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Our own make and from the factory that has supplied us ever since we have been in business. Our purpose is to sell only good, reliable work and we can refer to hundreds of satisfied customers.

The following is from a letter just lately received:

"St. John, N. B., May 9, 1910.

Messrs. J. Clark & Son, Fredericton, N. B.
Gentlemen:—

The carriage arrived at our home on Saturday afternoon and each of the members of my family were delighted with it, and personally, I agree with their views.

It affords me much pleasure to hand you a check for the amount due."

We have a large stock to select from.

J. CLARK & SON FREDERICTON and ST. JOHN

SAY U---DON'T SPEND SO MUCH FOR YOUR LIGHT.

Let us tell you how to obtain the Desired Result

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STANDARD
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THE ONLY ONE FROM WHICH PERFECT RESULTS MAY BE OBTAINED

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Lessens, Quickens and Cheapens cooking of all kinds

The Monitor Manufacturing Co. Ltd.

FREDERICTON, N. B.

WESTMORLAND STREET

Bargains in Furniture

I beg to inform my friends and the public that I have opened a Furniture Store on King St., (three doors below Longs Hotel) and have in stock all kinds of FURNITURE, CARPETS, LINOLEUMS, etc. which I am prepared to sell at prices that cannot be discounted in this city. Give us a call.

Enlarging and Framing of Pictures a Specialty.

HOWARD ROGERS, King Street

Bakes—Roasts—Broils—Toasts



BAKES bread, pie and cake—bakes them perfectly all through, and browns them appetizingly.

ROASTS beef, poultry and game with a steady heat, which preserves the rich natural flavor.

BROILS steaks and chops—makes them tender and inviting.

TOASTS bread, muffins, crackers and cheese.

No drudgery of coal and ashes; no stooping to get at the oven; no smoke, no dust, no odor—just good cooking with greater fuel economy. Irons and water in wash-boiler always hot. The

New Perfection
WICK BLUE FLAME
Oil Cook-stove

has a Cabinet Top with shelf for keeping plates and food hot. Drop shelves for the coffee pot or saucepans, and nicked towel racks.

It has long turquoise-blue enamel chimneys. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove very attractive and invites cleanliness. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.

CAUTIONARY NOTE: Be sure you get this stove—see that the name-plate reads "NEW PERFECTION." Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for Descriptive Circular to the nearest agency of the

The Imperial Oil Company, Limited.

Subscribe for the

DAILY and SEMI-WEEKLY MAIL

YOUNGEST CRIMINAL EVER EXECUTED IN CANADA

Seventeen Year Old Lad Who Was Hanged at Peterboro Started Life of Crime at Early Age

Peterboro, June 25.—"Lord Jesus receive my spirit." With this last appeal to his Maker, and the words warm upon his lips, Robert Henderson aged 17 years, the youngest criminal ever executed in the Dominion of Canada passed out of the world.

It is thirty-seven years since there was an execution here, and the morbid curiosity of many young men and some women is as pronounced here as any other place. These young men made their beds in the long grass at the rear of the jail walls Wednesday night, and were astrid at daybreak in the hope of getting a reserved position on some tree or telephone pole that would command a view of the law's final, but terrible, act.

From the statements he had made to jail officials, he began his life of crime at an early age and admits that from the time he was thirteen years old he had lived by nefarious schemes and petty crimes, graft, robbery and thefts. Since his condemnation he became truly repentant.

The victim's one distressing thought was his awful crime, his disgraceful death, and the oft-repeated avowals of love from his aged mother in Hartepool, Durham, England. That she should continue to encourage him against the forlorn hope of a respite or a commutation, of his sentence, nerved him to higher thought of life and reflection on missed opportunities. He frequently spoke of the good he might have been to society, of his brothers, struggling against odds to keep a widowed mother, and put them selves through the University at Durham.

The solemn procession, headed by Sheriff Hall, his white beard flowing in the breeze, started down the short steps, through the back doors into the inner jail yard. Henderson appeared most undisturbed of all. Planks with cleats across for a distance of 32

feet on easy incline, were stretched from the door to the trap.

The young criminal took his place on the death trap, a white cap drawn over his head, the Lord's prayer was recited and at 7.01 Henderson died.

BOY WHO WAS EXECUTED HAD BEEN CIGARETTE FIEND.

The crime for which Henderson sacrificed his life was the murder of Miss McPherson, on the Havelock Road, near Norwood, on Jan. 28 last. He called at the house and was given a meal. The Misses McPherson, aged respectively 64 and 74, were afterwards attacked by the young criminal with an axe. Margaret McPherson died of her injuries, but her younger sister recovered.

He had been a cigarette fiend for the last four years. Henderson was born in Australia and had travelled all over the world.

RESENTED CALL OF ELLIS, THE EXECUTIONER.

Arthur Ellis of Roylett avenue, Toronto, officiated at the hanging, the seventh since he started this kind of work. Having experienced some difficulty in obtaining hotel accommodation, Hangman Ellis registered at a local hotel as A. Speare. Toronto. His identity was not established until he asked the clerk to call him at five in the morning as he had some newspaper work to do and "we all had to be up there early." He is a man of small stature, between 45 and 50, he weighs about 130 pounds, smooth shaven, blue eyes and wears gold rimmed spectacles. His work as executioner was satisfactory, but some of the officials rather resented his call later in the day, when he asked if things were all right, if they were satisfied, and bidding them good-bye. Rev. Canon Davidson almost collapsed, when called into his study and found the hangman waiting to bid him good-bye and comment on the "success of the job."

STIRRING ADDRESS ON THE TRAINING OF THE YOUNG

Rev. W. R. Robinson, Emphasizes Importance of Proper Training and Environment for Children

"The Children of Your City," was the subject of an inspiring address in the Christian Brotherhood Hall on Sunday afternoon by Rev. W. R. Robinson, of St. John, who occupied the pulpit in the First Baptist Church at both services on Sunday.

The boy problem is a subject to which the reverend gentleman has given much attention, both as a student in Chicago and during his work in the ministry. He illustrated the points of his address by relating a number of incidents that have come under his observation in Chicago and in St. John. His address was listened to with much interest, and it was evident that the importance of the subject was recognized by his hearers.

Rev. Mr. Robinson, in taking up the subject, said he considered it a matter of vital importance to the church and to the country. His observation led him to believe that mistakes have been made in connection with wrong doing in giving too much attention to effects, and not enough attention to causes. He believed in preventive means. When we look upon the children, not yet learning to think but simply acting upon what we realize," asked the speaker, "that we are training not alone for the present but for the future?" He urged carefulness in connection with the examples that are set before the young. We often underestimate the power of a child to drink in that which we say, and to imitate what we do. We should be careful what we do in the presence of children, think of their future years—their old age—not only of their intellectual life, but physical life as well. Care should be taken in providing food for children that will go to making a strong body. It is said, "boys will be boys," but boys will be men. Boys should have the training that will be conducive to their welfare, when they become men. The speaker pointed out that the care of children would draw older people out of their selfish ways, and illustrated this by referring to a case in Chicago, where a rich man, who had no children of his own to care for, took a number of poor boys into his home for awhile, giving them a new view of life, and finally he adopted one of the boys.

The preacher told of a visit he made to Halifax the other day in connection with a proposal to establish an industrial university in the Maritime Provinces. He thought a

big improvement could be made in administering justice in New Brunswick. He told of a number of boys in St. John in whom he had become interested. An effort was being made to throw better influences around them. Three times last summer they held sports, but there were no playgrounds for them. He had heard of beautiful parks for Moncton. What about a playground for the children? He spoke strongly against the action of a policeman in St. John arresting a boy for playing ball on the street. The preacher said there are four things which enter into the development of character—the home, the church, the school, and the neighborhood. To neglect the home is to rear a structure that is going to tumble. He told a story of two boys in Chicago whose training in their homes had been neglected by their parents, and finally after committing a number of burglaries they were arrested for murder, and then confessed to two other murders. Those boys are now serving life sentences in the Illinois penitentiary. The greatest asset we have in the Dominion, said the preacher, is the boys and girls, not the fishing and mining wealth. We have got to conserve that asset. This is a great work of the future. It is the work of the church.

MONTREAL STOCK EXCHANGE WILL TAKE LONG HOLIDAY

Montreal, June 28.—The Montreal Stock Exchange will close on Thursday afternoon and will not open until Tuesday morning, thus giving the members of the exchange a holiday of four days.

Friday's holiday is, of course, a Canadian national holiday; Saturday's holiday is merely en passant; Sunday's holiday is a matter of course, and Monday's holiday in honor of the Fourth of July.

In the meantime Canadian shareholders who desire to realize on their securities will perforce have to await kicking their heels with the best possible grace while the overworked stock brokers enjoy a well-earned rest.

The extreme dullness of daily business on the exchange no doubt encouraged the committee to take the lengthy holiday.

AMERICAN AVIATOR TELLS HOW IT FEELS TO FLY AROUND

Mr. H. H. Wilson of Los Angeles, Cal., who has made a number of flights with Mr. Paulhan, the famous French aviator, gives a vivid description of the sensation experienced on his first flight. M. Paulhan gave the signal that all was working satisfactorily, and the actual flight was to begin. Mr. Wilson waited intently for that instant, so impressive from below, when a machine begins to soar into the air, and was surprised to note that there was hardly a perceptible sensation of elevation. The wheels of the machine he found transmitted very little vibration to the frame of the machine and it was only when the eye recorded the fact that he became aware that he had begun his ascent into space. Suspended between heaven and earth by a single fact of motion he seemed to have taken a leap into a new and strange universe. They had lost their terrestrial identity. By one big jump they were off into space and free.

The swiftness of motion he thinks undoubtedly had something to do with this strange exhilaration. The sense of inertia in contact with things material was gone. In its place came a sense of being a part of that phenomenon of motion of which light waves, sound waves, molecular energy, everything that is known of the universe is a part.

With a conscious effort I brought myself back to observe some physical aspects of the journey. We had barely risen to flying height from the ground when a ravine opened before us. For a fraction of a second I looked to see Paulhan take some action, and then I remembered that the contour of the earth had no significance. A sense of the character of the earth's surface is one of the instinctive things always with us. In the air your pathway is as smooth as the courses of the stars.

As we lifted higher into the air and gained speed I looked backward to see if I could not encourage a little sense of fear or danger. It was not there. The sense of motion or momentum allays all such impressions. It is one of the primal laws of the universe that a body set in motion will continue until motion is overcome by resistance. The resistance of the air which lifts you up does not reach the consciousness. For that reason you feel that you will fly forever if you choose. In this there is no fear but only blissful contemplation.

NO SENSE OF SPEED

In the air I find a great distinction between the impression of motion and that of speed. Speed has a relation to the ground and means very little away from its surface. In this brief journey in the air the only thing that gave an impression of speed was turning the head. The draft of air drawn away from the nostrils astonished me and I quickly faced about to the front to get a full breath.

There is a temptation to try to right the ship as it swings on the turns of the course, and tilts its wings. I gathered from a little motion of M. Paulhan's head that he anticipated this action on my part, and wished me to sit as unconcerned as any part of the machine. In a canoe or on a bicycle it would be natural to use the body. In an aeroplane there comes a new sense of security in catching the poise from the wings.

I wrenched my attention away from the fascination of flying to look across at the mountains the city, and the sea, but that was only a matter of looking down from a high elevation. It was dizzying as it is to look from the top of Eiffel Tower or the Washington Monument. Motion dispels all that.

I expected to descend at the end of the second lap but was surprised at the plunge we took just before we reached the grandstand. It was like a rude awakening from sleep to find that we were shooting toward the earth at an angle of forty-five degrees. I had often watched the descent, and marvelled at its ease and grace. M. Paulhan sometimes glides from an altitude of several hundred feet and at an angle of forty-five degrees until within a few feet of the earth. He often seems to be coming too straight down when you are below, but from above it seems straighter still. It was with genuine regret and a new and discouraging sense of impotence that I climbed down from the seat—regret that the trip was over and had seemed so short, impotence in having to depend on any other method of locomotion.

It did not seem as simple to grasp the art of aviation in spite of that sense of security as it had before I went up. If my hands had been on the controlling lever and the throttle I should have felt like a blind man running at top speed along the extreme edge of a precipice. One feels this way up and down and balances himself on the turns without touching anything. This feeling one's way, with nothing to touch, is uncanny.

No one can tell how soon flying may become a common experience. It will hardly be for some time yet, although present developments are startling rapid. As the human mind becomes accustomed to the idea, the intensity of the impressions on a first flight may be lessened. For my

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I give notice to our up-town customers that I will open on Saturday next, June 18th. the store on Westmorland St. formerly known as the Mrs. Weaver Home Bakery. For their convenience all Cakes and Pastry the same as sold in our Regent St. Store.

W. BUTCHER Regent Street

Give your servants GOLD DUST to clean with, treat them rightly and you will have few occasions to insert a "help wanted" ad

They say a good workman is known by his tools. You cannot expect your maid to keep everything ship-shape unless you give her every modern help. To keep house without GOLD DUST is to do work by hard, old-fashioned methods. For cleaning everything and anything about the house—from cellar to attic—GOLD DUST is worth its weight in gold. It cuts grease and dirt like magic, does away with scouring and scrubbing, and saves time and tempers.

Your servant can do more and better work and keep sweet with the aid of GOLD DUST in all household cleaning.



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Made by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Makers of FAIRY SOAP, the oval cake.

WALL PAPER

New Patterns are now in

IT WILL REPAY YOU TO LOOK OVER OUR SAMPLE BOOKS IF YOU HAVE SOME PAPERING TO DO THIS SPRING

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first flight I can say without exaggeration that it ran quite beyond the range of limitations which seem to have been fixedly imposed by the principles of time, space, and cause and effect. When you feel these things vanishing into unrealities and yourself

still confident and secure of independent being you take a long look over into the realm of immortality. These pictures of angels on wings may, after all, be more literally symbolic of a future existence than we have realized.