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We have them one yard, one and half and two yds wide. Table Oilcloth, white and colored, 25c yard. Stair Oilcloth, 10c yd.; Shelf Oilcloth, 8c yard.

A. B. WETMORE'S, (Store Open Evenings) 59 Garden St

"Endless Chain"

A feature that is decidedly noticeable about this business is the sort of an "endless chain" arrangement of customers. One sends the other—in fact some send as many as four or five.

It's the unquestionable satisfaction in style and fit that is doing it.

Ready-for Service
Spring Suits.....\$10.00 and \$12.00 to \$25.00
Two-Piece Suits.....\$8.00 to \$18.00

Gilmour's, 68 King St.

BURNABY, THE HERO THAT WAS

It was at a Lord Mayor's dinner in the Mansion House, London, England, that I first met the man. I did not know who he was. He sat low in his chair at my right hand, but his face, with its dark complexion, large, soft, black eyes, dark wavy hair, and charming play of expression, was the handsomest I ever had beheld. His conversation was fascinating, and covered a great variety of subjects, and the intonations of his mellow voice were a delight to the ear. He was as simple and unaffected as a boy.

He looked to be hardly beyond his first youth, and I took him to be some yet unlearned scion of a good family, who had exceptionally improved the opportunities afforded him by the conventional "grand tour." But some remark that he presently made indicated connection with the army, and he admitted that he belonged to one of the British cavalry regiments. I then noticed, and commented on, the exceptional breadth of his shoulders.

COLONEL'S PONIES.

"Yes, the fellows used to consider me pretty strong," he replied, with his light laugh. "A couple of years after I joined, we were in barracks at Aldershot, and our mess room was, for some reason, at the top of the building, up three flights of stairs. "Our Colonel, a bit of a martinet, owned a couple of Shetland ponies, which his wife drove to a little basket carriage. They were cunning little fellows, and might weigh about three hundred pounds apiece. "The Colonel was very proud of them; and he once said, when scolding us for some blunder on parade, that his Shetlands had more brains than any of us. 'They can't talk,' he said; 'but I'd about as lief have them at the mess table as some of you young gentlemen who fancy you know all about cavalry manoeuvres.' "It was only his fun, of course; but it stuck in my crop; perhaps because I imagined, with good reason, no doubt, that he had been pointing particularly at me.

BRILLIANT IDEA.

"Next evening I was late for mess; and passing by the stables an idea struck me, and I went in and got the groom to let me have the two ponies. I led them along to the barracks, and then got one under each arm, and lugged them upstairs, kicking and squealing, till I fairly landed them in the mess room on the third floor. I walked up with them to the Colonel, who was carving a leg of mutton, and put them down beside him. I was a bit winded, for the little beggars got to be pretty heavy at the last; but I managed to say, 'I thought you might be

in need of a little rational society, Colonel,' and then went to my seat. "But, my word!" added my unknown friend, laughing, "I never heard such an up-roar in my life!" At this juncture, the functionary behind the Lord Mayor's chair hammered for silence, and called out, "The Lord Mayor drinks to the health of Captain Fred Burnaby!" Whereupon, to my amazement, up rose my companion, unfolding himself to greater and greater heights, till he stood at his full stature of six feet six of magnificent manhood, and gracefully acknowledged the cheers that greeted him. For he was at that time one of the most famous men in England, the hero of the "Ride to Khiva," the pride of the army, the darling of society, the author of several popular books, and, without doubt, the strongest man then reigning in the British Empire. So I had been entertaining an angel—or, rather, he had been entertaining me—unaware.

Fifteen years later, in 1883, adds the narrator, I happened to be at the

Suffered From Heart and Nerve Troubles FOR THE Last Ten Years.

The heart has supplied to it two sets of nerves, one set which quickens, the other which slows its action. The proper action of these nerves, so important to the well-being of the heart, depends upon the general condition of the nervous system. If there be nerve derangement of any kind it is bound to produce all the various phenomena of heart derangement.

Knowing the intricate structure of the heart, and being aware how diseases of the heart affect the heart, we have combined in Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a treatment that will cure all forms of nervous disorders as well as act on the heart itself, and in this is the secret of their success in curing so many cases of heart trouble which have defied all other treatments.

Mrs. John Riley, Dore, Ont., writes: "I have been a great sufferer from heart and nerve troubles for the last ten years. After trying many remedies and doctoring for two years, without the least benefit, I decided to give Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills a trial. I am thankful to say that, after using nine boxes, I am entirely cured, and would recommend them to all sufferers."

Price 50c. per box or three for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Why Does the Largest Clothing Business in St. John Centre at Oak Hall?

Do you think its because we are located on King Street, or because we advertise, or display our goods extensively in our windows?

No, siree. We are making and keeping Customers.

Because

First—Our prices are 25 per cent. lower than other stores can afford. We manufacture and sell direct; while they must buy from a maker.

Second—Our clothing sets the standard in Saint John for high quality of materials and superior, stylish tailoring.

Third—Our guarantee says "money back for anything not satisfactory", which holds us responsible for the fit and wear of any garment.

Fourth—Our assortments include the largest showing of new spring clothing for men, for young men and for boys to choose from in the city.

Fifth—Our suit values at such popular prices as \$12.00, \$13.50 and \$15.00 are simply extraordinary.

Won't you spend five minutes today, any day, letting one of our courteous salesmen show you, with the suits themselves, just why we enjoy such a healthy patronage.

Have you Friends or Relatives at a Distance?

If you will send or give us their names and addresses we will open the way to their keeping in close touch with this store—by mail.

We receive orders from all parts of Canada and not infrequently from the United States.

The new Spring and Summer Catalogue is ready for mailing, and other mail order literature, as issued will be sent upon request to people out of town.

OAK HALL, Scovil Bros., Limited, St. John, N.B.

World's Fair in Chicago, and found myself in the midst of the British building, down near the lake. I knew that my friend Villiers, the war correspondent, was stopping there; but as I put my hand on the gate of the front yard, the sentinel on guard stopped me, saying that the house was closed to visitors for the day.

He was a tall, bony, soldierly fellow, with the stripes of a sergeant on his arm, and the number of the regiment on his cap prompted me to ask him whether he had been in the recent campaign in Egypt, where the British square was attacked by the "Fuzzy-wuzzies."

The man's eyes glowed. "Indeed, then, I was sir," he replied. "I was in the front of the line that day."

IDOL OF ARMY.

"Why in that case," said I, "you must have seen Burnaby." He straightened up instantly, as if on parade, and stared at me with a sort of fierceness. "Did you know him?" he said; and went on immediately, "I saw him, sir—and I saw him when he died!"

We went into executive session forthwith, and the sergeant told me his story. Burnaby had joined the expedition having been assigned to no command, but for the sake of adventure, and for the sport of the thing. He soon became the favorite of the officers, and the idol of the rank and file. His experience in campaigning in wild countries, his quick perceptions, sound judgment, and cool-dare-devil courage, made him a valuable and stimulating companion.

On the day of the battle he assisted in choosing the position for the British. The Fuzzy-wuzzies engaged in hand to hand fighting with parts of the British line. Burnaby stopped to the point where the attack was fiercest, and with his drawn sabre fenced with the native spearman. "He didn't try to kill none of 'em, sir," said the sergeant, "being there unofficial, as I might say, though he had a chance enough, as I could see, being only

about fifteen paces to his right; but he just stood there and played with 'em as a man plays with boys, parrying the thrusts, and sometimes taking on two or three or ten at once; and he was laughing, in a quiet way he had, all the time. It was just pastime for him, you could see that."

SPIRIT OF TROOPS.

"By and by, my mate, that was standing next me, got prodded through the stomach by one of those devils; and it made me that mad that, in place of giving the fellow the bayonet, I clubbed my rifle and bashed his head open. I'd stepped a bit forward to do it, and as I stopped back I looked around toward Burnaby. A big blackamoor, pretty near as tall as he was, had made a thrust at his face, spear up in the air. Just then, as his arm was raised, a fellow who'd been crouching down close to him gave a jab upward with his weapon and sent the point right through Burnaby's heart. He was dead before he fell—and so was the fellow that killed him, for Phil Bowman a private in the ranks, gave him a kick that broke his jaw and then pinned him through the neck with his bayonet. But Burnaby was dead; and if we'd killed every Fuzzy-wuzzie in Egypt it wouldn't have made up for him."

This account of the young hero's death, though differing slightly from some of the stories, has the credit due to an eye-witness at close quarters. It seems a life thrown away; and yet the example of such a man helps to inspire the spirit in British troops that has made their "far flung battle line" victorious all round the world.

A Russian girl named Bertha Ossis was discovered in Boston suffering from leprosy and had been sent to Penikese Island and from there to New York. She will be handed over to the Hamburg-American line for deportation to Russia, from whence she recently came.

NOT ON THE MENU.

Fussy old Gentlemen! And now, a little celerity, please! Walter: Er—sorry sir; but we're all out of it, sir.

ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE.

He: Don't you think you might learn to love me? She: I might. I learned to talk German once.

AMERICAN HARD COAL

At \$5.75, in lots of three tons or more.

THIS IS A SPECIAL OFFER GIBBON & CO.

make to enable them to move 1000 tons of Hard Coal for cash, within the next few days. Carleton and Fairville people can take advantage of this offer by adding only 25c. per ton. Get your order in early and do not miss this chance to get your Hard Coal cheap.

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Smythe St. and 61-2 Charlotte St. The Charlotte St. Office is open till 9 p. m.

More Brown Stiff Hats

BROWN STIFF HATS are all the go, and they certainly do make a nice change from the black—besides they are cooler. We've just received three nice new shapes in three distinct shades. Better try one of these, at \$3.00 each. The styles we show you don't see elsewhere, and they are just what the young men want. IN BLACK HATS we can give you a choice of styles you don't get elsewhere. Any price, \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00.

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Reliable and Durable **ROOFING**
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BUILDING CONTRACTS
Should Specify **Eddy's Impervious Sheathing.**

It is a very strong Sulphite stock. Durable. Resists cold, heat, dampness.

Schofield Paper Co., Ltd., ST. JOHN, N. B. Selling Agents.

SHERLOCK HOLMES
IN REAL LIFE

Officer Unravels Berlin Murder Mystery
Link by Link — Pawlicket Clue.

(Lloyd's News). One of the most brilliant pieces of detective work heard of outside fiction for many a long day has been performed by Detective-Inspector Wannowski, of the Berlin police, who on Tuesday morning put his hands on August Heidert, a cobbler, aged 43, and charged with the murder of a boy named Herman Blecher.

On Wednesday, April 8, portions of a dismembered human body were found in a sack in the Berlin Zoological Gardens. Further search disclosed another package of remains, and the police surgeons set to work to put the bodies together. They did so successfully that it could be recognized as that of a boy about fifteen years of age.

Then Inspector Wannowski carefully examined some rags of clothing found with the mutilated remains. In a piece of lining was a town pawlicket. This was placed together, and then the trail was followed up with the result that it was found that the ticket related to a small article pawned by a boy named Herman Blecher. The latter Wannowski next discovered had been apprenticed to a tailor, but had run away from his master, and had been seen on the night of the murder with two men in a low tavern in the East End of Berlin. On his clue, the detective searched all the slums of the city, and was at last rewarded by the discovery that one of the men with whom the boy had been seen had later been arrested for theft, and was in the Moabit Gaol.

THREE HOURS' CAB CHASE.

Interviewed, the prisoner declared that the boy went off with the other man, whose name he did not know, but whom he had occasionally seen in the company of a girl named "Bertha." The latter had told him that she was afraid of the man in question, because he had once attempted to strangle her.

"Bertha," had, therefore, to be found and after exhaustive inquiries by quite an army of detectives was discovered in a working infirmary and identified as a girl named Eckardt. She declared that she did not know the stranger's name, but said she believed she could find his lodging where he had tried to choke her if she started out from the "criminals' kitchen" where she had met him. Accordingly, accompanied by Wannowski, she drove four hours about the "Schneckenmarkt" in a cab till finally she hit on the stranger's apartments in the Lietzmann Strasse. The police forced the door and found everything in perfect order, but search in a cupboard brought to light numerous garments saturated with blood and a large butcher's knife. The room also contained a huge block, newly covered with linoleum, on which, it was assumed, the murderer dissected his victim.

The final incriminating proof was an apron of a peculiar gaudy pattern, in which the remains of the boy were wrapped up. This was shown in a way that would not excite the suspicions of Heidert's wife, who is in hospital, as she immediately identified in her lodging when taken ill four months ago.

Heidert, who is described as a degenerate, subject to morbid propensities, and who had been confined in an asylum was arrested at 2 o'clock in the vicinity of the great fire at the garrison church, being pointed out to the police by the waiter of the tavern where he had been seen by the boy. Heidert was drunk when captured, but sobored immediately on being

charged with the crime. He strenuously denies his guilt, but the proofs seem overwhelming.

AMUSEMENTS.

"Moonshiners" at Nickel & Strong

Drama. Glorious weather yesterday and an enticing programme at the Nickel induced long promenades of people to the large Carlton street picture house. The show was a first-class one in every particular, introducing tragedy, comedy and farce-comedy in a most entertaining way. The 1,000-foot picture, "The Moonshiner's Daughter," was a decided change as far as story and scenic embellishments were concerned, and proved a most delightful novelty. The plot of the picture deals with struggles between illicit distillers in Kentucky and revenue officials. Throughout this picture holds one's attention firmly and has already made a decided hit. The other films were entitled Willie's Party, The Wrong Overcoat, and The Seaman's Widow. Miss Davis, who entered upon her final week at the Nickel, was well received in a pretty little number, "The Moon Has His Eyes on You," and Mr. Maxwell rendered that soulful ballad, "And a Little Child Shall Lead Them," in excellent voice. Same show today. Send the children today to see the Teddy Bears and Punch and Judy.

At the Princess

One of the best pictures ever shown in St. John is now being shown at the Princess. Presidential Possibilities. The Hon. Wm. H. Taft, Secretary of War, who is a candidate for the office of President of the United States, at the elections to be held this fall, is being photographed for campaign purposes. His duties, however, called him to Fort Myer and while on the field reviewing the troops stationed at that post the man with the camera got in his work. The picture also shows Mrs. Taft, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Taft, and the officers of the reviewing party. Mr. C. P. Taft is the financial backer of the Secretary in his presidential campaign.

At the Unique

Possibly no picture has ever been shown in St. John that has caused as much favorable comment as Othello in 8 acts, now being shown at the Unique. Why pay a half 50 cents to see this great tragedy when you can see the same thing here for five cents. Fresh Air Field: This is a roaring comedy. A gentleman who is a crank on the fresh air subject, insists on having others share his belief. After a number of amusing experiences returns to his home and leaves the road wide open. A thief in passing sees a handsome fur coat and sild hat hanging on the hall tree and appropriates it for his own use. The gentleman gives chase but in vain. This experience cures him of his fresh air ideas.

A Mexican Love Story. A sensational romance of Mexico. A handsome married lady becomes enamored of a young man. Her husband challenges him to a duel and kills him.

Mr. Wm. Lanton is head to great advantage in "When We Were Boys." The pictures in connection with this song are very fine.

Remember in a few days we are going to put Footlights the great Indian, for the first time in Canada.

STRIKE LEADS TO BLOODSHED

The G. T. R. bands at Owen Sound went on strike yesterday and on arrival of fifty C. P. R. militiamen a blood battle took place in the C. P. R. shed. In the battle clubs and volvers were used. James Lambie, a young man from Hanover, also known as a spectator, were shot. Jim McIntosh, a strike leader, was badly clubbed. Detective Wright, of Toronto, was clubbed and it is feared his skull is fractured. Others were injured. Three Toronto detectives have been arrested for doing the shooting.