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New Flannels

Another Lot

We have the finest assortment of French Flannels we ever had. They have been reinforced for the third time. The new ones are equally as dainty as the first lot. Come and see them to-night.

THE PRICE PER YARD

45c and 50c

MILLINERY

They are all busy in this department preparing for our Millinery Opening which will be announced. But if you come to-night you can feast your eyes on the finest lot of Outing and Ready-to-Wear Hats that ever found their way to this store.

William Foreman & Co.

Died With Prayer
Upon His Lips

(Continued from First Page.)

but tears again sprang to his eyes. He stood like one looking on the hier of a loved one, and the room was hushed in funeral silence. It was with a visible effort that the democratic leader threw off the evidences of grief and shook hands with the committee members, of which had been sympathetic spectators.

AT THE HELM

Roosevelt Assumes Control—No Political Upheaval Likely to Follow.

Washington, Sept. 13. — The news of the expected death of President McKinley came as a crushing blow to the nation's capital. Nowhere perhaps had the citizens been so full of confidence in the ultimate recovery of their beloved President and the buoyant bulletins of the past week from the sick bed had lulled them into a false sense of security, which made the shock terrible when the news that the Buffalo tragedy would have a fatal ending came to them.

All day long the bulletin boards were surrounded by crowds waiting in suppressed excitement for the latest word from the Milburn home, and numerous newspaper extras were eagerly snapped up. Little work was done in the great executive departments, as at the slightest excuse the clerks would drop their pens and turn to talk in awe-stricken groups of the chance that their chief magistrate had against death in the gallant fight he was making in the far-away city on the lake.

The three cabinet officers in the capital to-day were pictures of distress. Two days ago Secretary Hay had left his chief apparently on the road to recovery, and to-day Postmaster-General Smith, who had left Buffalo even later, and reached here this morning, said that when he came from the Milburn home yesterday the President was, according to his best information, surely on the mend. The post-master general returned to Buffalo on the 7.15 train to-night.

HAY'S SORROWFUL DUTY.
Secretary Hay had engaged accommodations to to-night's New England train, intending to return to his New Hampshire summer home for much needed rest, but cancelled the order early in the day, as on him devolved important functions at once on the President's demise. He divided his time between the state department and his home, waiting for the end in patient resignation, prepared for the sorrowful duty of conveying the tidings of the world in official form the news of the demise of the third American president through the agency of an assassin's bullet within the short space of one human life.

As the senior member in rank of the cabinet upon Mr. Hay's shoulders also will rest the burden of government of the great republic in the short but important interval that must elapse before the vice-president, under the terms of the constitution, assumes the cares and responsibilities of the great presidential office.

At his home at Woodley, Secretary Gage awaited the news. During the day he had been at the treasury department and in touch with financial

affairs, in order that the President's end might not cause any commercial disturbance. Gen. Gillespie, acting secretary of war, stuck at his post in the war department for the purpose of making such army orders as the sad event would force him to issue. He got into communication with Gen. Miles at Seattle, and the latter notified the department that he would return immediately.

NO POLITICAL CHANGES.

The fact that physicians had given up all hope caused some discussion among the public men in the city of the probability of an extra session of congress and of early changes in the cabinet, but the consensus of opinion was that no cabinet changes or important departures in public policy were at all likely for some time to come, and that congress would not be assembled until its regular session in December.

All the cabinet, the chief diplomatic officials and the head of important bureaus, according to custom, will tender their resignations to relieve the President of embarrassment, but it is believed, Mr. Roosevelt would follow the precedent set by President Arthur after Garfield's demise and request them to continue in office. Some of the cabinet members are not in good health and would sincerely welcome a relief from their offices, but all would waive their personal desires and continue until such time as they could be relieved easily, if indeed they request relief at all.

Under the presidential succession act a cabinet officer becoming chief magistrate must call an extra session of congress, unless that body is to meet in regular session within 20 days; but this requirement does not apply to a vice-president succeeding to the office of his dead predecessor and, it is believed, no extra session would be called in the absence of statutory requirements, as the three months intervening until December can be bridged over without difficulty and there is no special occasion for congress assembling.

In many of the local churches to-day men and women assembled for quiet prayer that the life of the President might be spared. The largest of these meetings was held at the Metropolitan Methodist Church, where the President and Mrs. McKinley worshipped. Here many women offered earnest prayers that the life of the President might be spared. A number of them quietly told of pretty incidents on the part of the President that they had witnessed and dwelt especially on his fondness for children. "Do you remember children's day," said one of the Sunday school teachers, "when he invited the little boys who could not find seats to come in his pew? They were so proud and happy."

"They say that just a little while before he was shot," broke in another, "he had shaken hands and spoken the kindest words to some little child."

Thus incident after incident illustrating the kindness, the love, the charity, the religion of the President was recalled by the little group of women standing around the empty pew.

"We were very much pleased with the design you sent. It was beautiful and appropriate." The Victoria Ave. Greenhouses receive such words of commendation every day. Telephone No. 181.

MONTE CARLO OF TO-DAY
AS SEEN BY DR. McKEOUGH

Splendid Descriptive Lecture Delivered in Victoria Avenue Methodist Church Last Evening.

It was literary evening at Victoria Avenue Methodist League last night and a very fine program was well carried out. The program was as follows:

Devotional exercises, conducted by F. Thompson.
Topic—Mr. Humphrey.
Recitation—C. Heath.
Duet—Mrs. Thompson and Miss Fife.

Address—Dr. McKeough.
A talk—M. House.
Recitation—Edna Hicklin.

In calling on Dr. Geo. T. McKeough for his address, the chairman, Mr. Thompson, said: "My worthy friend, the doctor, shortly after his return from his European tour promised, when asked by myself, to give a talk on some part of his trip, but it seemed as though something turned up every time to prevent the doctor's coming until this evening. The subject, Monte Carlo, although a very notable one is still a very naughty one, but many lessons, no doubt, will be learned from the doctor's lecture on the subject." A very hearty vote of thanks was given Dr. McKeough after he had concluded his splendid address.

One of the interesting features of travelling, said the lecturer, are the people one meets. On the road from Genoa to the Riviera, our travelling companion was an American lady from Kansas who was doing the world. She had already visited Australia, Japan, China, India, including the famine districts, Egypt and a portion of Europe. She was amusing, intelligent and courteous, but gave one the impression that a bath, and a little grooming, would have improved her personal attractions. She was seeing the sights of the Riviera at present, and her baggage consisted of a bottle of wine, and another of boiled water, wrapped up in a newspaper. She had a dread of typhoid fever, but her sanitary precautions did not extend to the use of a tooth-brush, or a "robe de nuit." She did not wish to be encumbered with any "trunk," she informed us, and had left a small bag which she had carried almost around the world, at Genoa.

The Riviera is an Italian word signifying "coast," and is usually applied to a narrow strip of land separating the Alps and Apennines from the Mediterranean, along the southern shore of France and Italy, and includes a number of celebrated and popular health resorts, Cannes, Nice, Mentone, and the far-famed principality of Monaco with its notorious Monte Carlo. It is one of the most fruitful and picturesque countries on the globe. The entire region is one of beauty, a paradise for the rich. The railroad runs closely along the shore, on one side being the beautiful tideless sea with its marvellous coloring and on the other, vine-clad hills and stately mountains. Swiftly passing through such delightful scenery with constant changing panoramas, "the consummation of all that is beautiful in nature," we too soon reach our destination.

Monte Carlo is one of four small divisions which make up the principality of Monaco, the whole realm covering only eight square miles, the smallest kingdom in the world, with a population of about six thousand. The province, which has had a varied and interesting history, is ruled over by an apparently autocratic prince but who in reality, is a mere cipher in the hands of a rich and powerful stock company. The present ruler is known as Prince Albert, and he has held sovereignty since 1889. It is so far as I know, the only country in the civilized world in which no taxes are exacted from the people. The little standing army of one hundred soldiers, the educational interests, the hospitals and other benevolent and charitable institutions, the justice account, the police and fire departments, light and water, are all supported and maintained by the profits of the great gaming palace which has made the place so notorious. The most astonishing feature of the payroll, is the expenditure for the main-

tenance of the churches and clergy, who receive a liberal share of the ill-gotten spoils of the alluring tables.

Monte Carlo is probably situated in one of the most beautiful spots in the world.

Thy skies are blue, thy crags are wild, Thine olive tips as when Minerva smiled."

In front the sapphire sea washes its entrancing gardens, to the east is seen the beautiful coast line of Italy, to the west the town of Monaco with its palace and grey walls, a miniature Gibraltar, occupying a tongue of land jutting out boldly into the Mediterranean. Behind are interminable mountains, upon whose graceful slopes thrive luxuriantly orange and lemon groves, intermixed with their feathery trees, and spotted here and there with picturesque villas. On the summit of one of the mountains outlined against the blue sky stands the ruins of a Roman tower majestic still in its loneliness, erected to commemorate a victory of Augustus Caesar over the Ligurians twenty centuries ago. One cannot but regret that one of the most charming resorts in the world should be associated with so much wickedness and immorality, but notwithstanding such a beautiful environment, the supreme attraction in Monte Carlo is the Casino, or "circle of the strangers," so called because none of the inhabitants of Monaco have access to its gaming tables.

Erected about forty years ago by M. Blanc, a clever diplomat and villain who had but little difficulty in buying the required privileges from the then bankrupt ruler. The Casino is now in the hands of a syndicate, whose capital is several millions and who have agreed to pay the Prince \$5,000,000 for the right of carrying on their profitable business for fifty years. The expenditure necessary for maintaining the institution is enormous. Nearly two thousand men are employed whose salaries amount to about half a million dollars a year. A large sum of money, upwards of a hundred thousand dollars is paid to the press of France and England, partly as hush money to restrain them from persecuting and exposing the gambling and to advertise their attractions. Although fabulous sums are paid out by the company, their receipts are immense, being last year nearly five millions of dollars, notwithstanding that it was an unusually dull season, as many of their patrons are English, and the South African war evidently interfered with their pleasures and extravagances.

The railway station is at the foot of one of the terraces in front of the Casino, which is reached by a broad stairway. On arriving at the top you are in the midst of one of the loveliest gardens of the world. Gorgeous and fragrant flowers are lavished everywhere amid the most luxuriant shrubbery of aloes, prickly pears, palm trees, eucalyptus and lemon trees, and as you walk through the perfumed air the strains of soft, dreamlike, sensuous music are heard, charming enough for paradise, performed by one of the finest orchestras to be found in Europe; divine attractions, the allurements of which are to be found within the magnificent Moorish temple, dimly seen through the giant palms and shrubbery.

A visit to the casino is certainly an event of a life time. You enter a large, magnificently decorated entrance hall, where you present a visiting card, and are at once referred to the office, where are attendants of all nationalities, English, French, German, Russian, and Italian. You undergo a slight cross examination; your name, age, occupation, and address are requested, and if satisfactory you are presented gratis with a number and a ticket which will admit you everywhere, to the buildings, to the tables and to the grounds. Your first impression on entering the magnificently furnished and richly decorated rooms devoted to gambling is the absolute quiet and calm that prevailed in the somewhat crowded rooms, nothing disturbed the apparently tranquil scene, except the clink and jingle of the gold and silver coins, and the mechanical voices of the croupiers, exclaiming, "Messeurs fait votre jeu," and a moment afterwards announcing the winning numbers. The player is

only kept in suspense for a moment after the money is staked. The tables were surrounded by a number of seated players, with a second circle standing behind, playing over their shoulders. There were two games played, one known as "roulette" and the other as "rouge et noir." In the former played with a wheel and marble, the stakes were from one to four dollars; the latter, which was played with cards, the stakes were never less than four dollars, and as much as two thousand. Several times during the evening the latter amount was put up at one time, by different players. It was interesting to watch and study the various players, a Russian Grand Duke, a beautiful Italian princess, a member of the English government, a German count, several members of the English aristocracy, numerous wealthy Americans and a regular novelist, were pointed out to us by one of the attendants among the occupants of the tables. There were young women and old women, one or two veritable looking hags at least seventy years old, decorated with diamonds and paint, and whose deformed and jewelled hands could scarcely grasp their gold; some lost their money as if it were dirt; others betrayed their feelings more strongly and could be seen repressing intense emotions. Many had flushed faces and a feverish expression in their eyes, others were cold, pale, and calculating.

Adjoining the gambling saloons is the Atrium, an immense hall, where the tired or excited guests lounge or promenade. Most of the men were in evening dress and many of the ladies wore rich and elegant costumes, adorned with a wealth of jewels. Good form and strict etiquette were in evidence at all times.

With few exceptions, the bank where those who were fortunate enough to win for a short time would continue to play, and in the end almost invariably lose.

During the season nearly one hundred train enter and leave Monte Carlo daily and Sunday is the busiest day of the week.

Intimately connected with Monte Carlo is the subject of suicides. An actor once said in an English theatre, "that there is not a brick or stone in the building that is not cemented by the blood of a suicide." The company suppress all news, so far as possible, of suicides. Secret parcels and doors exist throughout the building and in the event of such a calamity the victim is almost instantly and quietly disposed of. It has been estimated, however, that there are almost one hundred and fifty a year. In the event of one losing all his money at the tables, the poor victim is photographed, given a second class ticket home, and the guards instructed never to admit him again. Such is Monte Carlo.

"A Paradise on earth,
Where only man is vile."

Cured—32 Years of
Awful Pile Agony.

Sioux Falls, S. D., Feb. 18, 1901.

"For 32 years I suffered constantly from protruding piles, and finally had to abandon my trade of stonemason. Four months ago I began using your Pyramid Pile Cure, and before I had used up one 50c. box, the disease had entirely disappeared and there is no sign of its ever returning. I am completely cured. F. Capps, 216 N. Minnesota Ave." Sold by all druggists, 50c. a box. Book, "Piles, Causes and Cure," mailed free. Pyramid Drug Co., Marshall, Mich.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

The Turn O'the Year

First hints of autumn are appearing—A stray red leaf amongst the green; a touch of asperity in the evening air, dark at seven o'clock.

It isn't summer, and it's hardly fall. Not time perhaps to put warm weather clothes away for good, but time to tone them up with a bright new item or two—for instance, the straw hat that's getting rusty can be retired in favor of a trim fedora; and a new silk tie with a touch of color in it puts a man more in touch with the time of year.

Then there's the question of heavier underwear and socks. They are both important just now in point of health.

And don't you want an umbrella before the fall fair season sets in?

Of course we should not remind you of all these wants if the wanted things were not here.

Thornton & Douglas

GEO. STEPHENS, QUINN & DOUGLAS

To Get
Up In The World

is the aim of everybody. Some are much quicker in getting up higher than others. No matter whether you are slow or fast in the ascent we can in some measure assist you if you purchase your goods from us. We have just put in a very fine assortment of the best Stoves made in the Dominion, which we have bought for cash, and you know that to get up in the world means success, and success unaccompanied by the necessary wherewithal to make success successful seems a valueless commodity. So aim to succeed by buying good goods at low prices, and if you come to us with this intention, we will certainly help you to succeed.



Geo. Stephens, Quinn & Douglas

Mr. W. E. Rispin, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, Grand Trunk and Wabash Railways, is selling regular six-day Pan-American Buffalo return tickets at \$6.50, good for six days, and fifteen-day tickets \$7.00. He is also advertising special harvest excursions to the Northwest, and passengers desirous of information would consult their interest by calling at his office or addressing him by letter.

E. Putnam
Market House
only kills young heifers and guarantees tender meat.
All meats hang one week before being offered for sale.
Phone 261

WE ARE AFTER
YOU THIS FALL

If you have never been one of our customers you must become one now. The chances are so many of saving money in the stock we have gathered you simply cannot afford to ignore them. Reliability and low prices are the watchwords.

NEED A JACKET?

\$10.00
BUY the handomest Coat you ever saw. 27 or 36 inches long; all-wool kersey, colors and black. A saving of \$2.00 here for you if you buy.

NEED A SEPARATE SKIRT?

\$3.50
BUY an all-wool Serge Skirt with flounce, taped seams and lined throughout.

\$6.50
BUY a skirt, the equal of which you do not find elsewhere. Made of extra fine wale Serge with graduated flounce, trimmed with taffeta bands.

PRETTY
WINDOWS
ARE POSSIBLE

If you supply pretty curtains, and we have a stock to insure your getting just the right kind. Three bargains Monday at 98c, \$1.50 and \$2.75.



A PRETTY WAIST

You can have a Waist that is fashionable and comfortable if you make a selection from our French Flannels, all colors at 50c a yard.

BLANKETS AT \$2.50

About 1/2 bale of these left. They're worth a third more. Full, double bed size, high lofty finish with fancy borders.

COTTON BLANKETS 75c A PAIR

Good heavy quality, well fleece, white or gray with fancy border, full to 4 size.

COMFORTERS

We have a splendid stock of comforters to show you, ranging in price from

\$1.00 to \$6.00

Business
is Business

If you can buy shoes of us cheaper than you can buy them elsewhere, is there any good reason why you should not do it? Do you think the people that are asking you to pay exorbitant prices for shoes would pay you more for an article than they would your competitor? Try it and see, it is a poor rule that won't work both ways. This is our rule—"A fair profit and a cash business," this is our way of doing business and not because someone else did it.

Keep posted on our prices on New and Up-to-date Footwear.

THE BOSTON SHOE STORE

J. L. CAMPBELL, CUTTER OF PRICES.