

KILLED BY CAT

Feline Sucked Baby's Breath till She Died

PITTSBURGH, July 10.—Mr. and Mrs. John Thaxton are mourning the loss of their daughter, Elsie Anna, seven weeks old, killed by the family cat.

In her deposition to the coroner, Mrs. Thaxton declares Elsie never had been ill. She retired last night with her baby and was awakened at 10:30 o'clock by a gasping, sobbing sound.

She found the family cat lying with its paws at the baby's throat, and she says it was sucking the infant's breath while the child struggled. Her husband hurled the cat from a window and the baby died in a few minutes later.

In cases of this kind, such as are occasionally reported, doctors hold that the cat goes to sleep on the infant's breast and throat and that the child gradually smother's, the animal's weight cutting off its breath.

READ AND YOU WILL LEARN

That the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice endorse and recommend, in the strongest terms, each and every ingredient entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the cure of weak stomach, dyspepsia, catarrh of stomach, "liver complaint," torpid liver, or biliousness, chronic bowel affections, and all catarrhal diseases of whatever region, name or nature. It is also a specific remedy for all such chronic or long standing cases of catarrhal affections and their resultants, as bronchial, throat and lung diseases (except consumption), accompanied with severe coughs. It is not so good for acute colds, and coughs, but for lingering, or chronic cases it is especially efficacious in producing perfect cures. It contains Black Cherrybark, Golden Seal root, Bloodroot, Stone root, Mandrake root, and Queen's root—all of which are highly praised as remedies for all the above mentioned affections by such eminent medical writers and teachers as Prof. Bartholow, of Jefferson Med. College; Prof. Finter, of Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Med. College, Chicago; Prof. John King, M. D., late of Cincinnati; Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., late of Cincinnati; Prof. Edwin M. Hale, M. D., of Hahnemann Med. College, Chicago; and scores of others eminent in their several schools of practice.

NEW GRAND TRUNK EQUIPMENT

The Grand Trunk Railway System are now putting into service 13 new coaches of 25 that have been ordered for assignment to trains on international runs, viz., between Chicago and New York via Niagara Falls, Chicago and Montreal, Montreal and Portland and Toronto and Toronto and Buffalo. The cars are known as first class day coaches, and are of the standard pattern which the Grand Trunk operate on all their through trains. Length of cars over all 75 feet 6 inches, weight of each car 108,620 pounds. They are mounted on six wheel trucks are wide vestibule with steel platforms, and are equipped with high-speed, quick-action air brakes. The inside of the cars are beautifully finished in polished mahogany, and are constructed with the Empire style of roof. Seats are Grand Trunk standard with high backs; the car, seating 60 people is upholstered in green plush, while the smoking room is large and roomy and upholstered in leather. All modern conveniences have wide vestibules with steel platform of passengers. The body of the car is carpeted, and the passageways and smoking room covered with linoleum.

HE SPOKE FOR HIMSELF.

Saw Picture in Tate Gallery—Fell in Love With the Face and After Two Years Married the Original.

LONDON, July 11.—A romantic story of Harold Abbott Titcomb, a wealthy American mining engineer, who fell in love with a picture in the Tate Gallery and married the original of it yesterday, it being told here today. Titcomb is a direct descendant of John and Priscilla Alden, the lovers in Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish." Titcomb was visiting the Tate Gallery two years ago and fell in love with the face of the younger girl in Ralph Peacock's painting, "The Sisters." So fascinated was he with the beauty of the girl that he wrote the artist asking for a copy of the picture, and some 11 months later met at the artist's house, Miss Ethel Brignall, the original of the picture and sister-in-law of the artist. Like his ancestor, Titcomb was successful in wooing Titcomb spoke for himself and married the maiden yesterday in the pretty little parish church of Beedington. The bride in a classical gown of white embroidered with silver, and the bridegroom, dark and good-looking, made a remarkably handsome couple. The bride's train was carried by her tiny nephew, Roydon Peacock, the original of Mr. Peacock's picture, "Roydon," in this year's Academy. Mr. Peacock's present to the bridegroom was his latest painting of the bride.

A glass of iced "Salada" Tea will be found most refreshing this warm weather. As cooling as a summer breeze.—56.

WHEN FREDA WAKES.

When Freda wakes, the day's bright eye Has scarce illumined the eastern sky. The busy swallows' nests the eaves Are just astir, and through the leaves The morning zephyr steals and quakes When Freda wakes.

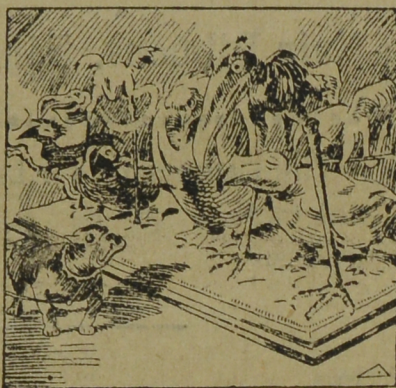
When Freda wakes—her maiden charm Being startled by the clock's alarm—She goes down in her brief attire And hustles up the kitchen fire. With husky arm the furnace shakes When Freda wakes.

When Freda wakes she starts a song And keeps it up the morning long. My pillow's wet with bitter tears. 'Tis vain for me to stop my ears. I even hear her mixing cakes When Freda wakes.

When Freda wakes she slams the door And kicks the cat across the floor. She drops the giraffe on the sink. (She does it just for spite, I think.) The ridgepole of the building shakes When Freda wakes.

—Chicago News.

The Egotist.



"Gee, how ugly they are! I'm mighty glad I wasn't born a bird."—Harper's Weekly.

Cut Himself Loose.

The tramp had related to the lady in the wayside cottage the weird story of how he was tied to a tree by bandits and left to famish.

"But, my poor man," protested the good woman, "if you were tied so tightly how did you get free?"

The tramp wiped away a tear.

"Ah, lady, that is a strange story."

"A strange story?"

"Yes, mum. Yer see, while I was tied to the tree my old girl passed and looked daggers at me. I took de daggers and cut myself to freedom. Dat is how I am here today."—Chicago News.

An Effective Retort.

The youngest son of Charles Dickens, Edward Bulwer Lytton Dickens, is a member of parliament in Australia. Not long ago in the course of a speech he was frequently interrupted by a snappish member named Willis. "Mr. Speaker," said Mr. Dickens, turning to the chair, "it may be remembered by some present that my father coined an expression which attained some popularity—'Barkis is willin'." The circumstances today are such that I am strongly tempted to reverse the phrase and say, 'Willis is barkin'." The retort was effective.

Really Short Cuts.

"Way up in Vermont Uncle Eph Kinney was looking over his field of clover when up drove a neighbor.

"Grass is awful short this year, ain't it, Uncle Eph?" he said.

"Short!" cried Uncle Eph. "Why, it's so blamed short the bumblebees hev to git down on their knees to suck the blossoms!"—Woman's Home Companion.

Barring Him Out.

"I haven't heard of you going out to Subbul's to dinner lately."

"No; he says I can't do that any more."

"Why, I thought you were his closest friend. What's the matter?"

"He tells me their cook doesn't like me."—Philadelphia Press.

An Analogy.

"Are you thoroughly familiar with all the economic principles you advocate?"

"My dear sir," answered Senator Sorghum, "a good book agent doesn't have to know the contents of a volume by heart in order to sell it."—Washington Star.

The Fast Part.

Hi Tragedy—Did I understand you to say Barnes is traveling in fast company just now?

Lowe Comedy—I said he was traveling with a fast company. That show he went out with is busted and trying to get home.—Catholic Standard and Times.

He Knew.

The juvenile class had a lesson in which some reference was made to "a ferocious Gaul." "Now," said the teacher, "can any of you tell me what a ferocious Gaul is?"

"I can," said the small boy at the foot of the class. "It's a terrible lot of cheek."—Detroit Tribune.

The Aunt and the Burglar.

Miss Rattle—Yes, that's a photo of my maiden aunt. Perhaps you saw her name in the papers last winter. She frightened away a burglar.

Mr. Winkler (closely inspecting the portrait)—Did she? Well, I don't wonder at it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Fashionable.

Patience—I hear Will is going to marry that girl he's been spending so much money on.

Patrice—Yes; he's going to make her a permanent receiver.—Yonkers Statesman.

Entirely Superfluous.

Mrs. Newed—I'm going to spread some poison on a piece of this angel cake and put it in the parlor, where the mice will get at it.

Newed—But why waste your poison, my dear?—Denver News-Times.

THE APRIL WIND.

Eh? Wat? You theenk I looka change? Ah, so I am, an' eet ees strange! My frand, you evva hear me growl For dat da northa weend ees howl! An' sweep Broadway weeth snow?

Ah, no! Bayceaus I am so tough An' hard, dough weenter storms was rough.

Dey no could mak' me colda 'nough, How mooch dey steeng an' blow.

Yat here am I, dat was so strong, For laugh at weends all weenter long. Now lika babe, too soft an' weak To fight wan leetla weend dat sneak Aroun' dees place today.

No Merriana weend ees blow Like dees bayfere. Eet don't an' go An' catch at me an' teass me so

Eet steal my heart away.

Eet sneaka from dat leetla street—Ha, dat's eet now! You feelin' eet? Tak' off your hat an' let eet play

All through your hair—so, deesa way—Ah, now ees gon! Dat's all.

Eh? Wat? "Jus' breeza from da sea?" Ah, no; ees more dan dat to me! Eet eesa vesce from Italy

Dat call an' call an' call! —T. A. Daly in Catholic Standard and Times.

"On the Bridge at Midnight."



He Got Even.

A grocer was guilty of some rather sharp practice on a customer, and the latter stamped out of the store, roaring: "You're a swindler, and I'll never enter your doors again!"

Next day, though, he came back and bought five pounds of sugar.

"Dear me!" said the grocer, smiling in a forgiving way. "I thought you were never going to enter my doors again?"

"Well, I didn't mean to," said the customer, "but yours is the only shop in the place where I can get what I want. I am going to pot some bulbs, and I need sand."—Philadelphia Ledger.

One Thing Needed.

Towne—Notwithstanding all this talk about the wireless there's room for plenty of improvement in telegraphy yet.

Browne—Yes; it won't be perfect until they devise some scheme to make it possible for a woman to receive a message without getting scared to death.—Philadelphia Press.

As Advertised.

"What's your time?" asked the old farmer of the brisk salesman.

"Twenty minutes after 5. What can I do for you?"

"I want them pants," said the old farmer, leading the way to the window and pointing at a ticket marked, "Given away at 5.10."—Judge.

A Real Grievance.

Bobby looked askance at the piece of cake given him at supper.

"What is it, son?" asked his father.

"Tain't fair," said Bobby, "for grandma to cut my slice, 'cause everything looks bigger through her spectacles."—Harper's Weekly.

Silenced.

"Ouch, barber!" gasped the victim nervously. "There are several backs in that razor."

The big barber swung the lather brush around savagely. "Well, what do you expect in a ten cent shave, governor?" he roared, "electric cuts?"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

He Made Himself Unpopular.

"My dear boy, I'll have to cancel that dinner invitation for next Sunday."

"Called away?"

"No. The fact is our cook didn't like the way you alluded to her salad the last time you dined with us."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Always Getting Stuck.

Stubb—What is Cogswood doing since he bought his new automobile?

Penn—Following the horses.

Stubb—Ah, playing the races, eh?

Penn—No; following the farm horses that tow his machine to town every time it breaks down.—Chicago News.

Groundless Fear.

"I did think," said Cholly Snobberly, "of going in for politics, but I was afraid I wouldn't know just how to treat my inferiors, don't y' know."

"Your inferiors?" remarked Sharpe. "Oh, you wouldn't be likely to meet any of them."—Pittsburg Post.

From Another Viewpoint.

"Anyway," said her husband, "you'll give me credit for having sense enough to say nothing."

"Oh, I don't know," rejoined his wife. "Perhaps you haven't sense enough to say anything."—Chicago Tribune.

No End of It.

Mrs. Jenks—I'm surprised to find you looking for a servant. I thought you engaged one yesterday?

Mrs. Ritchey—Oh, she's a lady's maid. She waits on me. I'm looking for one to wait on her.—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Retort Feminine.

He—I see where the first man who accepted a leap year proposal of marriage has committed suicide.

She—Well, that proves nothing except that we women have such killing ways. —Baltimore American.

Selections

DEATH VALLEY SALT.

Huge Deposits of Saline Rock in the Avawatz Mountains.

Slowly, but surely, inch by inch, in the face of drought and intense heat, man is solving the mysteries of Death valley, and one by one its hitherto unopened treasure vaults are being thrown open to add to the wealth of the world, says the Los Angeles Times. There is gold in large and in small quantities throughout the length of the valley, particularly at Skiddoo and other neighboring camps in the Panamint; there is copper at Greenwater, enough borax to supply the entire world for many a year, and now it seems probable that the district will soon be known as a large producer of rock salt.

These salt deposits are found in the foothills of the Avawatz mountains, at the southern end of Death valley and within sixteen miles of the Tonopah and Tidewater railroad. There are four distinct bodies, known as the Death valley, King, Salt basin and Jumbo salt mines. The salt appears to lie in ledge form with well defined walls, particularly on the upper or hanging side. The deposits have been well known to prospectors for many years, but it was not until the completion of the railroad that they assumed any commercial value. Years ago some of the material was freighted to the Teocopa mine for the chlorination mill in use on the property when it was mined for its high surface values of silver.

The Death valley mine consists of eighty acres, and it is upon this ground that the larger part of the present development of the deposits has been done. The showing is 500 feet wide by 1000 feet in length, the salt being covered with wash gravel and mud to a minimum depth of ten feet. Where the salt has been most exposed to the elements it has dissolved and mixed with the mud and gravel, forming an incrustation harder even than the rock salt. The development consists of numerous

open cuts, tunnels and shafts, an penetrating the surface incrustation and showing pure salt in the faces. It is estimated that there are 250,000 tons of salt already exposed in this deposit. It is estimated that at the present time 5,000 tons of rock salt are imported into California from Liverpool and sells to jobbers at about \$16 per ton.

Public Cooking.

To buy one's own fowl or joint and watch it being roasted at a public "rotisserie" at the rate of 5 cents a pound is a privilege possible for New Yorkers to enjoy. This method has all the elements of novelty to attract the inhabitants of bachelor apartments and the young couples playing at light housekeeping in limited quarters. Capon, squab and sweetbreads may be cooked here without fear of exchange for an inferior article, as the suspicious housekeeper is invited to sit down and watch her purchase being roasted on the automatically revolving spit. When done to a turn her property is delivered to her in a neat box, which she tucks under her arm.—New York Sun.

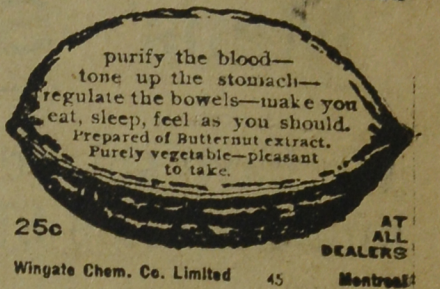
The Australian Way.

Owing to the abundance and cheapness of meat in Australia restaurant keepers have for years been able to give astonishingly liberal meals for 12 cents. But they are not satisfied with the margin of profit, and they have decided in conference to raise the price to 14 cents. One of the reasons assigned for this step is the "abnormal appetites" of their customers. It is the hospitable custom in Australian popular restaurants not to charge for a second helping of anything, and you can have as many cups of tea as you please after having paid for the first one. It is the freedom with which this privilege—unknown in America—is exercised that cuts down the profits.

The Coliseum.

The largest single structure in the world for audience and spectacular purposes is the Coliseum at Rome. It is in the form of an ellipse. Its long diameter is 615 feet; its short, 510; the height of the outer wall, 164. The arena is 218 feet long by 176 broad. The tiers of seats accommodate 100,000 spectators.

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10 doz Men's Summer Shirts at 43c

that are worth 75c, in all sizes. 3 Linen Collars, any style for 25c, 1.50 Boys Summer Shirts at 34c, worth 50c each, 43 Boy's Duck Suits, ages 3 to 7 years, choice 68c per suit. Boy's Summer Underwear, all sizes 25c each. Men's Natural Wool-English made Undershirts, 1 sleeves at 43c, regular value 75c in all sizes, Men's Cotton & Hose, Black and Colors, 2 pairs for 25c and 3 pairs for 25c, Men's Summer Neckwear 2 for 25c, Men's 2 Piece Summer Suits at \$3.75 and \$4.75, worth \$2 to \$3 more.

FOR LADIES'

2 Pairs Lisle Hose for 25c. White Hose 20c, 25c and 35c. White Lawn Waists at 38c, 47c and 67c. Our Waists are stylish and perfect fitting.

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