

## MATED AT LAST.

The tallest and handsomest man in England is married.

He is Capt Oswald Ames of the Second Life Guards.

No longer may British or American maidens permit their fond fancies to linger on the most Ouidaesque figure in existence. He is another's.

Capt Ames is exactly six feet, eight inches high, and built in proportion.

His bride is Miss Violet Dorothea Cecil, a daughter of the late Lord Francis Cecil, and a distant relative of the Marquis of Salisbury, whose family name is Cecil.

She is also the granddaughter and heiress of Sir William Cunliffe Brooks, a deceased English millionaire.

Mrs. Ames is a pretty, dark haired girl and rather small, says a London despatch to the New York Journal. She naturally looks like a child by the side of her gigantic husband. A broad shouldered, six foot man appears quite insignificant compared with him and it may be imagined what sort of figure a girl would make.

A troop of the Life Guards lined the church. These men are all not less than six feet high but they looked like boys by the side of their captain.

The physical pre-eminence of the bridegroom, as well as the social prominence of the couple, drew a great crowd to the wedding which was celebrated in St Mark's church, North Audley street London.

Contrary to the usual rule, it was the bridegroom who attracted the greater share of the attention. As he passed out of the church there were audible murmurs from feminine lips, such as these:

'Isn't he fine?'

'Isn't he sweet?'

'Isn't he lovely?'

The captain appeared somewhat embarrassed under these attentions and looked as if he would like to make himself smaller but of course he was unable to do so.

The bride—who was given away by her uncle, Lord William Cecil, in the absence of his stepfather, Capt. Philip Tillard, R. N., commanding H. M. S. Dido in China—was attired in a gown of oyster white satin, the upper part of the bodice and the under sleeves composed of finely tucked mousseline, and trimmed with a large fish and stole ends of finest old rose point lace the gift of her mother. The full court train of the rich satin was fastened on the right shoulder. Her plain tulle veil was worn over a chaplet of orange blossoms, and she carried a bouquet of white gardenias and roses and wore a pearl necklace with pearl and gold pendant, the gifts of the bridegroom.

The bridesmaids were Miss Weinyss, who at the last moment took the place of Miss Celandie Cecil, sister of the bride, who was prevented from attending by illness; Lady Clare Noel, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Gainsborough; Miss Jasmine Finch, Miss Margaret Tyron, and two little train-bearers, Miss Esterel Tillard, the bride's stepsister, and Miss Eve Ames, niece of the bridegroom. The elder bridesmaids were charmingly dressed in white crepe de chine, daintily tucked and let in with Valenciennes lace insertions edged with narrowest white ribbon velvet. Numerous little frills edged with lace trimmed the skirt, the lace being run or with the beige ribbon. The bodices, let in with undulating bands of the insertion sewn with velvet ribbon, had transparent lace yokes and collar bands, and were trimmed with fichus of the crepe de chine, lace and narrow ribbon, one long end falling to the hem being caught at the side with a bunch of violets, over soft vests of accordion plaited chiffon. The swathed waistbands were of white satin, while the sleeves were prettily let in with accordion plaited chiffon and insertions of lace.

They wore black picture hats in fine black crinoline straw with ostrich feathers. The two little girls were dressed in loose frocks of crepe de chine arranged in downward tucks, with lace insertions run with white velvet ribbon. Three little frills finished the skirts. The Empire sleeves of the crepe de chine were caught up with bunches of violets, and they wore large soft white picture hats.

Capt. Ames has figured before the public of two hemispheres as the leader of Queen Victoria's jubilee procession and also as a probable fiancee of Miss May Goellet, the pretty American heiress of \$25,000,000.

He is really a magnificent man. He is an ideal Anglo-Saxon. He is a hero of Ouida in real life. His proportions are extremely fine for a man of his height. He is straight and very broad shouldered.

The officers of the Life Guards wear shining steel cuirasses, scarlet coats loaded with gold lace, white breeches, enormous jack boots and steel helmets with horse hair plumes falling half way down the back. It is the most splendid uniform worn by any regiment in Europe. When Capt. Ames stands by the side of one of the very big black chargers ridden by the Life Guards the top of his helmet towers away above the horse's head.

From the soles of the captain's thick cavalry boots to the top of the big plumed spike on his helmet is a distance of 7 feet 8 inches.

Americans, who have paid even the briefest visit to London will doubtless be able to recall the Life Guards, because they help to furnish the mounted sentries who stand on duty like statues every day outside the Horse Guards Building in Whitehall. These sentries are supplied alternately by the Life Guards and the Horse Guards.

At the special request of the Prince of Wales, Capt. Ames led the procession at Queen Victoria's jubilee, which contained representatives of every military force in the British Empire. He endeavored to avoid the honor, because he is rather bashful of displaying his personal attractions. But he was compelled to accept it, and bore it with great credit. Probably no man ever occupied a more conspicuous position physically.

Although there are giants in circles taller than Capt. Ames, if "we" recognize that they are victims of a disease, Capt. Ames is powerful, active, thoroughly able bodied, an athlete, a hunter and a crack shot. No other man of his inches is known to possess those qualities in England.

He has handsome, regular, strong and reliable features. He impresses you as a reincarnation of King Harold or some other ancient Anglo-Saxon chieftain. Indeed, he is descended from the purest Anglo-Saxon stock, for his family has been settled for uncounted generations in that part of England, where Hereward and Wake, made his last long stand against the Normans.

This marriage has a peculiar interest for Americans, on account of the society gossip which for years has been concealed with the most "moral" affairs of Miss May Goellet of New York. First she was about to be engaged to the Duke of Manchester then to the Duke of Roxburghe, then to Lord Crichton and then to Capt. Ames. It was sympathetically narrated that she had spurned her titled suitors and given her heart to the poor and untitled, but magnificent, Capt. Ames.

Two of these gentlemen are now evidently out of the question. The other two—the Duke of Roxburghe and Lord Crichton—are now in Canada with the Duke of York, and may yet become prizes of American belles.

Lord Crichton is an officer of the Horse Guards, which is a sort of rival regiment of the Life Guards, to which Capt. Ames belongs. The only noticeable difference between the uniforms of the two is that the Horse Guards wear blue coats, while the Life Guards wear red. Lord Crichton is the oldest son of the Earl of Erne, an Irish nobleman.

Of all the young noblemen who have been mentioned in connection with Miss Goellet, the richest and in many ways the most important is the Duke of Roxburghe. He was born in 1876 is the eighth duke of his line and is the head of one of the most ancient families on the Scottish border. He owns 60,500 acres of land and has a splendid place, Floors Castle, in Scotland. His mother was a member of Queen Victoria's household and a very esteemed friend of the late queen. The duchess is a daughter of a previous Duke of Marlborough an aunt of the present duke, who married Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt.

It is pretty certain that the wife of the Duke of Roxburghe would be received into the very bosom of the royal family. She would have a decided advantage over even the wife of the Duke of Marlborough.

### NOT SO STRANGE.

At first blush, however, his nerve seems appalling.

The hour was growing late, and yet he sat and sat and sat in the parlor.

She yawned openly and above board, and yet he didn't take the hint.

'Wait till I set the pitcher out for the milkman,' she said at length, and disappeared, only to find him comfortable and concealed in another chair upon her return, and with no apparent idea of king the tip.

'My!' she gasped, yawning again cavernously, 'but it sounds quiet. I believe the cars have stopped.'

'U-huh,' said he, and sat on.

She went down to the basement to put the cut out, and he was still perched on his chair, looking wide awake, when she returned to the parlor.

'The morning paper hasn't come yet,' she said effably, but meaningly.

'That so?' said he twisting his mustache, and he went on sitting in the parlor.

'How little sleep you require,' she broke out, a trifle impatiently, after a pause.

'U-huh,' said he, musingly.

'Well,' said she, after another pause, rising and stretching her arms, 'I believe I shall go to bed.'

'Well, dog-gone the luck,' said he, emerging from his reverie and glaring at her, 'why the dickens don't you, instead of gaping in my face that way? Who the deuce's keeping you up, anyway?'

Whereupon she bestowed an amiable smile upon him and went upstairs.

Remarkable?

Not so very. He was her husband, you see, and he was sitting in the parlor sulking and glooming and nursing his grouch because he'd been invited to sit into a little game of poker that night and couldn't accept the same because he didn't have the dough to buy the first round of chips.

## Consumptive People.

### CAN I SECURE RENEWED HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

The Rich, Red Blood Made by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Gives New Strength to Every Nerve, Fibre and Organ of the Body.

From 'The Budget,' Shelburne, N. S.

Among the young ladies of Shelburne, there is none to day who more fully bears the impress of perfect health than Miss Lillian Durfee. Unfortunately this was not always the case, as a few years ago Miss Durfee became ill, and her friends feared that she was going into decline. A doctor was called in and prescribed but his medicines did not have the desired effect. Her strength gradually left her, her appetite failed, she had frequent headaches, was very pale, and finally grew so weak that a walk of a few rods would completely fatigue her. The young lady's family sorrowfully observed that she was steadily failing, and feared that consumption would claim her as a victim. One day a friend urged that she should give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, but the idea at first was not favorably entertained; it seemed hopeless to expect that any medicine would help her after the doctor's treatment had failed. However, this good friend still urged, and finally prevailed. By the time the third box was used, there was an unmistakable improvement in Miss Durfee's condition. Cheered by this, the pills were continued, and in the course of a few weeks the former invalid, whose strength was taxed by the slightest exertion, was almost restored to health. The use of the pills was still continued and a few weeks more found Miss Durfee again enjoying perfect health.

To a reporter who interviewed her, she said:—'I believe that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life, and I earnestly recommend them to all who fear that consumption has laid its grasp upon them.'

That the facts related above are not in any way exaggerated, is born out by the following statement from Robt. G. Irwin, Esq., the well known stipendiary magistrate for the municipality, who says:—'I distinctly remember the pale face of Miss Lillian Durfee and regrets of friends as they expressed their conviction that she would soon be compelled to say farewell to earth. Miss Durfee, however, carries the unmistakable credentials of good health, and frequently expresses her indebtedness to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.'

Pale and anemic girls, or young people with consumptive tendencies, will find renewed health and bodily vigor through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills are an unfailing cure for all diseases due to a watery condition of the blood, or shattered nerves. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent postpaid on receipt of 50c. a box, or \$2.50 for six boxes, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

### BAD MAN FLANNIGAN'S TALK.

How De Mores Subdued a Noted Depredator.

A certain 'Bad Man' Flannigan undertook one day to forestall the evolution of events and wipe Medora off the map. He had a grievance against the inhabitants, as a writer in everybody's Magazine. So he descended from the eastbound passenger train one Sunday afternoon, took possession of the depot, drove the telegraph operator out, and proceeded to



**Easier Work**  
Pleasant, quicker, healthier—with PEARLINE. What worse for throat and lungs than long working over tainted steam from a washtub? Here is the simple, sensible, womanly PEARLINE way: Soak the clothes in Pearline; rinse them out. No heavy rubbing on washboard. Save time, save clothes, wear. 653  
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amuse himself by clicking the keys.

Three weeks before 'Bad Man' Flannigan had been 'on a tear' at Medora. He wandered off toward the river and went to sleep in the woods. Some of the citizens found him and reached his hair with a pair of sheep shears. That is, they clipped it close on the sides of his head and left it long on top. As the bad man's hair naturally stood on end, when he awoke he thought he was a Sioux chief. He was not of a romantic stamp, as a real bad man should be. Short was Flannigan, red-faced, sandy-haired, crooked-nosed, alkali-stained.

Satisfied at length that he had succeeded in causing a smash up somewhere along the railroad by the industrious working of the instruments, Flannigan started out to settle his bill against the town. As he went out of the depot to the platform, he saw half a dozen men, headed by the telegraph operator, coming toward him. It was Flannigan's yell that made him famous. When he saw the approaching delegation he let go a string of yells, putting in his punctuation marks with his big revolver. The men retreated hurriedly, and Flannigan entrenched 'himself' in a ditch beside the railroad, from which he could sweep the entire village. There wasn't much to cover. Just a row of poor little shacks facing the railroad, the packing house somewhat to the left and almost beyond range, and the brick church with the gilded cross. By the time Flannigan was comfortably settled there was not a living thing in sight in Medora.

'I'll bring 'em out,' said the bad man, training his weapons on the unprotected widows. Instead of bringing them out he drove them in to their cellars. Chuckling to himself, he divided his attention between the line of shacks and the slaughter house. For more than an hour the bad man continued the siege. Then he began to fire shooting away his ammunition at something that wouldn't shoot back. The church offered four windows with whole glass panes. He argued that perhaps the priest would come out to protest his property, if no one else would, so he began picking out the window panes one by one.

The second pane had scarcely crashed upon the floor before the Marquis de Mores, who had been sitting on his veranda watching the bombardment, sprang to his feet. He ran to the gate, where a horse, saddled and bridled, stood waiting. The next moment he was splashing through the river and galloping toward the spot where Flannigan lay on his stomach, blazing away. De Mores dismounted when he reached the railroad embankment and started on a run for the bad man, revolver in hand. He approached Flannigan from the rear, so that gentleman did not hear his footsteps on the soft earth until the marquis was within two yards of him. It was then too late to get one of his guns into action in the new direction, and before the bad man could think twice the angry Frenchman had him by the collar and was pounding his head against the ground.

'You miserable scoundrel,' the bad man heard him say, 'you may brer't all the windows in Medora and shoot my slaughter house full of holes, but when you turn your guns on the little church you'd just as well turn them on me!'

The desperado was disarmed and handed over to a deputy sheriff, who came crawling out from under the depot platform, where he had been trying to make a tunnel to open through which he might shoot.

You are not one of the people who say that wealth does not bring happiness.

No, answered Mr. Cumrox; I am free to say that having a little money laid by is a great comfort, it enables me to quit work and rough it in the country, where I won't have to be bothered with the efforts of mother and girls to put on style.

Speechless and paralyzed.—'I had valvular disease of the heart,' writes Mrs. J. Goode, of Truro, N. S.

I suffered terribly and was often speechless and partially paralyzed. One dose of Dr. Agnew's Care for the Heart gave me relief, and before I finished one bottle I was able to go about. To-day I am a well woman.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

Twitchy Muscles and Sleeplessness. The hopeless heart sickness that settles on a man or woman whose nerves are shattered by disease can best be pictured in contrast with a patient who has been in the 'depths' and has been dragged from them by South American No. nine. George Webster, of Forest, Ont., says: 'I owe my life to it. Everything else failed to cure'—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

'Does you believe in signs?' asked Miss Miami Brown.

'Deed I does,' answered Mr. Erasmus Pinkley. 'If I had my way every chicken coop would have a sign on it, so I wouldn't lose so much time locating 'em.'

The Governor's Wife a Prisoner.—Mrs. Z. A. Van Loven is the wife of the governor of the county jail, Napanee, Ont., and was a great sufferer from rheumatism. When the best doctors in the community and "specialists" failed to help her, she buried her scepticism of proprietary remedies and purchased South American Rheumatic Cure. 4 bottles cured her.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

### Why We Cheer.

Charles—Did the tailor take your measure?  
Algy—I think he did. He said I'd have to pay in advance.

The President a Slave to Catarrh.—Dr. T. Sample, president of Sample's Installation Company, Washington, Pa., writes: For years I was afflicted with Chronic Catarrh. Remedies and treatment by specialists only gave me temporary relief until I was induced to use Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. It gave almost instant relief. 50 cents. Sold by A. Chipman Smith.

'What's your name?' asked the warden at the penitentiary.

'John Doe.'

'Now, that isn't your real name, is it?'

'No, gi'aned the convict. 'Dat's me pen name.'

Manly Strength and Womanly Beauty depend on purity of the blood, and much of that purity depends on perfect kidney filtering. If these organs are diseased and will not perform their functions, man will seek in vain for strength and woman for beauty. South American Kidney cure drives out all impurities through the body's "filters"—repairs weak spots.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

Head of Family—Are you sure, Mary, that we got all these things from the grocery man last month?

'The Lady Help—I'm sure I got them for.'

Pill osophy.—There are pills and pills—but Dr. Agnew's Liver Pill at 10 cents a vial lead in demand. The sore borders on the phenomenal. Sluggish liver, constipation, or irregular bowels are the precursors of many physical disorders. These little wonders remove the cause. 40 in a vial for 10 cents.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

Yes but merely as a matter of business. It is so much easier to revise a poem when written on that kind, you know. Words and lines can be rubbed out without trouble.

Itching, Burning, Skin Diseases Cured for 35 Cents.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in one day, and cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scaled Hump, Eczema, Barber's Itch, Ulcers, Blisters and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in the cure of all baby humors. 35 cents.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

'Is it true that Rhymester wears a cel-luoid shirt bosom?'

Better without a Stomach than with one that's got a constant 'hurt' to it. Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets stimulate the digestive organs. Let one enjoy the good things of life and leave no bad effects—carry them with you in your vest pocket—60 in box, 35 cents.—Sold by A. Chipman Smith & Co.

### RAILROADS.

## Intercolonial Railway

On and after MONDAY June 10th, 1901, train will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

### TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN

Suburban Express for Hampton	5.20
Express for Halifax and Campbellton	7.15
Suburban express for Rothesay	11.00
Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou	11.50
Express for Sussex	12.30
Suburban Express for Hampton	17.40
Express for Quebec and Montreal	19.30
Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney	22.40
Accommodation for Montreal and Point du Chene	14.15

### TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Express from Halifax and Sydney	5.00
Suburban Express for Hampton	7.15
Express from Sussex	8.35
Express from Montreal and Quebec	11.50
Suburban express from Rothesay	12.30
Express from Halifax and Pictou	17.00
Express from Halifax	18.35
Suburban Express from Hampton	21.55
Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton	22.40
Daily, except Monday.	

All trains are run by Eastern Standard time Twenty-four hours notation.

D. FOTTINGER,  
Gen. Manager  
Moncton, N. B. June 6, 1901.  
GEO. CARVILL, C. T. A.  
St. John, N. B.