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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

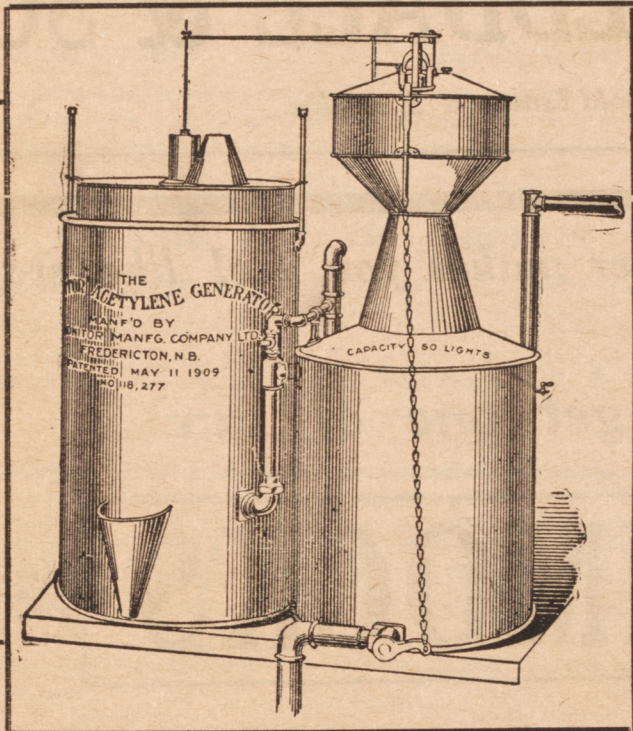
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New Patterns are now in

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Features of The Monitor Generator—Cleanliness, Safety, Economy, Odorless, Easy to Charge, Perfectly Automatic. All day service. Guaranteed to give Perfect Satisfaction.

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AMUSEMENTS

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3 Features 3

"Naunia"

The Sisters of Mercy

and

The Broken Spell

Mr. Ed. Griffin

IN SONGS

Daily Matinee 5 and 10c.

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Magician

Comedy

Winter Bathing in the West Indies

Helps to keep you cool.

Lorenzo the Wolf

Drama

Marois Swan Song

or a Tragedy of a little Musician.

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Public Auction

There will be sold at Public Auction on Thursday, June 23rd, commencing at 10 o'clock, a. m., the Household Effects, Coaches, Horses, Harness, etc., belonging to JAMES A. CHRISTIE, King Street.

The above may be seen at any time and purchased at private sale.

D. J. STOCKFORD, Auctioneer.

ROOSEVELT IS ACCORDED A FRENZIED WELCOME

Vast Crowd Shouts Itself Hoarse with Greetings--Men with Megaphones Hail Him as Next President, which is Vociferously Agreed to by the Crowd--But he is Not Talking Politics at Present.

New York, June 18.—Theodore Roosevelt set foot on home shores today for the first time in nearly fifteen months. The welcome he received will mark an era in his life. He bore with his usual buoyancy a day of heavy fatigue, public duties and private emotions commingled and at 4.30 this afternoon, after a family re-union at the home of Theron Butler, grandfather of his prospective daughter-in-law, Miss Eleanor Butler Alexander left the city where he had arrived the same morning, reviewed a parade ashore, and greeted by explicit word of mouth to be welcomed more intimately by his life-long neighbors at Oyster Bay, Long Island, tonight. Tomorrow he will rest.

As a private citizen he was still the same outspoken, vigorous man of both words and deeds the city of his birth has known for thirty years as assemblyman, police commissioner, assistant secretary of the navy, colonel of the Rough Riders, governor of the nation, and more latterly ambassador to King Edward's funeral and monitor to those who sit in the seats of the mighty.

He had an expansive smile for everybody, a cheery word for "the boys," the old friends, the newspapermen, a special greeting of affection for his old command the Rough Riders, and a quick eye for absolutely everything.

The first zest of public curiosity satisfied, speculation now turns on what share Roosevelt will take in the acute political situation within his own party, of which he had already been advised abroad by old associates who had carried him tidings. But on that score speculation must rest until satisfied. The colonel had positively declared his intentions by wireless the night before.

"I shall have nothing whatever to say in the immediate future about politics," he said, and he kept his word. It was the policy he had announced on his departure for Europe which he had reiterated on his return to civilization and to which he had steadfastly adhered in all his addresses before the learned societies and universities of Great Britain and the continent.

THE ARRIVAL.

The sharp crack of the familiar presidential salute awakened Mr. Roosevelt this morning as his ship, the Kaiserin Augusta Victoria, drew into the harbor. From the mists of early morning emerged first the drab hull of the battleship South Carolina, two lean, swift destroyers and two torpedo boats behind her. Then shook the guns. Blue clad sailors lined the decks in close packed ranks, while massed on the quarterdeck of the South Carolina stood the marine band a solid splash of scarlet coats, pounding out the Star Spangled Banner. It did not take the colonel long to get on the bridge, dressed for the formalities of the day in a frock coat and a top hat. For a moment he stood

bare-headed and waved to the men in silent answer to their cheers. Then the sight of the South Carolina touched a heart string.

"By George, that's one of my ships," he exclaimed. "Doesn't she look good? I built her, and those destroyers, too."

The parade started at 11.30. In front of the Rough Riders and leading the line was a detachment of mounted Police. Then came the mounted band of Squadron A, New York N. G., followed by the Rough Riders, followed by the Roosevelt carriage, followed by eighty other carriages, in which rode the visiting mayors, governors, members of the House and the United States senators and others. Eight mounted policemen, all formerly cavalrymen who served in the Spanish-American war, surrounded the Roosevelt carriage.

A WHIRLWIND RECEPTION.

The line of march in the lower city was through a seething whirlpool of enthusiasm. The tall cliffs of the canyon that is Broadway were speckled with faces at the windows.

Everything imaginable was waved aloft. Whirls of descending ticker tape, thrown from windows in the financial districts, filled the air with spirals.

Shortly after the parade passed City Hall Park, a woman leaning from a window of a factory in which babies' hats are made, tossed out half a dozen tiny bonnets toward the colonel's carriage. Leaning forward, he dexterously caught one of them, inspected it gravely and then broke into a broad smile. A woman with two babies in her arms stood at the curb. His keen eyes spied her instantly and up went two fingers, one for each baby. Something that he shouted was lost in the din.

Above Bleeker Street, still in the downtown district, a man with a megaphone yelled:

"Who'll be our next president?"

As though by a prearranged signal, the crowd answered "Teddy" in one stentorian shout.

All through the parade it was "Teddy, Teddy, Bully for you, Teddy. Eat 'em alive. Good boy, Teddy."

The colonel bowed, smiled and bowed again, inscrutable.

As the parade swung through Fourth Street, into Washington Square, and then into Fifth Avenue, the Spanish war veterans other than the Rough Riders fell into line behind, with the Roosevelt neighbors and many political clubs winding up the procession. Then the band played the classic of the Spanish war: There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight.

At Fifty-ninth Avenue the parade disbanded.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., June 18.—Theodore Roosevelt is back once more among his neighbors. He arrived in Oyster Bay from New York at six o'clock tonight on a special train over the Long Island railway.

COAL FOR OCEAN GREYHOUND

Twenty-Two Trainloads of it Needed for One Voyage of the Mauretania—7,000 Tons in Her Hold

"The coaling of a Cunarder for a single journey across the Atlantic is a more serious feature than the landsman would imagine. A man looks into his newly replenished coal-cellar in November and comforts himself with the thought that he has warmth in store for his household over the winter, but an ordinary railway truckload of coal would fill that cellar three or four times over, and he would be puzzled as to where to put such a quantity if he had it. The coal cellar of the Mauretania is another matter, though, as she is seen coming up outside Fishguard she looks at first but a mere speck on the horizon. Her large masts, however, seem to swell out perceptibly every second as she approaches, and as she comes alongside the tender one realizes what a vast problem in energy she is.

"A coal train of thirty wagons measures from 500 feet to 600 feet in length, and a coal depot with twenty-two sets of rails side by side would cover a width of nearly 300 feet, or an area of over four acres of ground altogether. The whole of this huge quantity of the best steam coal obtainable is required for each trip across the Atlantic, and it has all to be turned into steam, heat and smoke. And yet it occupies but a small fraction of the available storage space in this leviathan, so small indeed in proportion that the ordinary passenger is scarcely aware of its existence. It is hidden deep in the bowels of the huge vessel, and all below the long 700 foot water line of the steel hull.

"Outside the precincts of the colliery the transit of all these coal-laden trains to the Mersey counts for a considerable item to the railway companies; but the calculation does not end here. If circumstances permitted of the vessel being taken to a modern coaling-port, such as Barry or Garston docks, where a series of 30-ton hydraulic or electric lifts would raise each wagon bodily and tilt over the contents directly into the ship at one stroke, and with no manual aid, the coaling process would occupy but a very short time. But this is yet to be achieved in the case of these fast first class liners, which are not to be exposed to the coal dust that necessarily arises by such processes; therefore, the supply has to be put in by the other method.

"These twenty-two trains are brought to the Mersey and discharged into low, flat coal barges, which are towed in long rows alongside each Cunarder while at her moorings in the Sloyne, and just on the water line a number of oblong doors are thrown open. Through these the coal is shovelled into the vast, dark caverns by some hundreds of men working night and day with all their might till the whole of the 7,000 tons is put in. When the number of all those who are directly employed in the process is found and multiplied by those dependent on them, or who have their living by catering to their wants it may be assumed that for every 1,000 persons who rejoice to be carried across the Atlantic, in ease and comfort the strenuous labor of

A NEW STORY BY H. PRICE WEBBER

How One Theatrical Manager Explained the Prosperity of Another.

(Boston Transcript.)

H. Price Webber, who has been a manager in New England for thirty-five years and is the dean of the circuit, was in Boston the other day, and was telling some of his experiences in the country with the Boston Comedy Company. In the course of his talk he said:

"Some years ago I was standing at Foxcroft Junction, Me., when the train on the Maine Central Railroad from Dexter and Newport came in, and a man came up to me and said: 'Your name is Price Webber?'

"I said it was.

"Well, he said, 'I have heard of you. I have a company of first class New York dramatic artists, and we are going up over the Canadian Pacific Railroad into the Province of Quebec. I find in writing for time in the different towns and cities on the route that you are booked pretty close to the dates I have, and I thought it my duty in a professional way to tell you that you had better not be so close to me. I have undoubtedly a good deal better company than you have, and, as I have been told you are a pretty decent sort of fellow, I want to impress on your mind you had better change your dates, so that the comparison between your performance and mine will not obtrude closely to the public, to your disadvantage.'

"Well, I replied, I can hardly change now, as I have been going over the route for some years and they will expect me to keep my bookings."

"Very well," said he, "but I don't want to do you up. Therefore I am giving you this chance to change and put, say six months between us. I have certainly got the goods, and it will be bad for you to come so close to me."

"I asked him what plays he was going to perform. He said:

"We are going to play The Lady of Lyons, Don Caesar de Bazan, Ruy Blas and Leah the Forsaken."

"I remarked that these were good plays and might prove drawing cards."

"Drawing cards!" exclaimed he. "Why, my boy, we will pulverize the public. When they see us they will sit up and take notice. We have got an elegant wardrobe and a company that for excellence has never been approached, and you had better realize the fact that you are a back number, and withdraw. You have been good in your day, no doubt; but we are the real thing, and don't you forget it."

"I told him I would have to take my chances, and that I could not do as he asked me for if I did, the next time I wanted to book the managers of the halls and opera houses would be apt to think I was liable to cancel again and consequently I would have to keep faith with them now."

"All right," he replied, "do as you want to; but remember, I have told you what you are up against. I am sorry but we will have to do you up, as we are the real Simon Pure article and after we are seen you will not be in it."

"He went off on the train, and I pursued the ever tenor of my way. About five or six weeks afterwards I was at West Farnham P.Q., and when the Bedford train drew in at the station, who should come up but my former acquaintance."

"Hello!" said he, "how are you getting along?"

"Oh," I said, "I get a dollar occasionally. How are you doing?"

"Nothing!" said he, "absolutely starving!"

"Why," said I, "what is the reason you are doing so badly?"

"Twenty-five years ahead of time. My pieces are too rich for their blood. They ain't educated up to my standard. I am sowing so that somebody else will reap."

"I said it was hard lines for him, and I was really sorry to hear his business was not good."

"He said, 'Can't you help us to Boston? I have got a fine lot of costumes, and I don't want to have them grabbed for a \$10. board bill. When I get to Boston, I can get enough money to see me to New York. Will you help me?'

"I went into the station and got him tickets for himself and company and he got his checks changed on his baggage."

"So you say you are doing well," he remarked.

"I told him I was not making a fortune in a night but still did not have to complain for lack of patronage."

"He got on board his train, and, as he stood on the platform of the car, he said: I understand how it is you do so well—I have studied the thing out, and I know just exactly how it is!"

"Please, tell me your reason," I said, "I would very much like to know."

"Well," said he, "the reason why you do so well is just this: You don't know much and the people come to see you know a great deal less than you!"

"I thanked him, and this was the last I ever saw or heard of him."

10,000 and probably the livelihood of 20,000 must be involved."—London Sphere.

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write or call for information

E. P. Baker Piano and Music Co.

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

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.

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