

## Royal Hotel.

ST. JOHN, N. B.  
Passenger Elevator.  
DOHERTY & RAYMOND.  
PROPRIETORS.



## Royal Insurance Co. Scottish Union and National Insurance Company.

Combined Assets, Ninety-eight Million Dollars.  
Invested in Canada, Three Million Dollars.

I. M. & C. W. HOPE GRANT  
AGENTS,  
50 Princess Street, St. John, N. B.

## Hotel Edward

37-39-41 King Sq. North Side,  
All modern improvements,  
Centrally situated.

J. D. DRISCOLL, Prop.

## LOUIS KING

Wholesale Grocer  
Produce and Commission Merchant  
& Canned Goods a Specialty.  
17 and 12 South Wharf  
Telephone 1262.

## Willard H. Reid

Painter and  
Decorator.  
Estimates Promptly Furnished.

Shop 276 Union St. Telephone 1054.  
Home and Church Decorations

## PROBATE COURT

IN THE PROBATE COURT OF  
CHARLOTTE COUNTY.

To the Sheriff of the County of Charlotte or any Constable within the said County.

Greeting—

WHEREAS, Emily Hooper, a creditor of the Estate of Ellen Matthews, late of the Parish of St. George, in the County of Charlotte, widow, intestate, deceased, by her petition bearing date the eleventh day of May, A. D. 1907, hath prayed that Letters of Administration of the Estate and Effects of the said deceased might be granted to her.

You are therefore hereby required to cite the said Emily Hooper, all the heirs at law and next of kin of the said Ellen Matthews, the creditors and all others interested in the estate of the said Ellen Matthews, deceased, to appear before me at a Court of Probate to be held at the office of the Judge of Probate at St. Andrews, within and for the County of Charlotte, on Saturday, the fourteenth day of September next, at two o'clock in the afternoon, to consider the application of the said Ellen Hooper and to show cause, if any there be, why Letters of Administration of the Estate and Effects of said Ellen Matthews, deceased, should not be granted to her as prayed for in her said petition.

Given under my hand and the seal of the said Probate Court this Eleventh day of May, A. D. 1907.

MELVILLE N. COCKBURN,  
L.S. Judge of Probate for  
Charlotte County.

Jas G Stevens, Jr.  
Registrar of Probate for  
Charlotte County.

Wanted,  
Old Silver Plated Tea  
Tray.  
OVAL SHAPE.  
Also—

Old Postage Stamps.  
Used before 1870; best on envelopes.

W. A. KAIN,  
116 Germain Street.

## INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

On and after SUNDAY, June 10th, 1907, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

### TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN.

No. 2—Express for Moncton, Campbellton, Point du Chene and Truro.	7 15
No. 6—Mixed for Moncton.	7 45
No. 4—Express for Moncton and Point du Chene, connecting with Ocean Limited at Moncton for Halifax, Quebec and Montreal.	11 00
No. 20—Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou.	12 00
No. 136—Suburban for Hampton.	13 15
No. 8—Express for Sussex.	17 15
No. 138—Suburban for Hampton.	18 15
No. 134—Express for Quebec and Montreal.	19 00
No. 136—Suburban for Hampton.	22 40
No. 10—Express for Halifax and the Sydneys.	23 25

### TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

No. 9—Express from Halifax, Pictou and the Sydneys.	6 25
No. 135—Suburban Express from Hampton.	7 45
No. 7—Express from Sussex.	9 00
No. 133—Express from Montreal and Quebec.	12 50
No. 137—Suburban from Hampton.	15 30
No. 5—Mixed from Moncton.	16 10
No. 3—Express from Moncton and Point du Chene.	17 30
No. 25—Express from Halifax, Pictou, and Campbellton.	18 15
No. 155—Suburban from Hampton.	20 15
No. 1—Express from Moncton and Truro.	21 30
No. 81 Express from the Sydneys, Halifax, Pictou and Moncton, (Sundays only).	1 40

All trains run by Atlantic Standard Time; 24.00 o'clock is midnight.

D. POTTINGER,

General Manager.

Moncton, N. B., June 12th, 1907.

GEO. CARVILL, C. T. A.,

City Ticket Office—3 King Street, St. John N. B. Telephone 2071.

## SMITH'S Fish Market,

25 Sydney St.

Telephone 1704.

Satisfaction Guaranteed,

## JOHN F. GLEESON

Real Estate and Financial  
Agent and Auditor.

120 Prince Wm. Street, Opposite Bank of New Brunswick.

It would be to the advantage of persons having property for sale to communicate with me. Phone 1572.

## Removal Notice.

J. D. TURNER Has Removed to  
188 Union Street.

Next to John Hopkins.

Telephone Main 163.

## Removal Notice. Henry Dunbrack,

Plumber, Steam and Hot Water Heating,  
Has removed from 72 Princess Street to

128 Germain Street,

Corner Princess St., Opposite Union Club.

## W. V. Hatfield, Mason, Plasterer and Builder

Stucco Work in all its Branches.  
244 1-2 Union Street.

Estimates Furnished. Orders promptly attended to. Best of Union Men Employed.  
Telephone 1619 at residence.

## Special Prices to Barbers!

I am now prepared to supply the following line of preparations at lowest figures:

"Adonis" Hed Rub,  
"Adonis" Shampoo  
"Adonis" Massage,  
"Adonis" Talcum

A line of tonsorial requisites that is very much in demand. Having supplied my store with a large stock I will promptly fill all orders.

## W. J. McMILLIN,

Pharmacist,

625 Main St., St. John N. B.  
Phone 980

## A Gift in the Clouds Many a Dark Day is Brightened by an Accident Policy.

## Get the Best Procurable from The Empire Accident & Surety Co.

Head Office—Temple Building, London, Ontario.

A CANADIAN CONCERN.

## McLEAN & McGLOAN

Branch Managers for the Maritime Provinces.

97 Prince Wm. St., St. John, N. B.  
Tel. 105.

## NEW Cloths —FOR— Summer Wear.

Our stock is now complete in all lines for Summer.

We claim to have the largest and best assorted stock and the best values in Eastern Canada.

Inspection solicited.

## A. R. Campbell & Son High Class Tailoring 26 Germain Street.

## COAL

Scotch and American Anthracite.

Best Quality.

Broad Cove and Reserved Sydney Soft Coal.

Scotch Coal, a Specialty.

T. M. Wisted & Co.  
321 Brussels Street  
and 142 St. Patrick Street  
Telephone 1507.

## Special Attention Given

—TO—

## Bridal Bouquets.

W & K. Pederson,  
Florists.

City Market, Green Houses,  
Tel. 1429. Sandy Point Road

31 Charlotte Street.

## It is Grand

To live in a time of such great opportunities. Some years ago, we had difficulty in finding situations for all our graduates. Now it is difficult to keep our students till they graduate, so great is the demand for proficient bookkeepers and stenographers.

We have not yet advanced our rates, but the great advance in almost everything we have to buy may soon compel an increase. Students can enter at any time.

Send for catalogue.

THE ST. JOHN SUMMER COLLEGE  
S. KERR & SON,  
ODD FELLOWS' HALL

## Their Underground Elopement.

By Horace Stacy.

Copyrighted, 1907, by Homer Sprague.

"What's the matter with slipping out now and getting married?" demanded Dudley Winthrop. "You are over legal age, and the marriage cannot be nullified on the ground that you are a minor, even though that ridiculous will does make you Mrs. Eaton's slave for three years more."

Elizabeth colored.

"You see," she said shamefacedly, "auntie is afraid of some such thing and—and John watches."

"You don't mean to say that she has had the footman act as a spy upon you?" he asked.

Elizabeth nodded.

"You don't realize how bitter auntie is," she explained.

"Just because my father married another girl? Surely that does not ex-

plain it?"

"To think of your disinterestedness in giving the lesson!" she said demurely.

"It does great credit to your generosity."

They both laughed at the suggestion until the train shot into the Ninety-sixth street station and they hurried above ground.

Half an hour and the kindly old rector had escorted them to the door.

Elizabeth clutched the certificate of marriage as though she feared to lose it and sighed with relief as she heard Winthrop give his address to the driver.

But she gasped as they drew up in front of the house and saw the Eaton carriage driving slowly up and down, while the footman paced the walk.

"Auntie must be waiting for us," she said.

"Do you suppose she is very angry, Dudley?"

"Let's find out," he suggested as he helped her out and ran up the steps.

"Are you married?" demanded Mrs. Eaton from the drawing room as they entered the hall.

"Half an hour ago," declared Winthrop.

"Then," she said practically, "I shall have to make the best of it, I suppose. But I must say that when I saw that the hotel advertised every modern convenience I did not suppose that that included facilities for underground elopements."

"There's only one old-fashioned aspect to the affair," laughed Winthrop.

"And that?" asked Mrs. Eaton coldly.

"And so they were married," he quoted, "and lived happy ever after," and he drew Elizabeth into his arms and kissed her.

"LET'S RUN" SHE CRIED AS HE HURRIED FORWARD.

cause her seeing the servants to spy upon you. We can slip out of the side door, then."

"Robert is in the side street with the carriage," she said, while the blood dyed her face a deeper red. "I'm afraid that there is no chance, dear."

"But you would if you could?"

"You know that, Dudley."

"I'll make the chance," he said. "I never heard of such a thing. I'm going now. I don't want to take a chance of meeting Mrs. Eaton until I've had time to cool down. I'll send you word."

Winthrop passed out with a pleasant adieu to his hostess, and as he descended the steps the sudden alertness of the footman in the Eaton livery told him that Elizabeth's suspicions were correct.

Mrs. Eaton had never forgiven Dudley Winthrop's father for his fancied slight. She had determined to marry him, but while he was attentively courteous he had given no indication of his preference for her. For all of that his marriage to another woman had been a defeat she had never forgiven, and now that she was the legal guardian of her sister's child until Elizabeth should become twenty-one she threw every obstacle in the way of the match between the two young people, even planning to frustrate an elopement through the watchfulness of her carriage servants.

Dudley had an appointment with an out of town acquaintance, and when he came to Forty-second street he turned his steps toward Broadway. The man he sought was in the grill room in the new hotel's basement, they told him, at his desk, and presently Dudley found himself facing the long marble corridor from his seat at one of the tables.

"What's the procession?" he demanded as he pointed to the persons who, after descending the stairs, vanished down a short corridor just beyond.

"Going to take the subway," said the visitor. "I thought you New Yorkers knew everything. Don't you know that the Knickerbocker has two entrances to the subway—one through the cafe and one down that hallway? It's great on a rainy day."

"It's good an old day," smiled Winthrop as a sudden inspiration came to him. "I'm glad I found it out."

After that Winthrop became a regular occupant of the table that gave a view of the corridor, sitting there sometimes for an hour after the black coffee had been served, and at last his patience was rewarded, for Elizabeth came hurrying down the stairway.

"Let's run!" she cried as he hurried forward. "I told auntie I wanted to stop and telephone. She only knows the hotel from the restaurant, and she's having a cup of tea in there this morn-

ing."

ed minute, safe in the knowledge that the men are on guard outside."

She was dragging Winthrop down the corridor and across the platform. Through the tunnel came the rumble of an approaching train, and they slipped through the gate just as it came to a stop.

"Which way are we going?" she demanded as she settled into a seat.

"Downtown," he explained. "There is a little tunnel that leads over to the uptown platform, but I wanted to get away quickly. We can get off at the next station and cross there. Dr. Bliss lives on Ninety-sixth street."

The plan was simple enough, and, though there was a wait for an uptown express, they were soon on board. There is a curve at Forty-second street where the tracks swing into Broadway, and here the train slowed down. Elizabeth, looking through the window, gave a little scream. Standing in the entrance from the Knickerbocker was her aunt with a most laughable expression of bewilderment upon her face. It was just a fleeting tableau, then the train gathered speed, and Elizabeth sank back in her seat.

"Auntie has just discovered the flight," she announced, with a low ripple of laughter. "Her expression was the funniest thing, Dudley."

"I wish I could hear what she is saying," he chuckled. "I fancy that she will lose her faith in coachmen spies now. It's a mighty good lesson for her, Elizabeth."

"To think of your disinterestedness in giving the lesson!" she said demurely.

"It does great credit to your generosity."

They both laughed at the suggestion until the train shot into the Ninety-sixth street station and they hurried above ground.

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