

MEN AND WOMEN OF THE HOUR.

Madame Eames' Diplomacy

Many think that musical artists should present their services for concerts given for charitable objects.

Madame Eames is also of this opinion, but she recently, in London, put the matter in a new light to those who invited her to appear gratuitously.

Madame Eames was one afternoon at Lord Charles Beresford's and the next day received a letter from Lady Beresford saying that two ladies present had wanted to ask a favor, but in her presence had lost courage.

'But I am not afraid of you,' wrote Lady Beresford, and proceeded to say that the ladies in question, who happened to be extremely wealthy, wished her to sing for nothing for a certain charity.

Madame Eames immediately sat down and wrote a reply. It was her duty, she said, to save herself as much as possible for her operatic performances at Covent Garden, which were stipulated by contract to be two days apart so that she might give her freshest and best to the public.

She felt, however, greatly attracted toward the charity named, and would make only one condition regarding the donating of her services. She had received 300 guineas (about \$1500) for singing at W. W. Astor's and about the same amount at other private concerts.

She would gladly sing for nothing at the charity concert if each one of the ladies interested, who had so kindly asked her, would donate 300 guineas to the object for which the concert was to be given.

As yet no replies from the ladies interested have been received. But Lady Beresford, not being one of the interested ladies, appreciates more fully the humor of the situation.

MR. CLARK ON THE ANXIOUS SEAT.

Hardly any one ever hears the name of Representative Champ Clark, of Missouri without wondering where he got it. Like the other good things of this world Mr. Clark possesses, he gave it to himself. His parents christened him James Beauchamp Clark but Clark was a common surname in his part of the country, and James even commoner; so, as he cherished dreams of future glory, he knocked off the James Beau and became Champ Clark—easy to pronounce, easy to remember, and distinctive in sound. He was admitted to the bar as Champ, married as Champ, and elected as Champ. But every little while somebody who remembers him in early life, and is careful of the properties, resuscitates the Beauchamp or James Beauchamp, and then the air turns blue.

Few members of the House have earned their bread in so many ways as Clark before coming there. He has worked as a hired farm hand, clerk in a cross-roads store, editor of a country newspaper, president of a college and attorney at law. His fame as an orator preceded him to Washington, and a pretty fair specimen of it is his tribute to Mr. Thomas B. Reed, whom he admired immensely as Speaker, though on the opposite side of the House. 'No company of soldiers in the regular army,' said Mr. Clark, 'was ever more thoroughly drilled than the Republican contingent under his flag. When he said, 'Thumbs up!', it's thumbs up; when he says, 'Thumbs down!' it's thumbs down. He can't teach them to conquer, for that is impossible to any man; but he does teach them to harass and bedevil us Democrats almost into apoplexy.'

Mr. Clark has a right to speak for the Border States. He was born in Kentucky spent a part of his younger manhood in West Virginia, and settled down for life in Missouri. He was only eleven years old when the Civil War broke out, so he could take no part in it himself; but he has lived so much among the veterans of both armies and on the edge of battlefields, that his mind is full of what we might call the domestic history of the struggle. He hardly ever makes a speech without drawing some picturesque illustration from the wars of a generation ago.

Because he has not hesitated to criticize members of his own party when he disapproved of them, Mr. Clarke has sometimes had his Democratic orthodoxy questioned. But he laughs at such talk, and says that it would be about as hard to shake him out of his party as it was for some serious-minded Democrats to shake him out of church.

When he was a young man he was a famous dancer but after joining the church he was warned that he must give up this amusement. One

evening he was tempted beyond his strength, and surrendered himself to the delights of the ur, joining in every dance on the list, and taking out as a partner every pretty girl within reach. The church brethren were scandalized and summoned him before them.

After a long and solemn council the brethren decided that his name must be stricken from the roll of the church. Clark went away and took a place in the hindmost pew for the services of that day. His conduct there was most exemplary. He joined loudly in all the hymns; shouted his 'amens' at the proper junctures in the other exercises; and when the preacher invited to the front those sinners who wished to join the church, up he marched and took the best place on the 'anxious seat.'

The brethren who had expelled him an hour before exchanged glances of consternation; but what could they do? There was nothing left but to admit him once more to membership, and let him try again.

Mr. Sousa as a Non-Conductor

Mr. Sousa, the March King, wears his uniform at all times and seasons. He compels his men to do likewise. The fact that he does so leads to experiences that are very laughable to him.

Mr. Sousa was standing in a large building in Philadelphia waiting for the elevator. A man came up to him rapidly and said: 'What is the number of Mr. B's office?' 'I don't know,' said the short man in the blue uniform.

'Well, isn't he in this building?' asked the man.

'I don't know,' answered Mr. Sousa. 'Well, don't you know anything?' said the man. 'If I knew any one here I would report you.'

At which Mr. Sousa shouted with laughter, and the man, catching sight of the genuine elevator boy, saw he had somehow made a mistake.

Again, Mr. Sousa was standing in a railway station, on the platform, waiting for a train. A belated traveler ran up to him and shouted: 'Has the 9:03 train pulled out?'

'I really don't know,' answered the man with the blue uniform.

'Well, why don't you know?' shouted the irate traveler. 'What are you standing here for like a log of wood? Aren't you a conductor?'

'Yes,' said Mr. Sousa, 'I am a conductor.'

'A nice sort of conductor you are!' exclaimed the traveler.

'Well, you see,' said Mr. Sousa, 'I am the conductor of a brass band.'

An Unrecognized Genius

The announcement that Mr. Marshall Field will provide a large sum for building on the Lake Front of Chicago, as an adequate and permanent home for the museum which bears his name, calls renewed attention to the personality of the great 'merchant prince' of the West. It is commonly believed that Mr. Field has never experienced anything but flattering recognition of his business genius, but according to a story which is related by some of the older citizens of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, there was one occasion on which the commercial gifts of the merchant king failed to make themselves apparent.

When Marshall Field was in his teens his father decided he would make a merchant of the boy, and took him to Pittsfield where he was placed in the store of a family friend. The father returned to Conway, and several months passed before he again visited Pittsfield to learn what progress his son was making. The keeper of the store received the father of his apprentice very cordially, but hesitated for a moment when he was asked 'How's the boy coming on?'

'Hate to say it,' was the reply, but I guess you might as well take him back with you. The fact is, I don't think he's cut out for a merchant!'

This anecdote is one of the chief traditions of Pittsfield, and is related with great relish by the men whose recollections cover the period of Mr. Field's boyhood apprenticeship.

Mr. Field is a plain, reticent man, with out pretensions to any fads or special lines of philanthropic interest, and finds his chief recreation in the game of great affairs.

Sailing Master—Better not go out sailing, young ladies—there's a heavy swell, and—  
Chorus of Young Ladies—Oh, mercy! where is he?

What you get with PEARLINE. 1. Very little rubbing—soak, don't tug. 2. Less hard-work—rinse, don't rub. 3. Less wear and tear. 4. Better health—stand up, don't bend double; live, don't merely exist. 5. Saving of time—precious, do n't waste it. 6. Absolute safety—be sure you're right, then go ahead. All Pearlina Gains

The Fifty Beacons

The horrors of the advertising mania are thus amusingly set forth by Mary Cholmondeley in the Monthly Review:

I hear that the white cliffs of Albion are no longer to be left out in the cold as 'spaces to let.' Possibly before these lines find their way into print that landmark of English eyes and hearts will be transformed into a belt of advertisements which, I understand, will at night be writ in fire.

In the next war which the arrogance of other nations forces upon us we can imagine as the hospital ships near our shore, how the sorely wounded soldier will say to the comrade who supports him:

'I'm goin' fast, Bill. Is 'Lemco' in sight yet?'

'No, old chap, it ain't.'

'Have we passed Labby's Lip Salve?'

'Not yet.'

While on the bridge the burly captain peeps into the night and says:

'Dash my starry topails if we aren't out of our course.'

'No sir,' says the attendant boatswain, that's Keatings' Cough Lozenges a-shovin' up on our lee now.'

Thumbs

The disparagement of the usefulness and importance of the thumb implied in the expression, 'His fingers are all thumbs,' seems undeserved in view of the important part the thumb formerly played in the social customs of the people, and the very important part it plays in our own lives.

Lord Erskine, in his 'Institutes,' states that among certain of the lower ranks in Scotland the final settlement of a bargain was always signalized by the licking and joining of thumbs.

Selden, in 'Titles of Honor,' says that kissing the thumb was a characteristic of servility. The clergy, the rich and the great, were in receipt of this honor from their tradesmen. From the remotest days of antiquity the practice of hoking the thumb has always been regarded as a solemn pledge of promise, existing, according to Tacitus and other authorities, among the Goths, the Iberians and the Moors, and it may also be traced through successive periods down to our own times.

GROWING GIRLS

OCCASIONALLY REQUIRE A TONIC MEDICINE.

It Will Keep the Blood Rich, Red and Pure Strengthen the Nerves and Prevent Decline.

Mrs. Hiram Rinkler, the wife of a respected farmer in South Pelham township, Welland county, Ontario, says:—'It is with great pleasure that I give this tribute to the health restoring virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When my daughter, Lena, now thirteen years of age, began the use of your medicine a little over a year ago, she was in a most wretched condition. In fact we were seriously alarmed lest she might not recover. The first symptoms were a feeling of languor and weakness, gradually growing worse. She became pale, lost flesh, had little or no appetite and was apparently going into a decline. Finally the trouble became complicated with a persistent sore throat, which gave her great difficulty in swallowing. I gave her several advertised medicines, but they did not benefit her. Then she was placed under the care of a doctor, who said her blood was poor and watery, and her whole system badly run down. The doctor's treatment did not help her any, and then acting on the advice of a neighbor, I began to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The confidence with which this medicine was urged upon us was not misplaced, as I soon noticed a distinct improvement in my daughter's condition. The use of the pills for a few weeks longer seemed to completely restore her, and from that time she has been a cheerful, light-hearted girl, the very picture of health. I will always recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to other sufferers, feeling sure,

they will prove quite as efficacious as they did in my daughter's case.

Mothers with growing daughters will make no mistake if they insist upon the occasional use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; they will help them to develop properly; will make their blood rich and pure and thus ward off disease and decline. The genuine pills are sold only in boxes bearing the full name. 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People' on the wrapper around each box. None other is genuine, no matter what some self-interested dealer may say. If in doubt send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

BORN.

- Berwick, Sept 7, to the wife of A F Shepherd, son.
Truro, Sept 11, to the wife of Harry T Archibald, a son.
Farrsboro, Aug 29, to the wife of Neil Terris, a son.
Truro, Sept 8th, to the wife of H L Doane, a daughter.
Avondale, Sept 1, to the wife of Timothy Lake, a daughter.
Mount Uniacke, Aug 31, to the wife of Daniel McIsaac, a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Denmark, Sept 4, J Weagle to Laura Whyne.
Freeport, Sept 10, R E Morrill to Lizzie Lewis.
Halifax, Sept 11, John I. Fine to Mina Buckley.
Colombo, Ceylon, Walter Allen to Frances Hall.
Port LaTour, Sept 4, William Snow to Eva Dexter.
Middleton, Sept 10, Wm Morris to Mabel DeVine.
Milton, Sept 11, Erastus Lovitt, to Helen Gardner.
Springhill, Sept 4, Thomas Nolles to Mary McNeill.
Halifax, Sept 11, Huntly Cameron to Elizabeth Foot.
Charlottetown, Sept 10, Mary Coyle to Harry McAleer.
Cumberland, Sept 4, Hazen Schuman to Gertrude Sweet.
Boston, Sept 12, James MacIntyre to Fanny MacLellan.
Charlottetown, Sept 11, Arthur Webb to Minnie Moore.
Fort Augustus, Sept 3, Charles Osteridge to Sophia Trainor.
Charlottetown, Sept 11, Frederick Lord to Eva Macneil.
Yarmouth, Sept 19, William Murphy to Frances LeBlanc.
Dorchester, Mass, Sept 3, Wm Leighton to Ray Ray Kelley.
Sacred Heart, Alberton, Sept 10, John Albert to Mary Hache.
Yarmouth C. N. S, Sept 8, Jethro Goodwin to Bernice Malone.
Worcester, Mass, Aug 20, William Montgomery to Fionnie Prouty.
Roxbury, Mass, Sept 3, William Joseph O'Donnell to Clara Cunningham.

DIED.

- St John, Sept 16, Alice Noble.
Gunning, Aug 30, J B Miller, 67.
Woolville, Sept 4, Minnie Pratt.
Dorchester, Aug 30, Mary Sprout, 65.
Moncton, Sept 2, Mary Bailey, 55.
Halifax, Sept 11, Michel Casey, 55.
Apoheque, Sept 6, James Smiley, 61.
Coleman, Sept 4, Peter Murphy, 10.
Yarmouth, Sept 19, Nellie Maize, 25.
Newton, Sept 8, Loretta Manning, 35.
Hammon, Sept 12, Stanley Pickles, 3.
East Boston, Sept 16, James Cassely.
Coldbrook, Aug 29, George Logan, 80.
Live, 100. Sept 5, Nathan Kinney, 67.
Digby, Sept 7, Clifford Ellis, 5 months.
Halifax, Sept 2, Alexander Doull, 42.
Yarmouth, Sept 10, Annie Murphy, 45.
Avondale, Sept 6, Eleazir Lockhart, 88.
Reynoldsport, Sept 2, Wilfred Ross, 22.
Sussex, Sept 9, Harvey Gray, 2 months.
Mount Derson, Sept 9, James Shaw, 80.
Charlottetown, Sept 11, John Collins, 80.
San Francisco, Aug 28, Mary Mitchell, 55.
Sussex Corner, Sept 8, Harvey Hably, 25.
Dartmouth, Sept 10, Francis Mumford, 82.
Smith's Creek, Sept 21, Thomas Coates, 61.
Charlottetown, Sept 10, Sydney Perkins, 11.
Halifax, Sept 11, Clarence Drake, 7 months.
North Sydney, Aug 27, Stewart Sargeant, 28.
Yarmouth, Sept 11, Bayne Weddell, 3 m on 11.3.
Fortune Bridge, Sept 8, Charles Townsend, 6 months.

'NOW, John, you know if I were to die you would weep over me and tell everybody what a good wife I was! 'No, I would not. 'Well, I would for you—just for decency's sake. And that shows I am not half as mean as you are.'

A PLEASANT DUTY.—'When I know anything worthy of recommendation, I consider it my duty to tell it,' says Rev. Jas. Murdock, of Hamburg, Pa. 'Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder has cured me of Catarrh of five years standing. It is certainly magical in its effect. The first application benefited me in five minutes. 50 cts. Sold by A. C. Smith.'

'Do you know what bulldozing is?' asked a man of an old farmer. 'I thought I did, said the farmer, 'but the bull wasn't dozing; he was only making believe, and, being in the middle of a forty-acre field, I naturally had to make pretty quick time to reach the fence ahead of him.'

EYES AND NOSE RAN WATER.—C. G. Archer, of Brewer, Maine, says: 'I have had Catarrh for several years. Water would run from my eyes and nose for days at a time. About four months ago I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and since using the wonderful remedy I have not had an attack. It relieves in ten minutes. 50 cents.—Sold by A. C. Smith.'

In and out among the best people—false teeth.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Doctor—Mr. Tiffington, your wife will risk her life if she attends that wedding so soon after having the grip.

Mr. Tiffington—Well, doctor, she'll die if she has to miss it.

Harold—I think she would accept me, if I should propose.

Rupert—Oh! then you're safe enough. It's the kind of girls that accept a chap whether he proposes or not that gives one the rattles.

'Are there, indeed, so many eligible young women in America?' asked the count.

'There are countless thousands!' replied the other.

'Supposing I give you your supper,' said the tired-looking woman 'What will you do to earn it?'

'Madam,' said Meandering Mike. 'I'll give you de opportunity to seein' a man go t'rou a whole meal wit'out findin' fault it a single t'ing.'

The woman thought a minute and then told him to come in and she'd set the table.

'I thought you were given a job in the public service because of the work you did for the party.'

'I was, but I quit. 'Why?'

'Why! Why, hang it all! they're getting so biased particular now that they want a fellow to work for his salary.'

John Drew has produced a drama without a villain. That is possible, but where is that dramatist that can produce a drama without an angel?

The Cat (on the fence)—Don't get excited, my young friend. The average missile doesn't hit.

The Kitten—But you forget that this is the first time I've been under fire.

Hoax—Want an effeminate young man Sabbedde is. Joak—Yes, every time he gets in a crowded street car all the men who have seen's instinctively hide behind newspapers.

Where are you going? asked the house-breaker.

Up to detective headquarters, said the safecracker. I have reason to believe the police are on my trail.—

Surface—I see that nearly all the rich men of today began their careers by teaching school.

Deepun—Yes, a man who succeeds in getting along with an average lot of school directors can make his way anywhere.

The capitalist colored when we spoke of the check hung in a next frame over his desk.

A bit of sentimentalism, said he. The first billion I ever made.

Papa has forbidden you to come to the house. He says you are a dangerous man. Dangerous. What can he mean?

He says you are the kind of a man who will hang around a girl all her life and never marry her.

Have you any sort of machine to sew on buttons? asked a bachelor in the twentieth century department store.

You will find the matrimonial agency the third to the right, replied the floor-walker.

Beacon—Did you say your friend had been operated on?

Egbert—Oh yes.

What did they operate on him for?

Why, for his fleeca. The operators down in Wall street did it.

DR. AGNEW'S CURE FOR THE HEART acts directly and quickly, stimulates the heart's action, stops most acute pain, dispels all signs of weakness, fluttering, sinking, smothering, or palpitation. This wonderful cure is the sturdy ship which carries the heart-sick patient into the haven of radiant and perfect health. Gives relief in most acute forms of heart disease in 30 minutes.—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

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Includes Suburban Express for Hampton, Express for Halifax and Campbellton, Express for Rothesay, Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou, Express for Sussex, Suburban Express for Hampton, Express for Quebec and Montreal, Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney, Accommodation for Moncton and Point du Chene.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Table with 2 columns: Train Name and Time. Includes Express from Halifax and Sydney, Suburban Express for Hampton, Express from Sussex, Express from Montreal and Quebec, Suburban Express from Rothesay, Express from Halifax and Pictou, Express from Halifax, Suburban Express from Hampton, Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney, Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton.

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

D. J. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager. Moncton, N. B., June 6, 1901. GEO. CARVILLE, C. T. A., 74c; St. John, N. B.