

**LANTERNS**

Our Motto is "Always the Best."

We have used this motto in the selection of our Lanterns.

Banner Cold Blast, Climax Crank Lanterns, Climax Lift Lanterns, Dash Board Reflector Lanterns, Banner Cold Blast Search Lanterns.

Lantern Globes, Burners, Wicks, Etc.

**W. H. THORNE & CO., -- Limited.**

Agents for A. G. Spalding & Bros' Athletic and Sporting Goods.

**Stove and Furnace Repairin**

We can procure The Repairs for any Stove or Furnace that is Now Made.

Our workmen are competent to repair the most difficult break in either a stove or a furnace.

The work quickly and quietly done without muss or fuss around the house.

Prices Reasonable. Consultation Free.

**EMERSON & FISHER, 75 Prince Wm Street**

**FOR EVERYBODY. SHOES! FOR EVERYBODY.**

Our stock is so large, the assortment so great, that there is no foot (unless it is deformed) that we cannot fit, no fancy we cannot please.

Then there is a comfortable feeling dealing with an established firm doing business year after year at the old stand.

The smallest child will receive the same attention and their wants will be attended to as carefully as though their parents accompanied them.

**61 King St. Waterbury & Rising Union St. 212**

**Headquarters**

FOR

**Children's Hats and Caps!**

We have earned a reputation of keeping the largest assortment and lowest prices on Children's Headwear in this city.

This season's prices are lower than ever.

Tams, Golf Caps, Glens, Navy Caps, Middle, Buns, Girls' Red Golf Caps, Camels' Hair Wool Tams, etc.

**F. S. Thomas,**

555 MAIN ST. NORTH END.

**For Sunday's Dinner**

We can give you a Choice Steak or Roast of Prime Western Beef, A Roast of well fattened Veal or Lamb. A nice pair of Roasting Chickens or Poultry. In Vegetables we have Green Peas and Beans, Sweet Corn, Cauliflowers, Squash, Carrots, Beets and Parsnips. If you have no telephone we will call for your order and deliver it promptly. Give us a trial. We guarantee satisfaction.

**F. E. WILLIAMS CO., Ltd.**

Phone 543 Charlotte Street. Phone 521 Princess Street.

**Call at Harvey's Tonight**

**For Holiday Clothing.**

NEW SUITS, OVERCOATS, RAIN COATS, PANTS, BOYS' SUITS, SHORT PANTS, ETC.

We have now a splendid stock of White Shirts, Colored Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Ties, Hats, Caps, Umbrellas, Underwear, Handkerchiefs, Braces. In fact a full stock of "male attire."

Store Open Tonight Till 11 O'clock.

**J. N. HARVEY. MEN AND BOYS' CLOTHING,**

199 and 201 Union St.

**LABOR DAY PROGRAMME.**

The Morning Parade Will Be a Monster.

About 3000 Men Will Be in Line—Some Fine Floats—Good List of Sports

Arrangements are now almost completed with interest the first of this year's biggest labor demonstration ever seen in St. John. Although there have been one or two incidents of a rather unpleasant nature in the proceedings, the different unions have as a rule been working in harmony, and as the time draws near all are endeavoring to make Monday's turnout a success.

Meetings of unions, council, and parade committee, have been held almost every night for the past two weeks, and all reports from the unions are handed in to the council the outlook for a good turnout on Monday grows brighter. It is expected that between two and three thousand men will take part in the parade. Some of these will be mounted and the town is being searched for saddles for the horses. Although not enough are available, there will still be plenty to enable the teamsters to make a good showing.

Among the other unions those of the greatest membership are devoting considerable attention to the building of floats. Some of the smaller unions find that the expense is too great to justify them in building floats, but these men will appear in the parade in distinctive uniforms.

The Ship Laborers' Union will have two floats, one a steamer, the other a sailing ship. Both are nearly finished and will present a striking appearance in the parade.

The hod carriers and mortar men will have a mortar bed and will show how mortar is mixed.

The float of the freight handlers will consist of an engine and several cars, taking up a space of 15 or 20 feet. They will demonstrate the difference between the way freight is handled now and in the days when railways were not in existence.

The lime burners will have for their float a representation of a lime kiln, while the plumbers will demonstrate the fitting of water pipes, etc.

Several other unions are preparing floats, some of them representing the work of the unions, and others more for amusement, but these have not yet been reported to the parade committee.

Those taking part in the parade will meet on King street east not later than 8.30 a. m. on Monday, as the parade will start at nine o'clock and must reach Barrack Square by 12 o'clock. The order of procession will be as follows: Teamsters, hod carriers and mortar men, bakers, boiler workers, plumbers, shingle bunchers, weavers, lime burners, carpenters, ship laborers, freight handlers, sheet metal and tin workers, cigar makers, trackmen, printers, stationary firemen, millmen and other trades, etc.

Four brass bands have been engaged and will accompany the parade.

The route to be followed is from King street east, along Sydney, south side of King square, Charlotte, King, Market square, Dock Mill, Main, Adelaide, Victoria, back to Adelaide, Main, Mill, Pond, City road, Brussels, Union, Charlotte, Broad, Carmarthen to Barrack square.

Arriving at the square the men have luncheon and during the afternoon hold a programme of sports. The judging of horses will be done on King street east before the parade starts.

All places of amusement in the city, with a few possible exceptions, are to be closed, and knights of labor, female as well as male, are to be given unlimited opportunity to enjoy what is strictly their own holiday. What is more, employees of labor, a rule regard Labor Day as a day for which they have received full return from those they employ, so that the workmen have the satisfaction of knowing that while he is enjoying himself he is not sacrificing a day's pay.

**BRIDE OMMITS "OBEY."**

With Bridegroom She Signs Formal Agreement as to Rights and Privileges of Each.

**PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Sept. 4.**—You must omit the word "obey" from our marriage contract," whispered Katherine Fisher Ross to her bridegroom, Edward Stanton Ross, both of Brooklyn were married.

After the marriage certificate had been properly filled out and signed, Mrs. Ross produced a document, which proved to be a sort of bill of rights, in which Edwin Stanton Ross clearly defined what he concedes to be the personal, inalienable rights of his wife, and in which Katherine Fisher Ross sets forth what she will permit in the way of prerogatives and privileges by her husband. The paper imposes no obligation upon the wife to obey the husband. It was signed by the bride and bridegroom and fourteen witnesses.

**ARTIST LEAVES ALL TO HIS LOST LOVE.**

Fatally Stricken, He Had Released Placate and She Married Another.

In the will of Ascher Dudley, an artist, who died two months ago, which was filed recently with the Surrogate of New York county, was a bequest of all his property to the woman who had been his betrothed before illness caused him to banish all thought of marriage. His estate, which is valued at \$2,000, will go to Mrs. May Vroman Perry Benjamin, the wife of Joseph H. Benjamin, of East Marion, L. I.

Mr. Dudley had a studio in the Jefferson Market Building. His will was made in 1892, at which time he and Miss Perry were engaged to be married. Afterward Mr. Dudley became ill and the engagement was broken. Miss Perry then married Mr. Benjamin.

Mr. Dudley always retained his fondness for the young woman, however, and never changed his will.

**LIGHT WINDS FOR SYDNEY RACE**

Blowing Only Six Miles and Decreasing.

St. John Challenger Starts First Race at 1 p. m. Today—Six Competitors.

St. John yachtsmen are watching with interest the first of this year's races for the Coronation Cup, which will be sailed at Sydney at one o'clock this afternoon.

The second race will be sailed on Monday, at 11 o'clock, and at the same hour on the succeeding days if more than one race will be necessary to decide the cup.

The time limit has been fixed at six hours, and the regular starting signal of the R. C. B. Y. Club will be observed.

The following yachts are entered: Glencair IV, by the B. K. Y. Club, and the Cibou, St. Lawrence, Dulce and Dominant all representing the R. C. B. Y. Club.

The judges will be Dr. H. B. Kendall, H. A. Nicholson, W. Crowe and Edgar Fairweather.

The timekeepers will be H. W. Jubien and John L. Robinson.

Several members of the R. K. Y. C. will witness the race.

The first leg will be off the International Pier. The first leg will be to a buoy off Point Edward, the second leg to a buoy off Barrington Cove the third leg to a buoy off Point Edward, the fourth leg almost due west to a buoy up the North West stream, the fifth leg to the Point Edward Buoy and the sixth leg back to the starting point.

At nine o'clock the wind was blowing six miles an hour, and if anything is growing a little lighter from the southwest.

The water will be smooth as the wind is blowing out of the harbor.

**POLICE COURT.**

Some Drunks and an Assault Case—Sad Story of Constable Heffer.

Considering that there was rain last night and that this morning looked cloudy, it seemed fitting that Judge Ritchie's first words in police court should be "High Macintosh."

Hugh had been wet and rubbed too much on Prince William street. Four dollars.

His was not the only name which drew forth remarks. The magistrate called "Louis Green" and followed it up by the statement that "George Hurdler." These were two other ordinary drunks. Louis had been lying on Reed's Point and made good his name when the officer called him. The groans resembled snore, but no person was disturbed over the wake. Both men were fined four dollars each.

Joe August is a month behind time. He tried the Pig Winkle act and woke up to find that the surroundings were strange to him. He was not drunk, but merely a wanderer and when given a chance to go made for the door faster than a Christian mob after a riot.

Richard Connors and Jerry Barrett, the two remaining drunks, pleaded guilty and got ten days each.

Yesterday morning Constable Richard Heffer went to Edwin Thomas' house on Ludlow street, west end, to seize some furniture for rent. Thomas evidently objected and in the trouble which followed Heffer was completely knocked up. This is not a bull. In consequence of the affair, the surroundings were strange to him. He was not drunk, but merely a wanderer and when given a chance to go made for the door faster than a Christian mob after a riot.

Richard Connors and Jerry Barrett, the two remaining drunks, pleaded guilty and got ten days each.

**WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.**

Last evening Mr. and Mrs. John S. Currie entertained a party of friends at what at their home on Charles street. The occasion was the thirty-sixth anniversary of their marriage, and during the evening D. A. Morrison, on behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Currie's friends, presented them with a beautiful parlor chair.

**HER SKIRT CAUGHT UNDER BIG ROLLER.**

Woman in Herald Square Saved From Death by a Bystander.

**NEW YORK, Sept. 4.**—Narrowly escaping death in Herald square recently, Mrs. Emory E. Mason, thirty-six years old, of No. 62 West Forty-third street, was rescued while being drawn under the ponderous wheels of an asphalt roller by the presence of mind and strong arm of a bystander.

Mrs. Mason and a woman friend alighted from a Sixth avenue car at Thirty-fourth street and had hardly reached the ground when her skirt was caught under the wheels of the steam roller.

It was moving at a snail's pace, but was drawing the woman inch by inch into frightful peril. Mrs. Mason struggled desperately to free herself, but the grip of the juggernaut could not be broken.

Simon A. McNeill, of No. 225 West Thirty-fourth street, heard the woman's cry for aid and sprang to her rescue. In another moment she might have been drawn down and mangled, but he seized and held her until Ed. McGuire, the driver of the roller, was able to stop the big machine.

Mrs. Mason was uninjured but was hysterical, and after being escorted to a neighboring drug store went home.

**KILLS DAUGHTER FOR A CROW.**

OTSEGO, Mich., Sept. 4.—Duncan Swan, a farmer, accidentally shot his daughter, and she died last night from the wound.

Swan has been troubled with crows in his corn. He saw the stalks moving and discharged his shotgun. His daughter screamed, and he found that he had shot her in the breast. She was gathering corn and her father did not know it. Swan is nearly crazed.

**DEATHS.**

**MITCHELL.**—In this city on Sept. 4, Mary A., widow of the late James Mitchell, of His Majesty's Customs, aged 72 years. Funeral on Sunday at 11 o'clock, residence, 119 King street, East. Service at 3 o'clock sharp. Funeral at 2.15 o'clock.

**MASTON.**—In this city, on Friday, the 4th instant, Collie, aged two months, daughter of George G. and Annie C. Maston. Funeral on Saturday afternoon at 4.30 o'clock from 82 St. Patrick street.

**TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION**

WANTED.—Two young ladies. Apply this (Saturday) in person to E. J. Phillips, at PHILLIPS & FOLEY'S, Union street.

**DESERTED BY HER HUSBAND**

Sad Story of a Carleton Woman's Woes.

Left by Her Husband in Boston She Was Sent Home—Is Now Destitute

A rather unusual hard luck story comes from Carleton, where a woman and her child are living in destitute circumstances. It appears that some time last fall Charles Vincent, an Italian working at Sand Point, was married to a Miss Patterson, daughter of the Mrs. Patterson who died suddenly some months ago. They lived at Sand Point during the winter and a child was born. About April Vincent took his wife and child and left for Boston with the intention of working there. Shortly after reaching Boston it seems that he grew restless and finally announced to his wife that he was going to Italy. He left her and since then she has neither seen nor heard anything of him. Mrs. Vincent managed to live on for some time although with practically no money, but at last was compelled to accept assistance. She was found by the Boston authorities in a pauperized condition and, along with her child, was placed in an almshouse in one of the suburbs of Boston. This was sometime in June, and there she remained until within the past few days, when the Boston authorities learned that she had been a resident of St. John. Upon this information they followed the usual course and had her deported.

Mrs. Vincent was returned to this city on Tuesday night and went to her former home of Sand Point. The house is owned or leased by John Martin, who gave the woman a stove and tin. She is now living in the house and has on several occasions been furnished with food by neighbors. To Officer Gosline Mrs. Vincent stated that she had a little money, but it must be very little.

**OUR GOLD MINES A FAILURE.**

British Expert Recommends Care to Investors.

Good Advice For Canadian Dairy-men—Claimed that England is Already Giving Us Preference

(Canadian Associated Press.)

LONDON, Sept. 5.—The Economist's special mining commissioner, summarizing mining conditions in different countries, says that Canadian gold mines are a failure and before any mines in Canada passed the test for soundness, they would have to be examined along the strictest lines by prospective investors.

The Review says Canadian shippers of butter should pay attention to the regularity of the arrival of their shipments, as until they do so they will be at a serious disadvantage in fighting continental competitors who have adopted the system of weekly arrivals to meet their customers' requirements. Canadian cheese is undoubtedly the most popular cheese imported, and if shippers would send nothing but mature cheese, the extraordinary difference which exists between that and English would quickly grow small.

A contributed article in the Statist on the preference already given by the mother country to the colonies, says that if the colonies were to break away from the mother country they would, with their debts, be unable to raise much further capital, and what capital they did secure would have to pay very high rates of interest. So the preference given by the mother country to the colonies has been supplying the needed capital on better terms and lower rates than Britain is willing to provide capital for foreign countries.

**OUR GOLD MINES A FAILURE.**

British Expert Recommends Care to Investors.

Called a Farce.

Resubmission Advocates in Maine Denounce the State Law Now in Force.

BANGOR, Me., Sept. 4.—In his address of welcome before the Resubmission Society convention here today, which formed a state organization with W. E. N. Benson, of Bar Harbor, as president, Mayor Deane of Bangor, republican, denounced prohibition as a farce, and its supporters as hypocrites.

He said that the law had for fifty years been the football of Maine politics. He believed in high license, and the exiling of chronic drunkards to an island on the coast.

Dr. G. Lantry Crockett, of Thomaston, who expects to be the next democratic candidate for governor, ridiculed the republican leaders who posed as champions of temperance through prohibition.

He declared that the statement of Representative Littlefield in congress that there are no open bars in Maine indicated that Mr. Littlefield was either a fool or a liar, and he added that no one who knows Mr. Littlefield regards him as a fool, but as a cunning politician.

While all this was going on and while the supreme court, on the next block, was collecting fines from some liquor dealers and jailing others, the Penobscot County Baptist Convention was in session a few doors away from the convention hall. The Baptists devoted the entire session to an attack on resubmission and those connected with the movement.

**SERVED THREE YEARS TOO MUCH.**

RALEIGH, N. C., Sept. 4.—At a meeting of the directors of the State Penitentiary today it was found that a negro, Henry Allen, formerly a prisoner, was kept three years over the time of his sentence. He escaped, but was recaptured.

He died recently and his administrator asked payment for overtime. The directors today allowed \$200, which was satisfactory.

**THE FALL CARNIVAL.**

Arrangements for the autumn carnival and horse show to be held in St. John next month are going forward rapidly. It is expected that the famous stallions imported by the government will be shown. The athletic and aquatic sports will be of a high order and entries are being received which will make the programme of each excellent and interesting. Special rates have been secured from all points in the maritime provinces and Maine.

The railway men's picnic went out to Sussex this morning by special train. Twenty-two cars were filled to overflowing.

**OUR GOLD MINES A FAILURE.**

British Expert Recommends Care to Investors.

Good Advice For Canadian Dairy-men—Claimed that England is Already Giving Us Preference

(Canadian Associated Press.)

LONDON, Sept. 5.—The Economist's special mining commissioner, summarizing mining conditions in different countries, says that Canadian gold mines are a failure and before any mines in Canada passed the test for soundness, they would have to be examined along the strictest lines by prospective investors.

The Review says Canadian shippers of butter should pay attention to the regularity of the arrival of their shipments, as until they do so they will be at a serious disadvantage in fighting continental competitors who have adopted the system of weekly arrivals to meet their customers' requirements. Canadian cheese is undoubtedly the most popular cheese imported, and if shippers would send nothing but mature cheese, the extraordinary difference which exists between that and English would quickly grow small.

A contributed article in the Statist on the preference already given by the mother country to the colonies, says that if the colonies were to break away from the mother country they would, with their debts, be unable to raise much further capital, and what capital they did secure would have to pay very high rates of interest. So the preference given by the mother country to the colonies has been supplying the needed capital on better terms and lower rates than Britain is willing to provide capital for foreign countries.

**OUR GOLD MINES A FAILURE.**

British Expert Recommends Care to Investors.

Called a Farce.

Resubmission Advocates in Maine Denounce the State Law Now in Force.

BANGOR, Me., Sept. 4.—In his address of welcome before the Resubmission Society convention here today, which formed a state organization with W. E. N. Benson, of Bar Harbor, as president, Mayor Deane of Bangor, republican, denounced prohibition as a farce, and its supporters as hypocrites.

He said that the law had for fifty years been the football of Maine politics. He believed in high license, and the exiling of chronic drunkards to an island on the coast.

Dr. G. Lantry Crockett, of Thomaston, who expects to be the next democratic candidate for governor, ridiculed the republican leaders who posed as champions of temperance through prohibition.

He declared that the statement of Representative Littlefield in congress that there are no open bars in Maine indicated that Mr. Littlefield was either a fool or a liar, and he added that no one who knows Mr. Littlefield regards him as a fool, but as a cunning politician.

**SERVED THREE YEARS TOO MUCH.**

RALEIGH, N. C., Sept. 4.—At a meeting of the directors of the State Penitentiary today it was found that a negro, Henry Allen, formerly a prisoner, was kept three years over the time of his sentence. He escaped, but was recaptured.

He died recently and his administrator asked payment for overtime. The directors today allowed \$200, which was satisfactory.

**THE FALL CARNIVAL.**

Arrangements for the autumn carnival and horse show to be held in St. John next month are going forward rapidly. It is expected that the famous stallions imported by the government will be shown. The athletic and aquatic sports will be of a high order and entries are being received which will make the programme of each excellent and interesting. Special rates have been secured from all points in the maritime provinces and Maine.

The railway men's picnic went out to Sussex this morning by special train. Twenty-two cars were filled to overflowing.

**NEW DERBY HATS.**

THE NEW BLOCK FOR FALL, 1903 has just come to hand and we will be pleased to take orders for one of "our own make" of Derbys.

The best hats on the market at the prices: \$2.00, 2.50, 3.00

**Anderson's,**

Manufacturers, - 17 Charlotte St.

**Umbrellas**

Received, Made, Repaired.

CHAIRS Rescated—Cane Splint and Perforated. (L.S. Cane only).

Hardware, Paints, Glass and Putty.

**DUVAL'S**

17 WATERLOO STREET.

Some to 44 Germain St., or Call Up 'Phone 1074 FOR ANYTHING IN

**Hardware,**

Paints, Oils or Glass.

Screen Doors, from 75c up. Window Screens, 25c to 50c. Green Wire Cloth, 10c to 50c yard

**J.W. ADDISON,**

MARKET BUILDING.

Open Friday Evenings

**CLOCKS.**

Another lot of Clocks just received, and we can give you a Good Clock for House, Office or Factory, in French or American and from the best Manufacturers

COME AND SEE THE GREAT VARIETY.

41 King St.

**FERGUSON & PAGE,**

Apples, Pears, Tomatoes, Peaches, Corn, Squash

AT—**CHARLES A. CLARK'S,**

49 CHARLOTTE STREET, MARKET BUILDING Telephone 803.

**1,000 Dozen Preserving Jars.**

ALSO

**Jelly Jars and Tumblers**

At Lowest Prices

**O. H. WARWICK CO.**

Limited.

78 and 80 KING STREET.

**Public Meeting.**

There will be a Public Meeting in the Opera House, Tomorrow Afternoon at 4.15, which will be addressed by

**Rev. Archdeacon Madden,**

of Liverpool, England

—AND—

**Rev. G. H. Bondfield,**

of Shanghai, China.

the delegates of the British and Foreign Bible Society to Canada.

ALL ARE CORDIALLY INVITED.

THE GRUBBLE MASTER. IN THREE PARTS—PART I. BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

Robert Montgomery was seated at his desk, his head upon his hands, in a state of the blackest despondency. Before him was the open ledger, with the long columns of Dr. Oldacre's prescriptions. At his elbow lay the wooden tray with the labels in various partitions, the cork box, the lumps of twisted sealing wax, while in a rank of empty bottles waited to be filled. But his spirits were too low for work. He sat in silence, with his fine shoulders bowed and his head in his hands.

"He's ten good pounds in the light side," growled the horsebreaker. "He's a better weight, anyhow." "A hundred and fifty, if it's an ounce." "Well, the Master doesn't weigh much more than that." "A hundred and seventy-five." "That was when he was fat and living high. Work the great out of him, and I lay there's no great difference between them. Have you been working lately Mr. Montgomery?"

DAZED-TIRED-OR-LIFELESS. Every woman has times when she feels dazed, tired out, almost lifeless, when her work, which she usually contemplates with pleasure, seems almost past her strength. Are you that woman sometimes? Do you realize that it is ninety times out of a hundred caused from just common, but dangerous constipation?

Sporting. The Turf, Ring, etc.

GARDNER TO FORCE FITZ. George Gardner, light heavyweight champion fighter of the world, is hot on the trail of Bob Fitzsimmons and is going to try and force the former heavyweight champion into a match with him. The Chicagoan—for Gardner is now a resident of that city—feels that his judgment of a horse's ability does not give him a direct reply to all of the challenges that he has hurled at the red head of the New Yorker.

FRANK WHEATON. SOLLY VILLAGE, N. S. SOLE AGENT FOR CANADA. DAZED-TIRED-OR-LIFELESS. Every woman has times when she feels dazed, tired out, almost lifeless, when her work, which she usually contemplates with pleasure, seems almost past her strength.

DOHERTY, TENNIS CHAMPION.

Since the introduction here of tennis there has never been so notable a tennis match as was witnessed in the national tournament at Newport last week. H. L. Doherty, champion of Great Britain, demonstrated that his game was superior to that of the leading American player, W. A. Larned, notwithstanding the naturally labored under a great disadvantage, for the conditions, as regards atmosphere and turf, were quite different to those he was accustomed to at home.

CAME TO LIFE IN A CLOSED COFFIN.

Woman Supposed Dead Revived Only to Die from Suffocation. CUNNINGHAM, N. C., Sept. 3.—Mrs. Julia H. Stanham, colored, went to Durham, N. C., about two weeks ago to be operated upon for a tumor. Two colored doctors gave her chloroform, preparatory to removing the tumor, but they were ready to use the knife when she awoke and apparently died. The doctors issued a certificate that her death resulted from heart failure.

BEAUTIES OF THE VERNACULAR.

This was the conversation between the girl with the gum in her mouth and the other girl with the gum in her mouth: "Alcinah hungry?" "Ye, my. Less go neet." "Sleev go one places nuther." "So dy. Ika neet mo stennyware. Canchee?" "Ye. Gocher money?" "Ye, ye. Gocher money?" "Ye. Gocher money?" "Ye. Gocher money?" "Ye. Gocher money?"

THE TURF.

George E. Smith, better known to the public as "Pringle Phil," whose horses have been ruled off all the tracks of the Jockey Club, talked recently to a writer for the New York World with a freedom altogether unusual for him. As a rule, the plunger is a splendid study in reticence when an interviewer approaches him. But on this occasion he "plunged" as much in his conversation as he does usually in the betting ring.

# Sermon.

The Rev. Geo. H. Horne on the Crowned Christ

The Rev. George H. Horne preached Sunday morning in the Rushwick Avenue Baptist church, Brooklyn on "The Crown of Christ." The texts were from Hebrews ii:9, "We see Jesus, crowned with glory and honor," and Revelation xix:13, "On his head were many crowns." Mr. Horne said in the course of his sermon:

In this scripture the crown and the cross are linked together; the one is the glory and consummation of the other. Jesus Christ fulfilled all the law's righteous demands, and by his death he magnified and made it honorable. All its requirements received an obedient response in the death of the cross. Jesus is now placed before us crowned with glory and honor, and seated as an enthroned sin purger on the right hand of the majesty in the heavens. "God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the spirit, seen of angels, preached unto the Gentiles, believed on in the world, received up into glory." Christ alone revealed the Father, being the eradicated brightness of his glory and an exact representation of his very being.

First—To Christ belongs the crown of creation. "Without him was not anything made that was made. He upholds all things by the word of His power." He wears the crown and wields the scepter of creation. "The heavens declare the glory of God, the firmament sheweth his handiwork." It shines from every ray of light that falls from the lofty heavens; it sparkles from the mountain tops that catch the beams of the rising sun; it spreads over the expanse of sea and speaks of nature's creator in the murmur of its restless waves; it encircles the earth in a zone of light and flings over it a mantle of beauty. The budding flower, the warbling birds, the rushing winds, the reverberating thunders, the heights and depths, all with united voices ascribe the sovereignty of the universe to the glorified Christ. "For he is before all things and by him all things consist."

Heaven is created for Him. His glorified humanity is its central object. The Lamb upon the throne is its illuminating sun. The planets and constellations that roll through the infinite of space shine in the reflected luster of His cross. The angels are His messengers, sent forth to minister unto those who shall be heirs of salvation. "The glory and honor spoken of in this text are different from the glory of Hebrews i:3. That is the glory of His divinity, which He had from the Father before the worlds. This is the acquired glory of His humanity. This is the crown He received from the Father, who raised Him from among the dead ones and gave Him glory and sat Him at His own right hand far above all principalities, powers, dominions and powers, investing Him with a name which is above every name not only in this age, but in that which is to come—the first begotten from among the dead—himself one in the more than diamond splendor of a resurrection life.

Second—To Christ belongs the crown of life. Our earthly life is subject to His control. "Is there not an appointed time to man upon the earth? His days are determined, the number of his months are with Thee, Thou hast appointed his bounds that he cannot pass." We can do but little to arrest the progress of age and decay, or to do all we desire. Whatever hope we cherish of a future life and immortality, of future joy, glory and perfection, is all through Jesus Christ, who hath brought life and immortality to light through the gospel. He only can redeem from the power of death and the corruption of the grave, and when the resurrection trump shall sound "all that are in their graves shall come forth—both they that have died in Christ and they that have not." "They that sleep in Jesus" shall "awake in His likeness," and take up the heavenward march to glory, rejoicing in the hope that accompanies them to the realms of bliss. "And so shall we ever be with the Lord." This could not be unless Christ Himself suffered and died in order that the grave might lose its victory. It behooved Him, therefore, to die and to arise from the dead, to conquer sin, to have demonstrated by His resurrection and ascension into heaven that light is stronger than darkness, salvation than sin, life than death. "When he ascended on high he led captivity captive, having made principalities and powers; He made a show of them openly, triumphing over them in Him," for "in that He died, He died unto sin once, but in that He liveth, He liveth unto God."

Third—To Christ belongs the crown of redemption. "In whom we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of our sins." There are three expressions in the New Testament relative to us who believe "Without Christ," our former condition. "In Christ," our present state by grace. "With Christ," our happy future destiny. Best of all, we are to be like Him—glorified together at His appearing. In the work of redemption our Lord stands alone, "by Himself He purged our sins and sat down on the right hand of the majesty on High." Redemption is completely finished, that Christ has entered into His rest. If we are like with Him by faith, our sins, which were many, are all forgiven. "He entered at once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption, and He now liveth to make intercession for all who come unto God by Him."

Fourth—We shall see Him as He is—The one altogether lovely, the fairest among ten thousand—clothed with light as with a garment, glorious in His apparel, having on His head many crowns, seated upon the throne of His glory, shining in the more than diamond splendor of a resurrection life, while angels, thrones, principalities, powers, dominions and powers ascribe honor unto Him, saying: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and

blessing." Surging to His ears be all the anthems, facing Him be all the throngs. "We shall witness the coronation of our Lord; Thou, O Christ, art the King of glory! In the great audience room of eternity will assemble the ransomed multitude from every man can number—the redeemed of the Lord—who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. As He shall appear, radiant in all His Father's glory," will go up to mouth: "Crown Him, Lord of all." And the Father, who, long before the morning stars sang together, promised the uttermost parts of the earth for His Son's inheritance, will place the diadem of glory upon the brow of our Redeemer by the crucifixion bramble, while "unto Him every knee shall bow, and every tongue proclaim Him Lord, and to the glory of God the Father." Then shall the Church of the living God, redeemed out of every nation under heaven, ring out her grand doxology: "Unto Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God, and the Father, to Him be glory and dominion unto the age of the ages. Amen."

O, that with yonder sacred throng, We at his feet may fall; We'll join the everlasting song, And crown Him Lord of all.

## THE ONLY INHABITED PLANET.

In Answering Critics A. R. Wallace Repeats Conclusions Which Scientists Contested.

NEW YORK, Aug. 28.—Alfred Russel Wallace, whose treatise on man's place in nature and the assertion therein that the earth was the centre of the entire stellar system excited so much controversy among scientists in the early part of this year, replies to his critics in the current issue of the Independent. In this contribution he repeats his belief that the earth is the only inhabited planet.

Professor Wallace admits that in his former articles he had written somewhat hastily, and that he made "several suggestions and admissions which were of little importance to his general subject, but which laid me open to adverse criticism." He continues that the three more important criticisms of his work were:— "That I have given no proof that the stars are not infinite; that the sun's position shows that our present central position can only be temporary, and that there is no advantage whatever in a central position."

In reply to the first of these objections Prof. Wallace cites the authority of the most eminent astronomers and in support of the theory that the stellar universe is limited in extent. As to the sun's motion through space and the world's central relation thereto, more astronomical evidence is presented. "My chief astronomical critics," he says, "have misled their readers by setting before them the supposed motion of the sun as if it were certainly in a straight line and not in some orbit around a centre; and also as if both its direction and velocity were determined by methods of observation as secure as those by which the distances of the sun and of the nearest stars have been determined."

## SHORTAGE OF HARVESTERS.

WINNIPEG, Man., Aug. 28.—"The shortage in harvesting hands in the province this season will be the cause of considerable trouble to the farmers in getting in their crops," said Adam Black of Boissevain. "In our own district we are already short of men, and during the next week or ten days this shortage will become acute, and there will be some difficulty in getting in the crop. Some ten years ago two or three thousand men from the east were sufficient to get in the crops, but today it is an entirely different proposition. I think that it will be found that the number of men in the province available for the handling of the crop is entirely inadequate to the demand. For instance, take my own case. I require at least thirty men to properly get in my crop, and although I took the trouble to come into Winnipeg for the purpose of securing men, and although I had tried all the agencies in the city and have offered a price which is far in excess of that paid in any previous years, I have found it impossible to hire the number of men I require. I wanted thirty, and the best that I have been able to do up to the present is to engage eighteen."

Notwithstanding the number brought in there is still a big shortage, particularly in the northern, western and southwestern portions of Manitoba, where the crops are exceptionally heavy. There is also a very great demand for men along the Prince Albert and Edmonton branches. On account of the shortage of harvesters, farmers are offering \$50 per month, and even \$60 to experienced hands.

## AT THE LONDON HOUSE SATURDAY, SEPT. 5TH.

# This Week Has Brought a Splendid Lot More New Fall Dress Materials.

New costume dresses. The newest "shaggy" zibelines. Plaid zibelines—the latest novelty—these deep-toned subdued plaids in browns and green effects are coming strongly to the front in American fashions. Two-toned or shot zibeline suitings are very attractive and warm looking for Fall suits—they come in greenish and blue effects.

**RAINCOLOTHS.**  
60 in. rainproof cloths for ladies' coats—new lot just in—best quality. \$1.75 yd.

**WASHABLE CASHMERE WOOL WAISTINGS.**  
Gros Romans—finest satin finish wool waistings that wash perfectly. Beautiful colorings.

## "My Lady's Gloves."

New Kid Gloves in latest Fall colorings just to hand this week. Considered particularly good value. All fine real French Kid Gloves. Every pair guaranteed. "Margulose"—Very dressy, fine Gloves with two large domes—very neat stitching, colors, modes, greys, fawns and deeper tones. \$1.35 pair. "Donna"—Pique sewn, fine French Kid Glove, every pair guaranteed, in new fall "walking" shades. \$1.45 pair. "Bon-Aime"—\$1.00 pair. The season's leader in Kid Gloves. Every pair guaranteed and come in shades like the best. Our special \$1.00 pair.

## Beautiful Mercerized White Goods for Waists Or Babies' Dresses.

A Pure White Mercerized Gaden that makes the prettiest waists or children's dresses of any white goods we know. It comes in small polka dots or tiny spray designs, and is just as silky as a Duchesse Satin before or after washing. Special 25c. yard.

**REDUCTIONS IN WHITE-WEAR.**  
Gowns, corset covers and drawers—all good garments but slightly mused—bargain prices—50c. to \$2.00. Corset covers, 15c. to \$2.45. Drawers, 40c. to 75c.

**SPECIALS IN ROLLER TOWELS.**  
Ready to use roller towels—a new line in the market. White roller towels, 2-3 yds., 18 in. wide, 30c. each. Turkish roller towels, 35c. each.

# "R. & G." Corsets are the most popular Corsets in the United States today.

**F. W. DANIEL & CO.,**  
London House, Charlotte St.

## POETRY.

### LIFE.

On a bleak, bald hill with a dull world under,  
The dreary world of the commonplace,  
I have stood when the whole earth seemed a blunder  
Of dotard Time—in an aimless race,  
With worry about me, and want before me—  
Yet, deep in my soul was a rapture-spring  
That made me cry to the gray sky o'er me,  
"Oh, I know this life is a goodly thing!"  
I have given sweet years to a thankless duty,  
While cold and starving, though clothed and fed  
(For a young heart's hunger for joy and beauty  
Is harder to bear than the need of bread).  
I have watched the wane of a sodden season,  
Which let hope wither, and made care thrive;  
And through it all, without earthly reason,  
I have thrilled with the glory of being alive.  
And now I stand by great seas of splendor,  
Where love and beauty feed heart and eye;  
The brilliant light of the sun grows tender,  
As it glimmers to the shore of the by-and-by.  
I count each hour as a golden treasure,  
A dead Time drops from a broken string—  
And all my ways are the ways of pleasure,  
And I know this life is a goodly thing.  
And I know, too, that not in the seeing,  
Or having, or doing, the things we would,  
Lies that deep rapture that comes from being  
At one with the purpose, which makes all good.  
And not from pleasure the heart may borrow  
That vast contentment for which we strive,  
Unless through trouble, and want, and sorrow,  
It has thrilled with the glory of being alive.  
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Smart Set.

### LAY TO THE LAZY MAN.

When the breeze blows in my window,  
Ah! it tells me many tales  
Of wind-fleeced waves with caps of white  
That here and there between the lilies  
Dividing sea and sky,  
Go bobbing lazily enough my heart to satisfy—  
For I'm lazy, lazy, lazy.  
When the breeze blows in my window  
I have dreams of meadows sweet  
Where the clover's ripe and ruddy  
And the cows have lots to eat,  
With them I chew the cud awhile—I  
Could, I think, could you?  
For the reason ('tis most excellent)  
I have nothing else to do—  
And I'm lazy, lazy, lazy.

When the breeze blows through my window  
In my mind's eye I can see  
Myself a-sittin' fashin' with some bait  
Upon my knee.  
The scene's so very peaceful that it  
Fills me with delight  
And I rather think I would prefer to  
Never have a bite—  
For I'm lazy, lazy, lazy,  
—Pittsburg Dispatch.

### FACE TO FACE.

I said "Goodby" and drifted far away,  
I wandered far, yet ever, day by day,  
Your face I saw, whenever I did look,  
In cloud and tree, and every shady nook.  
The only song it seemed that I could  
Sing, was "Face to Face."  
Was "Only Thee!" It had the sweetest  
Of rings.  
I saw your dress all fringed with dainty  
Lace,  
I longed, my Sweet, to see you "Face  
To Face!"

I thought I kissed your eyes, so good  
And true,  
I bent and kissed that dress of lovely  
Blue,  
I touched your mouth, that tastes like  
New made wine,  
And your dear lips that cling so close  
To mine,  
Your hair so soft, its perfume fills me  
Yet;  
Your lashes which the tears of love had  
Wet;  
Your face, your neck with all its swan-  
Like grace;  
And then I wished that we were "Face  
To Face!"  
—JOHN DE WITT.

### A POOL.

Since in Life's cast I claim a Jester's  
part,  
Please God I play it well—with merry  
Of mocking words and frippery . . .  
nay, sin,  
With bawling bells—and bursting  
heart within.  
That men may smile, and smiling men  
may say,  
"No rarer Pool blocks up the King's  
Highway."  
My lines are learned, my gestures fol-  
low true—  
And Pride the Prompter hath a ready  
cue.

In worn and motley garb alone I go,  
My bread . . . a stone, My salt  
. . . the tears that flow  
From pitying eyes that in my dreams  
I see  
Like those of Him who wept on Cal-  
vary.  
Yet all-pliant, with a sneer and song,  
I swagger out before the jeering  
throng  
Whose probing fingers itch to rack the  
wound.  
That . . . by God's grace, men's  
eyes have never found.

When at Thy feet, dear God of Love,  
I kneel upon the Judgment Day,  
May I be shorn of garments worn,  
The bawling bells and colors gay,  
With my heart's blood . . . ay;  
drop by drop,  
The path is blazed I tread alone,  
Stretch forth Thy hand and bid me  
stand—  
A Fool no more . . . beside the  
Throne.  
—Meribah Philbrick-Reed in The Read-  
er.

## AT BEATTAY'S ROCKS.

The Place and the People who Go There and Why they do.

One of these sunshiny afternoons, if you have a little leisure time and nothing particular to do with it, suppose you try spending a few hours at Beattay's Rocks, West End. It is only a short walk from the ferry, and a most amusing and interesting spot to visit, watching the kaleidoscopic scene, brilliant with color and not just the same for two minutes at time.

The place, itself, apart from the human interest centered in the crowds which daily find their way there, is by no means without its own attractions to lovers of natural scenery and of the sea. The shining stretch of sands, the blue waters of the bay, dancing and sparkling in the sunlight; the white sails of vessels going out or coming in, and of sailboats cruising up and down along the shore; the white downy clouds lying banked against the horizon; the blue line which on very clear days may be described, and which means Nova Scotia, and nearer, Red Head, with its cottages here and there making a dotting of white, its wealth of color—so many shades of green, ranging from the most vivid emerald to a sort of russet-brown with a greenish tinge. All these possess a charm of their own, but it must be confessed that much of the pleasure associated with the place is found in watching the people who come and go on the beach—and, no less in the water. Yes, the water, that's the place for the fun, but it is a question whether those who are splashing up and down in the surf, or those who are sitting comfortably on the beach in the role of on-lookers enjoy it the more. Of course, sea bathing is healthy—and fashionable—besides being refreshing on a hot afternoon, but then the bathers cannot know that they are furnishing amusement for the majority on the shore; that the bathing suite to be hired at the beach are not always as becoming to one's complexion as might be, and that the subject for myriads of kodaks, and their various graceful and striking poses are being snapped for future souvenirs, etc. So that while a dip in the briny has its consolations it has also drawbacks. Whereas, the non-bather, sitting high and dry on the sand or the rocks, may survey the show without any discomfort and armed with the omnipresent camera, secure many a strikingly beautiful snap-shot. Perhaps a few suggestions to suit the subject for myriads of kodaks, and their various graceful and striking poses are being snapped for future souvenirs, etc. So that while a dip in the briny has its consolations it has also drawbacks. Whereas, the non-bather, sitting high and dry on the sand or the rocks, may survey the show without any discomfort and armed with the omnipresent camera, secure many a strikingly beautiful snap-shot.

## SLANDERING 1903.

"Wonderful" Events This Year, but the World Moves On. (Chicago Tribune).

In 1903 an "annus mirabilis"? A correspondent of the New York Times insists that it is, and offers in proof of his statement unassailable weather every month, unprecedented drought, the bottom falling out of the stock market, the Serbian assassinations, the death of the pope and "the gloomy record of crimes of violence, lynchings, murders, suicides, to say nothing of the 'right to a fair trial' in which honor and capital are now engaged." In conclusion, the correspondent wonders whether the events of the "wonderful year" could have occurred in any year the digits composing which did not form the fateful number, "thirteen." If the matter depended upon the "fateful number thirteen" this correspondent might well set his mind at rest. The last year whose digits compose thirteen was 1840 and it was about the dullest, most uneventful year of the century. There was nothing "wonderful" about it. Queen Victoria got married, penny postage was introduced in England, President Harrison was elected, the Mormons founded Nauvoo, the opium war with China was brought to an end, and William I. of Holland abdicated. Nearly every other year in the nineteenth century was more an "annus mirabilis" than 1840. And 1840, the preceding "thirteen" year in the list, was not as wonderful as 1840.

But what is there especially "wonderful" about 1903 that should make this correspondent so pessimistic? Do we not have unseasonable weather every year? Supporting the bottom of the stock market has fallen out. Has there not been market activity in all lines of legitimate business? Have the mishaps of speculation been reflected in the trade industry? Has the assassination in Serbia caused a ripple in the political or diplomatic world of Europe? The Roman pontiff is dead. He was old and he was mortal. Was not his death significant, however, in its revelation of sympathy? As to crime, it is no more rampant this year than it was last year, only certain unusual circumstances in certain unusual places have called special attention to it. In the long flight of time one year averages up very like another year. The "wonderful years" are extremely rare.

## STEAMBOAT SERVICE.

By Dominion Atlantic.  
S. S. Prince Rupert leaves St. John every morning at 7.45 o'clock, arriving from Digby at 8 P. M.  
By Eastern S. S. Co.  
Steamers leave St. John at 8.00 a. m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for Lunenburg, Eastport, Portland and Boston. For Boston (direct) on Tuesdays and Saturdays at 6.30 p. m.  
Leave St. John on Tuesdays at 10.00 a. m. for Grand Manan, Campbell and Eastport. Return to St. John on Mondays at 7.30 a. m.

## LABOR DAY.

Under the auspices of COURT EPPING FOREST, I. O. F.  
Steamer, Beatrice E. Waring will carry the excursionists. Moonlight sail returning home.  
Boats leave Indiantown at 10.30 a. m. and 2 p. m.

## GORTON'S BIG MINSTRELS.

Beautiful Electric First Part. High Class Specialties. Splendid Costumes.  
Grand Street Parade. Gorton's Solo Band Concerts.  
SEATS NOW READY.  
PRICES: Matinee, Balcony 25c.; Orchestra Floor 50c.  
EVENING PRICES: 25c., 50c., 60c., 75c.

## TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

Passenger service to and from St. John, in effect June 1903.

### DEPARTURES.

By Canadian Pacific.  
Express for Boston . . . 6.45 a. m.  
Suburban . . . 9.25 a. m.  
Express for Fredericton . . . 1.10 p. m.  
Express for Montreal . . . 6.00 p. m.  
Express for Boston . . . 8.10 p. m.  
Suburban . . . 10.50 p. m.

### ARRIVALS.

By Canadian Pacific.  
Suburban from Fredericton . . . 7.50 a. m.  
Express from Boston . . . 10.40 a. m.  
Express from Montreal . . . 1.10 p. m.  
Suburban . . . 12.10 p. m.  
Suburban . . . 7.50 p. m.  
Boston express . . . 11.15 p. m.

### By Intercolonial.

Mixed for Montreal . . . 6.30 a. m.  
Express for Halifax and Pictou . . . 7.50 a. m.  
Express for Montreal, Point du Chene and P. E. Island . . . 10.00 a. m.  
Express for Halifax and Pictou . . . 11.15 a. m.  
Suburban . . . 1.15 p. m.  
Express for Sussex . . . 1.10 p. m.  
Suburban . . . 6.15 p. m.  
Express for Quebec and Montreal . . . 7.00 p. m.  
Suburban . . . 11.25 p. m.  
Express for Halifax and Sydney . . . 11.25 p. m.

### By New Brunswick Southern.

Express for St. Stephen . . . 7.50 a. m.

### By Dominion Atlantic.

Express from Halifax and Sydney . . . 6.25 a. m.  
Suburban . . . 7.45 a. m.  
Express from Boston . . . 10.40 a. m.  
Express from Montreal . . . 1.10 p. m.  
Suburban . . . 12.10 p. m.  
Suburban . . . 7.50 p. m.  
Boston express . . . 11.15 p. m.

### By Eastern S. S. Co.

Steamers leave St. John at 8.00 a. m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for Lunenburg, Eastport, Portland and Boston. For Boston (direct) on Tuesdays and Saturdays at 6.30 p. m.  
Leave St. John on Tuesdays at 10.00 a. m. for Grand Manan, Campbell and Eastport. Return to St. John on Mondays at 7.30 a. m.

### By New Brunswick Southern.

Express for St. Stephen . . . 7.50 a. m.

### By Dominion Atlantic.

Express from Halifax and Sydney . . . 6.25 a. m.  
Suburban . . . 7.45 a. m.  
Express from Boston . . . 10.40 a. m.  
Express from Montreal . . . 1.10 p. m.  
Suburban . . . 12.10 p. m.  
Suburban . . . 7.50 p. m.  
Boston express . . . 11.15 p. m.

### By Eastern S. S. Co.

Steamers leave St. John at 8.00 a. m. on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays for Lunenburg, Eastport, Portland and Boston. For Boston (direct) on Tuesdays and Saturdays at 6.30 p. m.  
Leave St. John on Tuesdays at 10.00 a. m. for Grand Manan, Campbell and Eastport. Return to St. John on Mondays at 7.30 a. m.

### By New Brunswick Southern.

Express for St. Stephen . . . 7.50 a. m.

# A STORY OF THE AMBITION OF A POPULAR ACTRESS

## A Dramatic Episode

By HERBERT MONTGOMERY

Copyright, 1903, by Charles N. Loris

“SHE’S talented to the end of her nails,” asserted Jancey. “If you will, but there is one note she does not strike, with all her temperament or art or heart or whatever you like to call it—the note of tragedy.”

“Who wants tragedy in Paris?” retorted Brevai. “Not pleasure seekers, certainly. Go to the morgue for it. You’ll find it there. Tragedy in a comedian! You’re crazy.”

“I don’t want tragedy,” continued Jancey as though he had not been interrupted. “What I require, what I desire from Mile. Serpolette is an undercurrent to her mirth. It’s too frothy. It won’t last. We Parisians are all artists at bottom. We bear probing when it comes to criticism. You can’t probe anything Serpolette does. She is radiant, healthy, pretty and soulless, light and bright, but she lacks finish because there is no undercurrent which brings the tears to your eyes when she laughs—the way Chartrain did in her day. Why, I have seen a butcher boy lift his dingy apron with his grimy hand and wipe his eyes when Chartrain sang that song about the ‘Gamin de Paris.’ How his tongue is brightest when despair lies closest to his heart!” She struck the keynote, I tell you, always because of her undercurrent of sympathy. We Parisians love to laugh, but we only recognize real genius when it plays upon all our emotions, like fingers along piano keys. We want to be aroused to merriment. But merriment alone is colorless. Give us at the same time the consciousness of life, the belief that the woman who acts or sings is a sympathetic soul attuned to life’s uncertainties. Then we fall down and worship her. Serpolette has not lived. She has skimmed it, if you will. She has not felt. I’d be glad to go to sleep for ten years and wake to find her as obscure as last year’s dancer if only to prove to you that if she continues as she has her light will be quenched in another six months at any rate. It’s too bad. A bright soul. A butterfly existence. Nothing more. I had hoped much from her. I am disappointed.”

“And I attest her lightness is assumed with malice aforethought,” insisted Brevai. “I contend she studies her world and that she has the tact to see that life is sufficiently a tragedy

without her assistance. I am sure she knows her business, and she has in a clean cut fashion resolved to make the public laugh, rollick—anything you will. But behind it all Serpolette understands life. She is a gamin, a waif



“I’LL RECITE YOU A THING OF MY OWN.”

from the streets. Why, twenty years ago, when her mother trod the boards of the Palais Royal, Serpolette, then a baby, used to amuse her mother’s comrades at the wings with her little ways and her wise, bright eyes and her crow of unmitigated mirth. I have seen Grosbois double up his fat sides over her comic gestures. He predicted a great career for her always. She set the tune to every joke afloat. She is hummed from the Boulevard Montmartre to the Chatelet. There are Serpolette hats and Serpolette fuchs, and a horse named after Serpolette, and one of the oldest imperialistic families has

sent its dearest offspring to South Africa to avoid her wiles. She’s hung with jewels, and she’s young and pretty and convincing. All the managers are after her. All the jeuneuses dorees is at her feet. There is a song dedicated to her. There is a Serpolette march. That is success—ultimate failure, if you must. Why endeavor to teach her to know all things and wisely? She knows life well. She’s tasted it. Why torment out of her the tragic notes?”

Old Jancey frowned. “I like the child,” he confessed. “There is something vastly better than wantonness in her. She is uncommon. I would have her make her art so great a thing that she would command recognition from the great as well as the small. Her mother had good stuff in her. Serpolette has twice her mother’s talent and four times her beauty.”

“I’ll recite you a thing of my own,” cried Serpolette. She had sprung into the room noiselessly. There was a whiff of perfume a la Serpolette. There was a whir of silken skirts. She stood there as if risen from the floor, like a stage fairy, holding in her hand a marvelously tinted umbrella. She had a laughing face, as pert and saucy and up to date as her costume.

The room was the empty office of a theatrical manager—that is, empty of everything but a table, a chair, the two managers, Brevai and Jancey, and Serpolette. Jancey had turned as she came forward, his shrewd face reddening with astonishment. Brevai puckered his lips together and whistled.

“A thing of my own,” explained Serpolette earnestly, a slight frown ruffling the smoothness of the soft flesh between her eyes; “a little skit I thought of one night when I slept. I woke and thought it out. I claim it for a niche, though. I want the footlights of the Palais Royal to light it up. None of your open air theaters for this production. The legitimate. May I do it?”

Jancey looked at her steadily, the light springing to his eyes. Brevai yawned. “What is your project?” demanded Jancey. “First,” began Serpolette, “I am satisfied—Oh, as Brevai gave vent to a scoffing laugh, “you think we artists

are never satisfied. But this time it is not my pay I shall find fault with, nor my role or the music of my last song, nor the words. It is with myself. There has been something stirring in me lately I cannot get away from. A feeling that I must give vent to it, or things will go badly with me. It is—”

“Well,” urged Jancey eagerly. “It is,” and she threw back her head as though she could breathe longer and fuller with her chin raised—“It is this—”

She spoke very low and rapidly. “I wish to hold the public in the palm of my hand. I’d like to bid the tears course down their cheeks as well as to see those same cheeks wrinkle with laughter. It’s silly to laugh always. I want more power. Give me the space to try for it.”

Brevai smiled cynically. “A whim,” he said. And then he turned and commenced to toss some papers on his desk. Jancey sat silently regarding Serpolette.

“You know how I can laugh,” she continued. “Bid some one write me a



“GEORGETTE, FROM SERPOLETTE.”

play which contains laughter and tears. I can weep as well.” “You,” from Brevai skeptically—“you! You were not made to weep.” A look of pain, as oddly at variance with her saucy face as a cloud across the brightness of a day in June, blot- ted out for an instant the bloom of Ser-

polette’s radiant countenance. It vanished as quickly as it came, but Jancey had seen it.

“Ah, let me try it,” she urged. “Surely you will let me play my share of tragedy as well as comedy. Surely you will not deny me the knowledge of tears?”

Brevai rubbed his eyes. “Enough,” he said. “Have done. I know your type. At weeping you would fall. You have not wept.”

“I can play at tears.” “You cannot.” “I will.” “You won’t. I engage you to laugh.” “You refuse?” “Absolutely.” “Well, so let it be.”

As she laid her hand upon the door-knob Jancey cried suddenly: “I have an idea. Listen,” as Brevai commenced a violent protest. “Let Serpolette laugh. Give her soubrette parts. Have another actress to fill the tragic roles. Make the play serio comic. ‘Twill be a new venture at the Palais Royal. Serpolette is sure to draw. She has filled our pockets. Give her her head, but in reason.”

“I have it!” cried Serpolette. And down went her umbrella again. “I know a girl, a friend of mine from Nimes. She is the personification of grief. All her lines go down as mine go up. Eyebrows droop, mouth droops at the corners, unmitigated grief. So.”

She stood mournfully, trying to look as grief stricken as she could. But her hat belied her, and her willful hair and her eyes and her dimples.

Brevai smiled reluctantly. “Is she a novice?” “She has played two years at Lyons and one at Marseilles.”

“Her name?” “Georgette.”

“It’s!” remarked Brevai humorously, his eyes twinkling. “Now, who would imagine that to be the name of an obscure tragedienne?”

Serpolette flashed an annihilating glance in his direction. Then she announced, “I’ll have her here within an hour.”

“Better send her to the Palais Royal. We will be waiting there for her.” Serpolette was gone.

An hour later a gentle tap came to the door of the greenroom of the Palais Royal. It fell open at Jancey’s cry of “Come in,” and a woman clothed in the deepest mourning entered. She was young and beautiful, with ebony hair turned off her forehead in a thick roll. She stood indifferently, listlessly, as the door fell to behind her. Her face, with its drooping lips and eyelids, was so devoid of the knowledge of happiness that it cast a decided gloom across the greenroom. Its anguish was settled and decided.

“Georgette. From Serpolette.” The voice was somber, like the eyes.

“She told you what role she thought you’d fill?” “I’ve never filled but one. To weep. Life has taught me nothing but sorrow and renunciation from the cradle to the present.”

And as she stood there before the two managers, as though the fact of her having given vent in words to her



“SERPOLETTE,” LAUGHED SERPOLETTE HERSELF.

hitherto choked up anguish had stirred some forgotten spring in her breast, the crystal drops began to creep one by one from beneath her long eyelids and slowly, like loose diamonds on white velvet, course down the soft pallor of her white cheeks on to the dull surface of her poor black gown.

Her beauty was so perfect, so unusual; the simplicity of her unhidden, unbidden sorrow was so infinitely pathetic, that she seemed to those past artists as to emotions, MM. Brevai and Jancey, the embodiment of sorrow. Had she stood thus for the statue of Woe, Paris would have acclaimed her far and wide as the most perfect monument of the century.

“In which role have you had most success?” asked Jancey. “Adrienne Lacoureur,” murmured the girl. “Will you come on the stage with us and give a brief rehearsal of Adrienne’s

grief when she hears her lover has proved unfaithful to her?”

“Willingly, monsieur,” she replied. “Come, then,” exclaimed Brevai.

They passed on to the stage. Her rendering of the part of the poor, forsaken Adrienne was perfect. Her tears were real. Both men caught their breath and for a few moments, after the rehearsal sat speechless. Then Brevai cleared his throat and demanded huskily, “Your price?”

“Two hundred francs a soiree. I have played for less, but this is Paris. I desire the opportunity to make myself known and heard.”

Jancey brought his hand down on his knee with a resounding slap. “We’ll have her and Serpolette together!” he shouted triumphantly. “Joy and sorrow, laughter and tears, comedy and tragedy. ‘Twill make a living picture all the world will come to see.”

They handed her the contract to sign, calling in a witness for that purpose. She asked for ten days’ leave, with a request to take the contract with her and look it over. They granted her request reluctantly. Then she left them spellbound.

Two minutes afterward Brevai and Jancey heard a laugh which was as well known to them as their debts, as their past failures; a laugh so birdlike, so joyous, that they smiled out loud in sympathy and made a rush simultaneously for the greenroom, lifting their ears to the sound for more, the way human nature always does when out of life’s tragedy or comedy ripples the music of unadulterated jollity.

This laugh was famous. It held an abandon so complete, it meant so much that was good and heartfelt! Peasantry peal tumbled over each other so merrily that Brevai and Jancey both chuckled.

“It’s Serpolette!” gasped Brevai. “Serpolette,” laughed Serpolette herself as she sprang in between them.

Over her arm was a black dress. In one hand she held a dark wig, in the other the contract. The painted shadows under her eyes were strangely at variance with her dimples. Her face was gleaming with mirth so intense, with the triumph so hardly won, with the knowledge of a new power felt and practiced for the first time in public, that she was absolutely dazzling to look upon.

The tears were still wet on her cheeks. “My compliments, mademoiselle,” said Brevai shamefacedly. “You have won the day.”

But Jancey stood soberly regarding her with a great awe in his face.

“If women can play at tears as well as laughter like that,” he was thinking, “what is the use of reality?” He laid his hand on Serpolette’s shoulder. “You have suffered?” he demanded. “Who knows?” retorted Serpolette mutinously.

# Entertainment and Instruction For the Young Folks

## BOYS and GIRLS IN OLD SPAIN

By ALBERTA PLATT

THE life of children and young people in Spain is very different from that of the youth in the United States. While they are small both Spanish boys and girls are petted and spoiled in a way that would make American parents half



SPANISH FARMHOUSE.

crazy. In the very highest social rank the Spanish father and mother are devoted to their children. Particularly is this true of the Spanish mother. She never exerts herself physically for them—she never exerts herself physically for anything—but she loves them so fondly that she is foolish over them and lets them have their own way in everything. That perhaps is the boy and girl idea of paradise. But there is one feature of Spanish child life that cannot be too much commended. Even while they are little the Spanish boy manifests toward his sisters a fine politeness and kindness that would amaze young America. All the chivalrousness that the young gentleman of the Spanish nobility shows to his lady fair he is taught in childhood to manifest to his own little sister.

In respect to politeness toward all girls it is really a pity the American boy could not take a lesson from the Spanish boy. But many other things Spanish youth could profitably learn from American young people. The Spanish boy of the higher rank is never taught that working for his living is

honorable and manly. As for the girl of Spain, she does not even always learn to spell and write properly. It is not considered that she needs these accomplishments, which are for girls that must earn their own living. You will see from this that the poor Spanish children have little chance to amount to much, for nothing but work will ever bring out the power in anybody. In Spain the women and girls who are superior to all the others are those of the farms, the ones who learn useful occupations. These useful ones are also the handsomest of the Spanish women and girls. In the farming or peasant families the girls help with the cooking and other labor.

In old Spain a girl is considered a young lady at fifteen. She can sing and play the guitar a little and she can embroider beautifully. She has a smooth, pretty skin, dark, large, shining eyes and heavy black hair. That is thought quite enough for any well born girl—embroider and to be pretty. She must also know how to move gracefully through the Spanish national dances. But anything more, no. Sometimes she goes awhile to one of the very inferior schools for girls in old Spain. If not



A NATIONAL DANCE.

that, she has a governess at home, and the governess is a French, British or German woman. I do not know whether Spanish women are not sufficiently educated to be teachers, but the

## Dickie Dawdle-so In a Poetry-Writing Contest.

By KATE E. JAMIESON.

Copyright, 1903, by KATE E. JAMIESON.



Little Dickie Dawdle-so had a fat chum, Rhyming Joe, So called 'cause he said he'd heard, a poet 'merely rhymes a word.' But Joe's poetry was shocking; rhymed "bread" and "butter," "shoe" and "toeking."

governess is always a foreigner. The Irish lady teacher is best liked in a Spanish family, maybe because she is lively and witty and so different from the grave, dignified Spaniards. Spanish girls miss nearly all that makes life worth living to the American girl. The fun of going to school with the boys and spelling them down and beating them at arithmetic or being beaten by them, as the case may be, and trying all the harder in consequence, playing at outdoor games with brothers and boy friends and getting strength and self reliance—all this education that helps both the American boy and girl so much the youth of Spain miss altogether. Girls are not even encouraged to read books much. Before the time of Queen Elizabeth many people

even in England thought it was rather a bold, bad thing for a girl to know how to write and wish to read books. In an address at the dedication of an industrial school Charles M. Schwab said: “The object of this school is to teach that work to boy and girl is ennobling, that to be able to do nothing is disgraceful.” It is the trained mechanic, chemist and engineer who will be the true leaders in the future of this great industrial country.”

A general diffusion of the social ideal of co-operation and good will in the

people were gathered in a single room, which became very warm. The window sashes were found frozen, and a pane of glass was smashed out. A cold air current rushed in, and at the same instant flakes of snow were seen to fall to the floor in all parts of the room. The atmosphere was so saturated with moisture that the sudden fall in temperature produced a snowfall indoors.



Here are two shadow pictures clever boys and girls can make on the wall.

## THE GAME OF TEN QUESTIONS.

Ten questions is a game that can be played by any number of persons. One leaves the room, and the others choose some celebrated character. The absent person is then admitted and is to address the following questions to each of the others, beginning at the right: “Of what country was he a native?” “For what was he remarkable?” Suppose George Washington to be chosen, the replies may be: “An American.” “For being a great statesman and general.” If from ten answers to as many queries the questioner is enabled to guess the character referred to he or she takes the seat of the one questioned, who must then leave the room.

## MY JAPANESE DOLL.

Japan is where my doll was made, The one with squinty eyes, Who always seems to look at me And say in odd surprise:

“Oh, what a funny girl you are, With cheeks all pink and red, And what an ugly hat you wear Upon your curly head!”

“Why don’t you be a Japanese And dress in robes like me? I never wear a thing that’s tight; Just look at me and see!”

“Japan, the place where I was born, Is full of flowers too! Some day I hope you’ll visit there And take me back with you!”



queerest way, woven almost like straw baskets of grass, a kind of palm and bamboo. The supports of the house and the floor are of the bamboo laid across in strips held together with long strands of grass. Through this the dust and dirt sift, and the houses are very clean and cool.

What the Teacher Didn’t Know. Dot—I know something my teacher doesn’t know. Mamma—Indeed! What is that? “I know when the world is coming to an end, and she doesn’t. I asked her, and she said she didn’t know.” “Oh, well, who told you?” “Uncle John. He said the world would come to an end when children stopped asking questions that nobody could answer.”

## ITEMS FROM NEAR AND FAR.

Professor A. W. Goodspeed of the University of Pennsylvania has exhibited photographs taken by rays of light emanating from his own hand. He says all matter absorbs radio active energy in waves of varying length and emits this same energy in waves of a definite and altered length. The great clock, “Big Ben,” on the English parliament house, is to be illuminated by electric lamps. It will

then be no longer necessary for a man to climb the tall clock tower nightly to light the ninety-six gas jets around its face.

Although covering twice the area of the Columbian exposition the world’s fair grounds at St. Louis are being found too small by one-half to comply with the applications for exhibit space. Professor Ernst von Halle of the Berlin university says the United States is

beginning to govern the world industrially by supplying the intelligence and organizing capacity, while the world supplies the capital.

The early appearance this season of icebergs in low latitudes is believed to be due to a heat wave in the arctic regions. Bishop Potter in a recent address said the great trouble with our civic life was the idea prevalent among successful men that they were justified in using money to secure what they believed to

be good ends, even though this meant the bribery of a legislature.

In an address at the dedication of an industrial school Charles M. Schwab said: “The object of this school is to teach that work to boy and girl is ennobling, that to be able to do nothing is disgraceful.” It is the trained mechanic, chemist and engineer who will be the true leaders in the future of this great industrial country.”

Wisconsin has paid its state debt, which was \$2,500,000.

The Society For the Improvement of Discharged Criminals at Berlin has declared its intention of aiding ex-convicts to emigrate to North or South

America. After six months’ trial at home each one is to receive instruction in the language of the country he is to enter, transportation to the seaport and \$150.

Experiments in greenhouses with glass of various colors indicate that nothing is better than plain uncolored glass. With violet colored glass the size of fruit was decreased, the quality injured. Other colors were injurious. The most thickly populated island in the world is Malta, which has 1,360 peo-

ple to the square mile. Barbados has 1,054 people to the square mile.

There are in New York three life insurance institutions, two of them mutual associations and one an incorporated organization, whose financial operations practically match those of the United States treasury in the amount of money handled. It has been found that there are 18,454 persons in Glasgow who speak Gaelic as well as English and sixty-three who speak Gaelic only.

TOP COATS

Ready to put on. A dozen stores are pressing for your trade. Our values are worthy to win it.

Fall Suits Particularly Good Suits at \$12 and \$13.50

Business Suits

We opened last week, a beautiful line of Scotch Tweeds and Worsted Suitings. They embrace some of the Handsomest Patterns we have seen this season.

Worsted Suitings a very complete selection of Fashionable, Highclass Cloths.

A. GILMOUR,

FINE TAILORING AND CLOTHING.

SPORTING NEWS.

BASE BALL. Labor Day. On Labor Day the Roses will meet the Lovell team, morning and afternoon.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

OTTAWA, Sept. 4.—During the forenoon Dr. Sproule called attention to the fact that the Hansard reporters had suspended work.

NOTES.

OTTAWA, Sept. 4.—The Scotchmen of Glenalgary county are furious over a scurrily trick played on Lord Dundonald on Wednesday.

LIPTON UNDECIDED.

NEW YORK, Sept. 4.—Sir Thomas Lipton is still undecided whether to challenge for the America's cup.

NEW YORK, Sept. 4.—Delivering that Major Delmar can lower the world's trotting record for stallions, held by Crescoda, A. P. McDonald has arranged to bring the famous gelding against the watch on the second day of the fall meeting of the Empire City Trotting Club, which begins Sept. 12.

LIPTON DINED.

By Pilgrims of the United States at Waldorf-Astoria.

NEW YORK, Sept. 4.—Sir Thomas Lipton was the guest of honor of the Pilgrims of the United States at a dinner given in his honor tonight at the Waldorf-Astoria.

In order to enliven affairs somewhat at the outset, the guests sang a little song to the refrain of "Mr. Dooley," which told of the virtues of Sir Thomas and his enduring efforts to lift the cup.

When the tocs were served a procession of waiters bearing trays crowded with gilded harps, full rigged models of Reliance and Shamrock, and cases with figures of yachts.

"We are all more or less Pilgrims here tonight, and I'd like to feel that I am not a stranger among you. As regards the cup races, we have been beaten fairly and squarely, and I congratulate America on having the better boat. I wish to take occasion here to express my thanks for the courteousness and kindness shown me by the New York Yacht Club.

"I am beginning to think that there is some magic spell about that blooming old cup. Two years ago I had it almost within my grasp, but it escaped me then as it has escaped me now, and it seems as far off as ever. My motto has always been 'I'll try again.' Although I have been without success each time I have tried, I do not despair that some day we shall succeed in capturing that famous trophy, although I confess I shall never appear now to be more than a little bit ardent.

"Herreshoff is the greatest designer of the age, but I am still very hopeful that I will see that cup on the other side yet.

"America is a very hard country to beat, and I know it. I am a very disappointed man, but still I have the consolation that both conquerors and conquered belong to the same good old race. The cup is still in the family, only it is held by a younger and more go-ahead generation.

"Gentlemen, while I lost the cup, or rather did not succeed in winning it, I have not lost the esteem and good will of my American friends, which esteem and good will I reciprocate in the very highest degree possible. My feeling of gratitude for this spirit is great, beyond expression, and shall bear in my heart the remembrance of your kindly acts for all time. I am sure that as the days and years roll by these contents will not have been held in vain if they make you realize that wherever we are, all the world over, we shall 'brithers be for a' that."

FAIRVILLE NOTES. Sept. 4.—Mrs. Purdy of Deep Brook, N. S., is visiting at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gregg of Barrack street.

WANTED

Wanted a man of moderate stature, with a good head of hair, eyes blue, nose straight, lips thin, mouth wide, ears large, and a good complexion. He should be a native-born Canadian, and should be able to read and write English.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Trinity church, Rev. Canon Richardson, rector; Rev. G. E. E. Macdonald, curate—13th Sunday after Trinity; morning service and celebration of the Holy Communion at 11; Sunday school at 10; evening service, when all seats are free, at 7; the rector will preach in the morning, and in the evening the Ven. Archdeacon Madden of London, representing the British and Foreign Bible Society.

St. John's West Methodist church—Rev. Dr. Sprague, the pastor, will preach at both services.

Emouth street Methodist church, Rev. W. C. Matthews, pastor—Services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Hamilton in the morning, the pastor in the evening.

Tabernacle Baptist church, H. H. Roach, pastor—Preaching 11 and 7; baptism at the evening service.

Fairville Baptist church, Rev. A. T. Dykeman, pastor—Preaching Sunday at 11 and 7 o'clock; morning subject, The Leprosy of Sin; evening subject, Is Christianity Advancing or Declining?

Reformed Presbyterian church, corner Peel and Carleton streets—Services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; subject, Substance; Sunday school at 12:15 p. m.; weekly meeting Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock; reading room open every week-day from 2 p. m. to 5 p. m. Odd-fellows' building, corner Union street and Hazen avenue.

Douglas avenue Christian church—Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. by the pastor, Rev. J. Chas. B. Appel; prayer at 8:30 a. m.; prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.

SEA GIRT, N. J., Sept. 4.—All previous records in the number of complete records in an individual contest were broken today when 21 men reported at the firing line to compete in the Wimbledon cup match for the famous trophy presented by the National Rifle Association of Great Britain, to be shot for the cup of the United States.

PIUS AND LAPPONI. ROME, Sept. 4.—Pius X. in order to show his appreciation of the services Professor Lapponi rendered to the late pontiff during his trying illness, today conferred on him the title of Commander. His holiness accompanied the conferring of the honor by a very flattering letter to the doctor and insisted on personally bestowing the title, saying to Dr. Lapponi: "My predecessor had many peaceful years to thank you for."

WANTED—A case of Headache that KUMFORT Powders will cure in from ten to twenty minutes. Little Johnny—"When I grow up I'm going to be a diplomat. I'm a school teacher—"Why not be a preacher like your handsome uncle?" Little Johnny—"Cause pa says preachers go to hell if they lie, but diplomats get promoted."—Chicago Record-Herald.

STERILIZED MINE

The coal mine situated at Macdon, Nova Scotia, known as the Jubilee Mine, owned by Messrs. Givan, Sherry and Patrick, has been sold to a party of capitalists from Boston, Mass., who passed through the city last Saturday night with Walter M. Magee. This mine at the present time is in active operation, mining from thirty to forty tons per day. It is a bituminous coal and very valuable for steam as well as domestic purposes. It is understood that the price paid for the mine was one hundred thousand dollars. The new company propose operating it on a large scale, adding modern machinery so as to increase the output to five hundred tons per day before the snow sets in coming winter. The intention is to market the most of it in Boston.

HOME FOR INCURABLES.

The September meeting of the board of management of the Home for Incurables was held yesterday afternoon, Dr. Thomas Walker presiding. There are now twenty-two patients in the Home, one having died since the last meeting. The garden party which was held to provide funds to procure an elevator for the use of patients realized \$335. The ladies' aid committee reported that citizens had been most generous in assisting with this entertainment. A second wheel chair has been purchased by the Ladies' Aid Society. The grounds about the institution are now exceedingly attractive and the patients greatly enjoy the use of the lawns and gardens.

A TARANTULA.

In a bunch of bananas received by A. L. Goodwin yesterday from Port Lincoln, tarantula of extraordinary size was found. It has eight legs, some inches in length, and an ugly looking mouth. Two black shining eyes are on top of the part which represents the head. A tarantula is a large spider popularly supposed to be venomous, especially the European species. This is the second one that Mr. Goodwin has found within the last twenty years.

LABOR DAY AT SUSSEX.

SUSSEX, N. B., Sept. 4.—Sussex firemen have been busy for the past month getting ready for the Labor day sports. Everything is practically in readiness now and if favored with good weather, Monday will see a record breaker in the way of attendance and a splendid programme of sports carried out. No pains have been spared to make the day an enjoyable one, both to contestants and spectators. Handsome prizes for the different events have been selected and a deep interest is centering in the team events, such as horse, reel and the ladder races. Strong delegations will take part from the Fairville, Moncton and Sackville departments and from the St. John salvage corps No. 1. A grand street parade will be held in the forenoon, with sports in the afternoon and a smoking concert to the visiting firemen will be given in the evening.

An interesting feature of the afternoon's sports will be the automobile race. This will be the first race of its kind ever held in the province, and as a novelty is creating some talk. Arrangements have been made with the I. C. R. to run the Hampton suburban train out to Sussex. This train will leave here on the return trip at 8 p. m., making her usual time from Hampton in to the city.

FREDERICTON.

FREDERICTON, N. B., Sept. 4.—Fredericton will be honored this month by a visit from Lord Dundonald, who has consented to open the exhibition on the 21st instant. His presence will doubtless be an attraction to many. The management are sanguine that the exhibition will be an immense success.

Mrs. Caroline McCarthy, relict of the late Timothy McCarthy, died today at the residence of Mrs. W. Tilley on Charlotte street. She leaves four sons, Charles, Frederick, C. H. Sterling, C. E. R. and J. Sterling; and two daughters, Allan Sterling of Stanley and Dr. Harrison Sterling of Greenville, S. C.

At the Opera House last night Rev. Archdeacon Madden of Liverpool and Rev. Geo. H. Bondfield, the Bible Society centenary deputation, were welcomed by a large number of people interested in the work. Rev. Mr. Bondfield spoke with enthusiasm of the good work done by the society in China, and was listened to with much interest. Archdeacon Madden spoke of the results of the society's work generally, and delighted his audience with his wit and eloquence. The chamber of commerce delegates will arrive here tomorrow at 1 o'clock by C. P. R. special train.

BRUTAL TURKS.

ROFIA, Bulgaria, Sept. 4.—No news of serious fighting anywhere in Macedonia has reached here today. In Adrianople Villayut the insurgents have retired to the mountains in face of the overwhelming force of Turkish troops, and reinforcements of the latter are arriving daily. The Autonomy publishes a telegram from Burgas, in which it is stated that a panic prevails in the district of Losengrad and that hundreds of fugitives are crossing the Bulgarian frontier, fearing that the Turks may begin a general massacre.

At Onarabas the Turks have been defeated with a loss of 100 men, while the insurgents lost 25 of their number. It is reported that 25 Christian villages have been destroyed in the district of Okrida, and that many women and children were killed and that others are destitute.

The Post, a revolutionary organ, reports that during a fight between the insurgents and Turks near Waskub a body of Servians came to the rescue of the former, whose wounds were brought to Vranianah, where they received careful attention in the Servian hospitals.



WEDDING GIFTS AT FLOOD'S

C. FLOOD & SONS, King Street, have the most complete stock of Wedding Gifts ever offered to the St. John public, comprising Hawkes' Celebrated Cut Glass which include Punch Bowls, Vases, Decanters, Water Bottles, Water, Wine, Champagne, Punch and Liqueur Glasses, Bonbon Trays, Nappies, Celery and Fruit Dishes, Spoon Trays, Cream and Sugar Sets, etc.

High-class China, Royal Crown Derby Dinner and Tea Sets complete, or in sets to suit purchasers. We have Cups and Saucers in half dozens in cases, which make a lovely Wedding Gift.

Doulton Vases and Ornaments, Royal Worcester Ornaments and Table Ware in endless variety.

Brone and Gold Statuary, all new designs just opened.

Vases and Jardiniere, Fern Pots in Gold and Silver, all new patterns

FLOOD'S, King St.

LATE SHIP NEWS. Domestic Ports. HALIFAX, Sept. 4.—Artd, str Bangor, from Cardiff; bark President Armand, from St Pierre, Mig.

QUEENSTOWN, Sept. 4.—Sld, str Canada, from Liverpool, for Boston.

DUNNET HEAD, Sept. 3.—Passed, str Helmsboro, from Bathurst, NB, for Leith.

NEW YORK, Sept. 4.—Artd, str Inland, from Newport News via St. Johns, N.F.

STONINGTON, Conn, Sept 4.—Sld, sch Onward, from St John.

PROVINCETOWN, Mass, Sept 4.—Sld, sch Geo M Warner, for Port Gilbert, N.S.

BOSTON, Sept 4.—Artd, str Prince Arthur, from Yarmouth, NS (and sailed); sch W B Huntley, from New Brunswick port.

NEW YORK, Sept 4.—Artd, str Swanee, from Halifax, NS.

ROCKLAND, Sept 4.—Sld, sch Regina, for Calais.

NEW HAVEN, Mass, Sept 4.—Artd and sld, sch Sarah C Smith, from St John for New York.

Sid, sch Abbie Ingalls (from New York), for Boston.

Passed, sch Lanie Cobb, bound east.

CITY ISLAND, Sept 4.—Bound south, str Rossini, from St Johns, N.F. and Halifax; sch Margaret B Roper, from Hillsboro; Norman, from St John; Ida M Barton, from Ayer, from do; Patriot, from Halifax.

Bound east—Bark Hattie G Dixon, from New York for Matanzas.

FERTH AMBOY, Sept 4.—Sld, schs St Croix, for Salem; Edna, for Boston.

EASTPORT, Me, Sept 4.—Artd, sch Agnes May, from St John.

Sld, schs Emily, for St John; Fortuna, from Calais for Hillsboro, NB; Ellhu Burritt, from Harbortville, NS.

N. B. PETROLEUM CO. MONCTON, N. B., Sept. 4.—At a meeting of the directors of the New Brunswick Petroleum Co. here today a resolution was passed issuing stock recently sold to the syndicate which was recently reported as having undertaken to purchase a large block. The syndicate is composed principally of St. John, Moncton, Amherst and Halifax men. The amount stated is nine thousand shares at \$2 per share. A special general meeting of the stockholders will be held here on the 14th to ratify the action of the directors. The new capital, it is understood, will be used in rushing the work of development and the construction of a refinery.

To cure Headache in ten minutes use KUMFORT Headache Powders.

Pandora Range advertisement. Includes an illustration of a woman in a kitchen and text describing the 'Pandora Range' oven with features like 'Good Luck' and 'Bad Luck' settings.

McClary's advertisement. Text: 'The commonest shark around British coasts is the thresher or fox shark. Its utmost length is about thirteen feet.'

WIM TEA quality explains WIM TEA success



# Woman's World.

## IN THE LADIES' WORLD.

In the country pity the sorrows of the poor, unfortunate city boy, clad in white linen, with stiff, flamboyant collars of a froth of embroidery, white socks and gloves, and dangling, hollow, golden curls.

The elegant and tulle bow in the hair are giving place to jeweled combs of various shapes and sizes. They are mainly and very valuable.

For motorizing, even in summer, one often needs something that will provide warmth as well as protection from the dust. Cravenette coats, mannish in cut and finish, have the advantage of being waterproof.

Walking skirts are unlined and fitted in front or long and tight fitting. Every fabric is being pressed into service for the blouse of beauty and the blouse of utility.

American women and girls are going about more and more every summer with their heads bare. It is a most attractive fashion and healthful as well.

Printed satin and silk foulards come at to about the yard, making it as reasonable to own a silk gown as a washable one these days.

The portrait of President McKinley painted by Mrs. W. D. Murphy and hung in the White House has been much praised for its spirited likeness of the late president.

Willow furniture for summer homes is more popular this year than ever. Every article of furniture now comes in willow. An odd piece is a grandfather's clock in uncolored willow, with a modern works clock where the clock face should be, and the whole work of the lower case made into book shelves.

Women wear larger shoes and stockings in America than they did a generation ago. This is because of the athletic life. Moreover, American girls are largely taller and stronger and more finely developed than those of a generation ago. All praise to the athletic girl!

Silver dotted bands on a blue brilliantine bathing suit are novel, because of the process of transferring the dots. Silver are they in truth, although white in appearance, and they are put on the material by means of electricity.

An old fashion revived is the trimming of large black chip hats with waving white plumes. Deep girldie belts of black satin, with three or four handsome buttons over the opening of the belt, either on the left side or in the front, add a touch of color to the waist.

It appears that the blouse of almost every frock is finished with the pelerine shaped collar or a yoke of lace or embroidery. A very pretty biscuit collar of linen had an inserted yoke of coarse ecru embroidery with raised black spots thereon. Draping the shoulders in the fashion was a scarf, black fringe, the embroidery, with knotted fringe ends. The hem of the skirt was finished with black velvet and the waist was encircled by a wide band of black taffeta.

A USEFUL OLD FRIEND. Tussock silk is being revived, but it is more practical than becoming. It is very popular for dust cloaks and useful traveling frocks, for it is inexpensive and wears and washes well.

SMALL DETAILS. It is attention to the small details of her costume that makes a woman well dressed. Her dress may be beautiful but if her gloves are not appropriate the effect is ruined. Her hat may be beautiful and becoming, but if it is covered by the wrong veil all is lost. Her shoes are not in keeping with her dress unless they are of the same material and color as the dress.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY NOTES. Just a hint of pure peroxide of hydrogen used after a shampoo is said to impart life and lustre to dead looking brown hair. Peroxide of hydrogen has had associations, since when used prudently it is a hair bleach, but it will have great value. Two-toned effects will be pushed in wool fabrics and French manufacturers threaten us with mixtures of bright colors, which they call color-mixtures.

## Ladies' and Children's Fashionable Clothing For Fall and Winter.

Broadcloth is being largely ordered, and silbeline in countless varieties will be a feature of the season. Scotch plaids and the soft-lined, subdued French interpretations of tartan plaid will appear again.

In trimming nothing startlingly new is announced so far. New developments of the dangling ornaments, fringes, oak-out, and sequins, and if our hankies are at all dear to us, the Cluny and antique crass is past.

THE DESCENDANTS OF LUCY LOCKET. That ancestor of ours, the immortal lady who lost her locket, is hardly so much to be pitied as we are. In her case it was found, but nobody can find our pockets for us! We live in hopes that some day they may be restored.

As the apple in prime condition will soon be here again, it is well to remember the Cooking Club, that this fruit contains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable. This phosphorus is admirably adapted for renewing the essential nervous matter of the brain.

To keep lemon juice for the toilet—Press the juice of a lemon through a piece of cheesecloth; add a teaspoon of alcohol or a tablespoon of bay rum. It will keep a long time.

DANGER IN COLD BATHS. There is no more dangerous fallacy than the belief that cold baths all the year round are good for everybody.

BAKING CUPS. Every kitchen should have a set of the little brown earthenware cups that come for custards and other bakings.

FOOD IN MOLDS. To remove a hot cake or pudding from a tin or mold, turn upside down and cover with a cloth wrung out of cold water. The contents will slip out in a minute or two.

FALL FASHIONS. Already gossip about fall fashions is in the air and wise heads are debating as to whether this summer mode will endure or whether it will slip out of the warm weather.

REPPERING MELONS. Half and quarter, mince its pulp as please these. We might as well termed a nation of borrowers, especially as regards food products, so many of our choicest fruits and vegetables have been brought to us from other lands near and far.

LADIES' GREY BEAVER COATS—Best trimmings, \$7.50 to \$10.50.

LADIES' FASHIONABLE SKIRTS—For fall and winter, \$2.25 to \$7.50.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONABLE COATS—Blue, black and grey frize, age 7 to 12, \$4.50 to \$7.50.

LADIES' BLACK BEAVER COATS—Silk trimmings and silk velvet collar, \$6.50 to \$17.00.

LADIES' COATS—Best Irish Frize, grey and black, with beaver cloth trimmings, silk lined, \$10.00 to \$16.50.

One Price. WILCOX BROS., 1 to 5 Market Square and 54 to 58 Dock Street.

## Mark Iwain on the Yacht Race.

"Aren't you charging rather high rates for this interview?" "Not any higher than I always charge when I am present in person during the interview."

"Sometimes you are not present?" "Yes; in those cases I do not know I have been interviewed until I see it in the papers."

"Do you enjoy that?" "Well, no; I think it is not quite fair. It is my trade to talk and write; it is my bread and butter. A man cannot honorably take it from my family without consent. What is it we are to talk about now?"

"Why—that is all right, but I doubt if I can earn the money." "Why?" "Well, because I can only state the facts. I can't intelligently philosophize them, analyze them, deduce results from them—and all that kind of thing, you know. Do you care for facts—just mere cold, unemotional facts?"

"Dear sir, we prefer them to anything else." "Allow me. Give me your hand! We meet upon holy ground. I have no longer any tremblings at the heart, no longer any disturbing anxieties. Facts are my passion. I—"

"You have been called the slave of truth." "Have you heard it? You make me proud, happy; you sing all my solitudes to rest. Proceed."

"You have seen all of the races?" "Yes, all of them."

"On board the Kanawha?" "Yes."

"She is the fastest steam yacht afloat, is she not?" "I beg pardon, I assure you I didn't mean to. How?"

"Well, you mustn't look at me like that. I am very sensitive." "It was an oversight, I give you my word. I would not wound you for anything. My hearing is not good, and I did not quite catch the number of knots, I think. How many did you say it was?"

"Forty-five. She's a bird—just a bird, she is." "PATRICK CLANCY'S FIGURES. "Do you take her gall yourself?"

"No, it is done by one of the men—Patrick Clancy. He is in the forecastle. She has made as high as forty-nine. He told me so himself."

"Is he—how is he trustworthy?" "Who—Clancy? I should think so! I wouldn't trust a statement of my own sooner."

"Neither would I." "Let me take you by the hand. Is Clancy trustworthy. Why, it would make everybody in the ship smile to hear you say that. Patrick Clancy"

"Is he experienced? Is he calm, unexcitable; does he know the boat well?" "Knows her like a book! Knows every inch of her hundred and twenty-seven feet; knows every ton of her four hundred; can tell by the flutter of her screw when she is making her Sabbath day 230 revolutions and when she's on the war-path and turning out her four thousand a minute. Does Patrick Clancy know the Kanawha? Why, man, he's been in her ever since she was a little thing not thirty feet long and couldn't make ten miles an hour; he told me so himself."

"Do you own the Kanawha?" "Well, no, I don't exactly own her. I only help to run her. Mr. Rogers owns her."

"Do you command her?" "Well, no, not exactly that. I only superintend."

"By request?" "Well, I wouldn't put it quite as strong as that; but I do a good deal of work, you know; in fact, the important part of it. Superintending is more important than commanding, and more worrying and fatiguing, you know, because you have to be everywhere and attend to everything. Superintending is much the most exacting function on a ship, and it requires more varied talent and alertness, and more patience and calmness under explosions of resentment and insubordination than any other in the service. There are but few really good superintendents."

## Mark Iwain on the Yacht Race.

"The salary must be very large?" "No, there isn't any salary; all a person gets is neglect and ingratitude. If a superintendent conscientiously does his whole duty, there's never anything going on but mutiny and insurrection. If I have ever had an order obeyed without being requested to mind my own business, I have no recollection of it. It is just a dog's life, and that is the best you can say about it."

"Why don't you resign?" "Resign? How can I resign when I haven't been appointed? If I could get appointed I would resign in a minute."

"Is there no way to —?" "To what? No, there isn't. When you are a superintendent, there you are, and you can't help yourself. Sometimes I wish I was dead."

"It does seem to be a sorrowful vocation." "SORROWFUL VOCATION. "Funerals is hilarity compared to it. Daily and hourly your feelings are hurt. Hurt by disobedience; yes, and almost always accompanied by remarks which—why, let me give you an instance. You remember that first day when we were racing with those steam-rocket, the Corsair and the Revolution and the Hauoli and Mr. Leeds' Clipper and hanging their scraps up there on the misfortunate plant that hangs yards to dry, one by one? I found the second mate off his base and ordered him to go to a lesson, and he told me to go to—never mind where he told me to go, but how would you like to be treated like that, and you doing the best you could?"

"Ab, that gives me an idea. It would be just like such a man as that to keep crossing the Monmouth's bow the way the Kanawha did Saturday in the race here. It was scandalous. Was she steering?"

"It's getting late, let's talk about something else. I was at the wheel of the Kanawha when she was in the first race—that one that was a failure?"

"JUST HEEDLESSNESS. "Well, I know the reason, for I got it from Clancy at the time. It is pretty technical, but, barring that, it is easy to understand. It was a case of the British easy-going carelessness on the part of the Shamrock plant—good enough sailors, you know, but heedless, oh, beyond imagination! Not—Clancy one case of it, but two or three—Clancy explained the whole thing to me. In the first place, when they came to set the anchor watch it was a Waterbury, and they lost two minutes in the winding, and that took off the whole time allowance and three seconds besides—ought to have been wound up before, of course."

"And then, when they got it set, there they were again—an anchor watch, all right enough, but they found they hadn't any anchor. It had been left at the Waldorf; by some oversight, and they had to throw overboard to make up for it, and that shortened her by an inch. I do not know why, but Clancy does. An inch is not much, but if you take it off of the is not much, but if you take it off of the home-stake as early as it would if it were an inch longer, and, of course, as you can see yourself, even that little could lose a race. It didn't in this case, because there was a lot more inches that did not arrive in time, but the principle is sound; you can see it yourself."

"Yes, it looks so. But they lost the second race, too—the first real race. How does Clancy account for that?" "Difference in seamanship, he says. That and other things. Accidents and one thing and another."

THE SHAMROCK'S ACCIDENTS. "Did the Shamrock have accidents?" "She had one that lost her the race. When she turned the stake she broke out her spinnaker. She might as well have broken her back, Clancy says. The spinnaker is a sail, you know. It didn't know which one it is, but I think it's a little one that bows out like a skirt front and gives the yacht such a dressy look. The other one is the balloon jib, which connects the garboard stake with the futtock shrouds and enables you to point high on a wind when you couldn't possibly do it any other way. Clancy told me these things."

"Granting that we now understand why the Reliance was in the first race, what specialty was it, in your judgment, that secured for her the second one?" "Oh, reaching?" "Reaching? That is what did it. Reliance is sublime when it comes to reaching. Clancy says so himself. I remember his very words. He said: 'When it comes to that competition her only possible she's got to reach like a Christian man with a nigger in sight.'"

"I am very much obliged to you for clarifying the races and making plain the reasons for the Shamrock's defeat. There was much confusion in the public mind before. Could you go on now, and—"

"Well, no, not now. It would take too much time, and you are pretty busy; so am I. We've done enough for a preliminary; I will finish in a magazine presently."

MEETS WOMAN HE THINKS HE BURIED. John Vaughan Confronted by Margaret O'Neill, Supposed Dead Nine Years.

NEW YORK, Sept. 5.—John Vaughan sat in the office of his hotel, No. 63 Willoughby street, Brooklyn, last night, perplexed, because yesterday he met a woman he believed he had seen buried nine years ago.

Something like twenty years ago a young girl named Margaret O'Neill came to Brooklyn from Dublin, Ireland. She had known friends of Mr. Vaughan in the old country, and he aided her in obtaining employment. She was well educated and obtained places in some of the best Brooklyn families as governess and nurse.

Finally Margaret was married and went to live in a house in Fort Green Park. After her marriage Mr. Vaughan lost track of her until one morning nine years ago friends of the woman came to him with the report that Margaret O'Neill was dead in the house near Fort Green Park and would be buried in the Potter's Field if some one did not supply the funds for a decent burial.

## Mark Iwain on the Yacht Race.

Mr. Vaughan went to the house where he recognized the body as that of the Margaret O'Neill he had known. Other friends of the woman also identified the body. It was learned that her husband had died about two years before and left her destitute.

Mr. Vaughan purchased a lot in Holy Cross cemetery, engaged a priest to officiate at the funeral and had the woman buried with due Christian ceremony. He put the deed of the burial lot in his safe and the circumstances of the woman's death had passed out of his mind until yesterday morning when a woman walked into his hotel, and extending her hand, said:

"John, how do you do? I haven't seen you in a long time." "There was something in the woman's face that startled me," said Mr. Vaughan, "although for the instant I could not tell what it was. Then she said, 'I am Margaret O'Neill. I live New York eleven years ago and am living very happily with my husband in New Jersey.'"

Mr. Vaughan went to his safe and produced the deed for the lot in which Margaret O'Neill was supposed to be buried. The Margaret O'Neill who had stood before him looked at the deed and turned deathly pale. She shook her head and said she could not explain the mystery. Mr. Vaughan can give no explanation of the strange story.

WHY IT COULDN'T BE HEARD. She nestled close to him and for one brief moment her head was pillowed on his breast.

Then she started up aflighted. "Why, George," she exclaimed, "you startled me!"

"What's the matter with my being a bit startled myself?" he returned. Then he started. "What's the matter, dear? Did you hear it, too?"

"Hear it?" she said. "No, it stopped." "Yes, that's so. But I'm sure I heard it a minute ago."

"Of course you did. But, George, it stopped. Dear George, there must be something wrong." The girl was more and more excited.

"Maybe you're right," he said, looking a little worried himself. "But, George, it ought not to stop. It ought to be regular."

George looked puzzled. "What are you talking about, Mabel?" he asked.

"Why, your heart, George. It stopped beating." "Stopped beating?" he exclaimed. "Stopped beating? Why, what in the world do you expect it to do—climb up into my mouth the way it does in novels when the hero hears the old man's step in the hall?"

"Why, George, father is out of the city." George heaved an eight-ton sigh of relief.

"Try it again, Mabel," he said. "I guess you'll find it going now." She found it attending to its regular business.

WED AT COFFIN'S SIDE. Immediately Afterward Funeral Services Are Held Over the Bride's Mother.

LA CROSSE Wis., Sept. 4.—Coming from Hillsboro, N. D., as fast as steam could carry him, J. M. Sarles arrived too late, today, to carry out the cherished wish of a dying woman.

Mrs. Lien, a woman prominent in society, insisted that her daughter, Agnes, should be married to Mr. Sarles before her mother died.

## Mark Iwain on the Yacht Race.

Mr. Sarles, however, could not reach her until today. Twenty-four hours after Mrs. Lien had died.

A minister had been sent for, and, standing beside the coffin of the dead woman, the young couple were married. A few minutes later the same clergyman held funeral services on the same spot.

HOTEL DUFFERIN. E. LOROY WILLIS, Prop.

ST. JOHN, N. B.

HAMM'S LIVERY STABLE. 134 Union Street. Telephone 11.

HOBBS BOARDING- and Warm Stables, best care and attention.

DRIVING OUTFITS and COACHES hire at any hour.

## Mark Iwain on the Yacht Race.

DRIVING OUTFITS and COACHES hire at any hour.



DRIVING OUTFITS and COACHES hire at any hour.

</

