

F.R. PATTERSON & CO.

THE DAYLIGHT STORE.

OPEN NIGHTS.



CHILDREN'S
WHITE
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DRESSES

At Special Prices.

19c., 25c., 35c., 42c. each.

Corner Duke and Charlotte S's.

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Prices on every line of goods, comprising general Dry Goods, Hosiery, Gloves, Smallwares, Fancy Goods, Men's Furnishings, Ladies' and Children's Ready-to-wear Garments have been marked away below usual selling price.

We have done a remarkable big business since this sale started, and we are consequently adding goods from our reserve stock. Call and see for yourself the bargains to be found within our store.

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Whole Outfit \$68.00

Consisting of Sideboard, Extension Table and 6 Chairs, Bedroom Suite, Wire Spring and Mattress, Parlor Suite, (5 Pieces) and Parlor Table, Kitchen Table and 2 Kitchen Chairs. All for \$68.00.

DO NOT MISS THIS.

BUSTIN & WITHERS,

New Store, 99 Germain Street.

'WE LEAD, OTHERS FOLLOW'

Received per S. S. Virginia:

One Case of early FALL CLOTHS, Suitable for High Class Trade.

Exclusive Designs.

Other Shipments to follow up to Oct. 1st.

CALL AND SEE US.

EDGECOMBE & CHAISSON,

HIGH CLASS TAILORS,

104 KING STREET,

Trinity Block.

THE CATHEDRAL PICNIC

Will take place on the

Bishop's Grounds at Torryburn

—ON—

Tuesday, August 8th, 1905.

The committee will provide Refreshments and all the usual Games and Amusements. There will be prizes for Games, Races, etc.

The CITY CORNET BAND will furnish music on the grounds.

Trains will leave the Railway Station going out at 10, 12.30 a.m. and 2.30 p.m.; returning will leave Torryburn at 4.30, 6 and 7 p.m. All trains on Local Time. Should the weather be unfavorable on Tuesday, the picnic will be held on the first fine day following.

Tickets for sale at the Railway Ticket office and from committee on the day of the picnic.

A LORD CHIEF JUSTICE AND THE SACRAMENT OF PENANCE.

In "The Catholic Church, Her Faith, Works, Triumphs," the following letter, addressed to The Times of London, some years ago by the late Lord Chief Justice, Lord Russell of Killowen, is quoted:

"During over sixty years I have made certainly more than 1,700 confessions, to hundreds of different confessors, and in various countries, and I have never discovered therein any trace of wrong or harm. In addition to my belief in a priest's power of absolution, which as a Catholic I hold I have found that the duties, incident to every confession, of making a careful examination of my conscience, an express and vigorous mental act of sorrow, and a firm resolution to avoid sin, most useful; and though these mental acts may be made without intending confession, the habit of confession certainly causes many of them, which would otherwise not be made. My experience of confession have, so far as man can judge, been those of my mother, sisters, wife and daughters, and of many female friends, and I have always noticed in myself and others that devoutness and regular attendance at confession and at Holy Communion which it ordinarily precedes, ebb and flow together."

THE TEACHER SAW THE POINT.

A school teacher dreamed that she quit teaching and bought a farm. She felt happy in the prospect of freedom and profit. The first crop planted was wheat, and the yield was large; again the teacher was happy. The total amount to 7,000 bushels, and the market price was a dollar a bushel; she sold it all and felt that now she could afford to do something she long had wished to do. But the wheat had been sold to 7,000 different people, a bushel to each one. A few of them paid cash but more did not, and many of them neglected to pay even when reminded. She was troubled, but awoke to find she was still a teacher. It required no Joseph to interpret the dream; she saw the point, gave heed to the printer and remitted promptly for her subscription.—The Western Teacher.

A GIRL'S FIANCE.

Are you half as familiar with his past record as you are with his present neckties?

Does he try to make up for little slights by foolish flattery and love-making?

Have you ever seen him in a public place, an invalid, a beggar, a drunkard, a criminal or a helpless child, and then do you feel broader, kinder, more better, because of your acquaintance with him?

Does he appeal to your vanity and selfishness, or to the true, worldly side of your nature?

Are his education, business training, financial backing and general ability such as to assure you a permanent and comfortable home?—Exchange.

THE RIGHT VIEW.

Often we hear of teachers who get up entertainments in their schools the proceeds of which go towards providing apparatus, repairing the school or other like purposes. This should not be the way to appropriate these funds, says the Educational Review. The trustees should meet the teachers half way, and provide the necessary materials for proper school work. The money raised by entertainments should be expended for pictures and other means of decorating the school room, forming the nucleus of a library or making additions to it, or providing some article of school furniture not included in the outfit.

THE TEST FIRST-CLASS.

Scranton, Pa., July 25.—The wireless telegraph system invented by the Rev. Joseph Murgas, of Wilkesbarre, was formally tested this afternoon, when several messages sent from the station in Wilkesbarre were received in this city.

The test was witnessed at this end by Father Murgas and James F. Stokes, of Philadelphia, the president of the Universal Aether Telegraph Company, the corporation which intends to exploit the system for commercial purposes.

The alphabet was first sent. Operator Thomas J. Murphy, at Wilkesbarre, then sent a message reading: "Have you heard from me yet?" A few minutes later this message was sent and received successfully. "Thank God for His blessings," Operator Gideon Shadle, at this end, said that the instrument worked perfectly.

Father Murgas has just received \$115,000 for his patent rights. He has stated to a friend that he intends to devote \$50,000 of this to the erection of a church for his congregation of Hungarians in Wilkesbarre.

MONCTON'S NEW PASTOR.

The Rev. Edward F. Savage, who has been stationed at Sussex for some years, has been appointed pastor of St. Bernard's church, Moncton, succeeding the late Rev. H. A. Meahan.

WE MAY GROW OLD.

The child of 6, worn out at last With romping, romping through the day,

Upon his mother's lap falls fast

Asleep, and dreams of play

Until a fairy honey bee

Comes drowsing to him from the world,

"Play, baby, while the fun is free—

Some day you may be growing old."

The lad of 20 who has known

A certain puppy love affair

Sighs like a man who has outgrown

The world and all its shadow glare;

He sees himself stale, tired, blasé,

Sick of ambition, honors, gold,

And murmurs in a careless way,

"I think I'll soon be growing old."

Strokes lovingly the spaces bare

The man of 40, as the hair

Proves sorry traitor to his skull,

And thinks of weighty things and dull;

Of some remotely distant year

When bones shall creak on hinges cold,

Remarking more in grief than fear,

"Some day I shall be growing old."

The grand old chewing at his gums,

His 80 years already gone,

Twirls his stout stick between his thumbs

And sees the old world rolling on;

Low in the ashes of his days

The fires of life their ardor hold,

"How time does march along!" he says,

"Some day, perhaps, I may be old."

New York Globe.

Wedding Bells.

KING-ELLIS.

The wedding took place on Wednesday, July 26, of Mr. Herbert King, of Fredericton, N. B., and Miss Mary B. Ellis of Old Town, Maine, formerly of St. John, N. B. The bride was becomingly attired in blue silk and wore a white chiffon hat with a white ostrich feather. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Father Trudell, of St. Joseph's church, Old Town. After the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. King left for Fredericton, where they will reside.

HARDLY EVER.

Why is it no one even thinks of presenting a Catholic editor with a purse on the occasion of his tenth, fifteenth, twenty-fifth or five hundredth anniversary?—Syracuse Sun.

What in the name of common sense would a Catholic editor do with a purse? He never has anything to put in it.—Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo.

A MISSIONARY REQUIRED.

The Education Committee of East Sussex, England, needs a missionary. It actually refuses to regard a furnished doll's house and a quantity of dove seed as school supplies. How are the small pupils to study domestic science without the house and how are they to be taught love of birds without a bird? Are they to be tied down to the three R's and geography and similar dullness?

A FINE ENTERTAINMENT.

Those who were fortunate enough to be present at the musical treat, given by the Misses Furlong and White, at the York Theatre on Tuesday evening, pronounced it, as on former occasions, an exceedingly delightful function. The reputation of the performers is strengthened by the artistic and evincing manner in which this year's concert was rendered. Each number was a rare pleasure, and too much cannot be said in praise of those taking part, but they must feel rewarded by the mingled murmurs of surprise and delight, which came from the large audience present. It was an enjoyable evening and the artistes have every reason to be proud of their combined efforts to give to the music loving people of St. John such a high-class performance. The programme included, Miss Margaret White, pianiste; Miss Elizabeth White, celliste; Miss Helen Furlong, violiniste; Miss Elizabeth Furlong, banjoiste; Gerald Fennell Furlong, baritone; and Master Eric Titus, soprano.

At the conclusion of the musical programme a rustic medley was given in which all participated.

DIED.

McCULLOUGH—In this city, on July 29, Joseph Douglas, infant son of Agnes and Henry McCullough, aged four months.

DEATHS AND BURIALS.

Mr. J. E. Price, I. C. R. Superintendent, died at Moncton, on Tuesday afternoon, after a short illness.

A recent death at Grand River, Lot 14, P. E. Island, was that of Mr. Roderick McIntyre. He was not long ill, having been well and hearty on June 24th. His son, Rev. J. B. McIntyre, was ordained priest that day at Grand River.

HEROIC RESCUES IN IRELAND.

The complete list of awards for the month, issued on June 26, by the Royal Humane Society, contains the following cases from Ireland:—Bronze medal to Daniel Geary and testimonial to Andrew Murphy, fisherman, Cork, for their gallant action in rescuing two youths who had fallen into the river at Leavitt's quay, Cork, on the 3rd inst. Testimonial to Michael Mahony (Constable R. I. C.) for his plucky rescue of an old man who, in attempt at suicide, threw himself into the River Fina, at Ardinganna, Co., Donegal, also on the 3rd inst. Testimonial to Mary McGrath, a plucky schoolgirl of ten, for her heroic action at Clonamiegan, Tipperary, in attempting to save two little boys (one of them successfully) from a quarry on May 17th. Testimonial to Richard Loneragan, of the Waterford Fire Brigade, for rescuing a boy named Dugan from the river there on April 21.

LOOKING AHEAD.

A stage coach and four horses, spanking along, may not exactly come under the head of the picturesque, but at any rate they are more glorious to behold than a steam coach with its boiler, if one may be permitted to judge by the engravings of that invention.

The poet Wordsworth has likened the smoking horses of a wagon to Apollo in a cloud; but unto what should he liken the smoking tubes of a steam coach?

There has been a whisper of a steam plough. How future commentators will rack their brains over the first stanza of Gray's Elegy in a Churchyard! "The ploughman homeward plods his weary way!" What in the world could that mysterious personage, "the ploughman," have been?—Mirror, 1831.

FIRST OF THE DUNS.

Many have thought that the word "dun" was derived from the French donnez (give me), but the true origin of that thrilling name is from one Joe Dun, a most famous bailiff of the good city of Lincoln.

So extreme active and dexterous was he in his agreeable profession, that it became a common proverb when any unlucky wight could not or would not pay, to say, "Why don't you Dun him?" This celebrated progenitor of duns flourished in the reign of Henry VII.

REGARDING TEACHERS' SALARIES.

In a city of 4,000 inhabitants in the middle west, in May, the school board raised the salary of the superintendent and of all but two teachers. Why the exception of the two? They had no faith that the raise would be granted, and would not sign a petition to the board. All who asked received. Imagine the consternation of the neglected. They argued that if the salaries were to be raised all would share in it, and they shirked. There are a lot of shirkers just now in this matter of professional promotion. There are thousands of teachers in this country, literally, who are receiving an increase in salary who have not lifted a finger, not even a faithless prayer for it. It is refreshing to know of one town in which the school board took their inactivity at par.—N. E. Journal of Education.

TOO TRUE TO NATURE.

"All the mechanical toys you make seem to be very successful."

"Yes," said the inventor, "I've only had one failure."

"What was the matter with that?"

"Too realistic. It was a boy tramp and it wouldn't work."

HAD SEEN PARIS, ANYWAY.

"There, now, Clara, how would you like to be those people who can't get home from Paris because their funds gave out?"

"Well, dear me, Clarence, they are better off than we, whose funds gave out before we got started."

KIPLING AND FAME.

"Rudyard Kipling visited my apartment once," said a New York publisher. "He sat in that chair there. He was in the height of his fame at the time. It was before the outburst of the Winston Churchill historical novel and the Conan Doyle detective story. This brusque, jerky young man was probably, just then, the most brilliant star in the literary firmament."

"He talked beautifully. On his departure I escorted him down on the elevator to the ground floor. Then when I got into the elevator again to go back to my rooms, I couldn't resist saying to the elevator man:

"Did you notice that short, thick-set gentleman in spectacles who came down with me?"

"Not particular. Why?" the man asked.

"That," I answered, "was Rudyard Kipling."

"Rudyard Kipling?" the elevator man exclaimed. "Rudyard Kipling, the great African explorer?"