

THE HOUSE FAMED FOR MILLINERY

THIS WEEK ONLY
Grand Anniversary Sale of
Modish Silk Ribbons
Jewelry and Barettes at Exceptionally
Low Prices
AT MARR'S

Just a year ago we moved into our present modern premises, and to mark the first anniversary, we are offering these special lines at **MONEY-SAVING PRICES**

The Ribbons are of excellent quality and come in Eroad Width and Newest Colorings, forming splendid material for hats, bows, neck ribbons, sashes, dresses, linings, etc. They sell regularly at from 30 cents, but during this sale we offer

ALL RIBBONS AT 12 1/2c THE YARD
The Jewelry and Barettes, are regular 15 and 25 cent values, but are marked for this week at **10 Cents Each**

We also offer a special line of 10 and 15 cent Barettes at 5 cents each.

Remember the Place
**MARR'S, 1, 3, AND 5
CHARLOTTE ST.**

SHIPPING
ALMANAC FOR ST. JOHN, MAY 2.

AM.	P.M.
Sun Rise.....5:17	Sun Sets.....7:23
High Tide.....1:46	Low Tide.....8:28

The time used is Atlantic standard.

PORT OF ST. JOHN.
Cleared Yesterday

Sher Almaida Willey, 463, Hatfield, Vineyard Haven, J. E. Moore & Co.
Convoy-Sch. Yarmouth Packet, 70, Thurber, Yarmouth.

BRITISH PORTS.
Liverpool, May 1—Ard, stmr Tunisian, St. John; April 30, stmr Laurentic, New York.

FOREIGN PORTS.
Norfolk, Va, May 1—Ard, stmr Afrid, St. John.
New York, May 1—Ard, schr Iona, Tangier.
Eastport, Maine, May 1—Ard, schr Isiah K. Stetson, New York.
Boothbay Harbor, Maine, May 1—Ard, schr Alaska, New York.
Calais, Maine, May 1—Ard, schr Lois V. Chapin, New York.
Havre, May 1—Sid, stmr Pomeranian, Montreal.
Salon, Mass, May 1—Sid, schr Rescue, St. John; New York.
Vera Cruz, April 30—Ard, stmr Pandosia, Wright, from Newport News.

STONE IN BLADDER REMOVED WITHOUT SURGICAL OPERATION

In the Spring of 1904, I was confined to my bed with kidney trouble and such that I would never recover. I took a lot of medicine but did not realize any benefit from anything. I finally saw Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, advertisement and sent for a sample bottle and thought the same bottle helped me, so I bought more of the medicine from the Druggist, and after using a few bottles discharged a very large stone from my bladder.

After passing this stone my health was very much improved, and I have been able to continue my business without any serious sickness.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT,
Hillsdale, Ala.

Personally I appreciate this my 8th day of Sobriety. I have made a statement and made oath that the above is true in substance and in fact.

J. WHITMIRE,
Notary Public.

Letters to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

NEED OUTSIDE HELP

Bangor, Me., May 1—Those who lost their lives in yesterday's fire were John Serben, an aged cobbler who was crushed to death by a falling wall, and George Allen, a fireman, who was killed by a toppling chimney.

The mayor made a statement today in which he said: "Bangor will get its breath and courage and then we will go right at building again. I have received offers of help from other cities, but we shall not accept any until we find out that it is absolutely necessary."

Piles Cured in 14 Days

Your druggist will recommend Pile Ointment fails to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days. 30c.

When John E. Harris of Lynn, a special railroad officer, opened a can of hay consigned to a firm in that city, he was surprised to hear a weak cackle and a flutter of feathers. Peering in between two bales of hay he saw a hen so tightly wedged in that she could not move and on the floor nearby was an egg which she had evidently laid en route from Bangor, whence the hay had been shipped. The hen was so weak she could hardly stand on her feet when released, but under the care of Mr. Harris she soon recovered her strength and is now rearing young with an egg a day.

Only One "BROMO QUININE," that is **Laxative Bromo Quinine**
Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days

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SPEAKER CHAMP CLARK'S DAUGHTER



Miss Genevieve Bennett Clark, the only daughter of Champ Clark, speaker of the United States house and regarded as a presidential possibility, and a strong one at that. Although but sixteen years of age, Miss Clark is a very popular little lady in Washington's official set. Her tastes are literary and she takes interest in the work of her father and his political associates, for having lived all her life in an atmosphere of politics, she takes a keen interest in such matters. She will complete her academic course in two more years.

Especially the art student of the modeling class.

"Ain't them Yankees comin' here right away to take this country?" demanded the chief. "Oh, it's too soon for summer travel. You won't see them here 'till July. What's your scheme? Do you think you can get more out of them than the hotels and guides make them give up?"

Chief Paul frowned so darkly at this pleasantry that the man at the desk felt a chill in the atmosphere. He eyed the chief with a few moments before venturing another remark.

"My," he said, "but you look fierce this morning. Have you joined one of those Gooocap and Hiawatha into the Land of the Hereafter?"

Chief Paul gazed fixedly at the young man before replying. He seemed at a loss to understand the cheerful humor of the scribe. Presently he jerked out the startling query:—

"Ain't them Yankees comin' here right away to take this country?"

"Oh," said the young man, "Annexation. Who told you that story?"

"In Stewieck's," replied the chief. "I hear men talk about the Yankees comin' right away to take this country 'way from us. He said they had big smoke-talk up in Washington—six 'em—don't give us no chance. I come here. If you want to fight them Yankees, as Injuns is called."

Whereupon Chief Paul drew his knife, emitted a blood-curdling whoop, and went through the motions of a hideous scalping an enemy. The men at the desk hastily drew his chair a little farther away.

"My," he ejaculated, "you frightened me. The chief's grim features relaxed a little, and he returned the knife to its sheath.

"You needn't be 'fraid," he said, "but if I see any P.M. Avenue Injuns round here, I ain't goin' to let 'em get away. But I don't understand, said the man at the desk, "Your friend up in Stewieck must have been seeing things. The Yankees can't get us unless we want them. And we don't. All we want is a little more of their money. It's good money."

"But that man said," broke in the young man, "that if we take their money we'll soon get so we want to be Yankees, too?"

"I don't see why," said the man at the desk, "we should be Yankees. We belong to the Six Nations. Why should we withdraw and tie up with the little tribe of the Big Chief at Wastancton? If I come out to Stewieck and trade more gin for baskets, does that make me a Yankee? I don't care for good friends, and do business together every day in the week, but you can't trade with me unless you trade with me. The red man spent some time in reflection before venturing another observation. At length he ejaculated:—

"You don't think, then, them Yankees want to get this country?"

"I don't care a hang what they want," said the man at the desk. "What they want and what they'll get are two different things. They'll get a nothing. And if we're such a punky sort that we don't know whether we want the Union Jack or the Stars and Stripes, I would suggest that we get a cyclone to wipe us off the face of the earth. Look you, Mr. Paul, Canada is as much a part of the British Empire as England is. There is no more danger of the Union Jack being hauled down in Halifax or Ottawa than in London. You may go back to your friend in Stewieck, and tell him that he need not sell a dollar's worth of goods to Uncle Sam or buy a dollar's worth, if he doesn't want to. This is a free country, and there's no compulsion. But if he, or any other man, tells you that there's any relation between trade and love for the flag, or that the Canadian people will ever drop out of the big British empire to hitch up

THE EVENING CHIT-CHAT
By RUTH CAMERON

"In quiet country places one may be poor, very poor, without much conscious suffering. But in a city, if one knows anything at all of the possibilities of civilized life, of the joys and comforts of good food, clothing and shelter, of theatre and concert and excursion, of entertaining and being entertained, of the more comfortable kind of city folk, at their lot of money, their incessant dwelling upon it, their reverses for those who have it, their painful flight from those who have it not. Let them be careful how they judge. If you discover any human being anywhere acting as you think a human being should not, investigate all the circumstances, look thoroughly into all the causes of his or her conduct before you condemn him or her as inhuman, unworthy of your kinship and your sympathy."

—David Graham Phillips.

The above passage from David Graham Phillips' new novel, "The Grain of Dust," I recommend to every one who thinks himself a lover of fair play and the square deal to read three times and then think about it.

Especially the art student of the modeling class.

I think that sentence would make an excellent working motto for any of us who are inclined to be critical of others to paste up on our desks, or better still, in our hearts.

Only I'd like to add a little to it. Investigate all in his or her conduct before you condemn him or her—and then, with the obstacles of circumstance and environment which I handicapped you, with the entangled body and mind and will bequeathed from generations of un-uncle ancestors that I gave you, you struggled with, and to the most highly respected member of the community—of splendid conditions of environment and opportunities, of the healthy body and brain and will power that I bestowed upon you, you have made but what you should?

Nobody.

Isn't it wisest, then, "if you discover a human being anywhere acting as you think a human being should not, to investigate all the circumstances, look thoroughly into all the causes of his conduct" before you condemn him, and then remembering that there are yet other factors in the equation you can not find out, to still fall to condemn?

MOTHER'S DAY

Appeal for Observance on the Second Sunday of This Month

A movement which has proved a very popular one, is that of observing the second Sunday in May as Mother's Day, by wearing a white carnation. Although only started last year already it has spread widely. In Canada the movement is W. G. Rook, of Toronto, president of Canadian Home Journal. He is receiving cordial assistance from the press and the public.

In the -- issue of Canadian Home Journal there is a strong appeal for the observance:—

"The small boy with his cut finger, the tiny girl with her torn frock, make an immediate appeal for 'Mother'—sure of a wisdom that will repair the injury even if some wholesome advice be thrown in about 'not doing it again.' Then come the impatient half-grown years when the exclamation 'Mother is so old-fashioned,' and 'Mother doesn't understand that things are different now,' are constantly heard. But the years, those unbalancing years, march steadily by, and we hear the man and the woman, with their own stern problems to solve, admitting regretfully, 'I believe Mother was right,' and 'I wish I'd done as Mother advised me.'"

So, on the breath of a white carnation, on the second Sunday of May, will come back the old-time memories with their childish joy and pain. It may mean the honest sorrow in remembering happier things, or it may be but a badge in honor of the living mother.

A very touching little episode occurred last May in a well-known and prominent Toronto family. On the Tuesday morning after Mother's Day, the postman brought a letter from a member of the family who had been a wanderer and rather a blunderer for many years, addressed to the mother of the group. As that dear old person had been with the angels for some time, the letter was opened by a daughter, who read as follows: "Dear Mother:—The nurse in the hospital where I am has been telling me about Mother's Sunday, and I have made up my mind to write to you. I am not long for this life, being far gone in illness, but if you are still alive, I want you to know I am thinking of you on Mother's Day. I enclose the white dove

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Refused \$480 for Pup

Brownie, the tiniest and fluffiest Pomeranian that ever sailed on the Mauretania, arrived in New York last week. Although Brownie is but eight weeks old, eight inches in length and weighs but eight ounces, George F. Geoghegan, who brought him from North Scotland, refused an offer of \$480 for him.

That was the sum a passenger on the Mauretania declared he would pay for Brownie, Mr. Geoghegan said that he could not sell Brownie at any price, as his little daughter, Edna, would be at the pier to meet him, and he had bought the puppy as a present for her.

Brownie has a pedigree much longer than he is himself. His sire was Glenon Boy, and he is registered at the London Kennel Club. He has the distinction of being the smallest Pomeranian in the state and, incidentally, came across the ocean in the biggest ship in the world.

The Valdez glacier near Cook's inlet, Alaska, is probably the largest glacier in the world. It is 17 miles wide, one mile high and 30 miles long.

Strength Counts

In all life's affairs, Strength comes of pure blood—good blood comes when stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels are kept in proper condition by a little Beecham's Pills.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Sold Everywhere in boxes 25c.

CHIEF PAUL ON RECIPROcity

Much Disturbed by Rumors of Annexation, He Puts on The War Paint

(The Maritime Merchant)

Chief Paul, from the Stewieck Reservation, with a knife in his belt and a most sinister expression of countenance, glided into the "Merchant" office and came to attention with military precision.

"You want some Injun scouts?" he demanded.

"Thank you," said the man at the desk, "our subscribers are sending in their remittances with commendable promptness, and Pro Bono Publico hasn't been around since a week before Christmas. We don't even need a boy scout."

"What about them Yankees?" demanded the chief. "Oh, it's too soon for summer travel. You won't see them here 'till July. What's your scheme? Do you think you can get more out of them than the hotels and guides make them give up?"

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Y. M. C. A. SPHERE IS EXTENDED TO TURKEY

Constantinople, May 2.—On the invitation of J. R. Carter, the American Charge d'Affaires, a meeting was held at the United States Embassy here to discuss Young Men's Christian Association work in the east. Among those present were Sir Gerald A. Louthier, the British ambassador, prominent British and American residents of Constantinople and several Turkish personalities.

John R. Mott, general secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation announced the contribution in the United States of \$25,000 toward establishing two Young Men's Christian Association buildings in Constantinople.

Mr. Carter read a letter from President Taft, expressing satisfaction over Mr. Mott's tour on behalf of the World's Student Christian Federation, and wishing success for his efforts to establish modern Young Men's Christian Associations in Constantinople and Cairo.

JEWELRY WORTH HALF A MILLION STOLEN

New York, May 1.—(Canadian Press)—Custom officers, private detectives and the police department here were all busy today working on information from Scotland Yard that jewelry worth \$500,000 and upwards, stolen chiefly from Americans in England, had been shipped to this country. The red man spent some time in reflection before venturing another observation. At length he ejaculated:—

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GREAT SNAPS

— IN —

Men's Wool and Tweed Pants

AT

CORBET'S

196 Union Street

Good Things In House Furnishings

CAN NOW BE SEEN AT THE SHOW ROOMS OF

S. L. MARCUS & CO., 166 UNION ST.

"Our easy payment plan" has proven an agreeable and pleasant surprise, while our prices challenge competition.

We are ready to furnish your whole house, or a single room at the shortest notice. A matchless range of Furniture to select from.

Lace Curtains in profusion, also Ladies' and Gent's Clothing.

"A rare snap!" A Five-Piece Parlor Suite, richly upholstered in silk, malgany frame. Note the price.....\$29.50

Our one and only address

S. L. MARCUS & CO.
The Ideal Home Furnisher. 166 Union Street

WEDDINGS

Coleman-Cameron.

An interesting wedding took place in the Cathedral at 6 o'clock last evening when Mrs. Emma Cameron was united in marriage to William H. Coleman, proprietor of the Whitehouse lunch wagon. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. W. Meahan. The groom was supported by Harry Barry, while Miss Mary McInerney acted as bridesmaid. Mr. and Mrs. Coleman left by the Boston express last evening on a visit to Boston and New York. On their return they will reside at 26 Orange street.

All railroad traffic in the Union depot at Omaha, Neb., was stopped for an hour Thursday when two stands of beef fell and broke open. The beef swarmed over the depot, putting everybody to rout.

A Great Value In Men's Working Shirts

A Heavy Duck Shirt 38c.
Black and White Stripe
Extra Heavy Shirts at 46c, 58c and 65c.

Many other different patterns at very special prices.

N. J. LAHOOD
282 Brussel Street
Corner Hanover

Wear The King Hat

It's the Best \$2.50 Hat in Canada

WILCOX'S

Market Square

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Market Square

"MASTER MASON"

Excellent Tobacco

Out from the original "American Navy" pipe, a quality pool as a smoke or as a chew. Made from the finest American leaf tobacco.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS

Manufactured by
ROCK CITY TOBACCO CO., QUEBEC.