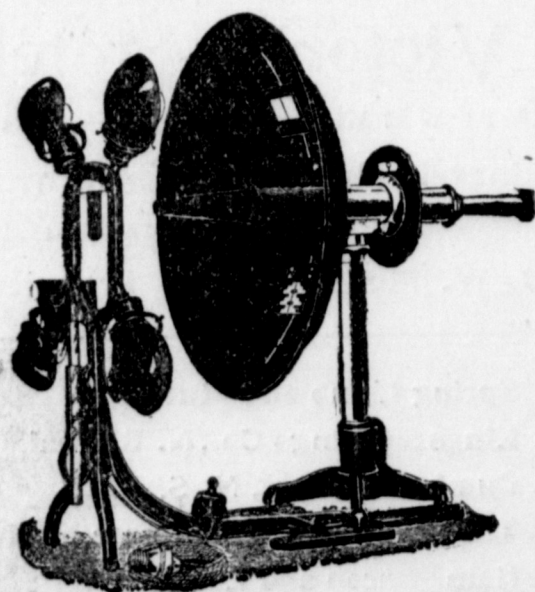


(CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.)

Miss McMillan, St. John, white silk.
Miss Gertrude Brown, white muslin, lace and flowers.
Miss Flewelling, St. John, garnet satin, jet cream applique lace and roses.
Mrs. Mc N. Shaw, black silk and white roses.
Miss Johnston, heliotrope satin and pink chiffon.
Miss Bon Johnston, black satin, red and white ornaments.
Miss Campbell, black satin, with rose pink trimmings and pink rose buds.
Mrs. Henry, black silk with yellow silk trimming.
Miss Annie Tibbitts, black satin and pink trimmings.
Miss Florrie Powys, white muslin, hand bouquet of roses.
Miss Annie Phair, white silk with pale green trimmings.
Miss Thompson, black silk and roses.
Miss Mary Thompson, black lace.
Miss Carman, grey silk with pink chiffon and pink roses.
Miss Clowes, green silk, cream lace and roses.
Miss Alma Gibson, white silk with chiffon and pearl trimmings.
Miss O'Connor, black velvet over cream silk petticoat, natural flowers.
Miss Carrie Winslow pink silk.
Mrs. W. C. Crockett, cream silk with white chiffon and pearl ornaments.
Miss Randolph, white satin with pink chiffon.
Miss Johnston, buttercup yellow, black velvet and lace.
Miss Grace Winslow, white silk, natural flowers.
Mrs. W. T. H. Fenety, black silk with corsage of blue silk.
Mrs. C. H. B. Fisher, black silk and lace.
Mrs. Rainford Wetmore, black net with black and white chiffon.
Miss Ethel Hatt, white muslin with pink trimmings.
Mrs. Ernest Tapley, black silk, jet and natural flowers.
Mrs. J. T. Gibson, black silk and jet.
Miss McPeake, pale blue gauze, carnations.
Miss Mabel McKee, yellow silk, black gauze overdress, natural flowers.
Miss Crosby, white silk and white chiffon.
Miss Stone, pale green silk and pink trimmings.
Miss Ritchie, pink silk.
The Ketchum entertained about fifty of the young friends of Miss O'Dell at five o'clock tea on Saturday afternoon at Elmcrest as a farewell to Miss O'Dell, who will shortly make her home in Montreal.
Miss Nelson of Bangor paid a short visit here the past week and was the guest of the Auditor General and Miss Beck during her stay.
Mrs. J. DeWolf Spurr has returned home after a pleasant visit with her friend, Mrs. Ketchum at Elmcrest.
Mrs. Teed of Dorchester is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. St. John Bliss.
Professor Downing of the University, has been offered and accepted the principalship of Abington College, Jenkinson, Pa., with the chair of chemistry and physics, at a salary of \$1800 a year. He will assume control of the institution on June 16.
Miss Edna Randolph in company with Mr. Henry Chestnut and Mr. Harold Babbitt left this afternoon for New York, where Miss Randolph will spend a few days with her brother Mr. Archie Randolph after which she will proceed to Philadelphia where she intends spending the summer with her sister Mrs. Day.
Christ church cathedral was today the scene of a very happy event when Miss Elythe Georgina O'Dell eldest daughter of the late Chas. O'Dell Esq. was united in marriage to Mr. Charles Heath Gwilt of Montreal. His Lordship Bishop Kingston performed the marriage ceremony.
A large number of guests were in attendance, the nuptials were Messrs. J. F. Winslow and Charles H. Allen.
The bride was given in marriage by Lieut. Col. Mansell, and wore a tall, made of lace and tulle, with a train of white roses. She carried a beautiful bouquet of white roses. She was attended by her sister Miss Mabel O'Dell, as maid of honor, who preceded the bride party up the aisle. She was daintily costumed in cream cashmere, with pink silk trimmings and wore a large picture hat and carried a large bouquet of pink and white carnations. The groom had the support of Mr. Robinson of Montreal.



CLOSING OUT PRICES.

Solid Gold Frames,	\$1.95
Best Gold Filled Frames,	.80
Gold Filled Frames,	.55
Aluminum Frames,	.20
Steel or Nickel Frames,	.05
Finest Lenses made per pair,	.70

Will remain here a few days longer.

—OPEN NIGHTS—

Boston Optical Co.,
25 King St.

Acute Rheumatism

Pains in the Foot and Limb—A Complete Cure Accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"For a number of years I was afflicted with acute rheumatism in my left side and all the way down my limb into my foot. I live five blocks from my work and had to stop and rest several times in going and coming. I could get no relief from my trouble and was on the point of giving up my job when I happened to hear of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I purchased a bottle of this medicine and a vial of Hood's Pills and began taking them. Before I had half finished them I was relieved and it was not long before I was completely cured. I never lose an opportunity to praise Hood's Sarsaparilla, for my cure meant a great deal to me, as I have a family and must always be at my post."

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared. 25 cents.

Miss Carman presided at the organ and played the wedding march. After the ceremony the bride and guests repaired to "The Homestead," the home of the bride's mother, where congratulations and best wishes of many friends were received. After luncheon was partaken of, the bride in ascending the staircase dropped her shower bouquet when the fair young guests each scrambled for a good luck flower. The bride was the recipient of many beautiful presents. The newly wedded couple boarded the 420 train, amid showers of rice, for an extended trip through the United States, where the honeymoon will be spent, after which they will take up their residence in Montreal.

The Misses O'Dell of Halifax are here to attend the marriage of their cousin, Miss Townsend, daughter of Judge Townsend, of Halifax, was also one of the guests present at the wedding.

The groom's gift to the bride was a handsome gold brooch with garnet and pearls set in diamonds and to the maid of honor he presented a diamond ring.

Mrs. McClellan wife of honor, Governor McClellan has returned home.

Mrs. J. J. Fraser and Miss Fisher have returned from a pleasant trip to Bermuda.

Miss McMillan, was the guest of Miss Bailey, at "Sunny Side" during her stay in the city.

Miss Lowell, returned to her home in Calais yesterday, after a pleasant visit of two months spent at "Ashburton Place" the guest of Mrs. F. B. Edgcombe.

Miss Maud Beckwith, daughter of Mayor Beckwith is at home on a visit from Waltham.

Miss Fiewelling of St. John is visiting here a guest at "The Queen."

Mr. John Eurchell M.P.P. and daughter left yesterday for home.

Judge and Mrs. Landry who have been spending a few days here have returned to their home in Dorchester.

Mrs. Geo. Clark, is visiting at her former home in Woodstock.

Mrs. Kingston has returned from a short visit to St. John.

The Brown Bread and Butter Club, which in reality means a very elaborate supper with a host name, met last evening with Miss Plimney, for whilst and enjoyed a pleasant evening, 9 tables, when Miss Lawton successfully carried off the ladies' first prize. Miss Agnes Tabor, taking the consolation. Mr. Cowie was the fortunate winner of the gentlemen's first, while Mr. L. W. Bailey contendedly took the consolation. Ice cream was served during the evening and about midnight a delicious supper was much enjoyed and after a pleasant half hours chat a very delightful evening came to a close.

Mrs. Spurdin has returned home after several weeks spent pleasantly in St. John.

Miss Lawton and Miss Stone are the guests of Mrs. Foster.

Mrs. Humphrey has returned home after a pleasant visit here with her father Mr. Thos. Peters.

Mrs. Frank Creed is at home again after he visit to her parents at Hampton.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Phillips will be sorry to hear their second daughter Miss Etta Phillips is very seriously ill.

Mrs. P. J. Pheen was one of the hostesses of this week and gave a very enjoyable ladies' whist party, 4 tables, last evening, from 8 to 12, given I believe for the member's wives. Mrs. Whitehead and Mrs. R. M. Belyea I understand were the fortunate winners of the prizes.

Mrs. Albert Grous has returned to her home at Moncton after a pleasant visit here with her friend Mrs. Vavasour.

The friends of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Clarke planned a pleasant surprise for them last evening when they met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Havelock Coy and marched in a body to Mr. Clarke's residence and of which they soon took possession. The occasion being the fifth anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Clarke's wedding day. A delightful evening was spent, a dainty supper supper was much enjoyed and when the party took their departure among the many presents in wood which were left behind was a handsome brass clock for the hall.

The Misses Babbitt gave a much enjoyed bicycle party on Monday evening when a large number of their friends met at their home at 7 1/2 and wheeled out the road returning for supper about half after nine.

CRICKET.

Black Sheep

From their folded mates they wander far,
Their ways seem hard and wild;
They follow the flock of a ballet star,
Their paths are dream-segued.

Yet happy they sought but a wider range,
Some loftier mountain slope,
And little recked of the country strange
Beyond the gates of hope.

And haply a bell with a luring call
Summoned their feet to tread
Midst the cruel rocks where the deep pitfall
And the lurking snare are spread.

Maybe, in spite of their tamed days
Of outcast liberty,
They're sick at heart for the homely ways
Where their gathered brothers be.

And oft at night, when the plains fall dark
And the hills loom large and dim,
For the shepherd's voice they mutely hark,
And their souls go out to him.

Meanwhile, 'Black sheep! black sheep!' we cry,
Safe in the inner fold;
And maybe they hear, and wonder why,
And marvel, out in the cold.

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OLD-TIME TRUNK JUGGLING.

How Billy Skaggy Transferred the Baggage at Prairie Junction.

"It has always seemed to me that about the slickest thing in the way of trunk juggling that I ever saw," said an old railroad man, "was something that a baggage man named Billy Skaggy used to do at a place called Prairie Junction on the M. N. and T. road. Billy was running then on the old G., X. and Q., which was at that time an independent line, but practically a branch of the M. N. and T., coming in at Prairie Junction, running along back of the station at an angle and striking the M. N. track a hundred feet or more to the west. This inclosed a sort of a V-shaped open space, like a V lying down on its side, between their track on one side and the station and the M. N. track on the other, the widest part being back of the station. This part was planked over, from the station to the G. X. track, making a broad platform there, and when trains came in on the G. X. Q. a man used to roll a baggage truck across this platform to the baggage car, and they'd get the baggage out on it, and then d roll it back across the broad platform to the station. That's the way they were doing there before Billy came—the way they do it under like circumstances everywhere: but Billy said that was all a waste of time, labor, and trouble, and he soon put into operation here a transfer system of his own by which he easily put the trunks over alone.

"The trains on the G. X. used to halt with the baggage car right back of the rear door of the station. From the door of the station to the door of the car was maybe fifty feet. Billy could throw a trunk as far as any other man I ever knew, I don't know but what further; but he couldn't throw a loaded Saratoga that distance, and what he used to do, was to bound 'em over. He made fast in the middle of the platform a thick rubber cushion about as big as a door mat. Where he learned how to do this, or how he got the skill he had I don't know; he may have had a run somewhere before where there was a platform like that to cover, or it may be that he invented the system to meet this situation and the practiced up, somewhere, with a blank till he could hit the mark, but certain it is that he could stand in the door of his baggage car and throw a trunk in such a manner that it would land with one corner on the bouncing pad and bound up and on plump through the back door of the station every time. I was running on the M. N. on a trail that stopped at Prairie Junction, and we used to meet Billy's train on the branch, and often I've looked out back of the station, where the branch came in to see Billy bounding the trunks.

After he'd got 'em started he'd keep two in the air all the time; starting one on its arched course through the air from the car door to the pad before the trunk ahead had disappeared through the door of the baggage room. And this went along just as nice and comfortable as could be till, as usual, something happened.

"Billy pulled down from the stack in the car one day, and rolled along on its end to the car door, a big massive trunk, marked 'Snakes: Handle with Care.' Billy had seen the words 'handle with care' before and he had also heard of trunks being marked 'Snakes,' 'Dynamite' and that sort of thing, and so the marks on this massive trunk did not impress him strongly. He busied it along to the doorway, seized it by the handle, lifted it and lunched it through the air. Very likely this was the first trunk that Billy ever missed the mark with, and I don't suppose he'd missed this one if he let go of it; but it missed the pad by about an inch and a half and came down on the hard platform with a bang that busted that corner wide open. Even as it was, the trunk bounded well up into the air. It had rubber knobs on its corners to protect it to and the plank it struck on was springy, but it bounced toward the station door; as it rose snakes began dropping out of its busted corner. A man who could easily have got out of the way, but for the fact that he was sort of fascinated by the sight of the falling snakes, was knocked down by the flying trunk and had his leg broken. This accident broke up Billy's transfer system at Prairie Junction. The super said they were proud of Billy as a baggage tosser, but that hat one mishap had cost 'em in one way and another more than the hire of a man to carry the baggage across would cost them for five years, and the first thing I knew the bouncing pad had been taken up and the man was back with the baggage truck, rolled up in front of the baggage car door in the old familiar way."

THE DOOR SPRING.

A Little Convenience in Which New York Spends \$250,000 a Year.

Door springs of some sort have been in use for many years. Two of simpler and cheaper kinds have long been familiar and are still extensively used. One of these is the steel rod held with one end in a fastening secured to the door jamb and the other end in a fastening secured to the door. The other is the long coiled wire spring, with its ends similarly secured. The modern door spring, including a check as well as a spring, first came into use about twenty-five years ago. The present widespread use of the check and spring dates back about fifteen years.

There are perhaps a dozen kinds of modern door springs. The object of all is, of course to close the door with certainty, but at the same time gently. The checks most commonly used are air checks and liquid checks. The modern door spring saves time by making it unnecessary for people to pause to close the door, saves temper by doing the work of the careless who would not wait to close the door, and protects the nerves by closing the door easily and gently, without any slamming or banging. It is counted now as one of the essential modern conveniences. These checks and springs are made of iron, of bronze metal, so called, and of solid bronze and they are sold at various prices \$2 up to \$15. Some for private houses cost as much as \$20 apiece. There are seasons in the door spring trade, winter being the time when the greatest number are sold. There sold in New York and vicinity probably 10,000 of the modern checks and springs annually, at an average cost of perhaps \$5 each. Taking in the common kinds of door springs, still used for various purposes, it is likely that this neighborhood spends nowadays \$250,000 a year for door springs.

"Put Doon yer Saxpence."

The following dialogue is said to have taken place 'across the border,' a little ago while Mr. J. M. Barrie's play, The Little Minister, was being performed in the neighbourhood.

"Aye, Jock, mon, an' hoo are ye the night?"

"Dinna talk tae me, Sandy. I've bin tae see The Little Minister, an' I want tae sit ma doon an' think an' think."

"What's it a' about, Jock?"

"Do ye no ken? Hae ye no read the bit book by Barrie, mon? Ye're a disgrace tae yer clan, Sandy McPherson."

"Aye, but I no gang tae the theatre?"

"Na, na, ye're a guid, Sandy. But if ye want tae the theatre moor an' tae the whusky less, it's a better mon ye'd be, I'm thinkin' the noo."

"Gang on, Jock McLaren. It's a grand mon ye are. What about the Little Minister? What did he do no?"

"Do! It's na what he did; it's what he is, d'ye ken? It's what he is moor than what he's done. He a grand mon, mind ye."

"But what's it a' about, Jock?"

"Ay, an' that's jost like ye, mon. Do ye ken I paid ma saxpence like a mon an' saw an' heard it a'?"

"An' noo ye want me tae tell ye a' about it for naething. Awa, mon, uwa, an' put doon yer saxpence an' see The Little Minister for yerse!"

How Expert Tea Tasters Test Tea.

The expert tea taster carefully weighs the tea, pours a certain quantity of fresh boiled water on it—lets it draw for a few minutes, then tastes it—Tatley's Elephant Brand Tea stands this test which differs not from the right way of making tea.

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Clothes Pride.

You'll be proud of your clothes if they are washed with SURPRISE Soap.

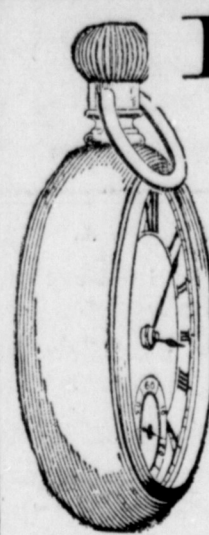
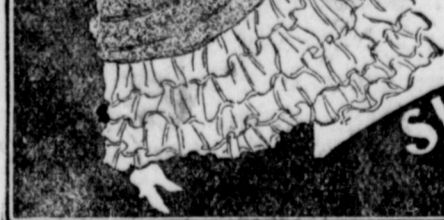
They'll be perfectly clean, sweet, dainty—free from streak, spot or odor.

No scalding, boiling, or hard rubbing either.

Only 5 cents for a large cake that will do better work and more of it than any other soap.

Remember the name—

"SURPRISE."



FREE!

We give this elegant Watch and Chain Free, also Violins, Accordions, Gold Rings, etc.

Send us your name and address and mention this paper and we will send you 2 doz. packets of our Special Brand of Sweet Pea Seeds.

Sell for us at 10c. each, return the money when all are sold and we will send you this elegant present free.

National Manufactory Co., Toronto.

SAILINGS

—OF THE—

STMR. CLIFTON.

On and after Saturday 29th inst., and until further notice, the Steamer Clifton will leave her wharf at Hampton Monday, Wednesday and Saturday mornings at 5.30 (local). Returning will leave Indian town same days at 4 p. m. local.

CAPT. R. G. EARLE,
Manager.

'More'n a Hundred Years.'

One of the best known religious communities for women in the American Episcopal Church are the Sisters of St. John the Baptist. The mother house is in the north-west corner of Stuyvesant Square, New York, and the magnificence of the embroidery on the vestments of the chaplain and the richness of the accessories of their altar are simply amazing.

They have a summer house in the Catskill Mountains, and the ritualist clergy of New York are all passing on a story which came down from there.

Two Sisters were passing along the road in their quaint habits. A stranger was driving along, and looked on them with amazement. He had never seen anybody dressed so outside of the family pictorial Bible. To the next man he met he said—

"What kind o' wimmen folks is them I seen down the road a piece, all in black, with a white thing round their face and neck, dressed kind o' scriptural?"

"Oh, they're the Sisters of St. John the Baptist."

The stranger look with incredulous eye on the native.

"Get out!" he sneered. "You can't fool me. Why, man, John the Baptist has been dead more'n a hundred years."

Forgiven.

One rainy day in spring, an old York-shire fisherman returned to his native village after an absence of fifteen years, and fearfully sought the house which sheltered his deserted wife.

Entering without knocking, he seated himself near the open door, took a long and vigorous pull at his dirty clay pipe, and nodded jerkily to 't'owd woman.

"Mornin', Maria," he said, with affected unconcern.

She looked up from the potatoes she was peeling, and tried to utter the scathing tirade she had daily rehearsed since his departure; but it would not come.

"Ben," she said instead, once more resuming her work, "bring thasen o'er to t' fire, an' Ah'll darn that hole i' thy jersey. Ah meant doin' it t' day tha went away, but summat put me off!"

A new Proverb.

"I've stopped economizing," said the girl with the violets, as she stirred her chocolate. "I can't afford it. I trimmed myself this hat I'm wearing last month, and saved ever so much. I saved so much that I felt able to buy a new gown, and it will cost three times what I saved before it's finished. It's always the way. If I save a car ticket by walking down town, I spend a dollar for violets before I get home. I'm going to stop trying to save, and I've painted a proverb to go on my mantel to remind me of it: 'A penny saved is a dollar wasted.'"

The Eagle Screams.

American Officials (in China)—"This interfering with American residents must stop."

Chinese Official—"Hub! Whatee Melican Govement do 'bout it?"

"Hark! Do you hear that terrible rumble?"

"Thatee earthquake. We have many."

"Do you know, sir, what causes earthquakes?"

"Me no sabe."

"It's the American Government testing its new big guns at Sandy Hook."