

Dorothy Dodd

Tan Shoes & Boots

—For—

WOMEN

Everybody will wear Tan Footwear this Season. Never were they so fashionable as now.

The "Dorothy Dodd" Tans are unquestionably the handsomest goods made

Boots - \$5.00
Oxfords 3.50, \$4, 4.50

WATERBURY & RISING
King St. -- Union St.

Cheap Footwear for Ladies and Children.

Women's Laced Boots, Laced Shoes and Slippers.
Girls' Boots, Boys' Boots, Infant's Boots.

We have the latest and best Shoe Polishers.

A. B. WETMORE, (Rubbers) 59 Gorden Street

When You Buy, Why Not BUY THE BEST

Whether you have \$12 or \$25, or any amount in between, to invest in a Spring and Summer Suit or Overcoat, get the most for your money.

If you select from our "20th Century" and other lines of unquestioned worth, you can absolutely depend on obtaining the perfect combination of correct cut, elegant finish, faultless fit and wearing qualities which every sensible buyer desires.

The wide lapels, the creased seams, the smooth shoulders, the high, snug fitting collar—these are some of the outward and visible signs of good and fashionable tailoring—and you will see them when you examine our 20th Century line.

All our clothing is on hand, in dust-proof cabinets—ready to wear, free from wrinkles, fresh as a daisy.

By all odds the best values in St. John.

Gilmour's, 68 King St.
Established 1841

AMUSEMENTS.

At the Opera House Tonight.

Tonight starts Kirk Brown and his Company offer for a two weeks run at the Opera House. While it can be said that St. John has had a surfeit of stock companies lately, it can also be said that we have not had a company in any way to be compared to Mr. Brown's. His class of entertainment is entirely different from any that visits the Opera House. His plays are all high class scenic productions, given in the same manner as any of the high priced shows, and are commendable especially for the fact that one is not bored with specialties or vaudeville acts. It is enjoyable at any time to sit through a high class play and not have the illusion spoiled with the "leading lady" or "comedian" coming out to do a song or dance or to follow as follows:—Tonight and tomorrow night, "Raffles," The Amateur crackman; Wednesday and Thursday nights, "The Eternal City," Friday and Saturday nights, "By Right of Sword." The first matinee are Sarah Bernhardt's version of "Camille" Wednesday, and "The Christian," Saturday.

Unique Theatre

Safest and prettiest place of amusement in the city now showing the latest picture plays, illustrated songs and views of travel. The home of pleasure for ladies and children.

Princess Has the Best Bill

The first picture is of Pathe's latest dramatic film, "The Accusing Vision," a story of how a criminal delivers himself up to justice through a vision.

The Rival Lovers is a tale of the olden days in "Merrill England." This is certainly the greatest dramatic subject ever shown.

"Bait Money." A young lad runs across a gang of counterfeiters, whose infamous work has made the lad's father a prisoner as a suspicious character. Don't fail to see the mint in operation.

Men and Women is a comedy, showing how the Lion Tamer tamed his lion, still he could not tame his baby; the general and the drunk all have their turn.

Don't Stay Out Late. We won't go home until morning—they didn't, and then they wished they had.

Master Frankie Carrett, St. John's favorite juvenile soloist, has been engaged to sing at the Princess. Today he will be heard in "Little Blue Suit."

Percy P. Boyer will have something new in "When My Golden Hair Has Turned to Silvery Gray."

Nickel Has Another Strong Bill

Something pure and wholesome, devoid of any startling sensations, is the English picture, "The Tale of Autumn Leaves Told," to be shown at the Nickel today and Tuesday. Here we have a pictorial romance dealing with life in aristocratic circles in merry England at the time when obscure lovers were cast into the grim old Tower, and when love affairs were often settled at the rapier's point. The picture is over 800 feet in length, superbly enacted and most elaborately and realistically staged. Besides this exceptionally fine feature will be two foreign pictures: "The Unwilling Chiropractor" (Cathie), and "A Basset Mystery," each one brand new and exclusively the Nickel's. Musically the programme will introduce two new songs—"Won't You Be My Honey?" to be sung by little Miss Davis, and that heroic hero's song, "The Man Who Fights The Fire," by Mr. Maxwell.

DON'T FOLD YOUR ARMS.

By folding your arms you pull the shoulders forward, flatten the chest and impair deep breathing. Folding the arms across the chest so flattens it down that it requires a conscious effort to keep the chest in what should be its natural position. As soon as you forget yourself down drops the chest.

We cannot see ourselves as others see us. If we could many of us would be ashamed of our shapes. The position you hold your body in most of the time soon becomes its natural position. Continuously folding your arms across the chest will develop a flat chest and a rounded back.

Here are four other hints which should be made habits: Keep the back of the neck close to the back of the collar at all possible times. Always carry the chest farther to the front than any other part of the anterior body. Draw the abdomen in and up a hundred times a day. Take a dozen deep, slow breaths a day. Take a dozen deep breaths a day. Take a dozen deep breaths a day.

MANILA, May 3—Antipolo, in the province of Morong, was destroyed last night by fire. Four hundred houses were burned and hundreds of people are homeless. The famous shrine was saved. The fire was caused by lightning. Antipolo has thirty-nine hundred inhabitants.

BALTIMORE, Md., May 3.—With impressive ceremony Monsignor Denis J. O'Connell, rector of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., was today consecrated Titular Bishop of Sabote. The cathedral was crowded with local and visiting ecclesiastics and laymen.

STUDENT STARVES IN SEARCH FOR FAME

Hungarian Girl the Latest Victim of Studio Life.

Many Americans Struggling Along on Insufficient Funds—Two Saved by Wealthy Englishman Last Year.

"Starved to death," was all that the Paris police surgeon could say the other day when the corpse of a young woman lying in the middle of a third-floor studio, she was a star from some village in Hungary. She was a mere girl and all alone. Those who knew her best—a few American girls who studied in the same atelier—called her Mary. They knew that she was very poor and not very bright, but they came seldom to the restaurant they frequented. Now and then they met her carrying a two-sooty bottle of milk and half a loaf of bread. She was described as talented. And now the police are trying to find out who her family is while Mary's body lies in the morgue.

Such cases are not very frequent in the Montparnasse quarter. They only occur once or twice a year. The last time that it happened the victim was an American girl and before that it was again a Hungarian—a boy that time. The story of his passing is now one of the legends of the Ecole des Beaux Arts.

His name was Ernest. He was a hand worker and something of a dreamer. He always smiled when there was any fun going, but he never shared actively in the sport. His fellow-students, with whom he was popular put down this to his laziness. Ernest was pale and ethereal. He had a tremendous amount of talent and worked from the fall of the flag to closing time. The students remembered afterward that he had been getting paler and paler, thinner and thinner for a long time. But these things passed unnoticed at the time.

One day, to the surprise of every one, Ernest failed to appear. There were a few jokes about a possible flirtation. His absence was again noticed on the following day, but every one forgot all about him.

One day, a fortnight afterward, as the anatomy class in the Beaux Arts was a sudden stop to horse play and jokes. The great silence that fell on the class was broken only when some one murmured "Mon Dieu!" There on the slab was poor Ernest. There was an anatomical dissection of the dead body. An investigation showed that Ernest had dropped in the street—the hospital doctors said from overwork. He was as dead as there was no means of identification he was taken to the morgue.

The students attended the funeral. Times are exceptionally hard this year in the Montparnasse quarter. It is to be feared that the tragedy of the Hungarian girl will not be the only one in the big colony of foreign students there.

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WHITE GIRLS AT NEGRO BANQUET

New York Shocked at Cosmopolitan Club Dinner.

Startling Function at Which Views of Blacks on Inter-Marriage are Given.

New York society is discussing a banquet of the Cosmopolitan society of Greater New York when 20 white girls and women sat beside negro men and women. Social equality and intermarriage between the races were advocated.

Whether by accident or design, all of the white women in the three round tables reached the tables in Peck's restaurant, at No. 140 Fulton street, who studied in the same atelier—called her Mary. They knew that she was very poor and not very bright, but they came seldom to the restaurant they frequented. Now and then they met her carrying a two-sooty bottle of milk and half a loaf of bread. She was described as talented. And now the police are trying to find out who her family is while Mary's body lies in the morgue.

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THREE MEN WERE SELF MADE KINGS

Eli Jennings, Peter Green and Harden Hickey.

Men Who Seized Little Remote Islands in the Ocean—Sag Harbor Family Still a Ruling Dynasty.

When the earth shall dissolve and the heavens roll up like a scroll and all things human answer the call that John on Patmos heard in his vision the tally of kings will make them the very little kings who ruled handfuls of acres will rub dismembered shoulders with the Caesars and shake their heads of honor or confusion with Barbarossa and Charlemagne.

Because the chronicles of the very little kings who have lived recently or who still live cannot find an audience for his single recitation, this story would be long enough to view the history of the world. King Eli Jennings I, of Quirós Island, of King Harden Hickey of Tristan da Cunha all into the one mould.

King Eli Jennings I was once a near neighbor to New York. He was born and raised at Sag Harbor in the old days when every boy at the eastern end of Long Island became the skipper of a ship of war and a cocky's helper on a whaler in reality. Eli was one of these. He went away to sea before his beard began to grow, and he was a plain sailor for years before he assumed the regal dignity over a parcel of brown men down in the South Pacific.

He rose to be captain of a whaler. When he was in Apia in the early '80s, at a time when there were not two dozen white men in Samoa, he "tasted" of the Southern lotos and that put an end to his whaling days for all time. The man from Sag Harbor married the daughter of a Samoan chieftain. They lived in Apia for about ten years and then the restless Sag Harbor man bethought himself of being a king.

That was easy in those days. There were plenty of principalities lying around. Eli chose the island of Quirós, called Oloesaega in the Samoan tongue, one of the Tokelau group. It is about one mile in diameter, surrounded by a reef outside and containing an almost circular lake within. To this little strip of land, Eli and his wife and subjects betook themselves.

Eli set himself as king under the title of Eli I. All of the hundred odd Samoans who accompanied him to this little strip of land in the target of Oloesaega were sweet, lovable men and women. They didn't care if Eli was a king or not; they were amenable to any rule, after the manner of their race.

There was enough coconuts on the island to make it worth while for the trading schooners to call occasionally for a cargo of copra. Eli collected the money for the island and kept it in the royal treasury. His subjects did not mind, for of what use was gold and silver coin to a people who had no trade with the outside world? Eli and his wife and children lived happily. He died full of years and content.

But trouble came when Eli II, his eldest son, occupied the throne of his father. The people were not so easily won and sweet tempered as any of his mother's people, but the old Satan that lurks in the heart of a man kept it in the surface in the new king's brother. He was a rake and a ne'er-do-well. He drank rum at the promptings of his Long Island ancestry, and when he was drunk that vile white island was all that came into his mind. He was a prince and the rest of the inhabitants.

The climax came when Eli II, sent a frigate captain to take him off the island. He was not a good king. The threat was sufficient to drive the troublesome prince off the island for good. Since the death of the king, Eli Jennings has continued to rule over Quirós undisturbed.

Away on the black rock of Tristan da Cunha ruled Peter Green very much as Eli Jennings ruled in Quirós.

About 1865, when those on the island were about disheartened and ready to leave by the next sailing ship, that came put in came Peter Green, an Englishman. He was a man of giant frame, indomitable will and a remarkable ability.

Conditions are going to get worse in the south before they get better. When the colored man get educated the whites in the south will have to recognize them as their equals. A great outburst of applause and hand clapping greeted this statement. The speaker continued:

THE ONLY SOLUTION.

"What must the remedy be? To let things remain as they are is unsatisfactory; it is impossible; then it must be amalgamation and education. Intermarriage if continued long enough would solve this race problem. The applause that this received was not stopped for several minutes.

Miss Ovington did not touch upon race equality as bluntly as Mr. Holt had done. Still she grew enthusiastic when she got to speaking, and said: "I like to think that we are going to eat with and stand up with our colored brothers and sisters whenever and wherever we meet them or whenever we can. I believe it would be a terrible state of affairs when the negro gave up any of his rights, and I should like to see the white man who would believe that he should never be satisfied until his equality is recognized. The power of love overcomes hate and brings peace to all cases together. I should like to think that our society stood for the Union of Brotherhood among all human beings."

The efforts of the young woman evidently pleased her hearers. They cheered and clapped when she sat down. Dr. O. M. Waller, a negro, who is secretary of the Cosmopolitan society, presided.

NEGO GALLANT WINS FAVOR

These young women were Miss Isabel Eaton and Miss Marion Doolittle.

They laughed and chatted with the men and women at the banquet.

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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.

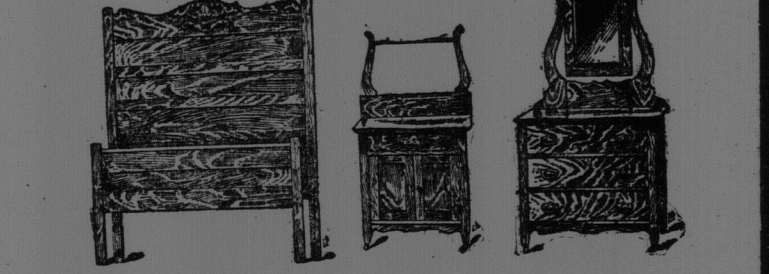
D. MAGEE'S SONS,

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

SAVE MONEY.

After the hard winter everyone wants to save. The way to do it is by visiting my two beautiful sample rooms where there are full lines of FURNITURE, CARPETS, OILCLOTHS and LINOLEUMS.

I invite the people of the city and county to inspect my stock. The prices will speak for themselves. I need only mention a few lines.



This cut is of a 2-piece suite. Price \$11.75 Others up to \$60.00. Parlor Suits, \$15.75 to \$65.00; Lounges 3.75 up; Couches \$2.75 up. If goods are not satisfactory, money refunded.

J. MARCUS,

30 Dock Street.

TRANSVAAL TERMINATIONS.

In perusing the names of South African towns in the daily newspapers many must have noted the word "Termination," which appears so often. This word is the English translation of the Dutch word "afsluiting," which means "closure" or "termination." It is a word which is used in many different contexts, but in the context of South African towns, it refers to the termination of a town's status as a municipality. This is often done by the government, and it is a process that is often controversial.

STICKING TO THE DISAGREEMENT.

It is the man who can stick to the disagreeable job, do it with energy and vim, the man who can force himself to do good work when he does not feel like doing it—in other words, the man who is master of himself, who has a great purpose and who is not easily discouraged, whether he feels like it or does not feel like it—that wins.

It is easy to do what is agreeable, to keep at the thing we like, and are enthusiastic about; but it takes real grit to try to put our whole soul into that which is distasteful and against which our nature protests, but which we are compelled to do for the sake of others who would suffer if we did not do it.

To go every morning with a stout heart and an elastic step, with courage and enthusiasm to work which we are not fitted for and were not intended to do, work against which our very natures protest, just because it is our duty, and to keep this up year in and year out require heroic qualities—Success Magazine.

IN FAR-OFF DOYOT.

The Sphinx, when appealed to, just laughed.

And said, "You're not lacking in craft. You want me to tell you who I am? Well—Then she mentioned a name. Was it Taft?"

But there! there's no use of your trying to pun the half-lady-half-lion.

I don't feel that I can reveal who'll be the man. So I'll leave you to guess. Was it Bryan?"

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