

WOLFVILLE NEWS

WOLFVILLE, June 11.—In addition to the N. B. visitors attending Acadia closing, already reported in the Sun, were Dr. Coleman, Moncton; Dr. Copp, Sackville; Hon. H. R. Emmerson, Mrs. A. B. Emmerson, Henry R. Emmerson, J. A. Acadia, Mrs. Elizabeth Jones and Fraulien Price, a graduate of Acadia Seminary last year, Mrs. (Judge) Emmerson, Mrs. F. H. Deacon (Miss Ethel Emmerson, Acadia Seminary '99), Miss Maria Emmerson, Henry K. Zewes and J. L. Payne, private secretary to the minister; R. E. Armstrong, St. Andrews; Mrs. H. B. Marr, Hillsboro; H. F. Sturdee, St. John; H. A. Marryn, St. John; A. S. Hatfield, St. John; Rev. W. C. Soucher, St. Stephen; T. D. Denham, St. John; Miss Muriel Denham, St. John; Mrs. F. Porter, Fredericton; Mrs. H. D. King, Chipman; Fred M. Coste, St. John; F. J. Green, St. John; Mrs. Elizabeth Jones and Mrs. H. A. McAvity, St. John; Mrs. E. E. Crandall, Chipman; Miss Alice Gilroy, St. Stephen; Miss A. Tremholm, Sackville; Miss Gray and Mr. and Mrs. Howe, St. John; Mr. and Mrs. Supt. H. A. St. John, St. John. Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Sippel and family of St. John and Miss Clara Shaw of Washington are visiting their cousin, Mrs. Wohlhaupter, for a few days. The Cornwallis valley at present is one mass of bloom, and there is every prospect of a large crop of apples. There is, however, likely to be a famine in potatoes, vegetables, grain, as the continued rains have prevented the farmers getting in their usual crops, and so far little or any planting has been done. A quiet wedding took place at Kentville on Wednesday, when Richard Powers, superintendent of the public gardens, Halifax, was married to Mrs. Elizabeth Larkin by the Rev. Father Morissey. Mr. McQuarrie, who has had charge of the Singer Sewing Machine Co. branch at Kentville for the last two years, has resigned his position and returned to his home at Moncton. The wedding, given at J. R. Webster at Kentville, was broken into on Wednesday night—and several diamond rings and a valuable watch was taken. A young man, supposed to be the thief, has been arrested. Rev. Adolph Kempton of Lunenburg, Mass., was here this week accompanied by his mother, Mrs. T. B. Kempton of Dartmouth. Mrs. Levi Loomer, an old and well known resident of Sackville Mills, died of paralysis at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. John Loomer, on Thursday. Mrs. Amer Ellis of Canning is a daughter. Mrs. C. B. Whidden, who spent the winter with her sister, Mrs. Brough, in California, has returned home after a very pleasant trip. Rev. W. H. Jenkins of Onslow and family have moved to Hantsport, where Mr. Jenkins assumes charge of the Baptist church. Rev. George Taylor of Kentville has gone to the Pacific Coast and will be absent for some weeks. Rev. J. G. Coultter White was in Wolfville this week, and is expected to return to Alberta. Invitations are out to the marriage of Miss Lena Oude of Brooklyn street to Andrew R. Bentley, on Wednesday. Rev. G. M. Martin of Annapolis county has been visiting old friends at Canning and Wolfville this week. Mrs. (Dr.) Woodworth of Kentville has received a cable from France, stating that her husband, Dr. Maitre Labori, the French lawyer in the Dreyfus case, has been elected deputy, and this is taken to mean that the celebrated case will come up again with every chance of vindication. One of the best known and most respected residents of Berwick died on Friday at his residence on Main street. Andrew F. Chipman, after a long illness, aged 84 years, died at the residence of the late Rev. Wm. Chipman. His children are Mrs. Ella Shaw, Mrs. Ina Shaw of Boston, William and Le Roy, in New York and the Rev. Owen Chipman, pastor of the Canoe Baptist Church, and Kenneth in Berwick. Henry L. Rudolph, a prominent resident of Annapolis, passed away on Wednesday. He was given a Masonic funeral and the ceremony was conducted by the Rev. H. De Blots. Mrs. J. Rupert Best died at her home in Waterville on Friday of consumption. She was a daughter of the late Joseph Kinsman. Addison Irving, manager of the Union Bank at St. John, is relieving Mr. Clark at Berwick. Rev. Paul Bernard, of the Methodist Church, Berwick, is expected to resign. Rev. G. Brown, who has recently resigned the pastorate of the Hopewell Church, is expected to build a house here during the summer. The new Hillsdale rifle range, built by the Canadian Hussars, was formally opened this week at Melvern Square. The first shot was fired by Lieut. Col. Spurr, who in a neat speech declared the range open to the 14th Hussars. He presented a handsome donation towards the expenses. Miss Holden, daughter of the late Dr. Holden of St. John, is visiting her sister, Mrs. P. C. Robinson, at Canning. Percy Milner, an old resident of Round Hill, died at his residence on Tuesday, aged 81. F. L. Miner, town clerk at Bridgetown, is a son. Work on the pier at the terminus of the Middleton and Victoria Beach railway is being pushed rapidly and will be completed by the end of July and regular trains will be run. Rev. A. N. Marshall has arrived from Australia on a visit to his father at the residence of his brother, H. B. Marshall of Hamilton, Ont. The popular boys' St. Andrew's school at Annapolis will not be continued after this term, as the principal, Mr. Bradford, has accepted a position in St. John. Ernest Robinson, of the senior class of Acadia, former principal of the Kentville academy, has accepted the principalship of Acadia Villa boys' school at Hortonville. Wiley C. Margeson, a graduate of Acadia, son of Dr. Margeson, who has been successful in his practice of law

Is Baby Plump, Rosy and "Good"?

That is the normal condition of a healthy baby. If your baby is thin, pale and peevish there is something radically wrong, and ten to one the trouble is with its food. Either the food is lacking in nourishing qualities, or, being unsuitable, is not assimilated, and as a consequence, baby is miserable and fails to thrive. What is absolutely necessary in such a case is a concentrated and nourishing food, and, at the same time, easily digested. The ideal infant food is

FERROL

Phosphorized Oil and Iron—the original and only combination of Oil with Iron and Phosphorus. Bubbles like FERROL, it always agrees with them, and never fails to give the most gratifying results. FERROL is absolutely the only Infant Food which develops every part of the system. Phosphorized Oil, the most valuable food known, to build up the tissue and muscle; Iron to enrich the blood; and Phosphorus, for the development of bone, nerve and brain. If you wish to have a strong, healthy baby, do not fail to use FERROL—the result will amaze you. FOR SALE BY GEO. A. MOORE, Dispensing Chemist, 105 West St., Cor. Richmond, SAMUEL H. HAWKES, Druggist, Cor. Mill and Paradise Row, St. John, N. B.

SCENES DURING BATTLE OF MONGOOSE AND RATTLESNAKE



Looking for a Hold Just Before the Call to Break Away

NEW YORK, June 10.—Rikki Tikki Tavi, an Indian mongoose, and Br, an American rattlesnake, fought a ten round fight in the Boston Animal Club at Coney Island yesterday which resulted in a draw. Scientists who witnessed the fray declared if the mongoose had not been so cold he could easily have trounced out his antagonist. His whole attitude, however, was fully capable of dealing with anything in the reptile class was shown in preliminary matches which preceded the main contest by a few minutes. He killed a whip snake and also a long king snake without hesitating. How Rikki Tikki Tavi got into this country is a state secret. According to the United States law he is not supposed to be here, for the importation of animals of his kind is practically prohibited. Mongooses are valuable as destroyers of snakes and rats, but they multiply plentifully and after they have disposed of their natural enemies turn their attention to poultry, Martineque im-

ported them at one time to clear away the venomous reptiles and has since been sorry. The only other living mongoose in the United States is in the Bronx Zoological Gardens. Rikki Tikki Tavi was purchased from a sailor who ten days ago drifted to Coney Island. The calling of the mongoose was evidenced by his head gear. In the course of a day or so he reached the opinion that if any locality needed a mongoose it was the stretch of sea beach where he found himself marooned. He parted with Rikki Tikki Tavi for \$25 and went his way. Arizona is the habitat of the diamond banded rattler which was pitted against the Oriental champion. He measured five feet in length and was six inches in circumference at the middle and was equipped with six rattles and a button. The mongoose was about the size of an ordinary house cat. He was the color of a cat and his facial characteristics resembled a weasel.

After the fighters had been poked into their respective corners the mongoose was continually watching the rattlesnake, as if awaiting the signal to either mangle or neglect it. In either event the outcome was indecisive. That the mongoose was fully capable of dealing with anything in the reptile class was shown in preliminary matches which preceded the main contest by a few minutes. He killed a whip snake and also a long king snake without hesitating. How Rikki Tikki Tavi got into this country is a state secret. According to the United States law he is not supposed to be here, for the importation of animals of his kind is practically prohibited. Mongooses are valuable as destroyers of snakes and rats, but they multiply plentifully and after they have disposed of their natural enemies turn their attention to poultry, Martineque im-

NEW BRUNSWICKERS HAVE DONE WELL IN THE WEST

The Saskatoon Phoenix of Friday, June 1, has the following announcement, which will doubtless be of interest: A newly organized realty firm in the city of Saskatoon, H. H. Coy, Rideout & Ross, who are located in the office on the west side of the city, are pleased to announce the formation of the firm. H. H. Coy, of the personnel of the company nothing need be said of W. H. Coy, who has for some time been one of our prominent real estate men. H. H. Coy is a man of wide experience in the real estate business in the west, and for over a year had an office in Calgary. Edwin B. Ross is a young lawyer from St. John, N. B., and a graduate of Dalhousie College. Mr. Ross, after spending several months looking over the different towns and cities in Alberta and Saskatchewan, came to the conclusion that Saskatoon was the place in which to locate. With three such men of energy and standing, the firm is bound to handle a great deal of the realty business of the community.

WOMAN AMONG VETS WHO FOUGHT FOR QUEEN

LONDON, June 12.—Surviving veterans of the Crimea and Indian Mutiny campaigns who live in Nottingham and Derbyshire will be honored by the King on the occasion of his visit to the Royal Agricultural Society's show at Derby on June 28. There are 104 survivors in the two counties, eighty-eight of whom live at Nottingham. One woman is to take part in the inspection, Mrs. Milne, the widow of a troop sergeant-major of the Eighth Hussars. When the war broke out and the first troops were dispatched from England Mrs. Milne insisted on accompanying her husband. She was on the march through Bulgaria, and witnessed the siege and fall of Sebastopol. She was present when Miss Florence Nightingale landed at Scutari. Private William Dodd is the oldest of the veterans who will parade before the King. He is 86. The youngest is 70. Sergeant Major Morley, Seventeenth Lancers, and Trooper Holland, Eleventh Hussars, took part in the famous charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava. Sergeant William Smedley is the last survivor of the Twenty-second Regiment of Foot, who fought in the defense of Lucknow. Trooper William Thompson participated in the remarkable retreat of British troops from Chillianwallah during the Sikh War. Private Thomas Whitehead possesses the rare bronze star of Gwiltor, the moment of the one day's war, on December 26, 1843, when 12,000 British troops defeated 31,000 of the enemy so severely that the natives abandoned their cause.

PARLIAMENT PUZZLED BY PAT MURPHY'S DOG

DUBLIN, June 12.—A common Irish dog of unspecified pedigree has almost distracted a Cabinet Minister, a government department, an M. P., a Petty Sessions clerk and a policeman. So important is the obnoxious beast because it has been mentioned in Parliament yesterday. The dog belongs to an Irishman of the name of Patrick Murphy, Murphy applied for a license for it in Irish. The clerk said he could not read it. Murphy turned to the parliamentary paper inquiring if the Chief Secretary had also heard of Murphy's dog. He asked him to state the precise position of the clerk of the petty sessions who refused a license for Murphy's dog. Mr. Bryce commiserated with Dublin Castle. The authorities there inquired in Cork as to the antecedents of Murphy's dog. Mr. Bryce, Chief Secretary for Ireland explained the history of the animal in the House yesterday. Thus the time of a Cabinet Minister and many government officials, with some of the nation's money, was wasted because Mr. Murphy applied for a license for his dog in the native tongue.

COUGHERS, HAWKERS, SPITTERS

Public expectation is against the common law, against the laws of health also. When the throat ticks, that's the time you need "Catarhose"; it soothes away the irritation, cuts out the phlegm and loosens the tight feeling. You'll quickly cure that catarrh and throat trouble with Catarhose. It positively prevents new attacks and cures catarrh forever and for all time to come. Don't take our word for it, try Catarhose yourself. Once used you'll be delighted with its pleasant and helpful influence.

400 GUINEAS FOR SIX-INCH STATUE

LONDON, June 12.—The most interesting item in the Keele Hall heirlooms exquisite statuette of a very old man, six inches high, carved in boxwood about the year 1520. South Kensington authorities ascribe this work to Albert Durer. After lively bidding it was sold to Mr. Lowe for 400 guineas.

A SOLDIER'S HONOR

ROME, June 12.—A Sicilian warrant officer, who ordered a soldier to clean the mess table in the canteen, was shot and killed by the soldier, who considered his honor outraged by such a command. The soldier then killed himself.

WELL KNOWN DETECTIVE DEAD

TORONTO, June 12.—John W. Murray, chief inspector of the Ontario department of criminal investigation, died tonight after sustaining a stroke of apoplexy Saturday night. He had been a prominent detective since 1875 and was widely known. WOODSTOCK, N. B., June 12.—H. W. McClary's body has just been found at the mouth of McQuarrie Brook, a small stream entering the Meduxnekeag. The discovery was made by Charles McKean, Coroner Hay has empowered a jury and will hold an inquest this afternoon.

FROM CHAPEL TO SYNAGOGUE

LONDON, June 12.—A Jewish congregation has just acquired a disused chapel in Bethnal-Green road and has converted it into a synagogue, providing accommodation for 700 worshippers and class-room accommodation for 800 children.

CANNIBALISM

LONDON, June 12.—The following notice appeared yesterday in the window of a butcher's shop in Farringdon road: "Wanted, a respectable boy for beef sausage."

HUNT FOR PICTURES IN DARKEST AFRICA

LONDON, June 12.—An expedition will leave London shortly, under the leadership of Brian Bellairs and Lionel Cooke, with the object of obtaining biologic specimens illustrating the wild life and the industrial activities of countries along the entire route of the proposed Cape to Cairo railway. Though the enterprise is mainly commercial, and has the support of many of the most important African companies, it is hoped that it may accomplish something of scientific value. The leaders have been asked by the Zoological Society to try to get a few specimens of rare animals, notably a white rhinoceros, which they are assured, if captured young enough, may be persuaded to march with them. Ethnological interests will be subserved by obtaining phonographic records of the dialects of various native races. In the centre of Nyassaland is a mysterious native city where a white chief holds court. His city is completely surrounded by walls and is composed of stone kraals. To the white man it is forbidden ground, no European having as yet entered its gates; but Mr. Bellairs and Mr. Cooke hope, by dint of many presents, to gain permission to enter and take records, which should be of great interest to the outside world. When Broken Hill, the terminus of the southern section of the railway, is reached, the real difficulty of the expedition will begin. For many months past slow progress can be made in the aid of native bearers, and when the northern shores of Lake Victoria Nyansa are reached the presence of hostile natives and the extreme danger from fever will render the journey somewhat precarious. In Abyssinia, the Emperor Menelik will be visited, and animated pictures of London will be shown to him, in return for which it is hoped permission will be granted to bring home to London records of life in the most gorgeous court in Africa. From Abyssinia the expedition will strike back to the Nile, and proceed by steamer and rail to Cairo.

A BRUTAL FATHER SHOT BY HIS SON

MONTREAL, June 11.—Because his father threatened his younger brother with an axe, Alfred Tardif, aged 16, years, shot his father in their home on Beaudry street today, and as a result the old man had to have his leg amputated at the knee. According to the story told by the boy who did the shooting and his 18 year brother who is held as a witness, the father demanded money to buy gun, and when refused grabbed the axe and threatened the older boy. Fearing that his father would carry out his threat to kill, the younger boy picked up a shot gun and fired at the old man, the charge entering his leg. The mother of the boys who was absent attending a funeral upheld the boy for his actions, saying the father's conduct of his habits was a burden and ill-treated the sons.



REGENT DEATHS. Mrs. James A. Bowes, mother of Policeman Frank Bowes, died at her home, Coldbrook, Monday night after a brief illness. Mrs. Bowes was about seventy years of age. She leaves, besides her husband, ten children—seven sons and three daughters. The sons are Henry, Robert, Joseph and Michael of Boston; John of Ontario, and Frank and Martin of this city. The daughters are Mrs. James McManus of Boston, Mrs. John McLachlan, Brookville, and Mrs. Quigley of St. John. Mrs. Philippa Broad passed away Monday, aged 77 years. She was the widow of J. W. Broad, who years ago was at the head of an extensive edge tool manufacturing plant in this city. She was born here, her father being the late John Lynam. Of late years she was in falling health. A sister is living in California, and a brother, Richard Lynam, resides in this city. One son, Conductor Willard L. Broad, lives at No. 207 Rockland Road. The funeral will take place at 2.30 o'clock tomorrow afternoon from her residence. Rev. Canon Richardson will officiate.

A very sad death occurred at Kingston, Kings county, when Mary Ellen, second daughter of Joseph and Fannie Fyveling was called to rest. Decayed and like a dilly which had just burst forth in all its loveliness she was much admired by all, never failing to provoke a smile through her natural pleasant disposition. Decayed leaves a father and mother, three brothers and a sister to mourn their sad loss. GREEK BAND MARCHED. VIENNA, June 12.—The Freie Presse learns from Salonika that Starina, a Bulgarian village, was attacked and set on fire by a hundred Greeks, and by two Greek army officers. Turkish troops afterwards arrived, and assisted by the Bulgarian peasants, killed all the Greeks. PRISONERS FOR FORTY-TWO YEARS. ROME, June 12.—Paolo d'Audati, who was condemned to hard labor for life for brigandage in 1864, has been pardoned by the king, and has returned to his native village of Bari. Since his release he has spent the entire day praying for the governor of the prison, to whom he attributes his freedom.

Hewson Tweeds for Wear. For downright honest service, there's nothing like HEWSON TWEEDS. They are wool—pure wool—and ALL WOOL. If you want a suit that will wear—see that the Hewson trademark is on the cloth.

A WONDERFUL POTATO! MOST ENORMOUS CROPPER. PERFECTLY BLIGHT PROOF.

Double the crop of the same ground, and every one a sound one. Introduced here by us in 1906 at \$16 per lb. Eldorado is repeating on a smaller scale the sensation it created in England, making the record prices of Y. 2 bbls. (220 lbs.) of Eldorado for \$200. April 28th last, to Mr. F. S. Beherrill, Jarvis Street, Toronto, 40 lbs. for \$40. A great many sales of 20 to 60 lbs. made to the leading seed potato growers. Experiments, Farms, etc., in Canada and the U. S. These are aware of the history of the wonderful potato. One lb. planted now, within two years will yield enough to plant all the acreage you want. Every lb. planted is worth \$10. Plant now, next year sell to your friends. Pure Seed Eldorado \$1 per lb. Sold only by us in Canada. Send for list, containing history, photos of potatoes, checks paid, extracts 81 papers, etc. Also 26 other kinds. SMITH BROS., Box 96, Beachville, Ont. Members Canadian Seed Growers' Assn.

Keeping Sh... Groo... NO WELL-DRE... ever carele... least, in a... enough money... year that is... Strange to say... least afford to buy... of their old ones... wealthy woman... change their frequ... as for their wear... put into use the... shoes is exchanged... servative to both... the services of a m... that her mistress... a sharp eye for str... But for the woman... condition require... Now that there are... establishments special... of their shoes, and... less as formerly. Ho... possible, and the... adjustable, better... may be fastened to... highly polished leath... with risks of a... not easily. When women are ov... their pates and black... the matter of that... Black shoes... fine in shades... good condition for a w... being allowed to remain... good rubbing with a s... useful household... be improvised from a... may be made from the... one ounce of castor oil... put in a bottle with... three ounces of black l... light-colored shoes are... shoes they may see... who is unaware of th... A new calfskin in... blue and other light c... best condition by a... with a sharp eye for... be applied with a spo... the shoe to dry. Ca... the liquid. The results are mu... Eight shoes are clean... allowed to remain... leather is thoroughly a... with a sharp eye for... was or buckskin, differ... of plebeian are invalua... that comes from the... usually caused by use... evaporated, which has... taken deposit. When... the sun to bleach wh... correct shoes. When... polishes are not avail... the skin, or rubbing... of a banana skin, or... a soft cloth. If an o... time, they will not sp... parts of trees, shoes, a... leathers, should be ke... these paper or soft m... cracking or wearing... creases.



SURPRISE SOAP
PURE RED
GENT DEATHS.

es A. Bowes, mother of Frank Bowes, died at her home, Monday night after Mrs. Bowes was about 80 years of age. She leaves, besides her husband, ten children—seven sons and three daughters. The sons are Robert, Joseph and Michael John of Ontario, and Frank of this city. The daughters are Mrs. J. W. Broad, Mrs. James McManus of Boston, John McLaughlin, Brookers, Quigley of St. John.

ppa Broad passed away aged 77 years. She was the widow of J. W. Broad, who was at the head of an extensive tool manufacturing plant. She was born here, her father being the late John Lynam. She was in failing health. A daughter, Mrs. J. W. Broad, lives in California, and a son, John Lynam, resides in this city.

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death occurred at Kings County, when Mary Ellen, daughter of Joseph and Fannie, was called to rest. Deceased was 65 years of age, and had been ill for some time. Deceased leaves a father, three brothers and a sister.

BAND MASSACRED.
June 12.—The Erie Press Salonika that Starling, Blake, was attacked and killed by a hundred Greeks, led by army officers. Turkish soldiers arrived, and assisted Bulgarian peasants, killed the Greeks.

RS FOR FORTY-TWO YEARS.
June 12.—Paolo d'Audart, henned to hard labor for 40 years in 1884, has been the king, said his native village of Bar, as he spent the evening for the governor of whom he attributes his

for Wear
there's nothing

PURE WOOL NEWSON ANKERST TWEEDS

POTATO! UPPER PROOF.

one a sound one. The first sound one later its blight resting sensation, result-ly being paid, and \$350

3. Massey sold 14 lbs. of incredulous; yet 13 for \$1,400 (\$700) for 14 lbs. in 18th, 1904. brought the record price of seed tubers.—Rural

ado is repeating on a making the record price J. Connelly, Fishers, N. 18th last, to Mr. F. S. great many sales of 30 Experimental Farms, the history of the truly

ough to plant all the Plant now, next year that year. Crops of in Canada. Send for aid, extracts 81 papers

For Every Woman According to Her Needs

The New Treatment of Blouse-Backs

As the prettiest and costliest of the French blouses have the trimming from repeated upon the back, in place of the universal, irritating tucks or, at most, of tucks with a little lace set in. Last year the embroidery of the upper part of the sleeve was one of the most marked features of the prettiest blouses, and, as if there couldn't be enough embroidery lavished on a single blouse, the new treatment of the back this year provides one more place for it without giving up any of those it already has.

The prettiest treatment of all is when the flower design of the front spreads up in little sprays which outline the neck, and blossom out in a profusion of flowers on the back. Sometimes the tiny motif which is intended for collar (and perhaps for cuffs) is applied, half in and half out of tiny panels formed by narrow lace, which runs from the shoulders down about a third of the way to the waist and back again, the corners of the little oblong neatly mitred.

With most blouses opening, as they do in the back, the design is necessarily kept very small and reversed on the other side. For the involved combination of lace and embroidery—insertion describing deep points and circles, and the embroidery winding in and out at its own sweet will, which trims the front—may be repeated in a more shallow way upon the back, the whole thing spaced carefully so that the motifs of the point marks the dividing line down the back, where the blouse fastens.

Occasionally, when the design is a great flower—chrysanthemums done in the pretty flat Japanese fashion, or those odd conventionalized blossoms, lilies to daisies—single blossoms are set on each side of the back, like a starting either at the shoulder seam, or omitted entirely, in a case like this the motif is made far more effective by being outlined and squares are more liked this year than circles.

When the blouse is made, as some exquisite ones are, with a yoke of embroidery edged with the stereotyped scallop characteristic of French work, the yoke either runs all the way around, or in a single piece, or is made in two pieces, joined by heading upon the present part of the back more shallow, or coarser than the one in the front.

Under the yoke—both front and back—the blouse is set, tiny tucks, set as close together as they can be, down a couple of inches below the neck, and, if possible, a pretty fullness. If too much fullness is desired, the under-arm seam is eased away to the under-arm seam, and there disposed of.

However it is worked out, this treatment of making the trimming of the back a feature is this year's hallmark upon blouses. But your last year's blouse may be quite simply brought up to date by tracing of the present part of the design of the front and work it upon the back. Even if your blouse is not it need make no difference, for Paris is prominent in these days again at no very far distant date.

Keeping Shoes Well Groomed
NO WELL-DRESSED woman is over careful about the appearance of her shoes. This is not only in theory, for oddily enough many a woman is hopelessly perfectly groomed wears footgear that is disgracefully shabby and ill-kept.



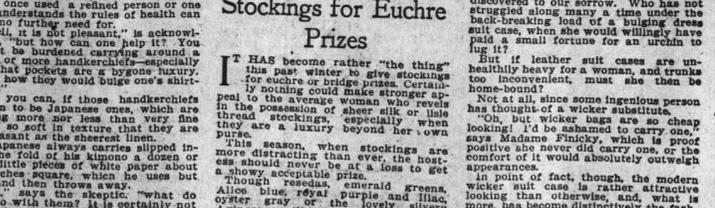
Collar Motifs Applied to the Back



A Waving Design



Sleeves and Back Match the Front



PAPER HANDKERCHIEFS

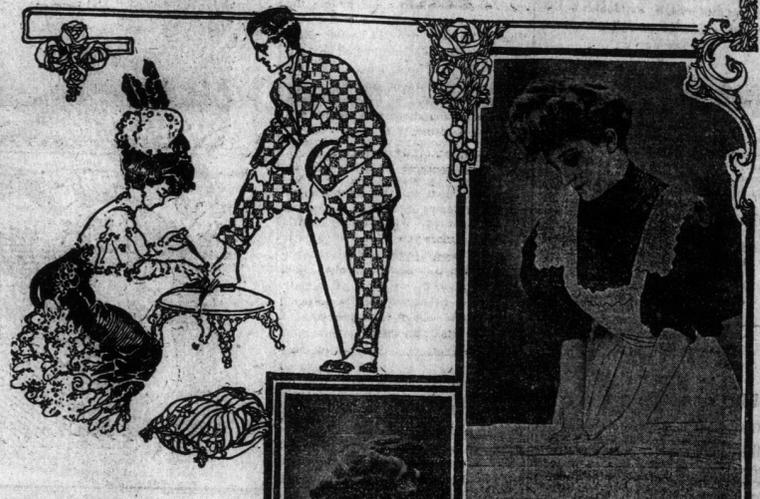


Stockings for Euchre Prizes



Colored Morning Dresses

A MAN'S CLOTHES



A Pretty Arrangement of Lace

MOST women have to know something of the care of a man's clothes, be he father, husband, or brother, or man far above them, for their ability when it comes to handling a needle or pressing an obstinate pair of trousers thoroughly matted and bulging knees are made to shrink and crease that makes their look next to new.

Traditions are responsible for the fact that everything done to a man's clothes, though possibly only a little, from the corresponding thing done to a woman's—a fact that few women take into account at the start. Tailors have spoiled the lords of created things, and their methods are worth copying.

Take that one troublesome detail—pressing trousers. Turn them inside out, and press them the way you should make that all-important crease come in just the right place, but the opposite way, pressing through a muslin cloth, and dampen the damp cloth, until the steam heat has shrunk the bulging cloth flat.

Then turn them right side out and press again, folding them so that the crease runs perfectly straight down the back (you can do this down front, saying the seams at the sides together at the hems of the trousers, and all the way along), and pressing through a dampened piece of muslin cloth.

Never put the iron next to the cloth. Wash and linen crash trousers are washed and ironed in the machine, also in the only case needed being to use the steam iron in the right place. For cloth trousers come the trousers stretched and left to proceed to the iron.

Some still more ingenious arrangements to make a room for coat, vest and trousers (each to be properly hung on a hanger), and close to keep them in perfect order.

Cloth that has grown shiny may be rubbed in several ways—spooning with oil by rubbing, carefully and lightly, with a bit of emery, or by steam-ironing—passing a hot iron, over steam-ironing, is in fact the best (though not touching the surface).

Every little white pocket should be emptied and thoroughly washed out, it's astonishing how they manage to collect dirt in the corners of it. While they are turned inside out, they should be looked for holes—and to mend them, too.



A Difficult Task—Pressing Trousers

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THE SEMI-WEEKLY SUN.

ST. JOHN, N. B., JUNE 16, 1906.

ROMANCE IN BLUE BOOKS.

One does not ordinarily look to blue books for romance, but it is often there if one chooses to dig for it through the dry official phraseology.

MARITIME PROVINCES SHOULD CO-OPERATE.

While it is sufficiently partisan to express some doubt as to Mr. Emmerson's courage and ability to continue his programme of reform on the Inter-colonial, the Montreal Star is fair enough to give the minister of railways due credit for the remarkable improvements he has already accomplished.

What such an abandonment would mean for the maritime provinces, continues the Star, it would be difficult to say. Much would depend upon the hands into which the line of rails would fall.

It is this transformation of the people's road from a sink hole to a revenue-producer that Mr. Emmerson is rapidly accomplishing and all fair-minded people, in this part of the country particularly, will agree with the Star's conclusion.

Thursday, 22nd.—Weather cold and clear. Left at 6 p. m. Camped for night at Huskie camp, 75 miles from Macpherson.

Friday, 23rd.—Weather cold; 40 below. Woke up cold and very sore; left before daylight; camped at noon, hard work to get enough wood to boil kettle.

Saturday, 24th.—Reached the Norwegian ship and made Herschel Island two days later. After four busy days there he started back. The return journey was much the same as

the first. Monday, March 5th, he writes, "Very cold; no wood." Tuesday, the 6th, "Too cold to sleep," and so on. He got home on the ninth in a blinding blizzard.

Five hundred and twenty miles in seventeen days of actual travelling; over thirty miles a day through the bitterest cold and over the roughest country. Is it any wonder he "went to bed tired?"

Of course the process instituted by the motion which carried yesterday will take time. But it is necessary for the successful termination of the movement.

It may take the best part of a generation to bring the devoutly desired consummation; but the end is sure, and meanwhile the general interest excited by discussion of the project is of benefit in more ways than one.

Dr. Sedgewick offered an amendment which looked to quashing of the matter. This was decidedly lost.

The assembly appointed Rev. J. Somerville, D. D., of Owen Sound as joint clerk, at a salary of \$500, and permanent office in connection with home missions and augmentation at additional salary of \$2,000.

When the assembly was finishing the standing committee's report, Principal Scrimger asked that Rev. Dr. Scott be substituted for him on the board of French evangelism.

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THE CULPRIT FOUND.



WORDY WAR IN ASSEMBLY CAUSED MUCH EXCITEMENT

Hot Time Over Amendment to Prin. Patrick's Motion in Which Clerk and President Forrest Had Sharp Encounter --- Business is Now Being Rapidly Put Through.

LONDON, Ont., June 12.—The hot time in the assembly resumed this morning, when Rev. R. G. McBeth of Paris moved an amendment to Prin. Patrick's motion, the substance of which was to send information down, but to continue the committee.

Dr. Sedgewick offered an amendment which looked to quashing of the matter. This was decidedly lost. The original motion was to send the information goes to the people by a vote of 158 to 8.

It runs hand in hand with poor blood and weak nerves. Health runs down, nerves get irritable, neuralgia follows. For the moment applications may relieve—but to thoroughly cure, the system must be strengthened with nutritious food.

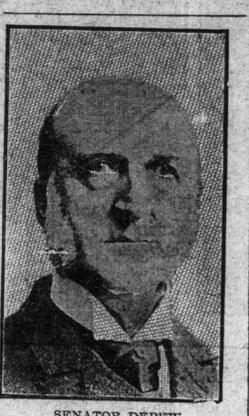
SEPTUAGENARIANS MARRIED. BELFAST, June 12.—The wedding took place at Emmanuel church yesterday of Samuel Blane and Mrs. Crookes, both of whom are more than 70 years old, and both of whom have been twice married previously.

Fred Allan of the Rothesay College leaves on Monday for Toronto, where he will hereafter make his headquarters as secretary of the Missionary Society of the English church in Canada.

DEPEW GAINING AT SANITARIUM

Leading a Simple Life at White Plains Resort Goes Through a Course of Gymnastics—His Memory Improved—Celebrated Composer His Chum

NEW YORK, June 12.—United States Senator Chauncey M. Depew is an inmate of Billy Muldoon's sanitarium at White Plains, where he is leading the most simple life in order to regain his



SENATOR DEPEW.

shattered health. Depew was made to know when he got to the farm that Muldoon was boss, and that a millionaire senator was no better in the sight of the big wrestler and renovator of worn out bodies than anybody else.

THE MONCTON HOSPITAL

MONCTON, June 12.—The annual meeting of the hospital board took place tonight. All the old officers were re-elected, namely J. S. Rayworth, president; G. B. Willet, vice-president; A. H. Jones, treasurer, and H. F. Hamilton, secretary.

Five Picture Post Cards

A splendid picture of King Edward VII, or 5 Picture Post Cards, will be sent to any new or old subscriber sending to the Sun office 75 cents for a subscription one full year in advance, and making the request.

SUN PRINTING COMPANY, St. John, N. B.

IMMIGRATION BILL BEFORE THE HOUSE

A. B. Ingram M. P. Appointed to Ontario Railway Commission

OTTAWA, June 12.—In the commons today, the speaker announced that the resignation of A. B. Ingram, M. P. for East Elgin, had been received.

The prime minister said this boundary had been surveyed and marked several years ago by Mr. Ogilvie. The United States would not accept the survey, but claimed another was defined, the true line between the two there is a small piece of disputed ground.

Mr. Oliver said this was an old provision that had never been enforced. At 12.30, when the house adjourned, a number of clauses of the immigration bill had been passed and progress was reported.

OTTAWA, Ont., June 12.—In the senate tonight Secretary of State Scott announced that soliciting immigrants for Canada was as perilous business as of old, when Dyke was put in jail and Lord Strathcona warned away from Germany.

Mr. Scott said he had just received a cable announcing that an immigration agent had been arrested in Norway for inducing a party of seventy-five persons to leave that country to work for a manufacturer of the maritime provinces.

WASTING BRAIN AND NERVE FORCE.

USELESS WORRY—NEW VITALITY OBTAINED BY USING DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

Brain and nerve force is squandered in a way which would be utterly condemned in the use of money. And of what value is money as compared with health?

By useless fretting and work, by overwork, and by neglecting to take proper nourishment, rest and sleep, strength and vitality are frittered away, and no reserve force is left to withstand the attack of disease.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is valued because it actually increases the amount of nerve force in the body, overcomes the symptoms arising from exhausted nerves, and gives that strength and confidence in mind and body which is necessary to success in life.

RECENT WEDDINGS

(From Thursday's Sun.) BISHOP-GIRVAN.

St. George's church, Bathurst, was the scene of a very pretty wedding on Tuesday evening at 8.30 o'clock, when Miss Mary Sturt Girvan, daughter of Mrs. George G. Gilbert, was united in marriage to A. Griffith Bishop, manager of the Royal Bank of Canada here.

The wedding of Miss Annie Murray, of Dipper Harbor, to Bernard Boyle, took place yesterday morning at St. John the Baptist Church, Rev. Fr. Chapman officiating. Miss Fendergast was bridesmaid, and Hugh Boyle was best man.

After the ceremony there was a wedding breakfast at Georgetown, Baxter's residence. The happy couple left on a honeymoon trip to Boston and on their return will reside in Sussex.

A pleasing event took place at the Ottawa Club on Wednesday, June 12, at 2.30, by Rev. Leo A. Hoyt, when Miss Georgina I. Farlee, daughter of Edward G. Farlee of Loch Lomond, was united in marriage to Ernest Clarence Jones of St. John.

THE DEVISED. Rev. J. Knox Wright followed. He discussed "The Devised Creed." It was devised to be a substitute for the other denominations. In the devised creed, the Testament teaching the confession of faith. He says that this device never became a creed, but has been brought up since of faith.

THE LAND BOUGHT FOR MONCTON SHOPS

OTTAWA, June 12.—At the public accounts committee W. R. Hewson, a Moncton barrister, testified he had bought land in Moncton for \$10,075 and afterwards sold the land to the government for \$18,880. He was acting for Matthew Lodge. He had sold a portion of this land to Lodge in the first place for \$5,000; outside of this he had only been paid ordinary fees.

COMEAU-BURNS

Harry Comeau and Miss Julia E. Burns of Belleisle were united in marriage at 4 o'clock yesterday. The ceremony was conducted by Rev. P. J. Stackhouse at the residence of H. Brown, Forest street. The bride was unattended and wore white voile and silk. After the ceremony supper was served, and at 7 o'clock the happy couple left for a two week's trip in Upper Canada. On their return they will reside at 13 March road.

VETERINARY ADVICE FREE

Dr. A. Tuttle, a veterinarian of long experience has written a book on the diseases of horses, dogs, cats, and swine, and is now offering it free to all who send for it. The book is written in plain, simple language, and is a valuable reference that makes plain the most important points in the treatment of these animals. It is a book that every horse owner should have. It is sent by mail, and is free of charge. Write to Dr. A. Tuttle, 125 St. John St., St. John, N. B.

TUTTLE'S ELIXIR

Is the only guaranteed cure for Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, and all the ailments of the throat and lungs. It is a powerful and effective remedy, and is sold by all druggists and chemists. Write to Dr. A. Tuttle, 125 St. John St., St. John, N. B.

WAS Amendment to 22-Vote Address Caused the Editor

LONDON, Ont., assembly resumed union this morning spoke of the speeches, as many as Principal MacLay was the first speaker inputation that he from the opposition of the union. He had views, although he to discover a basis unite and polity. He so much progress he felt that furthering instituted. The joint on the statement of differed in the inter-Scriptures, the po considered in connect trinal statement; is it enough, and is it He did not think of visio organic union, a revised version of C unity. It was a spli may exist between of not in organic unity ganic unity. Accord pretation put upon the union advocates, the towards Roman Cath union cannot be con but must seek to be The individual church out the world, and church that Christ p would vote for Prin vitor, because a halt-point be called.

SHOULD GO TO T He felt that the ma to the people. He th that the reports of a committee were not changed if the suggest changed. If the sugge adopted there can unity, since each bodi character. For instan posed new church, th elders as we now hav Presbyterian church. Hardly vote for the ch they represent and th Loren characterized th the outcome of a meet a sort of love feast, to visit those who were in They who were at this nothing before them. I generally pronounce u ment and say if what th decided upon is accept

Rev. J. Knox Wright followed. He discussed "The Devised Creed." It was devised to be a substitute for the other denominations. In the devised creed, the Testament teaching the confession of faith. He says that this device never became a creed, but has been brought up since of faith.

PRESIDENT FORREST President Forrest follo stericist address. He the humblest Christian was just as able to inter prayer as any professor of the history of the union More than once Dr. S to protest against refer him by the speaker. Th citement prevailed free Dr. Forrest's address. In a discussing federal un roars of laughter by MacKay's body existin kay) would have the C the confession of faith blue banner of Presbyr to be put high, but abn rested would put the cross defended the committee the opponents of union and most trenchant b frequently interrupted by Dr. Sedgewick, but d er was being restored, marked: "Interruptions of light." Closing he expres that the amendment was put.

Rev. Dr. Gregg of Torro tering his nineteenth ye self against Principal Pat right before it discussd our own church before another.

Dr. Lyle of Hamilton d exposition of Christ's given by others, and se give the correct meani. His father was a Hugeno ther was Edinburgh Scoto all he had to say about t case was prepared to cut w The motto he gave was light. "Don't get in the way He would trust. If w this movement it will ch is in the heart and it is," he thundered.

SITUATION IN THE He made fun of the st west in many localities. Th

CONTINUOUS PERFORMERS

MR. BOWSER'S COOK

SEE TELLS HOW HE PUT UP FLY-SCREENS.

The other evening I heard Mrs. Bowser saying to Mr. Bowser that it was time to put up fly-screens, and asked him if he wouldn't send up a carpenter to do the work.

"Not on your life!" he exclaimed in reply. "There are a couple of other men and a never-broke-a-clothes-horse. In a day or two I shall put the screens up myself and save the eighteen dollars."

Mrs. Bowser said she had a man to do the work and pay him out of her own pocket, but the next afternoon, while she was out shopping, Mr. Bowser came home. It was at about 8 o'clock, and when I looked surprised he exclaimed:

"It's all right, Sarah. Business isn't driving just now, and I'm home to put those screens up. They are up in the store room, I suppose. I heard him knocking and banging and pounding away for a long time, and then he called from the head of the basement stairs:

"Sarah, I want you for a moment."

When I got up, there he stood in a dramatic attitude pointing to one of the windows with outstretched arm, and the red was going and coming in his face and neck.

"Do you see it?" he hoarsely whispered, as he still pointed.

"I see that the screen is short for the window, sir."

"All of six inches too short. Why? Answer me why?"

"Because you've got the wrong screen for the window."

"Because either you or Mrs. Bowser has sneaked six inches off the top to make it fit? Don't tell me that a fly-screen can shrink six inches in a season or that window frames can lengthen in the same distance. By John, but—"

I pulled the screen out of the window and after a moment found the right one and replaced it and returned to my work without a word. He looked after me, and I heard him muttering under his breath:

"He got the other screen in after a good deal of bawling, and then he started to fit those in the back parlor. I knew that the screens he had down would never fit, but it wasn't my business to butt in. He moved the chairs around and banged at the sashes, and all of a sudden the house shook. I ran up stairs to find him on the floor with one of his feet through the wire screen. He was that dazed that he let me help him up, but no sooner was he on his feet than he shouted out:

"By the seventeen pipers, but I'll have gore for this woman!"

"I am not Mrs. Bowser, sir," I said, as he tried to kick the screen off his feet.

"But you helped her to put up this job to assassinate me!"

"No one has tried to assassinate

ed to Mrs. Bowser to go up and rescue him. He had torn down curtains and pole from one of the front windows and moved both head and butt in his efforts to fit the kitchen door to a window not half its size. He was looking round for something to pour out the phials of his wrath on when caught sight of me and burst out with:

"It was just going to call you. Do you deny that you have gone and tacked an extra piece on to this screen in order to spite me?"

"Haven't you got eyes in your head?" I asked. "If I had a brother ten years old who couldn't tell the difference between a screen door and a window screen I'd get a pair of glass eyes for him."

"You're claiming that that is a screen door?" he roared, and I tacked an extra piece on to this screen in order to spite me?"

"Of course it is. Isn't it two feet too long for the window? Isn't there panels to it? Isn't there a poor girl, with a red-headed mother and a fellow with a glass eye for a beau, but I can tell an elephant from a mouse."

"I'll be hanged if you ain't right,"



"I WAS POURING WATER ON HIM BY THE PAIL FULL."

he said, with a smile, after taking a look at the door. "I suppose I must have been thinking about trading the house and lot for a chicken. You needn't mention the accident to Mrs. Bowser, she'll be coming up. I am sure I can manage the others."

As I went down stairs I left him whistling away and feeling better. He got the windows into the windows after half an hour's work, strung out by his trying to make them fit bottom-side up, and then he came down to the kitchen with the screen door. He had recovered all his pomposity and conceit, and he didn't mind up setting the clothes-horse as he dragged the screen through. I watched him as he stood the door up. It was topped off with a screen, and he surveyed it and shook his head and muttered:

"If Mrs. Bowser has been fooling with this door she'll hear from me in a way to make her tread on the streets."

"You've got it wrong side up, sir," I ventured to say.

"Ah, yes. Some of my agent-

mindfulness, I was thinking about the chickens again. If Mrs. Bowser tries to pump you, switch her off. The door is right side up now and fits like a glove."

He soon had the hinges screwed tight and the door swinging back and forth, but I was holding out for what came next. Most any sort of a bald-headed man can rehang a screen door, because there are all the marks of last year, but when you come to put on the spring to keep it closed—that's different. Mr. Bowser went ahead with the greatest confidence in himself, whistling as he worked, and when the spring was on and he stood aside the door flew open.

"Mote of Mrs. Bowser," I heard him growl as he tried to make the door stay shut, but I didn't tell him wherein he had made a mistake. Instead of taking the spring off and turning it end for end, and what does he do but take the whole screen off and turn the outside in. It wouldn't fit that way and I told him that it wouldn't, and then he let go of his temper and shouted at me:

"I told you right at the start that

A black-eyed tylist with much gold in her front teeth smiled at me as she went up. She laughed at me as she came back. She chuckled me under the chin on her third trip, and "Sammis, it is a case of love at first sight. I can't live without on her fourth she whispered:

"Three days later I got the bounce. The Trust magnates were complaining that my elevator wobbled and all down into the basement or up against the roof. I waited in the vestibule for the black-eyed girl, but when she appeared and I spoke to her she replied:

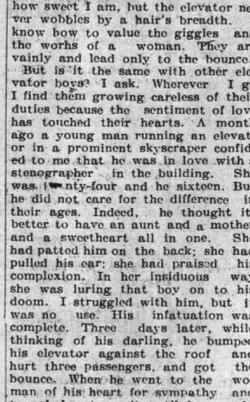
"Don't ask me, Bobby. I have only been here a week."

Six different times have I loved, and six different times have I received love. No matter how good-looking the girl who takes my elevator, and no matter how sweet her smile or how delicious her giggle, I keep my dignity and permit of no familiarity. There are occasions when I am checked under the chin and I hear the whispered exclamation of how sweet I am, but the elevator never wobbles by a hair's breadth. I know how to value the giggles and the words of a woman. They are vainly and lead only to the bounce.

But is it the same with other elevator boys? I ask. Wherever I go I find them growing careless of their duties because the sentiment of love has touched their hearts. A month ago a young man running an elevator in a prominent skyscraper confessed to me that he was in love with a stenographer in the building. She was twenty-four and he sixteen. But he did not care for the difference in their ages. Indeed, he thought it best to have an aunt and a mother and a sweetheart all in one. She had patted him on the back; she had pulled his ear; she had praised his complexion. In her insidious way she was luring that boy on to his doom. He didn't get it, but it was no use. His infatuation was complete. Three days later, while thinking of his darling, he bumped his elevator against the roof and hurt three passengers, and got the bounce. When he went to the woman of his heart for sympathy and to ask her to wait until he could strike another engagement she protested that she had never seen him or heard of him before, and that he must have become intoxicated on soda water."

"To-day I could name twenty elevator boys who are in love. That means twenty accidents sooner or later. It also means twenty bounces. There should be posted up in every elevator in the city a notice reading: 'No girl speaking to the elevator boy on any matter outside of business will be compelled to walk up and down stairs thereafter.'"

If you are about to take a public



"A NOISE WAS HEARD AT THE WINDOW."

any one ever seek to take advantage of it.

During the summer vacation I lived with Uncle Joe on the farm. Hospitality ruled in the big farmhouse. No tramp ever asked for food, and lodgings that he didn't get it, and the stranger who came along and stayed overnight was not allowed to pay a bill. There might be \$1,000 in the house at the time the stranger was stopping, over night, but it was never suspected that he might be a robber at last arrived he came in broad daylight, and was a man whom nobody would have suspected in the least.

The farmer whose land adjoined on the right had a son who was born an idiot. The child grew up without being held morally responsible at home for any of his actions. There was nothing vicious about him. On the contrary, he was very kind and generous. He was a temper only after long and persistent provocation. As a usual thing he was content to stand around and grin at folks, sometimes answering a question and sometimes maintaining silence.

From the time he was five years old he had been a visitor at Uncle Joe's. He sometimes remained there over night, and I always got along together very well, and after I had known him for three or four years I discovered that curiosity was his leading trait.

He was as curious as other boys are, but after arriving at the age of ten he took to running around the country at night. He committed no damage whatever, but would be discovered looking into windows perchance, and he would sometimes be hidden away down cellar. He did not know the value of money, but whenever he saw any one have silver or bills he showed every anxiety to get his hands on it. He was always going along together very well, and after I had known him for three or four years I discovered that curiosity was his leading trait.

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"BUBBY, YOU MADE A MISTAKE IN THE ROOM."

elevator, look first at the boy who runs it. If he is pale-faced and anxious-looking and seems to have something on his mind, turn your back on that cage and take the stairs. That boy is in love, and is worrying as to how he can support a wife on six dollars a week.

If, on the contrary, he is chewing gum, whistling to himself, stop right in and he is honest. He is not in love, and he is not worrying as to how he can support a wife on six dollars a week.

That boy has nothing greater on his mind than a bet on the races. I have loved and shall love again, but I have found that I owe a duty to the public. That duty is to love no more until I get through elevating an elevator. The profession is a noble one and growing nobler every day, and the true elevator boy is being recognized as the hearworking hero he is, and even if it becomes necessary to appeal to the law and a legislative investigating committee he should be protected against the machinations of the other sex. At least that is the opinion of

SAMMIS.

The Elevator Boy.

Probably the youngest general in the world is a nephew of the late King of Persia, a boy not yet 14 years old. He holds the rank of full general in the Persian army.

The German Kaiser receives about \$3,750,000 a year as King of Prussia, a boy not yet 14 years old. Besides this, he has an enormous private income, derived from mines, fisheries and estates, of which he owns more than any other man in Prussia.

The King of Saxony receives \$2,750,000 a year, and the Grand Duke of Baden \$4,000,000. The Czar of Russia is paid \$6,750,000 for his private use, and each Grand Duke receives \$1,000,000 a year. In addition to these enormous salaries, each of these rulers has a large income from royalties and perquisites of many kinds, of which few outsiders know anything.

A FOOL AND A ROBBER

By M. QUAD.

My Uncle Joseph Fuller was a well-to-do farmer, among the richest in the Ohio county in which he lived. He was not only a good farmer, but a good business man in all but one thing. During the first years of his married life, and just as he was getting a fair start as a bank broker, and he was the loser to the tune of \$600. From that day to his death he would not put another dollar into the hands of a banker. When he sold live stock, or wheat, or butter, or cheese, the money was retained in the house until otherwise invested. This fact of his came to be known to hundreds of people, but only on one occasion did



"A NOISE WAS HEARD AT THE WINDOW."

Mary was also slow in catching on, and as she finally took a chair she was pale as death. The fool laughed and sucked at his finger, and seemed to consider the thing a good joke.

"Now, then, understand me," continued the man, when we were seated before him. "There is money in this house. I want it. I'm going to get it if I have to kill the three of you. You cub of a boy, what are you grinning at?"

This last remark was addressed to the fool, and I explained that he was a victim of misfortune. I was astonished, but not frightened. I had heard of robbers, but this man didn't come up to my notion of one at all. Neither was I aware of the large sum of money in the house. The man hauled off to cuff the fool, but thinking better of it, he looked at Aunt Mary and said:

"Get me that money. Get every dollar there is in the house. If you keep any back I'll burn the roof over your head."

"Please, sir," she began, and I knew in a second that she wanted to deny that there was any money in the house. She couldn't tell a lie however. She was too good a Christian for that. She did hold out, however, until the man cooled off, and she weapon in her face, and then she crept into the bedroom to dig the roll out from under the carpet. A sudden exclamation came from her, and she appeared at the door to cry out:

"It's gone! Some one has robbed us of every dollar."

"Don't lie to me, woman!" exclaimed the man.

"But I'm not lying. Last night we had \$1,000, and hid it under the corner of the carpet, there. Some one has taken it since then."

The man had to believe her. Her distress and sincerity were so evident. He fell to swearing, and for five minutes the air was blue with his profanity. During this time the fool had his hands over his mouth to prevent himself from laughing aloud, and I was wondering if Aunt Mary wouldn't faint away. She said it was barely possible that Uncle Joe might have taken it away with him, thinking at the last moment that he might have need of it, and it was probably this that prevented the man from questioning us two boys. He was terribly put out, but after making a search of the bedroom and kicking things around he took his departure and drove off at a furious pace.

When it was all over Aunt Mary flopped down in a faint. As I ran for water the fool ran toward the orchard. I had just revived my aunt, who was crying, when the boy came in on his face, and the \$1,000 in his hand, and we had another circus for five minutes.

The fool had been looking through the window the night before, as the money was being counted. He had seen where it was hidden, and next forenoon had crawled into the room and stolen it and hid it in a hollow stump in the orchard. But for the coming of the robber he might have given it up. He seemed to understand what the man had come for, and he enjoyed his discomfiture, and he perhaps reasoned that he couldn't bring Aunt Mary any of his faint quicker than to give her a sight of the roll. At any rate he saved the family \$1,000, and they never could do too much to show their gratitude.

but if she'll have me she shall be Number Three."

"Well, what can I do to help the affair along? Shall I stop and put in a good word for you?"

"You fear that, Abe, and you can do something else. The other day, when I called there to tell her that her apple trees ought to be show washed to keep the bugs off, she was reading with the other one, hand and churning with the other. She told me that she'd done a butter into my cart-man a time as I was driving home, and I wanted to show him that I was grateful. Thereafter, after drinking a pint of his gin to lift, I wrote as follows:

"Her song is like the nightingale. Her step like the gazelle. The beauty of her hair divine. Is hard for me to tell.

"I've had two wives already, and I'm thinking of a third. Because within my bosom here My loving heart is stirred.

"I have not told her of my love. The longing in my heart. The wish to hold her in my arms. And never, never part.

"But she must know just how I feel. The love that cannot fade. And some day she'll say 'yes' to me, And marry Uncle Zadee."

"Well, what do you think of it?" I asked after she had read the verses and given me the proper gestures with my right hand.

"What do I think of it?" repeated Uncle Zadee as he brought his big fist down on the fanning-mill with a peep, or whatever his name was on is, had better get to putting up wind-mills and let poetry alone. Say, Abe, going to marry your young brother, is going to set her to thinking about me and start love to budding in her heart. Not a word to the children, and I don't want you to come to me. I love you like a brother.

When I reached farmer Swift's I saw one about but Aunt Martha, his wife is called. She was making over her head. I was driving past, she called to me and came down to the gate to say:

"Abe, did you hear about our boy, Will?"

"No. What's the matter with Will?"

"You know he was in love with Angelina Thompson, didn't you?"

"Seems to me I heard something of the kind last fall."

"You're right, and it was as good as settled that they were engaged. Father had already picked out the cows and sheep and hogs he was going to give him, and I was making up my mind to give him a horse. Angelina to a spelling school about the first of March, and because Will let another fellow spell him down Angelina got mad and picked a fuss. She wouldn't give in, and he won't give in, and there you see. Will is taking it so much to heart that the doctor says he's liable to go into galloping consumption at any hour of the day or night. He ain't eating enough to keep a bird alive, and every now and then his eyes fill with tears and he sighs in the most awful way."

"I'm sorry, Aunt Martha, a awful sorry. You want me to stop and tell Angelina that she ought to be ashamed of herself?"

"No, Abe. She'd think Will wanted to make up with her, and you know how she'd take it. I want to write a piece of solemn poetry to send her—something that will get right to her heart and scare her half to death."

Ever since the first of March the residents on my mail route have been demanding Spring poetry, but when I went over my route the other day I found that a change had taken place. They had barreled up their spring poetry and stored it away in the garret and wanted another sort. People got tired of one brand of poetry, just as they do one brand of coffee or tea, and the poet who would retain the affections of the farming community must be ready to change at a day's notice.

When I got along to Zadoc Brown's I found the old man cutting weeds at the gate and waiting for my arrival. I had no mail for him, but after we had passed the time of day, he said:

"Abe, come out to the barnyard a minute. I want to show you the nicest calf in all this State."

I followed him, but saw no calf. He led the way into the barn, and when I continued to look around he dropped his voice to a confidential tone and asked:

"What do you think about a man sixty years old getting married again?"

"I think it's all right if he has found somebody to suit him. As you have been married twice, I thought you would remain a widower the rest of your days."

"I thought so myself until a month ago. You've seen the Wilder Taylor, who moved in on the Jones farm?"

"Of course. If I hadn't a wife and seven children, all alive and kicking out shoes, I'd marry her myself. Are you casting sheep's eyes that way, Uncle Zadee?"

"S-s-s-s-s! I don't want the children to get on to it. They'd raise Cain. Yes, Abe, I'm struck on the wilder. Ever since I went down there three weeks ago to buy a hog for her I've had her in my thoughts. 'And you want to marry her?' 'Whined if I don't. The children will be durned and howl and tear around

upon his dying bed there lies A youth of twenty years, And over him a mother stands, And weeps most bitter tears.

"Not long is he for this cold world, Where all is sad deceit; Before the robins fly away Around his tomb we'll meet.

"You ask what ails this dying boy? You ask why goes he hence? You ask why he is signing not Upon the pasture fence?

"'Twas Angelina that he loved— 'Tis her he loveth yet; For her his appetite was lost And he got in a sweat.

"Amidst their love and happiness, When joy it was the rule; They drove away in spirits high To tend a spelling school.

"The youth could spell most ad He meant to win the prize; He meant to win a gladsome look From Angelina's eyes.

"He spelled 'rhubarb' and 'catarrh' And harder words by far, But in his pride he got a jolt And missed the word 'catarrh.'

"And Angelina, she got mad, And mad remaineth still, While death is spreading of his wings To fly away with Will.

"When death it comes he will for-give, And lie beneath the willer; And every night that maid will weep Sad tears upon her pillar."

Before I was half through reading Aunt Martha was sobbing and letting the soap kettle boil, and I took one of her hands and pressed it and made my escape. There are some things too sacred for words.

HONEST ABE, U.S.M.

HIS PATRONS DEMAND A CHANGE IN HIS POETRY.

MONCTON, N. B., June 12.—Charles Louis Tucker of Auburn, Me., was removed from the state penitentiary shortly after morning for the murder of Page, was removed from a few minutes before 8 by an undertaker, sent to the dead man, and was Tucker home in Auburn.

"I was pouring water on him by the pail full."

"Sarah, I want you for a moment."

When I got up, there he stood in a dramatic attitude pointing to one of the windows with outstretched arm, and the red was going and coming in his face and neck.

"Do you see it?" he hoarsely whispered, as he still pointed.

"I see that the screen is short for the window, sir."

"All of six inches too short. Why? Answer me why?"

"Because you've got the wrong screen for the window."

"Because either you or Mrs. Bowser has sneaked six inches off the top to make it fit? Don't tell me that a fly-screen can shrink six inches in a season or that window frames can lengthen in the same distance. By John, but—"

I pulled the screen out of the window and after a moment found the right one and replaced it and returned to my work without a word. He looked after me, and I heard him muttering under his breath:

"He got the other screen in after a good deal of bawling, and then he started to fit those in the back parlor. I knew that the screens he had down would never fit, but it wasn't my business to butt in. He moved the chairs around and banged at the sashes, and all of a sudden the house shook. I ran up stairs to find him on the floor with one of his feet through the wire screen. He was that dazed that he let me help him up, but no sooner was he on his feet than he shouted out:

"By the seventeen pipers, but I'll have gore for this woman!"

"I am not Mrs. Bowser, sir," I said, as he tried to kick the screen off his feet.

"But you helped her to put up this job to assassinate me!"

"No one has tried to assassinate

THE ELEVATOR BOY.

HE SOUNDS A WARNING TO THE PROFESSION.

For the past ten years the running of an elevator in a skyscraper has come to be recognized as a profession instead of a job. An elevator boy does not appear in court and talk to the jury, like a lawyer, but he is expected to keep his dignity and be able to advise a telegraph boy or a district messenger what constitutes assault and battery or false pretenses. He does not crowd in when there is a street accident, and announce that he is a doctor, but he always keeps a rag, cotton batting and sweet oil on hand to render aid to the wounded. Only jealous-minded people will deny that he is a professional. There could be no more deadly insult to an elevator boy than to stop him on the street and ask him if he is out of a job."

If the profession of running an elevator comes to be looked upon with contempt, and if the elevators themselves are ever removed from all buildings and the tenants compelled to walk, the boys themselves will have been to blame for it. Taking my own experience and the investigations I have made during the last year, I feel it a duty to sound a note of warning.

What the average elevator boy has got to look out for and steel his heart against is falling in love with the stenographer and the typist. Every skyscraper holds from five to twenty of them, and the first thing they do is to make friends with the young gentlemen who run the elevator. They want his information. They want his advice. They want his candy and popcorn.

I was warned when I secured my first engagement to beware of the stenographers and typists. I was told that they had soft, sleek and insidious ways. The boy whose place I took sat down with tears in his eyes and said to me:

"Sammis, they will smile, they will giggle, they will flirt, they will sigh, they will call you 'Bobby,' and pile on the soft soap, but their ways are the ways of the deceiver. When your fortune is gone they will throw you away like an old shoe."

Two weeks later, despite this warn-

ing, I was in love with the golden-haired typist in room 218. I was calling her "Goldie" and she was calling me "Ducky." I was an innocent-hearted boy, and I had no idea that her hair was bleached, and that she was working me for lunches and theatre tickets.

I wanted to die for Goldie.

"I wanted to pour all my wealth into her lap."

I wanted to knock the head off old Saunders for winking at her. She was in my thoughts by day and in my dreams by night.

I bought her bouquets. I paid for her lunches. I bought her bouquets. I went hungry in order that she might have street car fare. We were as good as engaged for two weeks, and I was wondering whether we would take in Florida or Niagara Falls on our bridal tour when the blow fell.

The agent of the building had been keeping tabs on me, and he had found me careless and indifferent to the lives of my passengers.

"Sammis," said he, "your elevator wobbles. You bring up with a jerk. You run past the sixth floor. You come down with a bang. You scare the old maid on the seventh floor, and you cause the fat man on the eleventh to use cuss words. You are in love. It always acts this way. Choose between your engagement and Goldie."

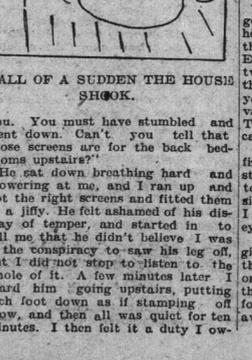
"I scorn your engagement, sir!" was my heroic reply, and I went up to see Goldie, and ask her if she wanted to live out at Bensonhurst when we were wed. Only thirty-five minutes from the City Hall, ocean breezes, no mosquitoes, sewers water and gas, and any kind of a house built in the installment plan. She had me related my heroic answer, and then she looked at me straight in the eyes and replied:

"Bobbie, you have made a mistake in the room. The girl who is dying to wed you is four doors farther down the hall."

Through a pull with an Alderman I obtained another engagement. The agent of the building seemed favorably impressed with me, but he told me that they had soft, sleek and insidious ways. The boy whose place I took sat down with tears in his eyes and said to me:

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I wanted to die for Goldie.

"I wanted to pour all my wealth into her lap."

I wanted to knock the head off old Saunders for winking at her. She was in my thoughts by day and in my dreams by night.

I bought her bouquets. I paid for her lunches. I bought her bouquets. I went hungry in order that she might have street car fare. We were as good as engaged for two weeks, and I was wondering whether we would take in Florida or Niagara Falls on our bridal tour when the blow fell.

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"Sammis," said he, "your elevator wobbles. You bring up with a jerk. You run past the sixth floor. You come down with a bang. You scare the old maid on the seventh floor, and you cause the fat man on the eleventh to use cuss words. You are in love. It always acts this way. Choose between your engagement and Goldie."

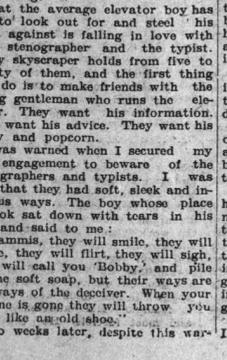
"I scorn your engagement, sir!" was my heroic reply, and I went up to see Goldie, and ask her if she wanted to live out at Bensonhurst when we were wed. Only thirty-five minutes from the City Hall, ocean breezes, no mosquitoes, sewers water and gas, and any kind of a house built in the installment plan. She had me related my heroic answer, and then she looked at me straight in the eyes and replied:

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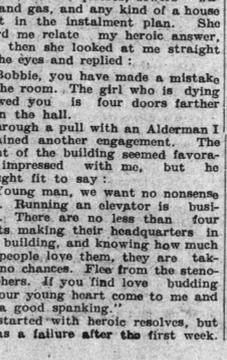
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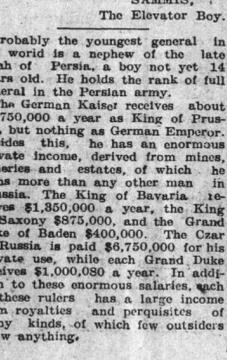
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SASKATOON - WESTERN CANADA!

The eyes of the whole world are fixed on WESTERN CANADA, and especially on the broad and fertile fields of the SASKATCHEWAN VALLEY.

COY, RIDEOUT & ROSS, Real Estate and Investment Brokers SASKATOON WESTERN CANADA.

Tucker Electrocutted Early This Morning For the Murder of Mabel Page.



The Page Home in Weston Where the Murder was Committed



Charles L. Tucker Mabel Page

BOSTON, June 12.—Charles L. Tucker of Atholville was electrocuted at the Massachusetts state prison at 12:12 o'clock this morning, pursuant to a sentence of death issued against him as the penalty for having murdered Mabel Page, who was found dead, stabbed to death, at the secluded home of her father on a Weston highway on March 21, 1904.

I. C. R. POLICEMAN WINS ON APPEAL

MONCTON, N. B., June 12.—Judge Wells in chambers this morning returned judgment in the case of I. C. R. Officer Perry vs. Constable Stevenson, which case was appealed to him. This case was one of alleged assault which took place at the colonial station here, when Perry was charged with electing Stevenson and thereby committing assault.

NOVA SCOTIA ELECTIONS.

HALIFAX, N. S., June 11.—Very little interest is being taken in the coming provincial elections on the 20th, the candidates being about the only persons on the move. In this city the committee rooms on both sides are deserted. The new Conservative paper, the Standard, appeared yesterday.

TRUE PHILANTHROPY.

Mrs. F. R. Currah, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any woman who suffers from female weakness or painful periods a sample of the remedy that cures her.

BOSTON, June 12.—The body of Charles Louis Tucker who was electrocuted at the state prison in Charlestown shortly after midnight this morning for the murder of Mabel Page, was removed from the prison a few minutes before 8 o'clock today by an undertaker, and was taken to the dead man, and was taken to C. S. Tucker home in Atholville.

THE I. C. R. WILL SHOW SHARP DISCUSSION ON A SURPLUS FOR THIS YEAR WORK OF CHURCH UNION

Mr. Emerson Has Kept His Promise—Earnings For May \$118,000 Greater Than Same Month Last Year—More Salary For Mr. Butler—New Position For J. L. Payne—Deficit Wiped Out.

OTTAWA, June 11.—The minister of railways kept the house busy most of the day considering intercolonial estimates. There was a good deal of criticism from the opposition in spite of the fact that Mr. Emerson announced that the railway would finish the year with a surplus.

DEPUTY MINISTER'S SALARY RAISED. In committee of supply on the intercolonial estimates, Hon. Mr. Emerson said the salary of Deputy Minister Butler was to be increased to \$7,500 from \$6,000.

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LONDON, Ont., June 11.—Monday morning brought up the unfinished business of the report on statistics. J. K. MacDonald reported for the aged and infirm ministers' fund. The rates of this fund are based on scientific principles. He hoped, if spared, to put the fund in such a condition that men who have given forty years' service will not be required to pay rates.

At the afternoon sederunt the report of the committee on Sabbath observance was submitted by John A. Paterson, and spoken to by Mr. Shearer, who outlined the bill now before the house of commons. The character of the new bill appeals to the assembly. Mr. Shearer says that future generations will look to the parliament that passed this bill as a really great one.

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I'll have me she shall be three, what can I do to help the... Shall I stop and put word for you?...

is like the nightingale like the gazelle, of her form divine me to tell.

two wives already, and of a third, thin my bosom here it's heart is stirred.

ot told her of my love- ing in my heart, to hold her in my arms, never part.

ust know just how I feel- that cannot fade; day she'll say 'yes' to me, 'Uncle Zate'.

hat do you think of it? ter I had read the verses given the proper postures 'light hand'.

I already picked out the shop and hogs. He was five him, and I was mak- ing feather beds. Will took a spelling school about March, and because Will fell spell him down An- drew and picked a fusi- give in, and he won't give you are. Will is taking a heart that the doctor isn't going into galloping in at any hour of the day. He ain't eat enough to get alive, and every now and then he'll with tears and he's most awful way.

is he for this cold world, is sad doct; robins fly away is tomb we'll meet.

What ails this dying boy? why goes he hence? he is singing not pasture fence?

gella that he loved— le loveth yet; appetite was lost in a sweat.

his love and happiness, it was the rule; away in spirits high a spelling school.

could spell most any to win the prize; to win a gladsome look- colina's eyes.

hubarb" and "cat- or words by far; he got a job the word "catarrh."

ina, she got mad, remains still; is spreading of his wing- ay with Will.

h it comes he will for- meath the willer; might that maid will upon her pillar."

was half through reading was so hot, and I took hands and pressed it and escape. There are some sacred for words.

even the mover and seconder of the amendment admit that union is desirable. He turned to the second point. How can we find out the feasibility? Refer the matter to the people. Do not decide here one way or another. Let the people know what has been done and see if they wish the movement to go on or stop.

When the principal had finished the cobwebs and clouds were cleared from the minds of the assembly, and so far as the union question is concerned he had put light for darkness.

Rev. W. J. Clarke of London followed in a strong opinion in favor of the motion to submit the matter to the people.

When the assembly adjourned at 5:45 p. m. Mrs. MacLaren had the floor. The discussion will be resumed at 10 o'clock tomorrow morning.

At the evening sederunt Dr. Neil reported for Sabbath schools. The schools are attended by 183,000 scholars and 2,800 teachers. For all purposes these scholars raised \$145,000 during the year.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE. THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, of Sept. 28, 1884, says: "If I were asked to take advice, I should advise to take Chlorodyne, in the opinion of all others, it is the best medicine I ever used, without it, and the number of single attacks is reduced to a minimum."

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE IS THE GREAT SPECIFIC FOR Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera.

CAUTION—Genuine Chlorodyne. Every bottle of this well known remedy for COUGHS, COLIC, DIARRHOEA, etc., bears on the Government Stamp the name of the inventor— DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE.

Sold in bottles by all chemists. Prices in England 1s. 1/6, 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. Sole manufacturers— J. T. DAVENPORT, Limited LONDON.

Wholesale Agents: Lyman Bros. & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

OUR NEW CATALOGUE For 1905-6. Is just out. It gives our terms, courses of study and general information regarding the college. Send name and address today for free copy.

ALTHOUGH THE SEATING CAPACITY AT FREDERICTON COLLEGE

was increased for this term, every seat was taken. We desire you to give the reason why. After allowing for the good things to enter, we will have accommodations for several more. Free Catalogue will be sent to any address on application. Address: W. J. OSGOONE, Principal, Fredericton, N. B.

NOTICE. The Canvassers and Collectors for the SEMI-WEEKLY SUN are now making their rounds as mentioned below. The Manager hopes that all subscribers in arrears will pay when called on.

EDGAR CANNING in Albert and Westmorland Counties, N. B. F. S. CHAPMAN in King; Co N. B. J. R. AUSTIN, in Sunbury & Queen

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD FREE. All matters of business, love, marriage and health told by the greatest fortune teller in the world. Write for free book. Address: 30-35.

DRYDEN-BROWN. An interesting wedding event took place at Moncton at twelve o'clock yesterday, when Miss Della C. Brown, daughter of Mrs. W. H. Brown, was married to Harvey B. Dryden of the I. C. R. Rev. H. E. Thomas performed the ceremony. The bride wore a gown of white silk with lace and sequin trimmings, shower bouquet of roses and maiden hair fern. Among the numerous beautiful gifts was a rosewood chair from the choir of the Epworth League and Sunday school of the Methodist church, of which the bride is a valued member.

MONCTON MERCHANTS AND OUTSIDE TRADE

Matters of Importance Discussed by Board of Trade of Railway Town.

MONCTON, June 12.—At the annual meeting of the local board of trade this evening several important questions came up for consideration. Aid. W. H. Edgett said the wholesale merchants of Moncton were up against opposition in the line of grain, flour and foodstuffs in the matter of transportation rates, and no rebate allowed on freight rates.

OTTAWA, Ont., June 12th.—At the Arctic Inquiry Steward Deschenay said he had seen natives give tobacco. He had served it to them himself. In a little liquor had been given to the natives for the forecask resulted in a row. Two men got drunk. Afterwards Major Mould took after the serving of grog. The same thing had happened to the police, but the bottles were taken away. With the exception of the case mentioned no man had been the worse for liquor. From 20 to 25 barrels of furs were obtained from the natives, but not more than ten were left with Major Mould on the Neptune. Deschenay thought Major Mould had not treated French Canadians fairly. They had been fined for offenses. He had been fined for taking a bottle of gin and getting drunk, and the cook had been fined for stealing a knife. These were the only French cases he could remember. Five English persons were fined. Anything Capt. Bernier had done was correct in his opinion. Deschenay said he had vowed vengeance on Major Mould.

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DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE... 25c. Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Flow... Holds the elements clean the discharges, stops droppings in the passage, and permanently cures Catarrh and Pever. Blower. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

SERMON

By Rev. Chas. Wagner.

(Copyright by McClure, Phillips & Co.) Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.—I Thes. v. 21.

We walk by faith, not by sight.—II Cor. v. 7. Science does not suffice us. Man does not live by what sly teaches him, nor can he. It is not the paucity of his scientific knowledge that prevents it, but man is something else than an intelligence, and needs other things than this knowledge for his life.

We are in daily activity in this sphere, and face to face with facts. Good, evil, friendship, devotion, love—what are all these? From the scientific standpoint, they are nothing at all. Why, then, do so many men who have renounced in theory everything that science does not embrace, continue to live as if all these things were real? Is it all out of defiance to the ignorance of the public? Is it from prudence, in order that the foundations of the social fabric and the family may not crumble? Not at all. For the most part, these men have given too plain proof of sincerity, even of radicalness, to fear the reproach of hypocrisy.

However, let us go on. You may say that we attach too much importance to these inconspicuous procedures; that by exception, and with an inward smile, men yield here and there, to these so-called reasonings of the heart, of which the reason proper is not cognizant, but that this does not amount to a proof. Besides, those who follow instinct, and passion, in opposition to the counsels of reason, do the same things without being credited with superior motives. Then, let us turn elsewhere for an example.

Here is one, chosen, not like the other, from individual life, but from social life, that its application may be wide enough to stand upon its own basis. If there is a subject of our thoughts wholly absurd from the strictly scientific standpoint, it is the provision we make for the care of the feeble, the weak, and all those poor mutilations of men that are cast upon the wrecks along the coasts of life. The ancients pitilessly eliminated all such sufferers from birth—unless we prefer to think that they acted out of pity. From the scientific point of view, we should return to their practices. In the combat of life, make way for the powerful, the robust! There be the empire and the joy of living! Out of the way with the feeble—nature's disgraced children!

This is logic, and all natural science moves in this direction, especially the lesson to be drawn from plants and animals. Why, then, do we not imitate them? Is it for shame? We must needs deliberately set out to court ridicule, if we suggested that the present age is deterred from anything on that ground. Shall we, then, suppose it to be influenced by some sort of calculation? Remembering that good has come from among these sufferers, perhaps men fear to cut off in the sickly and some life that are cast upon the coasts with all the feeble-minded, that are in thought and rickety in body? Why keep here, at the expense of so many sacrifices, these weak, already more dead than alive, upon whom clouds beneath which we sleep would flood more lightly than does the burden of existence?

We face here a condition wherein we find all our laws and institutions, and the whole modern spirit, flagrantly at variance with science. From the scientific point of view, our action here is unadvised folly. It gives us so much the more pleasure to make this point, in that science, in the needs of many of her most illustrious representatives, and by means of her discoveries, puts herself at the service of this work, scientifically so indefensible, and displays in its behalf the same zeal as do those who draw their inspiration from very different sources.

Let us acknowledge it, confess it with our lips—there are other credulities of a syllogism or the terms of an equation. With the mysterious something tells us to run to the assistance of the weak and the unfortunate; wretched and miserable of all, and the most afflicted, are made sacred, as it were, by their misfortune. They are some of our bones, flesh-of our flesh—fraternity cries it out from the depths of our compassion. The suffering of these wretched members of our common humanity is made the suffering of us all, and it is through this fact and the last become first among us, and the violence to the weak, harshness to the infirm, or brutality to children, is, in our eyes, the crime of crimes.

What is duty? For science, no such thing exists; for it is impossible to analyze it, or find a rational basis. At the end of her utmost effort in this direction, the furthest that science can reach, is to the ethics of utility. Let duty go to the length of sacrifice, and it becomes only so much of a means to an end; for, from the point of view of the rational calculation, a martyr is an unbalanced being, who has lost the true sense of things, a visionary, a madman, and the finest actions descend to the rank of mere pathological manifestations. Is it not significant that the most singular of all the anomalies in this order of ideas should be martyrdom in the behalf of science? And this science, for which so many men have died already and are yet dying, has no other category in which to put her most sublime servants than that in which she puts her lunatics? Thus, by an absurdity, she does furnish proof that man does not live by knowledge alone. We might push this inquiry further, but after rendering every deserved tribute to science for the distinguished services she renders, we should still be obliged to recognize the fact that the forces which lead the world onward are chiefly without her domain.

adore Him in all His works, from the least of the world, of the conscience, as well as that of scientific knowledge, leads to a realm beyond itself, both as landmarks on the way to Faith. We shall dispense with a denunciation of the faith called authoritative, which offers man a complete system of the universe, while forbidding him to satisfy himself as to its own solidity; the faith which addresses itself to man's presentation of infinite realities, with the purpose of imposing upon him the mysteries of human fabrication; the faith which is science gone wrong, describing, explaining, and laying bare matters that no man can comprehend. In presenting what we understand by faith, what, in its essence, we shall have sufficiently removed all misconceptions.

In the realm of science, as in that of mind and in that of conscience, every step looks toward some conclusion, every detail points to some whole, every relation vouchsafes us an answer something to follow it. The things we know, lure us toward the unknown, and the more realities we know, the more domains open to us, the more faith, the more we become with the profound law in accordance with which all things hold together and have sense. In those flowers that epitomize the dark from the intensity of its sunlight to the nature of its fruit, man is a microcosm, in whom are to be found traces of everything that exists. Little by little we come to have a very distinct idea of what we hold in our hands, in the existence that has been decreed for us here, the clues to an endless development; the premises under our eyes call for conclusions beyond the range of our vision.

The intuition of science, in whose direction her discoveries are incessantly bearing her, is of the infinitely small, and the infinitely small, and both are as certain, to her conception, as they are to the astronomer's. Astronomy conceives of infinite spaces, in proportion to which the commensurable extent of her known universe, with all the bodies, all the life, all the marvels it contains, is as zero; microscopy conceives of the infinitesimal in matter, beside which the minutest particle with its own life of man's observation is as a universe. And it is the same with everything that man surmises or establishes; it all says to him, Onward! onward!

The rays of a spectrum permit us to draw conclusions as to the composition of far distant stars, and likewise our inner being, properly interrogated, gives significant indications of distant realities. Within his moral consciousness man perceives the shadow lineaments of a world of the beautiful, the Lovely, the Just, and once he has caught a glimpse of these elusive outlines, his heart is drawn to pursue them, the eye instinctively follows a vanishing line. After having found, at the heart of his scientific curiosity, the revelation of infinite space, he finds in his moral consciousness the revelation of infinite Beauty, Justice, Love, Truth, and Life. It is the same quest, but followed along different ways; we are everywhere in pursuit of the infinite. So that the world of faith is not a hypothetical fabric, a sort of wonderful drift from earth, but, on the contrary, it is attached to earth by a thousand bonds. Credulity, absurdum is not its device, but, instead, the high-souled words: I know in whom I have put my trust. The way may be dark and uncertain, it matters not, the compass points north, and man's intellect and moral consciousness alike point to God.

Those who look upon the world of faith as a childish creation, no more than a vague image of reality, with which the ignorant content themselves because they know no better, are completely in the wrong. It is their idea, that whatever broadens the territory of science must narrow that of faith, until faith is driven out of retreat, dissolves, and at length vanishes away. The same idea is held by certain godly men, who fear the light of science upon faith. And so the two extremes run up the matter in the same language. Faith is wanting, one side in accents of triumph, on the other in bitterness and grief. Ah, yes, the Christian should share in this sadness, when science, as is often affirmed, the enemy of faith, and if all that men worship, all that touches the heart or brings comfort and hope, must vanish before it into the land

of chimeras. If this were the best that science could do for us, science would be barbarous, and we should say to its champion: Give us back the poetic twilight of that beautiful and happy land, wherein we moved with songs in our hearts, and which your crude light has dissolved into vapors. Give us back that familiar world, that heaven hovering near us, those miracles of nature Nature unshorn her laws as a famed heart answers to the lead-ers of a child; give us the soul of our fathers, with its pious ecstasies; virile virtues, its indomitable hope, which take away a science that her own work condemn, since she leads man to him, at the end, his doom of extinction. But, happily, science is not the enemy of faith.

Doubtless, certain conceptions will have to be changed, rudimentary, and only of value as representing of faith, they could not, in the face of our formed science, claim the privilege of immortality. But faith herself does not show, by the anxiety she enters how interwoven she is with the fibre of humanity. A being organized like man is made for believing, as a bird in beauty, and a flower for blooming and science, conscience anything that outdevelops the inner world, and favors doubt certain movements which disturb the equilibrium, and threaten the whole; but an age is not history, and the finest actions descend to the rank of mere pathological manifestations. Is it not significant that the most singular of all the anomalies in this order of ideas should be martyrdom in the behalf of science? And this science, for which so many men have died already and are yet dying, has no other category in which to put her most sublime servants than that in which she puts her lunatics? Thus, by an absurdity, she does furnish proof that man does not live by knowledge alone. We might push this inquiry further, but after rendering every deserved tribute to science for the distinguished services she renders, we should still be obliged to recognize the fact that the forces which lead the world onward are chiefly without her domain.

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BLAIR MURPHY WAS DROWNED AT REGINA

Former I. C. R. Clerk Meets Accidental Death—Particulars Not Yet Known

MONCTON, N. B., June 12.—Blair Murphy, formerly a well known I. C. R. clerk, who severed his connection with the Intercolonial about four years ago, was drowned yesterday at Regina, in the Canadian west. A telegram with the announcement of the accident, but giving no particulars was received by relatives this morning. It is believed the unfortunate man lost his life while fishing, and was also for a time secretary to Freight Agent Harold well at Montreal. He was about twenty-seven years of age and was a son of the late John Murphy of this city. His wife, Miss Ethel, Florence and Blanche survive.

BUDGET OF NEWS FROM CHATHAM

CHATHAM, N. B., June 12.—Miss Magie Mowat and her mother leave tonight for Appleton, Wisconsin. A fire in the sawdust over the boilers in Munroe's mill, opposite the town, caused much excitement Saturday evening. The watchman, who discovered the blaze, fastened down the whistle cord and the prolonged tooting brought crowds to the wharves. Commodore Stewart and a crew put sail on the Orleans at the wharf; but by the time they arrived, the mill had rigged up the mill's fire apparatus and subdued the flames. Captain Golding of Sussex, who has a crew of men at work on the Central Telephone Co's wires, has about completed his work, and as a result a cable service has been installed, the Central office thoroughly equipped and all private phones put in first class condition.

The case of Robert L. Duncan v. the town of Campbellton will be resumed this morning, when the case for the defense will be opened by Hon. A. S. White and W. A. Trueman. Last week's session of the court was held five or six witnesses being called by the plaintiff. The town has summoned nearly a score of witnesses and the case will probably conclude at the end of the week. The Teelin Head sailed on Saturday from Newcastle with a cargo of lumber. This is the second trip for this boat this season.

A meeting of the school board held this evening at the school house, when the vacant positions in the grammar school were discussed, but it was decided to postpone action for a week. The lecture given this evening in the evening at the Victoria Hotel, held by the Ottawa before the Farmers' Institute was well attended. The subject was "Enemies of the Farm, and the lecture was most enjoyed by the practical farmers who were present.

The Turner-Weaver-Bair concert was given in the Masonic hall, this evening under the auspices of W. F. M. S. of the Presbyterian Church, and the hall was packed to the doors. T. A. Peters of Fredericton is in town. Frank L. Fairweather of St. John arrived in Chatham Saturday night. He was present at the cricket practice for the season. His first work-out situation is looking up. The talk of a provincial tournament for next season.

Over a year ago the Rosebank Lumber Co. entered into an agreement with David and John Buckley to purchase from them \$13,000 worth of old logs culled, the company would have no title to the lumber until the whole amount had been paid. When the logs had been paid for, Messrs. Buckley gave a receipt and this the plaintiffs also gave them a clear title to that portion of timber with-out regard to the \$17,000 of new logs. To prevent the company using these logs, Mr. Buckley took them into his own possession and the company is suing an injunction, restraining the Buckley from making any sale.

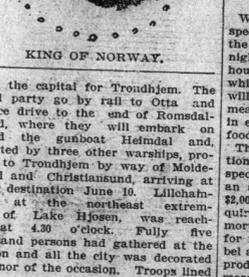
The case was taken into equity in the fall, but owing to the illness of H. A. Lumber Co., no progress had been made towards settlement. The case was further complicated by the company seizing about half a million feet of logs belonging to the Buckley and at that time lying at the booms. Mr. Powell arrived in town yesterday and all today has been in consultation with Tweedale & Haviland, who represent the Buckley Bros. It is stated that a settlement satisfactory to both parties has been reached, and if no new logs are placed, the end will be found to a case which has awakened great interest among North Shore lumbermen.

CORONATION ON JUNE 22nd

Of King Haakon VII and Queen Maud

Royal Party Now on Trip Through Country Preliminary to Ceremony—Enthusiastically Welcomed

CHRISTIANIA, June 13.—The royal progress through the country preliminary to the coronation on June 22 of King Haakon VII. and Queen Maud was begun today, when the king and queen and Crown Prince Olaf departed from the capital for Trondheim. The royal party so by rail to Otta and thence drove to the end of Romsdal Fjord, where they will embark on board the gunboat Heimdal and escorted by three other warships, proceed to Trondheim by way of Molde and Christiansund, arriving at their destination June 16. Lillehammer, at the northeast extremity of Lake Hosen, was reached at 4.30 o'clock. Fully five thousand persons had gathered at the station and all the city was decorated in honor of the occasion. Troops lined



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ST. JOHN SEMI-WEEKLY SUN

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RIGID POST MORTEM AND ANTE MORTEM INSPECTION

All Animals Killed For Food Will Have to be Examined Both Before and After Death If Bill of Special Committee is Passed—Annual Appropriation to Pay Expenses

WASHINGTON, June 13.—A meat inspection provision was completed by the house committee on agriculture today, and will be presented to the house for action probably tomorrow, which it is declared by the committee, will insure that American meats and meat products are healthful, clean and in every respect wholesome and fit for food.

The important features of the legislation are that it places the cost of inspection on the government and makes an annual automatic appropriation of \$2,000,000 to pay the expenses. It requires a rigid postmortem and ante-mortem inspection of all animals killed for food. It requires a government label as a passport for all meat and meat products which enter interstate commerce and, in addition to this label, a certificate of purity to the carrier and to the secretary of agriculture for all such products which enter foreign commerce. To secure this label the product must be handled in accordance with sanitary regulations to be prescribed by the secretary of agriculture, who is authorized to employ, without regard to the civil service law for the first year, an adequate corps of efficient inspectors to supervise the enforcement of his regulations.

The sanitary requirements, which the secretary is to prescribe and enforce, must insure complete sanitation as to all buildings, whether slaughter-houses or canning establishments. There are many penalty clauses attaching to violations of all these provisions. The common carrier is subjected to a heavy penalty if he accepts for transportation any goods not bearing the government label, or in case of foreign shipments, in addition to the label, not accompanied by the required certificate. The packers are subject to a heavy penalty for false labeling as to contents of packages. Trade names are to be allowed in some cases, in the discretion of the secretary, but in all cases the contents of the package must be stated.

Representative Cromer of Indiana led the forces in the committee favoring the Beveridge amendment. He offered four amendments to the Beveridge amendment and then moved its adoption by the committee in the place of the substitute which had been preferred. On the motion he was sustained by Representatives Henry of Connecticut, Haugen of Iowa, Davis of Minnesota, and the Republicans and Democrats of Virginia, Bowle of Alabama and Chandler of Mississippi, democrats. Nine votes were recorded in the negative on this motion and the substitute was then adopted by nine negative votes on the other motion.

The four amendments which Mr. Cromer offered to the Beveridge amendment are all contained in the substitute. First, that in the event of destruction of unit meat products, the destruction should only be for food purposes; second, that the inspection should be restricted to "Continental States" and not extended to its possessions; third, waiting the civil service operation for one year in the selection of inspectors, and, fourth, excepting the farmer and small butcher from inspection.

It does seem to us that, whatever his faults may be, Mr. Sifton has a genius for public affairs, that his administration of the department of the interior was distinguished by courage, foresight and sagacity, and that no other man has laid his hand upon the great work of his conditions and with such ability wisely to direct its settlement and development. But both for his own sake and for the sake of those who admire his ability, and desire to have as much confidence in his integrity as they have in his capacity, he should not always despise the whispering gallery, and should understand that it is necessary to hold the faith of the people in order to get a full return for all the talents he devotes to the public service. Throughout all his public career Mr. Sifton has had strong friends and relentless enemies. More than once he has had to win his battle by sheer, hard fighting. If it be true that he has great faults it is also true that he has great virtues and that he has done fine public service. Those who have known him in his great faults, then, indeed, have been greatly misled and misrepresented. He has beyond question the temper of a statesman and very exceptional ability, and he is, therefore, without excuse if he allows appearance upon the public work and motives to unanswer or descends to practices which in the end must destroy his own public character, break the spirit of his party, and dishonor the country.

(New York Sun.) Young Captain Sealby of the White Star liner Celtic was talking about the colored signal lights of ships. "In the past," he said, "all lights were white, the colored light is a comparatively recent invention. I once knew a young Scotch sailor to whom the new colored lights were an unknown thing. As he stood at the

PARLIAMENT

Mr. Emmer Demand Day Bill Morning

OTTAWA, June 13.—Attention has been drawn to the fact that Daniel McLean of the Sydney pill a defaulter to the asked why steps to punish McLean were also that by bringing the matter a result might be reached which might result resignation. There was evidence the ministers during the session.

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ABSOLUTE SECURITY. Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Dr. Wood. See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below. Very small and so easy to take on going. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS FOR HEADACHE, FOR BRUISES, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TENDRILNESS, FOR THERMIDNESS, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION. CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Pale Faced Girls Thousands Using Successful Cure for Pale and Anemic. The pallid girl always lacks appetite. What little she eats is badly digested. At night she is restless, she does, but doesn't sleep soundly.

STILL HOPE TO SOLVE THE MYSTERY. Sheriff McQueen Will Visit Bayfield on Monday with Chief Bowles and Detective Williams.

ETOLIA. HALIFAX, N. S., June 13.—Today's advices from Cape Sable arg to the effect that the Etolia is likely to prove a total wreck. The tide rises and the ship is in danger.

SCRIPPS. W. H. THORNE