JUNE -- THE MONTH OF MARRIAGES

IT IS THE HAPPIEST MONTH IN THE YEAR AND MOST HOPEFUL FOR THE FUTURE

There are many excited hearts in the world at this moment. This is the month of weddings.

The fathers and mothers, tearful but hopeful, see their children go out into the world to carry on its most important work, the continuation of the human race.

The young brides, full of happiness, ignorant of the world and of that deeply important work which devolves upon them, are filled with the beautiful, childish excitement of young girlhood. Their dresses, their bridesmaids, their young man's wonderful moustache or herculean proportions delight and entrance them.

The young men, soon to join the ranks of useful citizens and fathers, are nervous, excited—strange mixtures of modesty and boasting.

Little girls whose time has not yet come are twittering and fluttering. The unmarried young men at large look grand and haughty—their turn is not far off. Every good example does good work—every marriage means other marriages.

After the rice-throwing and the laughing and the weeping, today's bridesmaid talks for a few minutes and suddenly finds herself the engaged young girl with next June staring her in the face.

The human race does not appreciate the full meaning of marriage, its preliminaries in which Nature, with wonderful wisdom, selects the best samples for survival.

All over the country you hear of wise people—usually old—with plans for bettering the race and bringing about wiser marriages. They call it "Stirpiculture." And the solemn United States Government has recently seen submitted to its lawmakers some scheme for bettering marriage, improving conditions, etc.

But Nature knows more about stirpiculture, more about marriage and happy homes, and good babies, than all the stirpiculturists and scientists in the world.

The short little girl, nervous and timid, looks out of her pretty brown eyes at the big man with the wide shoulders, big muscles and self-confidence. Art might say to you, "The woman is too little and the man is too big." Nature says to the little girl, "Marry that big man." She does it, much to the big man's delight, and the next generation is of the average size once more.

The short little man, with the big head but thin legs, looks at the statuesque tall girl, gasps, mutters to himself, "Juno—how lovely!" and soon he is buying furniture, starting a savings bank account, reading books on infants—again Nature keeps up the average.

The good quality in a man is discerned with unerring accuracy by a young girl who knows nothing of the world. She can pick out sincerity in a human being, as no stiroiculturist can do. And, what is more, she can hand that sincerity down to the next generation.

Wonderful is marriage. And wise are the laws that make it binding, that recognize man's inferiority in morals and in faithfulness to woman.

Dear readers, do you realize why we have slowly progressed until from men that cracked each other's bones to get out the marrow, that murdered their old mothers and fathers to get them out of the way, and killed one-half their children, we have developed into beings almost civilized, almost worthy of the beautiful earth, of the marvelous future that cosmic wisdom gives to us?

We owe this progress—almost all of it—to the selection of mates, to the development of affection that precedes this wedding month of June, and that leads up to the happy marriages.

Why have men become gentler, more loyal? Because gentleness and loyalty are beautiful in the eyes of the best women. And savage men have gradually eliminated the worst traits in their character to obtain the greatest reward—the affection of the gentlest women.

Woman in turn has been elevated by her affection for her husband, and her love of her children.

The son of the fiercest man passes his babyhood in the arms of a gentle mother. Kindness is taught him by example before he can speak. And it is whispered into his ear when first his little brain begins to learn of the world about him.

Inevitably the race has improved, since the instincts of the roughest men have made them subdue themselves to please the gentle women, and since the intense mother love for children, with its mercy and self-denial, has been reflected upon every little growing child.

Young man and young women, read all that you can about the happy marriages this month. Look at the pictures of the brides, radiant and stately, of the bridegrooms, looking foolish but earnest, and realizing how unimportant they are.

Remember that during hundreds of centuries past men have lived and struggled and endured, gradually improving the world, gradually making possible the comforts, the freedom, the possibilities that you enjoy. Realize that your highest duty is to hand on to the future generations that which has been given to you.

You will find true happiness only in marriage, in children, in the knowledge that you have not broken the chain which connects you with the dark past of your race and all its glorious achievements.

Don't worry about money. A good wife will multiply an ordinary man's powers by five or by ten, often making a success of mediocrity.

Don't worry too much about beauty. Character, spirit, earnestness above all, are the qualities that the human race needs.

Young women, don't be too hard to persuade. Don't wait too long. Look for honesty, look for simplicity, earnestness, in young men!

All hail the beautiful month of June, its happy weddings—the hope of this world in the future.—Boston American Editorial.

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Dealer—Yes, ma'am, and they're going for little or nothing.

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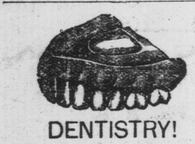

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Stale Brains.

Of course there is no future for stale brains or for a man who stands still and ceases to grow. He is old who thinks he is old and useless who thinks he is useless. When a man has ceased to grow he begins to die, and many people are half dead at fifty, not because of their age, but because of their mental attitude, because of the way they face life.

The Honeymoon Over.

"No one comes to see me," said she wearily, "like they did before I was married."

"Speaking of that fact," said he, "I used to call on you seven evenings in the week at that time. But I am as bad off as you—I now have nowhere to go."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

WHEN BRACE WAS CONVETED. - By Joe Raymond

Brace glanced dismally over the drear landscape and contrasted the reality with the bright dreams that had been his when he had first graduated.

Then his mind had been filled with visions of Caverly Brace, the distinguished civil engineer, modestly accepting the plaudits of the world as the creator of the great railway across South America, or disclaiming credit for the building of the Isthmian canal; a disclaimer not allowed even by his enemies.

But these golden dreams had quickly faded. The reality was the bossing of a construction gang over a particularly nasty bit of the projected Southwestern.

"I know that you are an engineer not a gang foreman," the chief of construction informed him, "but this stretch of track is going to give us more trouble than the rest of the road put together. We need an engineer on the ground constantly and we cannot afford both him and a foreman. It will give you experience that will fit you for the main office after the road is constructed," he had added significantly, and Brace had gone off with his crew cheered by the promise. The Southwestern would amount to something when it was built even though they were niggardly in its construction. It was to tap three new gold fields and vast stretches of desert reclaimed by irrigation dams.

His section included the divide, where the barrier between east and west was surmounted, and Brace at least escaped the monotony of the plains.

Along the track the fires blazed as the Italians cooked their evening meal, lighting up the dense green of the undergrowth beside the track. Perossa, his assistant foreman, walked up and down beside the camp train seeing that the men were content, and as he passed the engineer's car he looked up with a smile and a courteous gesture toward his cap. Brace smiled in return and tossed down one of his precious cigars.

"Everything all right, Perry?" he asked, employing the nickname he used to "humanize" the foreigner as he expressed it.

"Everything, Signor," was the response, "except that we may expect a delay shortly. It is a saint's day."

"Tell them to forget it," he advised. "We had three last month. We've got to get this stretch built in a hurry and we can't if they will insist on laying off every other day."

Perossa passed on down the track shaking his head. Brace watched him go, then, with a gesture of irritation he dropped from the car to the track and made off up a gulch that ran at angles to the right of way.

Presently he gave a start. There, ahead, was a tiny tent gleaming white in the fading light, with a little fire in front of the entrance. It would be a good thing to be able to sit down and smoke a pipe with a white man once more. This was probably some prospector. He pushed ahead with a cheery shout.

He was answered by a frightened cry as he broke through the brush, and from the fire, where she had been stooping, a girl looked up.

With stammering lips Brace made apology for the fright he had caused. "I wanted to talk to some one," he explained, wondering how it was that these Mexican girls could look so refined. This one had the grace of a princess.

"Now that you are here," smiled the girl, "will you not have a cup of coffee?"

His smile was answer enough as he made himself comfortable on one of the boxes that served as furniture.

"Are you not afraid?" he asked curiously. "There is a railroad camp nearby."

For answer she drew out a revolver, no pearl-handled affair, but a short .38. "I can take care of myself," she said significantly.

"Prospecting?" he asked, his glance roving in search of tools. The girl shook her head.

"You are Mr. Brace?" she asked. He nodded. "I am Nini Perossa," she explained. "I cannot travel with the camp, but it is nice to be here in the mountains; it is not hard to move and I have kept pace with you through the time you have been here. I would be lonesome in some big city for I do not understand your American ways. Now we can see each other frequently."

"It's about time he was along now, isn't it?" he asked.

"Not this evening," she explained. "He says that the men are uneasy, and that it is best he should be there to watch. Are you not a little hard onthem?"

"I think they are hard on me," he said, savagely. "We have lost five days in the last seven weeks. It means $1,000 a day."

"They are not paid when they do not work," she protested.

"And others cannot work who have to be paid," he reminded. "It is the delay that costs; not their wages."

"I did not realize that," she said, softly. "I know nothing of business."

"Be glad you do not," he said as he rose, "and thanks for a quiet half hour that has brought peace to a troubled brain."

"You are always welcome," she said, as he bent over her hand, but as he tramped back down the gulch he assured himself that it would not be well to visit again. It had been a chance episode, but he knew that the pure oval of the face and the flash in the lustrous eyes were stamped on his heart as well as his brain, and it is not well for a man to love the young wife of his foreman—and visit often.

More than once in the week that followed he caught his steps turning half unconsciously towards the ravine but he checked himself in time and turned away with many comments upon his own weakness.

It was partly this that contributed to his ill humor when the usual deputation waited upon him to announce that the particular saint of their province was to be venerated the second day following, and that they would be forced to wait work.

"The next fiesta," said Bruce quietly, "will be celebrated when the track is laid to the end of our section."

"But this one," pleaded the delegation. "Our patron."

"I don't care who the gentleman is," protested Brace. "I am getting tired of fiestas."

Perossa looked appealingly at him, but he saw the hopelessness of argument and with a glance at the men they turned away.

"What is there to be afraid of?" he laughed.

"The men," she said, soberly. "That refusal to permit them to celebrate has caused much bitter feeling."

"Why should I stop work," he argued, "to celebrate the birthday of a man who has been dead a thousand years? This is a rush job."

"They do not understand," she explained, "and you have affronted the memory of their patron."

"They'll take it out in talking," he laughed, "They always do."

"You will not do it?" she pleaded. "It means much to me."

"I'd like to, if you want it," he said slowly, "but it is impossible, and as for the men—"

The sentence was unfinished, for with a cry she threw herself upon him just as a report rang out. He could hear it cutting through the trees on the opposite side of the track.

Somehow, at the crisis, he could realize only the soft pressure of her body, her warm breath on his neck. Then she thrust a revolver in his hand, the same she had shown him at the camp, and he awoke to a realization of the situation.

"Run back to camp," she urged. "You will find some help and at least the protection of your car. They have sworn to kill you."

He held out his hand and together they raced down the track. The crew of the two work engines and half a dozen mechanics constituted the American element and they, marshaled by Perossa, came running toward them.

At their approach the pursuers halted for a moment and enabled Brace to join the party. Together they made their way back to the camp.

Brace's car stood a little apart from the others, and this was turned into a fort. Nini seized a gun, in spite of Brace's expostulation, and took her place at one of the windows.

For a time they held the mob at bay and even gained a little for they withdrew into the shelter of the nearest car, some thirty feet away.

With a gasping cry Nini darted toward the platform. Brace and Perossa followed to bring her back, but already her ringing cry had attracted the attention of the mob.

In Italian she called to them that at the first sign of movement she would shoot into the car. There was a momentary stir, but no one moved away from the group. In an instant they had realized what the threat meant. The car was the one in which was stored the dynamite to be used in blasting out the cut ahead of them. It had been brought up by the supply train that afternoon and had been shunted to a siding until a work engine could run it to the cut beyond.

The concussion of a shot might or might not explode the contents, but there was danger in taking chances. The mob cowered at the thought of what might happen and waited.

Nini paused a moment to judge the effect of her threat, then he went on. In simple sentences she explained how necessary it was that work should be pushed; how others were dependent upon their efforts. It was not in contempt for their patron, she declared, that Brace refused to grant a holiday. Surely the patron could not blame them for a work of necessity. She would erect an altar in the morning. It should be a fine one that any saint should be proud of. They would have an hour at noon instead of the usual half hour, and they would have a service. This she promised in the name of Brace.

Perossa, standing beside the engineer, translated roughly as she spoke and as she stopped speaking, he stepped forward. "Tell them I will burn candles to the saint," he said "That's the way of making apology isn't it?"

She translated the promise into Italian and with a shout they ratified the agreement. Perossa turned to his employer. "It is over," he said simply. "She has satisfied the men."

Brace sprang forward again, for now that the danger was over, Nini had fainted. He bore her in his arms to his own couch and laid her gently upon the rough blankets.

Perossa brought whiskey and water and presently she opened her eyes and smiled up into Brace's face.

"But they would have killed you," she exclaimed. Brace glanced around Perossa had gone to join the men and complete the pacification. Brace was sorry he had not remained.

"That would not have mattered much," he said with an ill-concealed attempt at carelessness.

"But it would," she cried with flushing face, "because—"

"Because what?" he asked, feeling much like a traitor.

"There are many who would have cared," she said softly. "I—and—others—perhaps someone far away."

"My parents are both dead," he said simply. Her glance rested upon the photograph tacked at the head of the bed. "My sister," he said simply.

There was no mistaking the smile of gladness that lit up her face. Brace turned away. He could not be a traitor to the man whose wife had saved their lives and yet he knew that he loved her.

"Mrs. Perossa," he said, trying to speak in ordinary tones. "We can never thank you enough."

"Mrs. Perossa—" she laughed. "He is my father. Did I not tell you that night in camp?"

"If you only had," he exclaimed. "For three days I have been tortured at the thought that I loved another man's wife, and tonight—"

She stretched out her hand. "He is my father," she explained. "He was the leader of the socialist plot and we had to flee. He could not get work suited to a Roman prince, for he never had learned to labor. He had to take this, yet we have been happy because we were together. Are you not glad that I am a princess?"

"I love you," he said simply. "It does not matter. Princess or peasant, that fact remains."

"I also," she confessed. "I shall burn many candles to the good St. Joseph, who has sent me so good a husband."

"He deserves electric lights," declared Brace as he kissed her. "Nothing less should do. If St. Joseph did this I am converted to fiestas."

How to Arrange Filmy Lace Neckwear

The soft lace collars and stocks and the transparent necks of lingerie blouses, which will be more in evidence in the next few months, must be held up trim and tight around the throat if they are not to look hopelessly untidy.

How to secure this effect is always a problem.

The transparent lacy collars is always a problem.

The transparent lacy collars, which cannot be strached, yet which are such bad style when allowed to drop into a tight string around the throat are particularly hard to manage. Bones, even the narrowest, show, and have, moreover, an unpleasant habit of pushing through their outer covering to direfully scratch the neck.

The little gold and silver collar supporters—some of them jeweled—and their many cheap imitations, are well liked by those who use them, but are by no means generally adopted.

For stocks that are transparent, yet not sufficiently starched to stay up without some aid, one young woman invented the scheme of slipping inside her collar just under the chin a stiff calling card. This kept the collar from getting that ugly sag in front which always detracts from a neat, well-groomed appearance.

Since boning is about the only practical method to keep up a collar, the new sets of bones covered and warranted not to push through, should prove a great convenience.

These sets consist of four bones graduated in size, with usually two sets on a card. They come just ready to be sewed on. This does away with the necessity of measuring, cutting off the bone and fastening the silk over the rough end, which has hitherto been the somewhat laborious method of boning a collar.

The sets, besides being graduated, come in different heights to fit long, short and medium necks.

Besides being easy to adjust and non-scratchable, this new boning has the merit of washing perfectly. It never rusts or warps.

Some women like extremely the stiffness made in the form of a separate collar to be worn under any gown. They certainly have the merit of convenience, also keep the outer collar very neat and smooth, but many object to the extra thickness they give around the neck. For, more than ever now, the really classic throat is the one that is long and very slender though well rounded. Therefore, all bunchiness in collar effects is to be rigorously avoided.

Bachelors to Get the Skiddoo

Ninety-seven marriageable spinsters in the village of Ecaussines, Belgium, have completed arrangements for the next bachelor party, which will be held this month.

The spinsters held a meeting recently at which the program was arranged. Letters were read from late members of the spinsters' executive committee, who have recently resigned on account of their having found husbands at the last bachelors' party.

The executive committee decided to recommend the town authorities that the names of the principal streets be changed to Place de Fiancailles, Place Congale and Place de la Concorde.

The bachelors will be received at the gates of the town by a reception committee composed of the prettiest marriageable spinsters.

The new president of the spinsters' association—the late president having been married two months ago—will deliver an address of welcome, which will be responded to by a bachelor.

BAND IN THE PLOT.

The bachelors will then be escorted around the town by the reception committee. After the "promenade," during which the visitors will be given a fair opportunity to inspect the charms of the spinsters, a concert will be given in the public park. The band will play nothing but nuptial marches and love songs.

At sunset dinner will be served in the Town Hall, the bachelors and spinsters occupying alternate seats Any bachelor who wishes to sit beside a particular spinster may do so.

A grand ball will follow, and it is expected that a number of engagements will be announced before the evening is over.

At the meeting of the executive committee the spinsters listened attentively to a lecture by one of the unmarried ladies on "the art of finding husbands."

Mr. Humley is becoming quite attentive to you," remarked Miss Cutting.

"Yes," replied Miss Hautty, "but really, you don't suppose that I'd consider for a minute a proposal from him, do you?"

"Oh, no! Of course, I know you wouldn't take that long."

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PRAIRIE PROVINCE TO SEND EXHIBIT TO THE DOMINION EXHIBITION

One of the fine exhibits at the Dominion Exhibition in Halifax this year will be that of the Province of Saskatchewan. President Longley is in receipt of a communication from the government of the new provinces announcing their intention to send an exhibit to include a display of the products of those far western provinces, pictures of ranching scenes and specimens of the forestry of the province. With the notice of this intention to send an exhibit came also a request that it be given a location on the spacious grounds where it may be seen to a better advantage. This will be attended to by the commission.

At the last meeting of the Exhibition commission it was decided to prepare specifications for painting all the buildings on the exhibition grounds in a uniform color with that on the three new buildings. A tender was also awarded for the construction of the new grand entrance and administration building. Work on this structure will begin at once, thus giving four new buildings along the Windsor street front.

The manufacturers building is to be increased in size by the addition of sixty feet on the whole of its eastern side. The Canadian Pacific Railway will have their standard exhibit at the Dominion fair, a splendid collection, artistically arranged, of the products of Canada's great west.

The amusement feature of the forthcoming exhibition will be on a scale of grandeur and to secure this result Manager Hall will leave no stone unturned.

The nine days racing on the half-mile track will be for purses of $9,000. Besides this, two days will be devoted to a Horse Show, which will be given on a grand scale and in which the Halifax Riding Club will take an active and prominent part. Vaudeville attractions will be seen both night and day in front of the grand stand.

The Very Best Remedy for Bowel Trouble

Mr. F. M. Borroughs, an old and well known resident of Bluffton, Ind., says: "I regard Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy as the very best remedy for bowel trouble. I make this statement after having used the remedy in my family for several years. I am never without it." For sale by S. N. Weare.