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FOREIGN DIPLOMATS WERE BADLY TREATED

Arrangements for Their Accomodation at Jamestown Were Not Such as to Arouse Intense Enthusiasm.

(From our regular correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 2—Just what the foreign naval officers and the diplomats invited to the opening of the Jamestown Exposition are thinking about us is not pleasant to contemplate. Not since the occasion of the unveiling of the Rochambeau statue when the president took a number of French officers for a ride in a pouring rain and damaged their gorgeous uniforms to the extent that they were obliged to remain in seclusion while they were cleaned and pressed, have the sensibilities of foreign visitors to this country been so wounded. Instead of being "the whole show" at Jamestown, they were neglected and ignored and left to forage for themselves. Southern hospitality which has been vaunted everywhere wasn't anywhere to be seen and the officers and the diplomats were as offended and mad as they dared to be. When they arrived they were met with carriages—that is antiquated night liners with dusky drivers—and conveyed to the Exposition grounds, but when the affair was over it was "every fellow for himself," and the foreigners, notwithstanding their monocles and spats and fine raiment, were obliged to struggle with the mob for sandwiches and root beer. There were no carriages to take them back to the wharf and that walk of a couple of miles under the hot sun will probably be their most enduring memory of the United States. It was dusty and it was hot and gold lace is heavy, but even then their troubles were not ended. The president, in order to offer some solace to their wounded vanity had invited a group of the most distinguished officers to a dinner at the White House Tuesday night. They were to arrive on the Norfolk and Washington steamer about noon Tuesday, but the boat struck on a mud bank in the Potomac during a heavy fog and the officers did not arrive at the dock until six thirty and the international dinner was set for eight. Now a foreign officer is not neglectful of his appearance and to dress for dinner, and an international dinner at that, is a solemn rite that takes time and a condition of spiritual tranquility. But the officers had neither. They drove to their hotels as the engines go to a fire. They performed hasty toilets and did finally got to the White House, buit it is doubtful if their nerves have yet recovered from the strain. Wednesday they were also out of luck, but this time it was the fault of the weather. They were entertained at luncheon and in the afternoon drove in a pouring rain several miles to see a military drill. It it should rain duringe the unveiling of the McClellan statue to which they are invited they will take back to their countries an impression of America that will be confirmatory of the worst things Dickens ever said about us.

Washington is overflowing with war veterans this week, the occasion for their presence in large numbers, being the unveiling of the magnificent statue of MacMonnies and General McClellan. The statue stands on a huge pedestal at the summit of Connecticut Avenue hill and on one of the finest residential streets in the city. The president will speak at the unveiling and the society of the army of the Potomac will be honored guests during the ceremony. Later the veterans will be received by the president and Mrs. Roosevelt and there will be a ball and many other entertainments in their honor. Washington could easily have dispensed with another equestrian statue for it already has more of that sort than any other city in the world, and this in spite of the fact that we are not a war-like people.

Secretary Taft is home again from Ohio, but he is saying nothing. Probably no man has a great genius for saying nothing than the big secretary nor of saying that nothing in such a genial and agreeable manner. He is besieged by reporters who beg of him to tell them something about the situation in Ohio but Mr. Taft smilingly talks of everything else. It is said by the secretary's friends however that the Taft ranks are disappointed by the objections of Walter Brown, chairman of the Republican committee of Ohio, to a primary election next fall. For a couple of weeks the friends of Mr. Taft have been insisting that such a primary be held in order that, if it discloses a majority for him, the work of pushing his candidacy might be taken up in other states. It is argued by Mr. Brown that such a primary would interfere with the regular elections in the state and if this decision is adhered to it means a temporary advantage for Foraker, and the longer the primary election is postponed the stronger the position of the senator becomes. It is the purpose of Mr. Taft's friends though to insist that the primary be called and it is said here that a formal demand upon the state committee will be made in a few days. Secretary Taft seems to be in the best of spirits and a more equable participant in a great political fight has probably never been seen. All the agitation is on the part of his friends and it is probable that they will have all of the work too. Early in the autumn he will leave for the Philippines and it is said by those who know him that he goes even more cheerfully than usual. His big heart has always been with his little Filipino brothers and he is glad of a chance to go back to them and leave all things political behind.

DUKEDOM FOR STRATHCONA

Reported He Will Get It and Sir Frederick Borden Will Get $25,000 per Year.

Montreal, May 5—It is rumored here today in political circles that King Edward will, on Victoria day, confer a dukedom on Lord Strathcona, and coupled with this is the statement that Sir Frederick Borden on becoming Canadian high commissioner, will receive a salary of $25,000, instead of the present one of $10,000.

THE GRAND MANAN CABLE

(Eastport Sentinel)

The cable which will soon connect Grand Manan by telegraph with the rest of the world, is expected to leave London today. F. N. Gisborne, the Dominion government engineer in charge of the project, has been to Grand Manan lately and has made arrangements there for the laying of the cable. The work of locating the huts, landings, digging the beach trenches, etc., is we understand under the superintendence of W. J. Fisher, of Eastport.

The cable landing at Eastport will probably be near R. C. Green & Co's property at the south end of the island. Starting there it will be carried to Deer Point, Campobello, from thence across to Liberty Cove and from there to Grand Manan, land at the Whistle, North Head. There will be three stations at Grand Manan, viz: Flagg's Cove, Woodward's Cove and Grand Harbor. The cable will also be carried to the lighthouse at the Southern Head, known to visitors of the island as the "Southern Cross."

Welchpool and Eastport will also have stations and after the completion by the Dominion government of this expensive necessity, the Grand Mananers can but feel under obligations to the present administration and to those who were instrumental in carrying out so extensive an improvement and convenience. We learn that Hon. John Tilton of Ottawa, son-in-law of D. I. Odell, of this place, was an active and influential friend in securing the appropriation.

THE PROGRESS OF TEMPERANCE

(From the Toronto News)

Persistently, quietly, but always aggressively, the temperance sentiment of the United States marches from victory to victory. It would perhaps be a fairer representation of facts to say "prohibition" sentiment instead of "temperance" sentiment. Part of the force behind several recent explosions of public opinion regarding the liquor trade and the saloon appears to have beeen occasioned by disgust at the operation of saloon rule in city politics. But while this is true, yet its effects might be quite as permanent as though it was from the conversion of voters to total abstinence. So formidable has this movement against the saloon become that it has occasioned a most remarkable frank and outspoken editorial in The Wine and Spirit Circular. This organ of the liquor trade warns the saloon that it must reform or go for the public is becoming disgusted with its evils. In the opinion of The Wine and Spirit Circular, if the saloon does not reform "it will be prohibited in all places save the business or tenderloin precincts of our larger cities." That is plain talk within the party surely.

J. J. McCaffrey, proprietor of the Queen Hotel, Fredericton, has purchased the John G. Adams property in Queen street, in that city, and will convert it into part of his hotel, the improvements to be made this summer. The price paid was about $6,000.

About 110 people took advantage of the excursion along the C. P. R. Saturday afternoon. The suburbanites thoroughly enjoyed themselves and preparations for the summer occupation of the cottages was commenced.

NEW CHURCH DEDICATED

Impressive Ceremonies Mark the Opening of the New Church of the Assumption.

Impressive ceremonies marked the dedication of the new church of the Assumption, Carleton, yesterday. There was an immense congregation and the first mass was celebrated by His Lordship Bishop Casey.

At ten o'clock the dedication service began, and at 10.30 His Lordship began the celebration of pontifical high mass. Rev. A. W. Meahan was deacon, Rev. Father Holland, C. SS R., sub-deacon, Rev. D. Legere, of St. Paul's, Kent Co., high priest, and Rev. J. J. O'Donovan, master of ceremonies. At the offertory the choir sang O Cor Amoris very nicely, Miss Bessie Wetmore excelling in soprano solos.

His Lordship preached an eloquent and powerful sermon from 1 Cor. iii, 17: "The Temple of God is Holy."

A large number were present from the eastern side of the harbor.

A CLEVER CAT

PROVINCETOWN, May 3—Captain D. L. Smith has a large tom cat named Ben Butler. Benjamin has large mitten paws, and woe to the rat that crosses his path. Ben will open every door in the house that has a knob, and let his brother cat Lottie out, but he forgets to close the door. When Ben wants to come in the house and the door is locked he will ring the front doorbell. When the door is opened for him he will say "per-mew" and walk in, as much as to say, "thank you." Ben is very peculiar in his habits; when he wants a drink of water he will go to the sink and turn the faucet. When he has quenched his thirst he will leave the water running. He will drink only running water. Ben has a mania for chickens. When the hatching season begins, Ben has to be locked in an outbuilding for two months.

Lottie, his brother, sleeps in the chicken house and takes care of the sick chickens. He has often cared for six or more sick chickens, and takes it for granted that it is his part of the work. He also also acts in the capacity of watch cat to keep other cats away.

REAL SPIDERS SPOILED IT

PORT JERVIS, N. Y., May 4—Real spiders frightened a bunch of Christian Endeavors at a "spiderweb social" last night given by the society of a local church. In the game cord is strung from the ceiling to picture frames, window shades and chairs until they represent huge webs. These are unwound and at the ends of strings boxes containing good things are found.

When the young women opened up the social last evening several real spiders had taken possession of the manufactured webs and their presence brought forth screams from the girls. Before the girls would proceed with the game they had the insects removed.

The Endeavorers say that wicked boys of the Sunday school are to blame.

Jost Marr, the two-year-old son of Rev. H. D. Marr, pastor of the Carleton Methodist church, passed away at his father's residence, 136 Guilford street, Carleton, yesterday morning. The little lad was painfully burned Sunday week about the hands and legs.



Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer is rich in food-values from Pabst Eight-Day Malt, and very low in percentage of alcohol—much less than other beers.

SAW BRITISH TAKE CASTINE

Mrs. Mercy Jordan Who Has Just Died in Portland Me. Remembers War of 1812.

Mrs. Mercy Jordan of Portland, Me., who died at the age of 99 years, was a living witness of the British invasion of American soil in the latter part of the war of 1812. Only a short time before her death Mrs. Jordan gave a delightful interview to Charles O. Stickney of Birdgeton on the thrilling incidents of the war.

Mrs. Jordan passed her declining years at the home of her grandaughter, Mrs. John O'Donnell. She had no living children but is survived by five grand-children and nine great-grandchildren. Her maiden name was Mercy Bucklin Murray, She was born in Frankfort, Me., April 6, 1808.

Aunt Mercy Jordan came of a decidedly military family. Her maternal grandfather, Timothy Barnes a Massachusetts patriot, fought and was killed at Bunker Hill. Her father, two of her brothers, Levi and Benjamin Murray, and her husband, Asa Jordan, were soldiers of the war of 1812, her father and Levi losing their lives in the service. Moreover she with her mother, her sister Abigail and little brother Abram, from the top of a high ridge beside Penobscot river and near Penobscot bay, saw the arrival of the British invading fleet, under command of Sir John C. Sherbrooke—a powerful squadron, with transports bearing nearly 4000 men, which had come from Halifax to devastate the coast towns—and witnessed the enemy's capture of the town of Castine, on the opposite shore.

That was in the first week of September, 1814. The capture of Castine was followed by visitations of British raiders her widowed mother's home and the houses of their neighbors. They, however, did little else than appropriate eatables and drinkables and terrorize the people—the old men and women and children who were unable to leave the place. She also saw the squadron sail by their home up the river, on its way to Belfast, Hampden and Bangor, where it made valuable captures of property and did great havoc; from which expeditions the enemy came back a fortnight later and sailed out of Penobscot bay, nevermore to return.

Mrs. Jordan's story opened at Fort Point, opposite Castine, on the western side of the water which separates it from Stockton Springs, in what was formerly the town of Prospect. And here it was on a high ridge, on a memorable forenoon of September, 1814, that the heroine of this narrative, little Mercy Murray, alert and observing, nestled by her mother's side, as she saw in the distance the dread squadron of the enemy round up the Castine shore, where it anchored and a detachment of troops took possession of the place. Mrs. Jordan's story, as she told it only a few weeks ago, was as follows:

"Although I was only a small girl at the time the British came up the Penobscot I well remember what an excitement and panic it produced. We expected nothing but that our houses would be burned, all the other property destroyed or stolen our men killed, and the women and children driven from home. It was a terrible state of things, you may well believe.

"I can still in fancy see in the distance the British fleet as it came up the river and anchored at Castine. Mother and I and the two other children were on a ridge in Prospect that overlooked the water. There were more than 100 of us there, including squads of men armed with guns. A portion of the fleet did not stop long at Castine, but came up the bay and river. As one of the big men-of-war came up with its stately masts and bristling cannon, one of our neighbors named Berry Pierce, a thoroughbred Yankee, swung his hat and shouted loud enough to be heard by the ship's officers: "Hurrah for the British! Hope you'll succeed in taking the country!" This so enraged his companions that they would have mobbed him on the spot had not better counsels prevailed.

"Next morning two British officers in quest of a couple of deserters, came to our house and drawing their swords threatened mother with 'instant death' if she had secreted the men and should refuse to disclose their hiding place. Mother assured her unwelcome visitors that she had not seen them. Whereupon they searched the house from cellar to attic, but all to no purpose.

Then seeing some cows grazing on the hill back of us, they told mother to have them driven down to the yard and milked as they were 'deuced hungry.' But mother told them she'd have them understand she 'wasn't in the habit of milking her neighbor's cows!' Which answer greatly amused them. We had a cow of our own on the hill, and mother compromised with the officers by having the cow fetched by brother Abraham and milked for their pleasure. After having drank a quart of milk they went away to search other houses. They soon returned to their ship, followed to the water by Abraham. Their boat, a small wherry, got loose and drifted ashore, and one of the two officers sung out to Abraham to accept the boat 'as payment for his Yankee milk.'

"Two weeks later the fleet came back and sailed out to sea, to the great relief of us all.

Mrs. Jordan was pensioner in the war of 1812. She was a member of the society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

A WAY TO BETTER BREAD

Good housekeepers, it is said, are known by the bread and pastry they provide for their homes. When we come to think of it, is there any one thing in which a housekeeper should excel—in which she should take more pride—than in her snowy, delicious, wholesome home-made bread?

Any woman can make white, light, nourishing bread. One of the commonest causes of failure in the baking is the use of poor flour. Flour, made of Ontario fall wheat alone, though nutritious and faultless as to flavor, is not strong enough. Manitoba wheat, on the other hand, is deficient in fine flavor and delicacy, although full of strength.

A blend of the two has been found to give wonderful results. This does not mean that you can mix them at home—it is difficult to do that except with the finest and most delicate machinery. Many of the best millers are blending the rich Ontario fall wheat with the flinty Manitoba wheat, thus bringing out all the good qualities of both.

With this Ontario Blended Flour, you will have no trouble in making light, white bread—bread with that peculiarly sweet, wholesome taste which one naturally associates with home-made bread.

The last meeting of the common council, as at present constituted, will be held this afternoon at three o'clock. Reports will be received from the various boards and the business generally put in shape for the new council, which will be sworn in tomorrow.

OUR
Men's Suits
At $12 Equal any Tailor-made Suit at $18.00.

Men's Suits $3.98 to $18

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ARRIVED AT THE BREAKING POINT.

Myrtilla—Why did you break off your engagement with Mr. Fargorn?

Miranda—Well, dear, he got to that where he'd rather sit at home with me and hold my hand than take me to the theatre.

All in the Paper

The man in the street car with a newspaper had plenty of room on either side of him, and he heaved a sigh of relief as he opened the sheet and began to read. He had not yet got to the weather report when a little old woman, with a market basket beside her, hitched along toward him and asked:

"Sir, might I inquire if there is any news from Buffalo in your paper?"

"Um! Looking for any particular news?" he asked in reply.

"Well, my husband went to Buffalo two weeks ago to see his brother. He was to write as soon as he got there, but not a word have I heard."

"Um! His name, please?"

"James Shorter. He's a hump-backed man."

"Lemme see! Lemme see! Ah, here we have it."



Opened his paper and began to read.

"What! Is there something in the papers about him?"

"Madame, prepare yourself for a great shock—a great shock."

"He can't be dead?"

"No. It is something worse. He has been arrested for winking at a woman on the street and calling her his "willowy darling," and he may be sent up for three months. How old is your husband?"

"Almost 65. So he winked at a woman, did he—winked at a woman and called her fond names? Almost 65 and in Buffalo to see his brother and yet he winks at a woman in the streets!"

"I am afraid," said the man with the paper, "that your husband is a gay old boy."

"Never you mind what you are afraid of" answered the wife, as she set her jaw. I leave for Buffalo tonight. I take a carriage from the depot to where Jim Shorter is locked up. I tell the police who I am and ask to see him. We are brought face to face, and before Jim has a chance to tell me any lies I am into his hair with both hands and kicking his shins and reducing him to such a wreck that nothing but a few splinters will be found to put on trial for winking. Winking at a willowy woman! Winking 'cause he was out of my sight and feeling gay! Thankee, stranger, but wait 'till I reach Buffalo and do some winking myself!"

JOE KERR.

FOOT BALL TOUR

TORONTO, Ont., May 4—(Special)—J. A. McPherson, manager of the Canadian tour of the Pan-American team champions of the New England football league, was advised yesterday by Manager Murphy of the Pans that all arrangements had been satisfactorily completed. All games in the tour are completed except Galt. Mr. McPherson says there was a mistaken impression in Galt that another team besides the Pans was coming, but now that it is shown that only one team is touring Galt, the fixture will be settled. The dates are: May 18, Dundas; Scots, May 20; Guelph Scots, May 22; Galt, May 24; Seaforth Huron's, May 25; Toronto Thistle, May 29; Peterboro Quakers, June 1; Westmount, Montreal, June 3.

Dorchester, N. B., May 4—Mr. Archibald, dominion patrol officer, is visiting Dorchester on official business in connection with the department of justice. He will visit Halifax and St. John before returning west. At St. John he will be the guest of the Canadian Club.

By the east window of every life grow thorns.

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If you are, you are too busy to come up town to leave your **order** for new **Window Shades,** or to have your old ones made to fit the new windows.

Phone Main 549 and we will send our representative with a full line of samples. He will give you price, &c. Also he can measure the windows where you are going to move to, and we can have your Shades made up, ready to hang the day you move.

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