough to convince them that it is both uninhabited and uninhabitable.

Perhaps the best imaginary description of Saturn and its supposed denizens is that given by Mr. John Jacob Astor—the American millionaire—in his very interesting "Journey in Other Worlds." He imagines the planet to be peopled by spirits, who live eternally about in space, but who are yet gifted with the power of materializing themselves at will. They are described as every vice, dignified, and grave; men and women in whom the emotions, as we know them, are constant or dead.

WINGED MONSTERS.
Mr. Griffith goes to the opposite extreme. He describes the Saturnians as huge ape-like creatures, hairy, of colossal, of immense strength, cunning, treacherous, malignant. Edwin Pallander's mythical hero, Lord Redgrave, landing on "the ringed world," which he found in about the condition our earth is supposed to have been in during the carboniferous period. No trace of any living creature resembling man was found, but, instead, winged monsters darted viciously at the explorers from the depths of the all-enveloping forests.

A similar state of affairs also prevails, according to Mr. Astor, on Jupiter. But these beings developed into creatures of vast size, and of terrible aspect. For example, an ant is encountered which is "about the exact counterpart of the African soldier ant," magnified many hundred thousand times. The armour of these creatures is in plates of three or four feet thick, and with their mandibles they can bite an elephant in halves as easily as an earth-ant can a blade of grass.

A PINE RACE.
Worst still are the flying insects with a warm of which the party has a veritable battle royal. These, Mr. Astor describes as resembling dragons. "Many," he says, "were twenty feet in length, with huge and terribly long, sharp claws, and jaws armed with gleaming batteries of teeth." They possessed, too, wings, and their breath was poisonous.

Mr. Griffith opines that the planet is a molten state, and that there can be, therefore, no organic life thereon of any kind whatever. Ganymede, however, one of Jupiter's three moons, was visited by his mythical hero, Lord Redgrave, who found it densely populated by a fine race of men and women, whose existence was passed in glorified hot-houses; whole cities, and fields, too, being under glass.

Astor's airy, the "Callisto," also visited Ganymede, although no landing was effected. The crew, however, had from her deck a clear view of the gigantic satellite's surface, which is described as possessing an atmosphere, and containing in its bosom a large area. Habitable, it most certainly is, suggests the "Callisto's" mysterious captain: "I have never inhabited or not is another question."

WILD THEORIES.
But it is with regard to "our neighbor" Mars, that the wildest theories have been broached, and this although Professor Ball distinctly negatives the idea of its having any inhabitants at all.

Everybody remembers, for instance, Mr. H. G. Wells' "War of the Worlds," and the hideous monsters he therein pictured as the Martians; "bolters on stilts," to quote one of his characters, "bolters on stilts a hundred feet high."

These, however, were, as it appeared presently, merely the artificial beings which the Martians created for themselves, so to speak. The true living creatures, huge misshapen humps of jelly-like protoplasm, with immensely long tentacles taking the place of arms and legs, and a brain that dominated all else.

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION.
The creatures were like to have exterminated mankind by means of their terrible heat ray and a mysterious, scorching poison, but after a few weeks on earth their existence is cut short. They are slain, one and all, by the pathogenic bacteria of our atmosphere, against which their systems had not become insured by centuries of exposure, as have ours. Dead, they appear even more horrible than alive. In fact, Mr. Wells has evolved in his Martians the essence of a nightmare of things horrible.

On the other hand, the eminent French astronomer, M. Camille Flammarion, has made them out to be (in "Grania") but little lower than the angels. "The inhabitants of Mars," he tells us, "are infinitely superior to those of the earth, by their organization, by the number and delicacy of their senses, and by their intellectual faculties."

In "A Plunge Into Space," by Robert Cromie, the people of Mars are represented as not unlike the earth folk, except that they are shorter, and have somewhat larger heads, Griffith, the other hand, makes them taller and bigger, with faces like wax and all cast in the same mould. "While Hugh Macdonald," introduces us to a race that almost exactly resembles our own both in build and general appearance, save that their skins are of a delicate semi-transparent azure,

SOME OF THE HUMOROUS
SCENES AT WEDDINGS

"To my mind," says the author of a "Diary of a Nobody," "a wedding's a very poor play. There are only two parts in it—the bride and the bridegroom. The best man is only a walking gentleman. With the exception of a crying father and a snivelling mother, the rest are superfluous who have to dress well and have to pay for the insignificant parts in costly presents."

"AFTER YOU."
Not long ago, for instance, a Yorkshire vicar was marrying his groom to his housemaid. All through the ceremony the groom, in a double sense (in this case) kept saluting his master on every possible occasion, while the bride, who was dressed in a series of respectful curtsies. At last the vicar's patience was exhausted by this ridiculous behaviour, and he rather severely told the bridegroom that he must not salute, but simply "answer after me." Then he continued, "Will you have this woman to be thy wedded wife, etc., to which the groom, mindful of his caution and instruction, answered, "After you, sir."

Equally amusing and more startling was the denouement of a double wedding which took place a few years ago before a Paris mayor. The ceremony had scarcely begun when one of the bridegrooms observed that his lady-love was casting distinctly amorous glances at the other lady's partner. This was more than the monstrous could tolerate, and he exploded wrathfully. "Madame, I believe that I, and not this gentleman, have the honor to be your affianced husband. Will you therefore have the goodness to confine your glances to me?"

Of another misadventure at the altar, which he did not even equally happily, the following story is told. When a couple once dressed themselves to be married at a North-country church the bridegroom was so hilariously drunk that the clergyman declined to conduct the service, and sent him home to get sober. A few days later he returned to the altar in the same condition, whereupon the clergyman, seeing that it was of no use to appeal to the bridegroom, told him to go home to get sober. He was told to come to such a solemn service in such a disgraceful state.

It was another bridegroom, a Lancashire man, who, when this question was put to him, answered with a pathetic air of resignation to the inevitable, "Ah, marry I must not—but I'd rather be a soldier." And there he stood, with his arms crossed, and his head bowed, until the ceremony was over. "I did promise and vow three things in my name. First that I would be a soldier."

ELVENTH HOUR.
Dean Pigou tells an amusing story of a "ring now," and with a loss of his head he fumbled out of the church—and what is more when she returned a month later, it was with a different bridegroom.

AMUSING FEES.
Another groom, when asked to produce the ring, delayed the service several minutes while he ransacked every pocket in vain. His face grew longer and longer at each "blank" he drew, until, just when he was reduced to the verge of despair, he produced the ring. "Here it is," he said, and, hastily removing one of his boots, he triumphantly produced the ring, which he held up to the light, and said, "You see, it's a long time since I was married before."

Some oblivious bridegrooms have been obliged to have recourse to such substitutes as church-keys, curtain rings, or a circle cut from the finger of a glove; and this was the fate which befell a bridegroom a few months ago, when, as a last desperate resource, he produced a well-seasoned bit of pipe from his pocket, and found the ring snugly tucked away in the bowl.

Many clergymen tell amusing stories of the fees asked to them by grateful bridegrooms, ranging from a sack of potatoes and a young pig to a tip for the bridegroom.

SPEECH BY FATHER.
Strange liberties are often taken with the marriage service by the nervous of the bride. The following story illustrates, for example, what a startling change in meaning may result from the mere substitution of one letter of the alphabet for another.

A short time ago a wedding was being solemnized in a church where the presence of a registrar was necessary, and where the following declaration was necessary, "I, A. B., do hereby declare that I am a bachelor, and I have never been married before." "I call upon those persons here present to witness that I, A. B., do hereby declare that I am a bachelor, and I have never been married before." "I call upon those persons here present to witness that I, A. B., do hereby declare that I am a bachelor, and I have never been married before."

Let us hope that this innocent misapprehension was not prophetic. To the question, "who giveth this man?" the answer once came in this startling and unconventional form, "I do, madam."

tor, and I be glad to get shut on her, I can tell ye!" In another case, the bride's father thought this an excellent opportunity for a little speech-making, for taking his daughter's hand and placing it in that of the bridegroom, he said: "I give you my daughter and charge you to be a good husband to her and to take care of her. She has been a good and dutiful daughter, and will make a good wife. Do your duty to her, and she will do her duty to you."

"BLESSED WORD."
If there is one word in the marriage service at which even the most amiable bride is tempted to shy, it is that "blessed word, obey," as Canon Kingsley once called it. Some ladies boast that they omit altogether; like the bride at whose nuptials the Rev. F. D. Maurice once officiated. When the ceremony was over she gaily confessed her sin of omission to the clergyman in the vestry, "and," she said, "I call you to witness, Mr. Maurice, that I have never obeyed."

In another case, to the question, "Will you obey him?" the bride answered resolutely, "No I won't. He said I need not promise that and I never will." For a long time the vicar remained in vain, and at last the young lady pointing out the necessity of repeating the words as part of the appointed service. At last, however, she gave a grudging and reluctant consent; the clergyman adds when telling the story, "I am bound to admit that the word as she repeated it, sounded suspiciously like 'o-nay,' which, of course, is quite a different thing."

More amusing is the story of that negro bridegroom who, when the parson made him repeat the words, "I will obey him and serve him," broke in excitedly, "Read that again, said read it once more, and I'll give you a full penny of my meaning; I've been married before."

One of the many excitements of the wedding, when his lady hesitated before making this promise of obedience, "that'll be all right. I'll make her," while a bride who was paying her third visit to the altar is said to have returned this startling answer, "I've been married before, and I never did, so I am not going to tell any more lies. And she didn't." One of the many excitements of the wedding, when his lady hesitated before making this promise of obedience, "that'll be all right. I'll make her," while a bride who was paying her third visit to the altar is said to have returned this startling answer, "I've been married before, and I never did, so I am not going to tell any more lies. And she didn't."

STRENGTH OF OUR ARMY.
Englishmen Preponderate in Service, But Recruits are Fewer.

(Lloyd's News.)
It is gratifying to find from the Report of the British Army, issued on Monday, that Englishmen, despite recent assertions to the contrary, still form the vast majority of our troops. According to the report, which comes down to the year ending Sept. 30, 1907, the full strength of the army is 232,154, non-commissioned officers and men. Of these England supplied 178,240, Scotland 18,123, Ireland 2,256, and Wales 4,538.

For the twelve months under review the number of recruits who joined the regular army, exclusive of the militia, amounted to 24,916, and for militia to 23,755. These figures show a decrease for the regular army of 1,491, as compared with the previous twelve months, while the total for the militia shows a falling-off of 151.

During the past year 57,764 men were medically inspected, and no fewer than 1,888 were rejected by the doctors. In 1906 there were 21,222 rejections out of 65,123 inspections. While the rejections on medical grounds have decreased during the last three years, the ratio to those inspected—20.9 per cent—is still seen to be very large.

Furs Stored and Insured

Why not let MAGEE'S take care of your FURS during the summer? We have the best facilities for this work in the city. We guarantee to store and insure Furs against fire and moths for a very small charge. Moths often do more damage than ten times the storage pay will pay for. Phone 558 and we will call for your furs.

D. MAGEE'S SONS,
Manufacturing Furriers, - 63 King Street,
N. B.—If you have furs to be altered have the work done now, as it is cheaper.

The Derby, which was actually offered not long ago to a North London curio by an impetuous sportsman; but perhaps the most unconventional of them all was that of a butcher who asked the clergyman if "he would mind taking it out in sheep's heads."

"I AM SO LONELY."
Destitute London Woman Beaten in the Struggle for Life.

A letter of terrible pathos was read at the inquest on Tuesday at Shore-ditch on Helen Howe, a destitute woman, between fifty and sixty years old, who was found lying on the pavement in Little Gray's Inn-lane. She was drenched by the rain, and died in the infirmary.

A sister living in Manchester wrote to the coroner, enclosing the story she had heard from the dead woman. It was undated and ran as follows: "My Dear Sister and Brother—Do write me, as I am so lonely. Are you still alive or what is the matter? I have written to you so many times, I don't know what to think. "I met Mr. W. the other day, and he gave me a shilling, and told me I could have a letter addressed to his place (Gray's Inn-lane). "My dear sister—I do hope you and Will and both the girls are well. God bless you all is my prayer. "I am often out all night, for D (her husband) has been giving me so little money, and I have been so ill that I can hardly walk about. I have been to him today, and got 3s. to last till Tuesday, but lodging is so dear, and I have to keep asking me not to take a warrant out for him. He will give me more next week, but he got worse. "Your loving sister, Helen Howe." Dr. Evans said that death was accelerated by destitution and exposure. The jury said that it was due to "natural causes."—Lloyd's News.

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In regard to the army reserve, owing chiefly to the large number of men enlisted for three years who have passed to the reserve, the strength has increased very largely during the past twelve months. The total strength is 255,750, as compared with 250,586 in 1906; 247,770 in 1905; and 243,940 in 1904.

The question of the provision of civil employment for soldiers is, the report says, in rather an unsettled state, owing to recent legislation, which imposes the duty in future of providing civil employment upon the county associations. Until the latter are in working order the old agencies for providing employment will have to be depended on.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Eternal City.

Tonight and tomorrow night KHM will present one of his great Ethel Caine plays, "The Eternal City." It is safe to say there will be the usual large attendance, and Mr. Brown has succeeded in drawing his old admirers out in full. Last night's performance of "Raffles" was another great success, having as large a house as the opening Monday. "The Christian" has been selected for Saturday matinee, and will be staged with all the effects things that should be introduced. Mr. Brown and his company in this play are in the prime of their powers. A comedy-drama, "By Right of Sword," is the bill for Friday and Saturday evenings.

June Brides Should See the Nickel's

New Show
The Nickel's leading picture for today and tomorrow is the scenic drama, "The Petty Dairymaid," a story of unusual large attendance, and Mr. Brown has succeeded in drawing his old admirers out in full. Last night's performance of "Raffles" was another great success, having as large a house as the opening Monday. "The Christian" has been selected for Saturday matinee, and will be staged with all the effects things that should be introduced. Mr. Brown and his company in this play are in the prime of their powers. A comedy-drama, "By Right of Sword," is the bill for Friday and Saturday evenings.

Four pictures which were put on today at the Unique are worthy of mention passing notice. A Poor Man's Romance is the sad story of a poor man who in addition to his poverty is charged with theft and is unable to prove his innocence. However, in the end right conquers.

Gaston visits the Museum. This picture is a roaring comedy. Gaston visits the Museum and is examining the statues when they suddenly come to life. He is invited by one of them to a trip in an automobile, and is next seen with his fair guide paying a visit to the stars. He meets with an accident in which is back is bent, and after repeated efforts to straighten it by hammering it, a sled hammer, he was put into a press and a weight of many tons allowed to fall on it, which restored him to his natural shape.

The management wish to inform their many patrons that they have made decided improvements in their theatre during the past few days by lowering the front seats and raising the rear ones so that every person has an unobstructed view of the curtain.

SPRING MEDICINE

Try as you may it is next to impossible to escape so-called "Spring Fever." You get that Weary, Tired, Listless, Worn-Out, Don't-Care-to-Work Feeling. What is needed is to clean out the system and make the blood pure. The cleansing, blood-purifying action of

Burdock Blood Bitters

whereby it eliminates all the pent-up poison from the system, starts the sluggish liver working, acts on the kidneys and the bowels and renders it without exception

**THE BEST
SPRING MEDICINE**

THAT TIRIED FEELING
Mrs. F. H. Leach, Saskatoon, Ont., writes: "I have used Burdock Blood Bitters as a blood purifier and think it an excellent remedy. Every one should take it in the spring to cure that tired feeling that comes so many at this time of the year."

INDIGESTION IN SPRING
Miss B. Bradley, Hamilton, Ont., writes: "Last spring I used three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters, as I had indigestion and very thin blood. I tried everything before taking the B.D.B., which I think is an excellent spring tonic."

PURIFIES THE BLOOD
Mrs. Geo. Mason, Apohagut, N. B., writes: "I have used Burdock Blood Bitters and it is a splendid spring medicine. It purifies the blood and is the greatest remedy in the world for pimples and boils."