

Montserrat Lime Juice

And Choice Fruit Syrups.

F. BURRIDGE, - - West End.

"The store that sells good things."

Ladies' Outing Hats.

We have these goods in a great variety of shapes and styles. Imitation Panama's, 75 cents. Linen Hats, 75c. to \$1.50. Grass Cloth Hats, with leather bands, \$1.00. An inspection will repay you.

Patent Leather Hats, 75c. and \$1.25.**F. S. THOMAS,** DUFFERIN BLOCK,
Main Street, North End**OUTING HATS AND CAPS**

For Vacation Time in

Straw, Linen and Felt to keep the head cool, from 25c. up. Panama Hats from the land of the Panama. Children's Headwear of every description. Golf Caps of the latest.

THORNE BROS., Hatters,
93 KING STREET.

July 7, 1906.

Going Away?**Need Trunk or Suit Case?**

If you do you cannot do better than buy your needs here. We have a fine stock of the very best goods made, and sell them at little prices.

TRUNKS, in Marbleized and Canvas Covered, \$1.95, \$2.75, \$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00 and \$7.20.

SUIT CASES, in Imitation and Solid Leather, \$1.45, \$1.65, \$2.25, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$5.00.

EXTENSION CASES, 65c., 75c., 95c., \$1.10, \$1.20 and \$1.35.

TRUNK AND SHAWL STRAPS, 15c. to 75c.

C. MAGNUSSON & CO., 73 Dock St.,
St. John, N. B.**The Very Latest!**

Best equipped and most up-to-date Cafe in the City, which is managed by the most experienced Chef in St. John.

Olympia Palm Garden Restaurant,(Formerly the Alexandra.)
OPPOSITE THE DUFFERIN HOTEL.

For a good dinner, or a nice tasty lunch after the opera, or at any time, WE ARE UNEQUALLED.

The Menu and Cuisine is excellent and will remind you of the best New York or Paris Styles.

**Broiled Live Lobsters and
Planked Steaks our specialties.**

GIVE US A CALL. WE WILL PLEASE YOU

B. H. WALKER, Proprietor.

1 Pool Table, Slate Bed with
Balls and Cues, complete;
1 Oak Double Standing
Desk.

FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN

-AT-

NAGLE'S
House Furnishing Store, Cor.
Duke and Charlotte Sts.

Red + Pharmacy

I have just opened up and placed in my
window a large order of Olive Oil and Cu-
cumber Soap, 3 Cakes for 10 Cents, as long
as it lasts.

G. A. RIECKER,87 Charlotte St.
Telephone 230.**A BANK ACCOUNT**

The start in life is the first dollar saved.
Have you made your start? If not, deposit One
Dollar in the

UNION BANK

OF HALIFAX.

The Savings Department receives all de-
posits of One Dollar and upwards, and allows
interest at three per cent. per annum. Open
an account NOW.

YOUR AD. HEREWould be read by thousands
every evening**Bedding Plants**

IN OUR USUAL ASSORTMENT.

P. E. CAMPBELL, Seedsman and Grower,
47 Germain Street, Phone 832**TWO GREAT ENGINES CRASH
TO MAKE AMERICAN HOLIDAY**

Representation of Railway Collision Arranged as Part of
Brighton Beach Celebration--Forty Thousand People
Shouted as Vast Monsters Met in Battle of Steam Against
Steam.

(W. J. Sullivan in the New York Ameri-
can).

Forty thousand men, women and child-
ren, thirsting to see what actually hap-
pens in a real railroad wreck, jammed the
Brighton Beach race track yesterday, and
saw two big locomotives crash into each
other with a roar that made the ears tingle.

Starting from opposite ends of a rail
seven-eighths of a mile long, the engines
met near the centre. And when the clouds
of smoke, steam and coal dust lifted and
drifted away, there was just two tangled
masses of metal, that seemingly had coales-
ced.

Then through the swamps of the
grounds, women splurged, ankle deep,
and children had their faces spattered with
mud and men forged ahead until they
were absolutely up to their knees in the
water. Photographers swarmed there, and
cameras were spoiled.

Three men with cameras were "wise."
They removed their shoes and stockings
and managed to reach a point near enough
to get pictures.

The policemen were helpless. Two went
into a water jump and waded about help-
lessly while the crowd of ten thousand
swept like an army across what used to
be grassy lawns, to view the wreck and
trip from the engines pieces of iron, as
souvenirs. One old engineer, Edward
Dwyer, who had engine No. 1, fought to
get the steam gauges and the steam coals.

"I've given her a good run for the
money," he said, "and I'll be hanged if I
don't get a souvenir."

He got it.
The fight of these iron gladiators, pur-
chased from the Central Railroad of New
Jersey, had been heralded for weeks. The
young men who play with 30 cent pistol
on "the Fourth" looked forward to it, as
their fathers, who do not tinker with such
toys, anticipated it.

It is an opportunity to see, at close
range, and without danger, the smashing
of two powerful locomotives, and from
every point of view to compass the old and
the young swarmed.

At 12 o'clock the arena wherein Brook-
stick splintered the world's record for the
mile and a quarter, and Hermis whipped
Beldame, was thrown open. Outside the
cars were jammed. Fearful lest they
would not obtain a place, hundreds raced
from the trolleys to the gate. The path
to the door, the lane to the clubhouse,
the road to the betting ring—where mil-
lions of dollars have changed hands—could
not be seen. Only a great, black moving
mass was visible. Everything spelled con-
gestion.

Not since the day that Croesus and The
Abbot raced on that track—water-logged
yesterday—for the championship of the
trotting world and a purse of \$10,000 had
such a crowd packed the stands and the
field. When Croesus wheeled under the
wire ahead of The Abbot thirty thousand
persons—the largest crowd in the history
of the track at this time—rose up and
roared. Yesterday's records were shat-
tered, for when Engine No. 2 banged En-
gine No. 1 forty thousand jumped to their
feet and screamed, and waved handker-
chiefs, and so used their cheering organs
that a lot of doctors will have jobs with
them this morning.

Inspector Donald S. Grant, with 130
bluecoats, was on the ground. A cordon
of policemen was flung around the stands
and in front of the gate. Fathers with
future presidents, mothers with young
hopefuls in their arms, urged to the seats,
and for hours the stream of humanity
swelt in. Everyone wanted to see what
Steam could do to Steam.

Just before the engines had their
try-outs, as the race track man termed
the tests. It was as if two horses were
being "clocked" just before a race.
Engine No. 1 was in charge of "The De-
mon Farmer," Roy Matthews, who won his
title because he's been in so many wrecks
on the rail that he can't count them.
Engine No. 2 was held in leash by Edward
J. Dwyer, nicknamed "The Demon." The
locomotives snorted and puffed and backed
and started, and did all kinds of stunts un-
til the engineers decided the two giants
were "fit for the battle of their lives and
accident of victory."

It was at 5:35 p. m. when the race-
track crowds were coming up from Sheep-
head Bay, that Dwyer and Matthews
poked their heads out of the cabs and
waited for the signal. Along the track
there had been spread hundreds of tor-
pedoes, such as railroad men use on a
foggy day when they can't see the train
ahead. You could hear one of 'em a mile.
The signal was three shrieks from En-
gine No. 1. The snorts were taken up by

No. 2 and—they started. Both engines
slammed their jokers over. The pistons
pounded, black, choking smoke vomited
from the stacks, and steam, intermittent
and hissing squealed through the vents
about the trucks.

Grizzled Mr. Dwyer had puffed and ca-
joled his charge so well that he attained
the greater speed almost instantly.
The crowd got a strange hold on its
breath and held it. Fifty feet from the
starting point No. 2 began to choke, and
Dwyer decided that he'd better jump. He
did. And he landed in about a foot and a
half of water. Matthews was stroking the
fur on No. 1, but the bunch of black
metal didn't seem to respond. Finally the
"Demon Farmer" gave the love an up-
percent, and No. 1 picked up some courage
and went at its opponent.

It's more difficult to describe what hap-
pened than it is to serve a subpoena on a
Standard Oil magnate. Both machines
whisked off with the torpedoes hand-
ing out a line of rapid fire conversation on
the rails, the whistles wide open, doing cruel
things to the ear drums, and the chug-
chug-chugging of the pistons making a war-
gong for the all but whose eyes were
crossed like a papa held him in leash in
the stands 300 feet away.

Foot by foot, yard by yard, the two en-
gines gained speed. You couldn't have
heard a pin drop, for the simple reason
that you couldn't make any noise when it
hits a quagmire, such as the track was
yesterday.

No. 2 was the thoroughbred. But No. 1
wasn't a selling plater. Her cylinders
were angry at the weather and didn't work
too well. Both went the distance. No. 2
crossing the medial line a few seconds be-
fore No. 1 came screaming and pulling up.

There wasn't any other noise only the
tantalizing "honk, honk" of the autos on the
house. The two engines were picking
themselves up out of the mud when the
crash came. There wasn't any ear-
splitting explosion of the soprano type.
The timbre was the basso strain. It was
like the suppressed, guttural roar of
house. It was a prolonged "Grr-r-r-r-r-r"
sounded like a bunch of "R's" looks in
type. The water spouted up. Steam fiz-
zled like a soda water fountain turned
upside down, and like an undertone of sound
could be heard the dull crunching of me-
tal.

The roof of the grand stand is practi-
cally a sounding board. The muffled bang-
ing of the engines didn't affect it, but
before the echoes of the crash had drifted
over the fence there came a roar that
the acoustic properties of the roof in-
tensified a hundredfold. It was one
grand cheer—such as spectators hear
when Yale jams the ball over Princeton's
goal line, or Princeton amuses Yale in
the same way.

In ten seconds after the two engines
had smashed each other, ten thousand
people flattered over the rails and off
through the ponds. Woven swished
through the water, men hoisted their
children on their backs, and Inspector
Grant's 130 men were about as much use
as an oil stove would be to a polar bear.

In phalanxes of hundreds the crowd
swept up to the engines. Some wren-
ched off sections of splintered wood, others
fought for shattered metal. If they could
have carried the wheels off the crowd
would have contested them. Some one
tore the whistle from its berth, someone
else annexed the cord, while a cluster
of husky young men ravaged the cabs and
rummaged around the tenders, which had
figuratively kicked up their heels and
flopped to one side like creatures that
had been shot.

And while men were fighting to get a
chunk of steel to show to their wide-
eyed grandchildren in the days to come,
faint cheers floated from the roofs in the
rear of the backstretch. Then a mounted
policeman spluttered up to clutch several
battered and besmeared men—who were
trying to add to their possessions the bell
of Engine No. 2. The best that they could
do was to ring the bell. The police swung
one of their necks and the riot stopped.

As the voices of the big en-
gines lay steaming, motionless, the crowd
filtered through the gates, while
cameras flashed, yearning for rowboats, got
near enough to get good pictures.

Engine No. 1 was a doleful sight. En-
gine No. 2 looked up at his rival, but it
didn't look too much. Its plates were bent,
its sides sagged, and the trucks had been
divorced from the front. The tender keel-
ed over at a sharp angle, and around it
lay about five tons of coal, that had fallen
out like a black Niagara when the
stack came.

They took moving pictures of the col-
lision, and Oscar Hammerstein hauled out
a check for \$1,000 to secure the privilege
of having the pictures for one week.

**ROOSEVELT DELIVERS A
CHARACTERISTIC SPEECH**

President Gives an Account of His Stewardship to His
Townsmen at Oyster Bay--Says the Villifier of Wealth
is a Demagogue.

At Oyster Bay, on July 4, President
Roosevelt delivered a noteworthy address
to his neighbors and fellow townsmen. He
spoke as follows:

"Mr. Chairman and you, my old friends
and neighbors, you among whom I was
brought up and with whom I have lived
for so many years, it is real pleasure to
have the chance of being with you today,
to say a few words of greeting to you
and in a sense to give an account of my
stewardship. I say in a sense because
after all the stewardship really has to
give an account of itself. If a man needs
to explain over much what he has done, it
is pretty sure proof that he ought to have
done it a little differently and so as
regards most of what I have done, I must
let it speak for itself.

"But there are two or three things
about which I want to talk to you today,
and, if in the presence of the dominies I
venture to speak from a text, I shall
take as my text the words of Abraham
Lincoln, which he spoke in a remarkable
address delivered to a band of people
who were serenading him at the White
House just after his re-election to the
presidency. He said: 'In any great
national trial hereafter, the men of that
day as compared with those of this will
be as weak and as strong, as silly and as
wise, as bad and as good. Let us there-
fore study the incidents of this as philo-
sophy from which we learn wisdom, and
not as wrong to be atoned.'"

"And he added later in his speech a
touching and characteristic expression of
his, saying, 'So long as I have been here,

I have not willingly planted a thorn in
any man's breast."
"It is in just that spirit that we, as a
nation, if we possess the power of learn-
ing aright the lessons to be taught us by
Lincoln, will approach problems of today.
We have not got the same problems that
as great problems as those with which
the men of Lincoln's generation were
brought face to face, and yet our prob-
lems are real and great, and upon the way
the men of our generation will depend whe-
ther or not our children have cause to
feel pride or shame as American citizens."

"If we of this generation do our duty
when face to face with our special indus-
trial, social and political problems, our
children and children's children shall be
the better for it. If we fail in our duty,
if you men here of middle life, you men
with children, if you fail in your duty,
if by just so much do you add to the weight
of the burdens that our children shall
bear. Our duty calls for the exercise of
more than one quality on our part. First
of all, it calls, of course, for the qualities
of honesty and courage. I use honesty in
the broadest sense—honesty in the sense
of disinterested devotion to what is right,
disinterested devotion to the ideals of
our national life. If we have not these
qualities first, then all else shall avail us
little."

"We have heard a great deal during
the past year, or two, of the rightful in-
equities in our politics and our business
life, the frightful wrong doing in our so-
cial life. Now there is plenty of inequity
in business, in politics and in our social
life. There is every warrant for our
acknowledging these great evils. But
there is no warrant for growing hysteri-
cal about them."

"Above all let us avoid the wild vin-
dictiveness preached by certain dema-
gogues, a vindictiveness as far as the
poles from the wise charity of Abraham
Lincoln."

"Distrust as a demagogue the man who
talks only of the wrong done by the men
of wealth. Distrust as a demagogue the
man who measures inequity by the purse.
Measure inequity by the heart, whether a
man's purse be full or empty, partly full
or partly empty."

"This year in congress our chief task
has been to carry the government for-
ward along the course which I think it
might follow consistently for a number of
years to come—that is, in the direction
of seeking on behalf of the people as a
whole, through the national government,
to exercise a measure of supervision, con-
trol and restraint over the individuals,
and especially over the corporations of
great wealth, in so far as the business use
of that wealth brings it within the reach
of the federal government."

"We have accomplished a fair amount
and the reason that we have done so has
been, in the first place, because we have
not tried to do too much, and in the next
place, because our law approached the
task absolutely free from any spirit of
rancor or hatred."

"It is a very good thing to come out
to Fourth of July celebrations and hear
what a great country we have. It is a
mighty good thing, if after having felt
the glow of pride and virtue, you then
go home free from all sense of respon-
sibility to that particular part of the
country which is found within the four
walls of your own house, and in its im-
mediate neighborhood. The way to be
good citizens of this nation is to be good
citizens of Oyster Bay. It does not
sound quite as inspiring to be asked to
be a good citizen of the village, of the
county, as it does to be asked to be a
good citizen of the nation; but you can-
not be a good citizen of the nation if you
are not, in the first place, a good citizen
among your own neighbors."

"Above all remember that you cannot
be a good citizen of the town or the
county if you are not a good citizen in
your home first. Boy or girl, man or
woman you will not be able to do right
outside of your own homes if you have
not got in you that stuff which makes you
a decent father or mother, son or daugh-
ter, husband or wife, in your own home."

"It is a poor man who from a Fourth
of July celebration goes home and con-
ducts himself that his wife and his chil-
dren live beyond anything else that he
never did come home, you can guarantee
that that man is a poor citizen. It is
just the same way with the wife, with
the daughter, and now as for the son, for
the young fellow growing up like young
fellow with an ambition to make his way
in the world."

"He has got to make that way in the
world by his own efforts, but it
won't be worth the making if those who
are nearest and dearest to him do not feel
that his life means what is good and hap-
piness. Your boys must be trained as they
grow up and become men that the man's
duty is first to pull his own weight, to
be able to make himself a measurable suc-
cess."

"It is no use for any man to have lofty
aspirations about benefiting mankind, if
personally he has to depend upon his fam-
ily for support. The man must support
himself first, must be able to make his own
way; but he must not be contented
with doing nothing but make his own way."

"He must remember that his every ad-
ded increment of strength entails an ad-
dition of duty, and addition of respon-
sibility. First and foremost there is the
duty to his own family that he shall so
bear himself in the household as to add to
the happiness of those near him."

"There is need of the capacity to do
more than the little duties, there is need
for each of us to have in him that lofty
touch which will make him show the
qualities of heroism when the need for
heroism arises. But first and foremost
there is need in every American should
do well the ordinary, humdrum duties of
American citizenship, if our nation is to
be placed where it shall be placed. There
is need that each man and each woman
should be in his or her own home, a de-
cent husband or wife, a decent father or
mother, a decent son or daughter."

"Only on condition of showing these
qualities in the home, qualities like those
in our dealings with our neighbors, in
our dealings in the ordinary avocations
of life, will it be possible for us to pre-
pare ourselves so that in time of need we
may rise as our fathers rose level to the
call of whatever crisis may trumpet forth
the signal for all there is in us of high
resolve and steadfast courage."



Free to Mothers
If you can't nurse the new baby, there's
one perfect substitute for mother's milk—
NESTLE'S FOOD
We send a generous FREE SAMPLE
(enough for eight meals) to any mother.
Try it—and see how this perfect food
agrees perfectly with baby.
THE LEEHING, MILES CO., Limited, MONTREAL.

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EASY TO RETAIN HEALTH
Of course to do so, certain fundamental
principles of good living must be follow-
ed.
Most important of all is proper atten-
tion to the bowels. Avoid constipation,
it's the Health-Killer of today.
"Hush," gripping medicine is ruinous—be-
ware of it!
Best results follow a truly vegetable
remedy like Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Man-
drake and Butternut which not only re-
lieve constiveness in one night, but cure
the cause of the trouble and prevents its
return.

No distress or inconvenience attend
the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills which are
world famous for their mildness and effi-
cacy.
Sold everywhere 25 cents per box or
by mail from N. C. Polson & Co. King-
ston, Ont. or Hartford, Conn. U. S. A.

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WILCOX BROS.,

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Two- Piece Unlined Suits.

Ready-to-Wear.

Experience has led some men to
expect an unlined coat of flannel or
homespun to have about as much
fit and shape as a meal sack. They
have never found themselves inside
of a coat with a 20th Century
Brand label to identify it. These
coats and trousers have an air of
distinctiveness quite foreign to or-
dinary ready-made apparel.

\$10, \$12, \$13.

A. GILMOUR,
68 King Street.
Fine Tailoring.
Tailor-made Clothing.

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We are making a special
display of Soaps for a
time, and wish you to
share in the exceptional
values. Look for our
special

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TREMAINE GARD.

I have on hand and just opening the
finest line of goods suitable for
Wedding and Anniversary Gifts ever
seen or offered in this city, that I will
be most happy to show to those looking
for something for their most particular
friends and acquaintances.

Special discounts during this month.
Yours respectfully,
W. TREMAINE GARD,
Goldsmith and Jeweller.
Dealer in Silverware and Cut Glass.