POOR DOCUMENT

MC 2034

Summer Shoes
For Children

Children's Black Kid Strap Slippers, Patent Tips sizes 5 to 7½ - - **75c.**

Children's Patent Strap Slippers, sizes 5 to 7½ **75c.**

Children's Vici Kid Strap Slippers Patent Tips, sizes 8 to 10½ - - - - **85c.**

Children's Patent Strap Slippers, sizes 8 to 10½ **85c.**

Children's Slippers in Tan Calf **$1.10, $1.25 $1.35**

Children's White Canvas Shoes.

Children's Barefoot Sandals.

Waterbury & Rising
King St. -:- Union St.

TWO BIG SELLERS:
Our 10c Long Cloth, yard wide.
And Our 10c Lawn, 40 inches wide.
Also White Waistings, White Duck, Foy. Ginghams.
A. B. WETMORE, 59 Garden St. Fly Screen, 6c yd. Cheese Cloth, 5c "

Well Fitting Clothes
$10 Clothes to fit the "big" man, the "small" man, the "medium" man at prices that fit every sized man. $20
W. J. HIGGINS & Co. 182 Union Street.

Wood Working Factory
OUR MOTTO: Prompt delivery. Satisfaction guaranteed. Anything in wood for Building Purposes.
HAMILTON & GAY
Phone 211 St. John. N. B.

DECLINES TO TAKE ACTION

A special meeting of the council of the Board of Trade was held yesterday for the purpose of considering the project of damming Tobique.

The meeting was called at the instance of W. F. Hatheway, M. P. P., who asked that a committee be appointed to look into the matter.

It is understood that considerable opposition to the scheme is being urged by local mill owners, who see in the damming of the river added expense in the bringing down of logs. The sportsmen also are putting up a strenuous kick, as they fear that with the construction of the proposed work the depletion of the river of salmon. The Board of Trade decided not to take any action in the matter.

WELL GUARDED THERE.

Visitor—"Oh, don't you lock the back of the house?

Host—No need to. There's always a policeman in the kitchen.

Mother—Your conscience will tell you when you're naughty.

Little Mabel—Yes, but will it tell you?

KIDNEY DISEASE
COMES ON QUIETLY.

Perhaps no other organs work harder than the kidneys to preserve the general health of the body and most people are troubled with some kind of Kidney Complaint, but do not suspect it. It may have been in the system for some time. There may have been backaches, swelling of the feet and ankles, disturbances of the urinary organs, such as brick dust deposit in the urine, highly colored scanty or cloudy urine, bladder pains, frequent or supressed urination, burning sensation when urinating, etc.

Do not neglect any of these symptoms, for, if neglected they will eventually lead to Bright's Disease, Dropsy and Diabetes.

On the first sign of anything wrong Doan's Kidney Pills should be taken. They go to the seat of trouble, strengthen the kidneys and help them to filter the blood properly and flush off all the impurities which cause kidney trouble.

Miss Albertha B. Clarke, Stony Creek, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with kidney trouble for several years; my back was weak, I had such terrible headaches, and was so restless I could not sleep at night and tried everything without any benefit. Meantime a friend advised me to try Doan's Kidney Pills, so I got four boxes and they completely cured me. I now feel as well as I ever did and would advise everyone suffering from Kidney Disease to try them."

Price 50 cts. per box, or 3 for $1.25, all dealers or The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

When ordering specify "Doan's."

WOMEN BUY 'DREAMS' OF SMUGGLED GOWNS

NEW YORK, June 10.—The rights of women were stoutly defended at today's session of the marshal's sale of smuggled sartorial effects in the Custom House.

A "Mrs. Wilkie" carried off the topliner of the whole display right from under the noses of the haughty agents of Omaha. Chicago and Sixth avenue dealers. It was a princesse lingerie frock, covered with lace and hand-embroidery, and cost her $205.

"Mrs. Wilkie" also bought another lot which seemed to be coveted by nearly every one present. After a spirited contest, in which she fought gallantly against half a dozen men, the auctioneer knocked down to her, for $105, a Dolly Varden printed chiffon directoire, built over pink silk, which the marshal said would take at least fifteen years off the age of any woman who wore it.

As for that wonderful pink crepon bath robe lined with pink silk, it was announced officially that no man need bother to bid on it, for he couldn't get it if he did. Two or three of the agents paid no attention to the order, however, and rushed into the competition One of them offered $34 for the creation, but the auctioneer didn't seem to hear him. Miss Donohue got it for $29.

While these incidents really occurred, and were interpreted as evidences of the chivalrous attitude of the marshal toward the patient creatures who had cheerfully waited in the corridor for nearly two hours, in order to be sure to cinch the front seats, it cannot be denied that in nearly every struggle for something that was considered worth while, the Omaha and Sixth avenue and Chicago persons were victorious.

The vast majority of private purchases were forced to content themselves with such souvenirs as two silk tassels for 25 cents, or fifteen yards of gold and silver banding on cream net for $9, or seven ornaments of jet and metal, or four small pieces of dress goods, with here and there a waist pattern, which the dealers didn't want, or an unmade coat.

The sale netted $5637.50. The rumor was freely circulated about the Custom House that the initials of some of the most prominent people in New York were found on the lots that have been withdrawn from the sale, and that detectives are using them as clues to run down the smugglers. Collector Loeb did not deny that this was so.

Jones—He's a host in himself.

Brown—Yes, I know. One of those fellows who invites you to sit in at a little party, and then lets you pay the bill.

The Chinese will have nothing to do with either pins or walking sticks.

BOARDING HOUSE SIGNS.

Little Things That are Marks of the Perfect Landlady.

"Really, you never know anything aboutt the capabilities of your husband until he gets an opportunity of revealing himself," was the somewhat bromidic way the young married woman began. "Now, recently, we've been hunting for a boarding house. When we were first married I used to demand my husband's services on a boarding house hunting expedition simply as an escort, but nowadays I take him along as a court of first and last authority.

"Hypercritical? Why, he has the most finical fancies about things that I never dreamed of. He can tell by merely looking at the outside of a boarding house how it will turn out on inspection.

"We approached one corner house that we had on our list .He stood off and looked it over, and then he said:

"'Landlady'll want about a hundred a month for the second story front and eighty a month for the third story front if those two rooms are vacant. There's a doctor tenant of the parlor floor, and of course he's the star of the plant and gets all the favors and things. Guess we'll pass this place up.

"I wanted to investigate the place, and so we went in. The landlady was a snuffy little creature with an auburn wig and we hadn't been over the threshold two minutes before she began to brag about the doctor person who inhabited the parlor floor. She wanted a hundred a month for the second story front and eighty a month for the third story front, precisely as my husband had predicted. My husband gave me the getaway signal and we left.

"That's the way it went throughout the search. He noticed a couple of unkempt youngsters sliding down the step railings of one house.

"Nothing doing as to this — house not cleanly," was his offhand verdict, and we went in. He was right. The house was dirty.

"We mounted the steps of several houses that looked really nice, but there'd be something dingy and shabby about the vestibule or hall, and this observant husband of mine would immediately whisper to me that the place wasn't going to do. We had almost selected one place and were making the usual inquiries about the table when an overpowering aroma of cabbage swept through the hall as the door leading to the basement stairs was opened.

"'Well,' he told the landlady right promptly then, 'we've got another place on our list to look at not far from here, and we'll just step over there, and if——' and so on.

"When we got outside he said, 'I'll bet it's a bum table at that house or they'd keep that cabbagy smell tied up,' and later on I found out from a woman friend who'd lived at that very boarding house that the table was very bad.

"The place that he finally picked out didn't impress me at first, but it proved to be a fine place, and we'd be there yet if the landlady hadn't given up the lease. I asked my husband just why he had picked this place out.

"'Because,' he replied, rather elaborately for him, 'the landlady herself was scrupulously clean. Because she wasn't effusive. Because she wasn't landladyish. Because the front steps, the vestibule and the hall were neatly kept. Because there wasn't any kids running about in front. Because the house smelled sweet. Because there were clean Swiss curtains in the basement windows. Because there were no heads poked out of rooms to examine our makeup when we were being shown around. Because the landlady didn't glibly tell us that she put the very best in the market on her table, or inform us what prices she paid for eggs and chops and things. Because of a hull lot of other things.

"That gave me an idea I had never possessed before as to my husband's powers of observation."

DISMEMBERED BODY OF MAN DISCOVERED

NEW YORK, N. Y., June 10.—The dismembered body of a man, with the head missing, was found by the police here tonight, neatly done up in two bundles of brown paper and black oilcloth. The bunles had been left in charge of a small boy by a stranger who had promised him five cents to watch them till he came back. The officers' attention was attracted by the sniffling and snarling of a small Chinese terrier.

The bundles were taken to the nearest station house. On the wrappings was written in letters of red, three inches high: "Black Hand."

There were four stab wounds in the chest of the body, to of which would have been immediately fatal.

WAS GOING DOWN FOR THE LAST TIME

Karl Brown, aged six, and Frank Stackhouse, aged eight years, were playing on Clarke's wharf, West End, at 5.30 p. m. yesterday afternoon when the former fell into the water. The cries of both boys soon attracted the attention of George Palmer and Jack Sweet. Palmer didn't hesitate but plunged into the water as he was going down for the last time.

Palmer and Sweet carried the unconscious boy to his father's house at 320 Prince street, West Side. Dr. L. N. Curren was fortunately passing and promptly attended to the still unconscious boy.

PILES Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles. See testimonials in the press and ask your neighbors about it. You can use it and get your money back if not satisfied. 60c, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.
DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.

Eat That Left Over Food!
Cheat Garbage Can of It!

What is the garbage worth before it becomes garbage?

Taking an inventory of almost anybody's can, we will find that it contains legitimate spoils.

We will probably discover three or four baked potatoes, or some which have been mashed or escalloped. And potatoes are $1.00 a bushel.

As to bread, that does certainly fill up a garbage can in a shocking manner. It won't hide itself by mixing up with other things. Six Parker house rolls stare at us. They dried up and had to be thrown away. They cost 6 cents, we remember. Then there is a half loaf of bread, 3 cents. French bread WILL grow stale over night we explain to our conscience; and we try not to see the many pieces of cold toast.

But these are inexpensive trifles compared to what comes next. For behold the tails of two porterhouse steaks, paid for at the rate of 25 cents per pound; and the end of a boiled ham, 15 cents per pound;; and part of that leg of lamb which cost $1.35.

That was sheer carelessness we admit. We simply for got it was in the icechest and ordered fresh beef from the market. By the time we remembered the lamb, it was too old to use.

Perhaps not all of these things are to be found at the same time in every garbage can. But it is a pitiful truth that many cans would offer a much more shameful tale.

The woman who does her own work isn't always more careful than the hired cook when it comes t othe handy process of "dumping out" the leftovers. And all of them might once have been made into attractive dishes.

The baked potatoes could have been

creamed, a half cupful of grated cheese added, put into a buttered bake dish and baked 20 minutes.

The mashed potatoes could have been used as croquets with the cooked "tails of steaks" chopped fine, and one egg.

The end of boiled ham could have been ground, mixed with cream sauce, the cold toast dipped into mixture to heat and soften it, and the whole served on a deep platter garnished with sliced hard-boiled eggs.

The leg of lamb would have been delicious served cold in thin slices, with mint sauce.

The bread one cannot use in any other way, can always be dried thoroughly, then ground and put away in a clean empty oatmeal box. It is then ready for breading fish or veal and can be used for stuffing for meats and for many other purposes.

Cold vegetables can always be used in vegetable soup, combined with leftover meat broths. Or they can be served cold with lettuce, as a salad.

Many a good meal has been thrown into the garbage can.

HIS DEFENCE WAS PERFECT.

Showing That You Can't Lose at Home if You Win Elsewhere.

You can't lose at home when you win elsewhere. This isn't cryptic.

Just to prove that it isn't meant to be cryptic: This man got home at 3 o'clock the other morning. His package was only of medium size, but it was obvious. His wife was sitting up in bed bolstered by both pillows. The skirmish was on immediately.

"You're keeping it up, aren't you?" she began.

"What, the pew rent?" said he, with a feeble attempt at gayety. "I didn't know I sent 'em a check. Did I?"

'Oh, you're funny this time, are you? Well, I'd rather have you come home in your regular ruffian's mood. That seems more natural."

"Uh-huh. Let's fan it over in the morning—I mean at getting up time. I'm all for the hay now."

'Oh, there's nothing to fan over, as you call it—nothing whatever. You know just how things stand: I have only to add that you'll be lumbering in here in this condition some morning to discover that you've lost your home."

"Sounds good to me. This thing of paying rent has been getting my Angora for a long time now."

'What's that that rolled out of your trousers pocket? It's a poker chip!"

"Be'jee, so it is! A dollar chip, too, that I forgot to cash in!"

'Oh, you're very airy about it, aren't you? Me wearing a miserable old three dollar and a half hat that I have to smother with a veil to keep folks from laughing at me, it's been so warped out of shape already by the wet weather You out playing poker and drinking with a lot of low lived rowdies till after 3 o'clock in the morning!"

"Poker isn't playing. It's working."

"If it was working you wouldn't have anything to do with it, for all the trifling, ambitionless——"

'These feathers feel pretty good. Suppose we postpone the rest of it till breakfast, eh?"

"We'll do nothing of the sort. I'd like to become acquainted with the sound of my own voice once in a while, and goodness knows it sounds strange enough to me, I have so little use of it, with nobody around to talk to, and I don't wonder you don't feel like talking after bellowing around for eight or ten hours over a poker table with a pack of loafers, and ——"

"Loafers, hey? Well your brother Jim must come under that head, because he was in. Lost the use of his pipes, too, saying 'That beats my two pair.'"

"Well, it's your fault if my brother was with that crowd of brutes. You are not content with making me miserable, but you are deliberately trying to ruin my youngest brother, and until he met you he was one of the nicest——"

"Ei-hum! Stop that kidding. Little Jamesey could teach me new stuff for fourteen years, and then I'd only be in the kindergarten compared with him."

"I don't believe he ever touched a card in his life until you——"

"Well, I never taught him to dish 'em from the middle and underneath the pack, that's a pipe, and he'd have tried to pull that stuff tonight if we hadn't all been there with the lamps on his moves.

"I don't know what you mean, but I do know that I'm in rags and tatters and I'm even ashamed to go to the market in the morning, and if you expect me——"

"Don't expect anything. Say, let's chop it and do that continued in our next thing, Sleepy."

"I've seen men going to the dogs, but I've never seen a man going so rapidly as you are. You haven't any more pride left than a grasshopper. You don't even brush your clothes any more There was a time when you had at least enough regard for me to——"

"Me for Morpheus. Let's cancel all dates for the present and make it twenty minutes for a new book. In the morning, I mean at breakfast, you can go as far as you like and write your own ticket; but it's getting along toward sun up now. Forget it, won't you?"

"I went down town to go through the stores this morning—yesterday morning, I should say—and I met Mrs. Neatwad, and she treated me to lunch, and I didn't have a penny in my pocket to treat her to ice cream soda, and when we came home she had to pay the carfares too, for I only had the nickel for my own fare home, and I was never so embarrassed and mortified in all my born days, and she's just the kind of a cat that will go around and tell everybody——"

"Why don't you beat her to it and tell everybody about it first? Well, good night—morning, I mean—doll heart!"

"Doll heart! I wish you wouldn't insult me with your sarcasm."

"Sarcasm nothing. Mean it. Every word of it. So long, angel face."

"It's perfectly contemptible for you to lie there and ridicule me after the way you have——"

"Who's ridiculing? Nothing of the sort. Let's go find old man Nid-Nod. Good-by, sweet."

"Me going around with my feet all but on the ground, and I've been just wild for a pair of those champagne colored street slippers, and I saw a pair in a window a couple of days ago for only $6, and I just stood there gawking at them like a fool, although I knew there wasn't a chance on earth that I'd ever get a pair, and——"

"Say, all kinds of queer things are liable to happen if you'll only let me get this sleep out of my system."

"Oh, yes, there's a lot liable to happen when my husband trots around with a lot of roysterers that have eight or ten times as much money to spend on themselves as he has; and if I were a man I'd just simply——"

"It didn't set me back any bundle to hold up my end with that bunch of fat-heads tonight. You watch little Sunlocks's smoke, that's all—he gets his'n once in a while."

"Oh, I suppose what you call breaking even satisfies you, but it's not often that you do even that, and if I didn't know any more about cards than you do, for all your boasted knowledge, I'd try beanbag or something that——"

"Tush and slush and things; if you'll only give me a chance to lay up a few lines of slumber——"

"Very well, but I'm telling you now that I simply must have $8 tomorrow—today, I mean—to get some little things that I had put aside at the stores, and——"

"Oh, stop talking about that chicken feed—eight dollars! I hate to listen to conversation about that sort of junk. How would eighty bucks suit you?"

"Eighty! Ha, ha! If I ever had eighty dollars in my hand all at one time, why, I'd become so crazy that—"

"Would, hey?"

At this juncture he darted out of bed and produced a bulgy, corpulent bundle from his tousers pocket.

"Well, eighty's just cigarette change. Here's a hundred and a half for yourself. I win a couple hundred more than that. Now go buy everything in New York. How about some sleep? Do I get any of the slumber now?"

"Pearie!"

"Huh!"

"Do you really mean to tell me that you won all that money and that you are giving me all this for myself, and that—— Well, you clever, crafty, smart old thing you! You old love! Well, of all things! My dear, I didn't mean a word of it about the boys, and you can have them up here for your little game whenever you want to, and I'll fix a nice supper for them," &c.

There's no chance on earth for you to lose at home when you win away from home.

CHATHAM, N. B., June 10.—Warren C. Winslow was stricken suddenly with heart trouble last night and for a time his life was in great danger. Happily he rallied and though still confined to his house, is reported much improved.

Specify

Brandram's B.B. White Lead
In The Contract

Make sure that your painter on your property uses only Brandram's B.B. Genuine White Lead—the standard White Lead of the world for over one hundred years.

It will pay you because it carries more Linseed Oil, and therefore has greater covering capacity and more durability than any other White Lead paint.

MADE IN CANADA BY 42
BRANDRAM-HENDERSON LIMITED.
MONTREAL — HALIFAX — ST. JOHN — WINNIPEG.

FOREST FIRES ARE DESTROYING THE HEART OF THE PROVINCE

Although little change was noticed in the fire situation yesterday, the flames are still raging and an enormous amount of territory is being burnt over. Encircling the villages in Carleton county, where the fires are most intense, is a dense pall of smoke received from every district. The conflagrations in a number of places have surpassed that during any previous great fire. Hundreds of men are vigorously fighting the flames, but only rain can be depended upon to subdue the fires and save the smaller villages from destruction.

Hartland is in the centre of the fire zone and everything possible is being done to stop the great rush of the flames.

It was reported yesterday that the fine farm dwelling and barns of Sam Cooke are burned, while it is known that many farms are in danger Last night the wind had died down considerably and the residents of the community are hoping against hope for rain [illegible]

Likewise reports tell of vastly increasing damage resulting from the flames in York County.

In the vicinity of Bird Settlement the woods are all on fire and it is reported that the residence of Leslie White has been burned. [illegible] A telephone message from Nappadogan is to the effect that some twenty miles of rich timber land along the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific is all on fire. Large forces of men are fighting the fires which are on land owned by the New Brunswick Land Co. and the Miramichi Lumber Company. The latter company tonight sent out four score of men from Boiestown to combat the flames. Fire is raging at Knowlan Settlement, Northumberland, and at Eel River, 40 miles up river In these districts the whole population are out working strenuously fighting, but with little result.

In Northumberland County the flames are making great progress and a valuable timber area is being destroyed.

Already the Bay du Vin bridge, an important link in highway communication, has fallen a prey to the flames which are raging on both sides of the highway as well as on both sides of Bay du Vin river. A telephone message from St. Margarets received here today states that villages in that vicinity are in serious and almost immediate danger that practically nothing can stop the flames and as the wind is high the worst is feared. Lands so far devastated were said to belong to Cunards.

NEWCASTLE, N. B., June 10.—The old station house at Ivery Crossing, one mile west of Nelson station, was burned today by forest fires. A fire is burning in Strathadam woods, just above Newcastle. The rest of Northwest Miramichi is apparently free from fire. Heavy fires in the direction of the Renous River. Roads between Chatham and Richibucto are impassable because of flames. Heavy fires are in Rogersville parisr.

In the towns on the border as well as in Maine the forest fires are still raging. It is reported that the damage will be enormous.

Don't Take A Sea Trip

Without Mothersill's Sea and Train Sick Remedy. It has recently been thoroughly tested on English and Irish channels and found absolutely reliable. Recommended editorially by such papers as London Daily Express, New York Herald, Montreal Herald and the Press generally in Great Britain. Write for booklet and press notices. For sale at all first-class druggists. Guaranteed perfectly harmless to the most delicate.

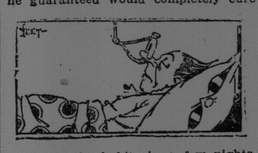
MOTHERSILL REMEDY CO.
248 Clelana Bldg., Detroit, Michigan.

For sale and recommended in St. John by A. Chipman Smith, G. A. Moore, Royal Pharmacy & G. A. Riecker.

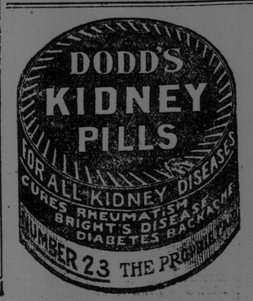
SNORE SILENCER BUNCO, CLAIMS $500 INTEREST.

New York, June 12—Davis B. Date, a Brooklyn inventor, was arrested on complaint of Henry Pferdekamp, a barber, who charges that Date defrauded him to the extent of $500.

Pferdekamp says that Date invented a device to attach to the noses of persons addicted to snoring and which he guaranteed would completely cure



them of the habit in a few nights. Pferdekamp interested himself when Date gave him a few off-hand statistics as to the number of snorers in the United States and showed how if only one-half of them should buy the anti-snoring machine there would be millions in its manufacture.



DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO KILL POLICEMAN

When Dennis Sullivan, very much exhausted, fell into the hands of Police Officer Ira erry near the Union station yesterday afternoon he waxed pugnacious, and drawing a clasp knife made to dismember the guardian of the peace. He had not reckoned, however, with his captor, who succeeded in warding off the first blow aimed at his throat and in so receiving the second that only a slight wound resulted. In the melee that folowed the weapon was wrested from the grasp of the infuriated Dennis by a pal and a fatality averted.

Subsequently Sullivan was taken to the central police station, where he will face a whole catalogue of charges.

DICKINSON'S LOSS WILL REACH $80,000

WOODSTOCK, June 10.—Information wired to the St. John dailies this morning of the fire at Dickinson's tannery was somewhat misleading. The tannery was owned by J. D. Dickinson & Son. The loss, $80,000, is correct. The insurance, $30,000, was not high enough, although the correct figures are not yet known. The fire department was not crippled owing to the fire engine going to the fire at Bath. The engine is never used at fires in town and is only reserved and kept in first class order in case of accident to the water system. Only five of the regular firemen went to Bath, and they left substitutes, who, with the other firemen, under Chief Bolger, and a good supply of water, were successful in keeping the fire from spreading, as nothing could save the tannery. Forest fires had nothing to do with the case, as the town has never been endangered by forest fires and could not possibly be, for the forests are outside the town limits and at such a distance that it would be impossible for sparks from such fires to do damage in town. The nearest forest fire was that back of the trotting park, now extinguished, that could not be reached from the nearest hydrants with thousands of feet of hose. Other fires are miles away.

Caller—Sir, I am collecting for a hospital for poets. Will you contribute something?

Editor—Wiht pleasure. Drop in tonight with an ambulance. I'll have some ready.—Judge.