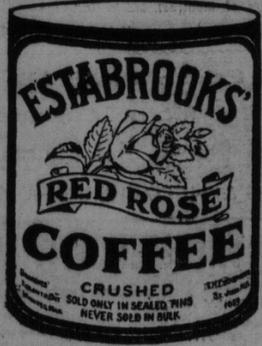


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CITIZENS GREATLY PLEASED; ADVANCE VIEW OF EXHIBITION BUILDINGS SHOWS BIG CHANGE

The 4,000 People Who Inspected the Dominion Fair Plant Yesterday Afternoon Were Favorably Impressed With What They Saw--Great Improvements in Grounds, Buildings and Equipment.

Manager Good and the members of the executive committee of the exhibition association were at home to visitors on the exhibition grounds yesterday afternoon between 4 and 6 of the clock. Mr. Good and his band of boomers seem to be great favorites with the ladies. At any rate the grounds and buildings were gay with the millinery of the fair sex. Over 3,500 tickets were issued to parties anxious to avail themselves of the opportunity to attend Manager Good's reception, and have a look at the improvements effected in the buildings and the grounds.

The sun had taken a holiday in honor of the occasion, but Mr. Good being there with his youthful and radiant smile, it was not greatly missed. Through the main entrance, transformed by the creation of booths for the ticket sellers out of its historic associations, the ladies with here and there a stroller, poured in a stream of beauty, and flowed over the buildings and grounds, babbling like many brooks their admiration of the transformation effected in everything by the magic of money dribbling through the hands of the City Fathers. And here, there and everywhere, Manager Good with his merry men fitted about the green buildings, looking as wise as a magician and as pleased as Punch.

Great Improvements Wrought. The erection of the new buildings, and a grand stand, a liberal application of paint of many colors, the grading of the grounds, and the construction of the boulevard which city fathers Vanwart and Jones both claim as the offspring of their fruitful imaginations, have effected wonders in the appearance of the place, and there was little to mar the beauty of the view which extended over to the hills of Nova Scotia, looming hardly in the offing, except the unpicturesque steel tanks of the Canadian Oil Company, some stretches of unpainted picket fences, Manager Good calling down the master painter because some steps had not been painted, and Col. Sturdee standing disconsolate upon the site of the vanished battery.

Everything about the show plant this year has been arranged to harmonize with the magnificence and magnitude of the ladies' hats, and evidently the color scheme has been arranged with the same purpose in view. The Directors Surprised. Not only was a surprise in store for the general public, but a few of the directors of the exhibition themselves, whose duties had prevented them following the building operations closely, were astounded with the radical changes in the noticeable feature on entering the inner area of the grounds was the elimination of the old battery with its land-

mark cannon and powder magazines. With a new line of buildings and against this space, the ground level, and grass-grown, a long easy boulevard to the rear of it overlooking the bay and the absence of a grandstand on the northern side of the field, the general appearance of the barrack green was almost entirely new. Furthermore the new wing 150,000 feet adjoining the main industrial buildings put a novel aspect upon the place. Fresh paint in a well-conceived color scheme, a wide-lined parade ring, graded field and new fencing showed up the buildings and surroundings in a new aspect not before seen there--indeed as they had possibly never expected to see them.

Cattle Accommodations Commended. Members of the Exhibition Association were visiting in their endeavors to make the afternoon an interesting one for the many visitors. President A. O. Skinner, the vice-presidents, Manager Good and various committee men ushered groups from building to building, pointing out the new features. While the fine new structure in the main industrial group commanded much attention with its three spacious floors and the new grand stand was a successful feature, the cattle accommodations de luxe brought forth most commendation. The modern make-up of the structures, the fresh water facilities in every stall, protection from the weather, undercover conveniences for sightseers and the lighting of the sheds, etc., by electricity elicited much praising comment. This year everybody seemed pleased to learn the cattle may be viewed after dark, a privilege not heretofore enjoyed. Business men, clerks and numerous other busy folks will be especially glad to know this.

Twenty-Three Acres of Space. On the whole, the thousands of people yesterday seemed assured beyond doubt of the success of the big Dominion exhibition, if preparation of the buildings and grounds stood for anything, to say nothing of their up-to-dateness and convenience. In all the space to be devoted to the fair in September, over 23 acres are computed. The parent structures, the new poultry accommodations in year of the exhibition, the excellent barn for thoroughbred horses, the renovated drill shed, agricultural building, restaurant, etc., seemed ready for occupancy tomorrow. Painting, cleaning and carpentry, even decorations are far advanced, and some enterprising exhibitors are at work on their booths. Prior to the arrival of the crowds the directors called a meeting of the executive to formally state what progress had been made in the arrangements.

HOW DOCTOR REMOVED HEART OF LIVING MAN AND SEWED IT

Remarkable Case of Surgery in Philadelphia--Man Stabbed With Pair of Shears Lives Two Days After Wonderful Operation.

Philadelphia, Aug. 9.—There were shouts, scuffling of feet and the shrill of police whistles from the boardwalk house in S. 10th street in the dead of night. An ambulance clanged and bounded over the cobblestones four blocks to the Pennsylvania hospital, inside was a moaning, stabbed negro. From the man's left side gushes of red fountain whose stream rose and fell, splashing on the dusky skin, flowing over the glass and nickel of the operating table to the dazzling white tiled floor.

The red pool on the white floor spread wider. The attendants stifled the red fountain in the breast as best they could with cotton and lint. Then the chief surgeon came in at a half trot, pulling on his white coat as he ran. There was no drowsiness in his eyes, though five minutes before he had been sleeping soundly in his bed. "Stabbed in the heart with a pair of shears," the police sergeant had phoned. A call of that description left no time to waste.

The operating room was quiet, save for the faint moaning of the dying man. The negro's flesh was turning livid like an old bruise, as the fountain in his breast drained his arteries. A cluster of lights hung low over the table. The white room with its gleaming glass and metal, the red pool, spreading out on the white floor, the sluggish drip from their red, the white-clad attendants and their red splattered pants, the naked, grayish figure on the table, the red, sodden compressed tied to the dusky side with a white band—that was the picture the room presented.

One of the attendants pressed a cone of ether over the negro's nostrils. The other sprang to life a supine wrist for the pulse, and with his other hand removed the bandage. The surgeon turned from the tap with dripping hands and uprolled sleeves, deftly picked a glittering knife from the glass stand, waited an instant until the moaning ceased, and the right limb relaxed under the anesthetic's spell, then with one firm stroke cut a deep slit along the dark side, and through the red jet, five inches long. The geyser letter forth again, dyeing the surgeon's hand, wrist and knife. He methodically rubbed his palm dry

of his white coat, splashed the knife with the antiseptic solution to cleanse it, and then with deft, little jabs, parted the muscles under the gash he had made in the sooty surface. Another spurt of blood stained his hand. He was working between the jettings, between heart beats, now for the lives of two men—the man on the table and the man who had wielded the shears. As the red fountain subsided the surgeon's left hand went to the negro's side through the cut, four fingers and palm to the thumb. The hand turned, prying the ribs apart. The fingers groped and worked and then the hand drew back.

In the froth and red confusion with the gash the attendants saw something darker, something more solid that flexed and spurted out a red jet that cleared the glass table and splattered upon the white floor. The surgeon was holding a beating heart on the palm of his hand. The heart was beating very slowly now as life ebbed—one beat every two-third seconds.

The fountain ebbed. The surgeon's right hand reached out for the threaded needle, and when the organ was relaxed, he thrust the slim poniard down in, twisted it for a second stitch as a seamstress gathers the fabric with her needle, then drew it out. The attendant helped pull back the organ, the gut thread—the gut that was to be absorbed into the heart substance when the wound healed.

For an instant the heart quivered, as though it felt pain, twitched to the very edge of paralysis and death, then relaxed and flexed into its beat, squirting a warm stream over the surgeon's wrist as one might squeeze water from a leaky rubber ball. The point of the shears had penetrated the lower left ventricle of the heart, making a wound a half inch long on the heart surface and a quarter inch on the inner surface of the heart chamber. The vital muscle is thick at this point. Eight stitches were necessary to close the puncture and cap the jet, three underneath, five above, the surgeon working between beats, each beat bathing his hand and wrist in the man's warm blood. The final stitch taken, the ends of the thread were pulled to close the wound tight. Again the spasm of re-

RAMSEY WILL PLAY SHORT IN WOODSTOCK

St. John Man Will Play the Position in the Game Between Woodstock and Waterville Today.

Today will be the big baseball day in Woodstock when the Woodstock team will battle with the Waterville, Maine, team.

This season Woodstock has made great strides in the baseball line and has gathered a team that is one of the finest organizations east of the big league centres. With the great Peasley, the pitcher who has been signed for the Detroit for next season, the Carleton County team have advanced in a wonderful manner. Enough money was obtained by subscriptions early in the season to maintain a good bunch of players and build an artificial baseball park, and the energy displayed by the promoters of the game has borne fruit in such a successful manner that it looks as if baseball had struck the Carleton County town to stay.

The Waterville who are to make their first appearance in New Brunswick today when they meet Woodstock are a professional nine and one of the leading Maine teams. It promises to be a great event in Woodstock and the game has been the talk of the town and surrounding country for some time. The Woodstockers are in the finest trim and have been practicing hard for the battle which they will use every endeavor to win.

THE COURTS

CHANCERY COURT. The case of Jones, executor of the last will of Catherine Murdoch, vs. St. Stephen's church of this city, the eastern section of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, and the Natural History Society of New Brunswick, was before Chief Justice Barker in Chambers yesterday afternoon.

W. A. Ewing, K.C., appeared for the executor; MacRae, Sinclair & MacRae and Dr. W. B. Wallace, K.C., for St. Stephen's church; H.D. Forbes and M. G. Teed, K.C., for the eastern section of the Presbyterian Church; J. Roy Campbell and Dr. A. O. Earle, K.C., for the Natural History Society.

This case involves the construction of that clause in the will of the late Catherine Murdoch whereby she left \$1,000 to the aged and infirm ministers' fund in connection with Saint Stephen's Church, St. John, N. B., and the residue of her estate to be divided between St. Stephen's Church and the Natural History Society of New Brunswick.

There is no such fund in connection with St. Stephen's church, but there is in connection with the eastern section of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. Counsel for St. Stephen's church contend that this bequest creates such a fund.

Counsel for the eastern section of the Presbyterian Church contend otherwise and that the money should go to that body. Counsel for the Natural History Society contend that under the true construction of the will neither of the above are entitled to the bequest, but that the money should form part of the residuary estate.

The witnesses examined were Judge Forbes, William Ewing, Kenneth MacRae and John Willet. This concluded the evidence. No decision was given. His Honor wishing to further examine the proceedings.

DUKE AND MISS ELKINS WILL WED, IS REPORT

Paris, Aug. 9.—A special from Rome to the Petite Republique says that the hostility of the royal family to the marriage of the duke of the Abruzzi and Miss Katharine Elkins has been withdrawn and that the official announcement of their engagement will be made shortly.

Miss Elkins and her mother have been in Europe for several months. Latterly they have been staying at Toblach, Austria, and recent reports have had it that the duke of the Abruzzi, who is now director general of the arsenal at Venice, has made many motor trips from his headquarters to the Austrian retreat of Miss Elkins.

flex quiverlines, at the hair line that separates the living from the stilled heart. Then the knot was tied, the thread snipped off, the surgeon's hand removed. The heart slid back to its place, the assistant sewed up the surface gash, while the surgeon washed his hands at the tap. "He lost a lot of blood, doc." "Do him good," said the surgeon. "Inflammation not so likely to set in." He buttoned up his street coat and went home to finish his night's sleep.

The negro was able to talk to his friends next day. But staying at home did set in. The shears had left their poison. Two days later the negro—his name was Jos. Spence, aged 23—suddenly died in his hospital bed. But for the inflammation his recovery was certain. The marvel is that he lived two days.

At the time of his death another negro who had been stabbed to the heart was discharged from the Pennsylvania hospital, cured. Dr. Francis T. Stewart is the surgeon who performed both operations, and who has sewed up at least eight other such hearts. Some of the patients have lived. Some died, not during the operation, but afterward, when the heart muscle inflamed from the poison left in it by the weapon. Dr. Stewart is young, with pallid, bony, smooth-shaven face. His eyes look old and tired. He dresses rather roughly. His office is among the poor of Philadelphia. He seldom smiles, and he makes it a point never to talk about his work. The story of the operation was told by one of the attendants.

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GANS IS VANQUISHED IN BOUT WITH DEATH

Baltimore, Aug. 10.—Joe Gans, the former lightweight champion pugilist, died at his home here this morning. Gans died of consumption, which manifested itself about a year ago. Late last spring he went to Arizona with the hope of restoring his health, but the disease had been too deeply seated and he declined rapidly. He was brought here last week to die. He was 34 years old.

Joe Gans' true name was Gant, the name Gans having been fastened upon him early in his ring career by a mistake of a referee.

He began his ring career in 1894, but prior to that time he had made a name for himself about a fish market in this city, where he was employed. His first fight for money is said to have brought him \$4. The largest purse for which he ever fought was \$33,000 in his first bout with Nelson. Of this Gans received but \$11,000, he having agreed to give Nelson the remainder, win, lose or draw.

Gans won the title of lightweight champion from Frank Erne, at Fort Erie, Ont., in one round in 1902, and lost it to "Battling" Nelson in 1903 in the seventeenth round.

THE RAILROAD KNOCKER

The man who knocks on the railroads belongs to the Lobsteria. As the railroads prosper we all prosper. When the shops shut down, orders for iron are cancelled, and the empty line the sidings, we are all up against it, and the bread-line forms.

Always in times of stress a vast number of people look to the Government for relief. But what shall we say of a Government which makes war on those who are now giving work to millions, and thereby assure us peace and prosperity? If the men in charge of our Government insist on being Business-Balters, the horse roar of the mob, demanding work or bread, will again be heard and women and children will be pushed defenseless into the storm. Business in this country gives work and wage to everyone who wants to work. Let business alone.

Ex-Parte actions against the railroads should be forbidden by the statute. Burglary, hold-ups, strong-arm tricks, rape, are all ex-parte proceedings. And what think you of the dignity of a President who resorts to an ex-parte action in order to gain a cheap and transient legal victory over a very important part of the people, whom he has sworn to protect in their legal rights.

The Railroads have only one thing to sell, and that is transportation, and the people of this country are willing and anxious to pay for the transportation all it is worth. We are not mendicants, and we ask for nothing at less than its value. He who tries to incite class-hatred and makes it appear that there is war on between the railroads and the people is a wicker-sham. The railroads thrive only as the people thrive.

Sons of Scotland Win. The Sons of Scotland baseball team defeated the La Tours in the league series on the West Side grounds last evening. The score was four to three and the game was one that was full of interest. The A. C. S. & Co. team are leading the league, and the Sons of Scotland are a good second, with an eye to the championship.

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