

R U A SOCIETY MAN?

THEN BUY A

SILK HAT

And don't borrow from your friends every time you turn out. No excuse now for any man to say a Silk Hat costs too much, because we can sell you one as cheap as you can buy a Felt Hat. No it's not an old style either—it's a brand new, up-to-date, fashionable shape, and is the equal of any \$5.00 Hat sold in this city. We have made a special price on this Hat, for society members—its \$3.50—which means that you just save \$1.50 when you buy from us. We have every size in stock, but we expect a big sale on Silk Hats now, and would advise you to come early to make sure of getting the right fit. We will allow our \$3.50 Hats to be compared with the Hats other stores sell at \$5.00

FARRELL BROS.,

Up-to-date Men's Store,

Agents for Hawes' \$3.00 Hats, Opp. Post Office.

The Best Things on Wheels IS A COASTER BRAKE

We fit them to any Wheel.

William C. Burtt,

KEYS—all kinds Queen st., F'ton 'Phone 352

TIME SAVED and Success Guaranteed When Women Use DIAMOND DYES.



Each year thousands of letters come in from all parts of this vast Dominion telling of victories and successes with Diamond Dyes in the home.

The marvellous and immense sales of Diamond Dyes in Canada have induced adventurers and speculators (who know nothing about the chemistry of colors) to go into the putting up of Package dyes. Such dyes are adulterated and crude; they are muddy and blotchy, blinding to the materials you try to dye. DIAMOND DYES, the choice of wise women, are the kind used when bright, full, fast and brilliant colors are wanted. No disappointments possible when you use Diamond Dyes.

DIAMOND DYES are sold by all leading druggists and dealers. Refuse to accept substitutes when you ask for Diamond Dyes.

PLEASANT VALLEY.

June 29.—There was a very pretty double wedding at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Rossion Wednesday, June 28th, when their two daughters were married, Sadie C., to Frederick Soot of Ward Settlement, and Lizzie M., to Allen Foreman of Maple Grove. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. D. MacLeod in the presence of about fifty invited guests.

The young people were the recipients of many beautiful gifts of esteem and affection.

Mrs. Marguerite Doak and her daughter Hazel of Fredericton is at this place spending a few days with Mrs. Doak's father, Mr. Peter McNabb.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ross and their little daughter Pearl, spent a few days at St. Marys last week with Mrs. Ross' parents.

Mrs. Parks of Woodstock, is among the visitors at this place.

Their Scarlet Thread

By KEITH GORDON

Copyright, 1905, by T. C. McClure

In his heart of hearts the handsome young principal of the high school sometimes characterized the young people under his charge in highly unprofessional language as "little beasts." Teaching was by no means his vocation, but simply a compulsory grace by which he hoped to obtain two coveted years of study at Heidelberg.

He did so now with a viciousness that would have horrified their parents, for as he and Miss Comyng entered one of the smaller recitation rooms to look at a globe they were confronted by their own names scrawled upon the blackboard and bristling with the canceled letters common to both. By counting first the canceled and then the remaining letters to the formula "Friendship, love, indifference, hate," the youthful tormentors had discovered and duly published to the world that Miss Comyng's feeling for him was a compound of friendship and indifference, while his own for her was unadulterated love.

But this was not all. Lest the inscription should by any means escape the attention of its objects, warningly scrawled beneath it was the admonition, "Change the name and not the letter, and you change for worse and not for better."

Cartwright glanced at his companion swiftly. He devoutly hoped she was not one of those mawkishly sentimental young women who blushed and quivered at occurrences of this sort, thereby giving him an uncomfortable feeling that possibilities hovered in her mind.

But this time he need have had no fear. Miss Comyng took the matter much more coolly than her predecessor had done under similar circumstances. She faced the scrawl a moment with puckering brows, then transferred her gaze openly to his face and laughed outright at the dawning look of relief she surprised there, and when she spoke it was with a great demureness.

"I don't feel a bit embarrassed," she remarked. "No one, I'm sure, need feel ashamed of feeling 'friendship and indifference' for a colleague. But candidly"—her tone changed and became frank and matter of fact—"isn't it amazing that in all those young heads from which the pigtails are still dangling, as well as the clipped and rumpled ones on the other side of the room, the romantic idea should be dominant? You and I, being neither very old nor very ugly"—her lips twitched—"will play the leading roles in a living drama for the next few months. One hundred and twenty pairs of keen eyes will be watching us daily, awaiting some sign of our admiration for each other. It's—it's simply appalling!"

"Appalling!" he echoed. "I should say it was—and some of them are still in the stage where they spell future with a 'd' and 'u' with an 'i'! But I don't mind if you don't," he added magnanimously.

She was sitting on the arm of one of the chairs in a thoroughly girlish, but rather undignified attitude. Cartwright noticed with satisfaction that her teaching had not "sunk in" as yet.

"Mind! Not I. Why, it's as good as a play. Now, if you come into my room to speak to me during a recitation, especially if you should happen to smile at me, the air becomes electric with meaning. Minnie telegraphs Jennie a swift 'Did you see that?' and even the hulking, overgrown boys who have been sitting like bumps upon logs arouse to something like life."

"I've half a mind to show you something I found on the floor today," she remarked slowly, and from the bag at her side she took a slip of paper and held it out to him. "It's extremely flattering to you, anyway."

He looked at the slip. "I bet she's in love with him" was written in a wabbling, unformed hand. "I don't see how she can help it, he has such fearful fires in his dark eyes. They're just like Rochester's."

There was a moment's silence, and then the two young instructors broke into a roar of laughter that wiped out the last sense of strangeness between them.

"Now that you know that I know, and I know that you know," was Cartwright's somewhat involved explanation, "I don't see any reason why we can't be friends. Nothing that those young cubs do can possibly make us shy. We'll show them that the thread of romance doesn't run through every friendship between a man and a woman."

"As the scarlet thread through every bit of rope used by the British navy," she supplemented suavely, and then the talk reverted to school matters.

But the pupils of the Central High school were not slow to discover that there was a new ease and understanding between the incoming teacher of algebra and physiology and the principal whom every girl in the room secretly raved over.

Once Jennie Bascom met them walking in the park, and notwithstanding the fact that on this occasion they were deep in the discussion of pedagogy she described the meeting to Minnie Brown, her chum, the next morning somewhat after this fashion:

"They didn't even see till I was close to them they were so interested in each other. Her cheeks were all pink—you know how lovely she looks with the color shining through that down on her face—and he was looking at her, and his eyes were shining with a great happiness." Here Jennie dropped dramatically into the words of her latest novel—

"And words of love fell from his lips."

"But how do you know? You didn't hear them, did you?" demanded the practical and unimaginative Minnie.

"Hear them!" was Jennie's scornful retort. "There are some things you don't have to hear to know them. I'll bet you that he was proposing to her. Just wait—and watch the third finger of her left hand."

But, though they waited and watched with a patience that deserved reward, the tapering fingers of Ruth Comyng's left hand remained unadorned. Had they shown any sign of a misunderstanding all might have been forgiven; but, on the contrary, they were apparently the best of friends, and Minnie Brown formed a mean habit, twitting Jennie like this: "Yes that will happen just about the time that that ring appears on Miss Comyng's left hand!" And poor Jennie was forced to listen in silence, for had she not asserted positively that words of love were falling from his lips? She was conscious of a fearful disappointment with life, and she watched this unaccountable hero and heroine with bitter, resentful eyes.

Meantime the school year drew toward its close, and Cartwright, with a dancing heart, saw his dream of two years at Heidelberg about to materialize into a real experience.

"Think of it," he said to Miss Comyng as they rowed upon the little lake in the park one dusky spring evening, "after June 15 I'm free. Then, ho, for the vaterland! No more refractory boys, no more pert, half-dressed girls, no more tinkling of bells, no more wasting of life and energy on a life I'm utterly unfit for—no more chalk, no more Latin!"

He paused abruptly, as if some unexpected thought had arrested him, and, trailing his oars, he looked curiously at her. She, too, appeared abstracted, but she aroused herself and smiled. "Well?"

"I've had an awful thought," he resumed soberly. "It never occurred to me until this moment, but don't you see—there'll be no more you, either. And I've got so—so accustomed to you, you know?"

His face showed a puzzled amazement that this should be so, and the girl opposite, seeing it, smiled involuntarily. She, too, was a trifle bewildered at a certain quick constriction of the heart that his talk about going abroad had given her. They had been the very best of friends and companions, but was that any reason why she should feel a quick, overwhelming sense of desolation at the mere mention of his going away?

Cartwright rowed on absently, mechanically. Then, as the dusk melted softly into darkness, he made for the shore. The girl opposite him was a mere blurred shadow. The boat poked its nose into the shore, and he jumped out. The action seemed to shake off the benumbing amazement that had fallen upon him, and in its place came a great, glad certainty.

"He held out a hand—two hands, in fact—to help Miss Comyng ashore, and as she put hers into them he murmured, 'My dear, my dear—it's the scarlet thread after all!'"

Napoleon and Beet Sugar.

Although the great Napoleon was not the sort of man whom it was ordinarily safe to laugh at, he was ridiculed and caricatured on account of his faith that sugar could be made profitably from beets. In 1811 the emperor promised the French people that they should have sugar from beets if he excluded from France the commerce of England, including the sugars of the British West Indies. This promise led to the publication of a caricature in which the emperor and his little son, the king of Rome, were represented. The emperor was shown sitting in his boy's nursery, squeezing a beet root into a cup of coffee. The baby prince sat near him hard at work sucking a beet root, while the nurse, standing close by, was represented as exclaiming, "Suck it, dear, suck it; your papa says it is sugar!" This biting sarcasm did not prevent Napoleon from spending several million francs at a time when his empire was under a tremendous strain of expenditures in bounties for sugar made from beets.

No Apologies There.

"Do you think it a disgrace to die rich?" "Well, I've seen a few tombstones over people who had done it, and they didn't apologize."—Judge.

His Opinion.

Remsen—Is that card club you and your wife joined a progressive bridge club?

Park Slope (wearily)—Not very.—Harper's Weekly.

Sunburst Underskirts

Very handsome, well made, and nicely finished

Black Mercerized Sateen

... Underskirts ...

Full "Sunburst" accordion plaited to the knee. Very desirable for wearing under light materials.

Price is very reasonable, each \$2.25

Tennant, Davies & Clarke

New Idea Patterns roc. each.

TAN and CHOCOLATE

Footwear

JUST RECEIVED AT

Lottimer's Shoe Store,

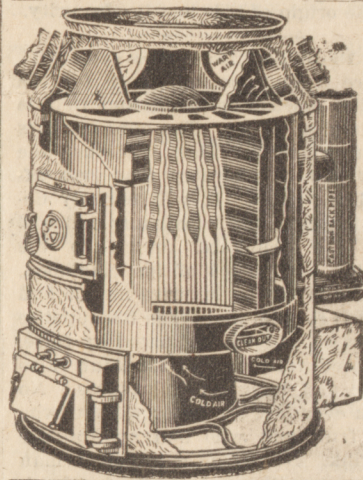
For Ladies, Gents, Boys, Youths, Misses and Children.

H. M. LOTTIMER,

Dealer in Reliable Footwear,

'Phone 84, 210 Queen st., F'ton, N. B.

June 24, 1905



The Leading Candidate

For public approval is the

Kelsey Warm Air Generator

In ten years the Kelsey has forged to the front, and to-day stands as far ahead of all "hot air furnaces," as the Cooper-Hewitt light is ahead of the premature candle. It is a coal saver, and we will be pleased to explain its principal features to you.

D. J. SHEA

For Sale

The leasehold property of the late Rev. Thomas Connolly, with the two storey brick dwelling thereon, situated on King street, in this city, premises including all in good repair. Apply to Rev. W. F. Chapman St. John, or James Farrell, Fredericton, June 16th, 1905, June 17, D.T.T.&S., Smo.

THE PEOPLE'S BANK OF N. B.

A dividend of 4 per cent. on the Capital Stock of this Bank for the half year ending 30th June will be payable to the stockholders at the Bank on or after Wednesday, the 19th day of July.

J. W. SPURDEN,

Fredericton, N. B., 23rd June, 1905

June 28—dtf

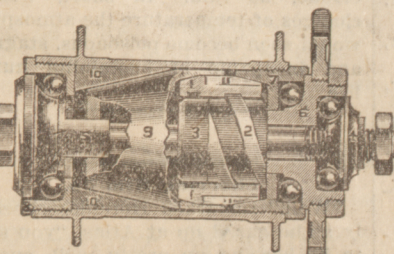
BRIDGE WHIST COUNTERS

We have the real thing for sale at

THE HERALD OFFICE

The Atherton

COASTER BRAKE



PATENTED MAY 13 1902

See how simple it is, no springs and light parts to break and get out of order.

BARRETT'S CYCLE SHOP

'Phone 109

Gunsmith and Locksmith.