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Policy with every Suit or Overcoat of Progress Brand Clothing. The manufacturers of Progress Brand Clothing have instructed us to present absolutely free to the purchaser of every Suit or Overcoat made by them which provides for the payment of \$1,000 in case of death or \$500 in case of serious injury by accident. It is only necessary to purchase Progress Brand Clothing to secure this policy.

## Call and Inspect the New Fall Lines

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- Men's Suits, regular \$10 value, now \$6.43
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- Men's Pants, regular \$1.50 value, now 9c
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- Men's Balbriggan Underwear, regular 50c. value, now 38c
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# UNION CLOTHING CO.

26-28 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

Old Y. M. C. A. Building.

ALEX. CORBET, Manager

## Little Pat's Strange Birthday Present

BY MAUD WALKER.

Little Pat O'Hara was, as his name signified, an Irish lad, and as bright a little chap as could be found in this country which was Pat's own by his parents' adoption. Pat was red of hair, freckled of face, and blue of eyes, to say nothing of his smile which was brighter than his hair, freckles or eyes. And Pat's heart was the biggest part of his body, for in it he held love for all of mankind, child, kind and animal, and bird kind. Although Pat's parents were in very moderate circumstances Pat found the means to do many little acts of charity in a quiet way. Whenever he earned a few nickels or dimes (and this happened often, for he was a most industrious little chap) he did not forget to give some of it in alms to the old and poor.

"Do unto them as is poorer than yourself, as you would be done by in like circumstances," was Pat's own version of that grandest of maxims.

Pat's birthday came in the last week of July, and as it was nearing that date Pat's mother began making preparations to celebrate the occasion by giving her little son a party.

"Patsy," said the good mother one morning, "I'm that worried about what to give you for a birthday present. I want to give something that will be of some account, ye know. I don't believe in

what to do. This mornin' he says to me, 'What have we got for Patsy?' And I had to say, 'Nothin' but a horse, that's the finest lad on the earth,' says he. Then I explained that the money was snug in me pocketbook for the gift, but that Pat hadn't made any selection yet. 'Woman,' says yer father, 'go an' git the boy somethin' an' surprise him. Don't let him know what you're after gittin' for his birthday.' 'Well, says I, 'it's Pat's birthday, an' not yours nor mine, an' I'll git nothin' but somethin' that the darlin' boy wants,' says I.

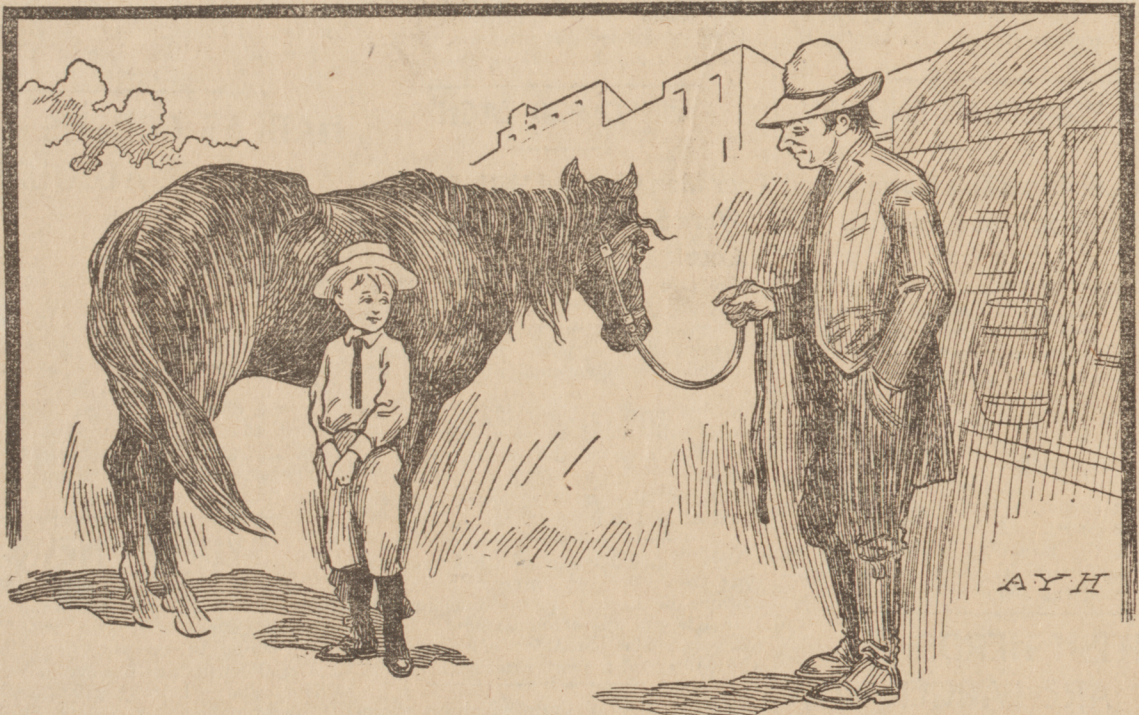
"Right you are, mither mine," said Pat, holding his head close for a pat from his mother's hand and a kiss from her lips. "I'll look out today sure an' find just what I want."

"The party comes off fine tomorrow at two o'clock," explained Pat's mother. "I've cakes all baked an' in the cellar coolin'." The ice-cream man is to freeze the cream in the mornin' an' deliver it at three o'clock. I figured out that the party would go on for an hour before they'd go to eatin' an' enjoyin' themselves. So I want the ice cream to come in fine an' stiff an' cold as ice can freeze it. 'There's nothin' so cooling to both temper and body as ice cream on a hot day.' After talking over the anticipated event of the mornin' Pat said to his mother:

"The first speaker who held the animal by a bridle rein." "But, lorsey, man, I'm offerin' you the horse fer ten dollars," declared the first speaker. "An' he'll do more than fifty dollar's worth of work this fall, an' no mistake. I'm almost givin' the horse away." "Can't see it that way," said the second speaker, whom Pat knew to be a well-to-do farmer from down the river valley. The first speaker was a stranger to Pat, but from his appearance he judged him to be a poor man, very poor, perhaps. And the old horse—how Pat's sympathy was aroused on his behalf! All this aged animal's life had been spent in hard labor, working for men. And now that he was broken down and about ready to die he was put up to sell for what he would bring. And the remaining time he had to live would be spent in labor, for whoever bought a horse like him meant to drive him in harness till he died.

Pat stepped up to the man who owned the old horse, saying: "Maybe I can strike a bargain with you Mister, I heard you say you want to sell this horse."

The first speaker looked Pat over and smiled. "You, bub, buy a horse? Well, let's see your cash." The well-to-do farmer walked slowly away, nodding to Pat to follow him.



"I've bin askin' fifteen dollars for him."

rustin' money on useless things. Now, can you give me a hint as to what I could give ye—something what you'll git use of an' enjoy at the same time?"

Pat sat meditating a few minutes; then he said: "Mither, le's wait about the present till I think it over. I'm not quite certain what I want yet. But I've got a few days to look about and to think."

"All right son," smiled Pat's proud mother, who always gave her Pat the privilege of helping to select his own presents. "In that way the child is never disappointed," she would explain if anyone commented on such a strange procedure. "An' if I go an' git anything without consulting him first I'm likely to bring the very article he doesn't want. So I give him a voice in the matter of his own presents."

So the days rolled by without Pat determining just what he wanted for a birthday gift. At last the "day of grace" arrived and still no present was selected, although Pat's mother often hinted to him that valuable time was slipping by and it would soon be too late to select a present unless Pat and she got their heads together and decided upon something right away.

"Tomorrow is your birthday, son," said the good woman, "and there's nothing to cheer you up and make you remember it. Your father is that worried he don't know

"Well, I'll take a turn down the street an' see if my eyes fall on anything that takes my fancy for a gift. Then I'll run back an' give you the hint."

"That's all right, mither," smiled the mother who was always a comrade to her beloved son. "So while you're gone I'll be gittin' tidyin' up the parlor for tomorrow. I'll be that busy in the mornin' that I'll have little time for fixin' the rooms. We'll all be so excited, Patsy, that we'll not know whether we're standin' on our heads or our feet."

Pat brushed back his stubborn red hair, wiped the dust and perspiration from his freckled face, and taking his straw hat sauntered off down the village street in quest of a choice of a birthday gift. As he went along the one business street his attention was attracted by a conversation between two men who stood at a corner.

"I wouldn't want to sell my ole hoss if it wasn't that my little girl is awful sick an' needs a doctor. I hain't had no crops fer two years now; the drought killed every thing last year just as it was ready to hit harvest. So I've got to sell this ole hoss—an' he's a good one yet fer two years—so to git money to have the doctor."

"No, this horse won't be workin' this time nex' year," asserted the second man, looking at the decayed teeth of an old horse that stood, head drooping, beside

When he got Pat a safe distance from the man with the horse to sell he said: "You're Tim O'Hara's youngster, ain't you? Well, if you've got ten dollars in your pocket keep it there. The old horse is fit for the bone-yard only. He'll never do a good day's work again."

"But ain't the man very poor—an' ain't his little girl sick an' in need of a doctor?" asked Pat innocently.

"Nope, he's just workin' that scheme to get rid of that horse," laughed the well-to-do farmer. "He's an old horse-trader, and when business drags he draws on his imagination for a sick family. I've seen that old fellow about the streets many times, but never heard about his crop failure nor his family before."

Then the well-to-do farmer went on down the street and Pat turned about and went back to the horse dealer. "Ah, ha," said the old man, "so you want to buy a good hoss, do you? Well, here he is. Of course he's a bit worse for wear just now, for my harvestin' has bin heavy this summer an' I've had to put him through the mill, so to speak. But give him a week's rest an' presto, pass!—you've got a new hoss, an' a limber one that can travel some. He's a bit poor, but pasture him a week an' then look at his ribs if you can. After a week on the grass I'll give you a fiver for every bone you can see through his hide."

Pat looked the old horse over and said: "I suppose you are selling him because you have more horses than you know what to do with an' you Mister?" "Shore, sir," assented the horse trader. "I've got a pasture full of 'em, an' as food stuff is high I'm sellin' 'em rather I'm givin' 'em away. Now, have you the money?" "How much?" asked Pat.

"Well, I've been askin' fifteen dollars for him; but seein' as you are a youngster I'll throw off a dollar. I like to treat youngsters well, I do. Have you got fourteen?" "I heard your price to that man a while ago," said Pat, candor and contempt shining from his eyes. "You asked him ten dollars. You also told about a sick child that needed a doctor. But I'm not caring about your stories. I'm sorry for this old horse and I'll buy him if you'll take what money I have for him."

## Daily Fashion Hint for Times Readers.



READY FOR A SHORT TRIP.

Very modish auto coats for dressy wear are those made of the natural color pongee with trimmings in a dark color matched by accessories in the same shade. Gold or brown, that very popular shade of the season, is the color note of the accessories in this instance. The dress worn beneath this coat is of a golden brown made in jumper style and worn with a lingerie waist of fine white tulle. The coat of pongee is three-quarters in length and hangs loose from the shoulders, fastening in front, single breasted, with three fancy metal buttons. There is a triple cape piped with brown taffeta, and are held in place over the shoulders with a pleasing of the brown taffeta which gives a broad, square shoulder line. The back is treated in the same manner as the

front, the pointed ends of these strappings fastening down with large buttons. The awl collar is inset with brown taffeta, and the very full sleeves with the wide mandarin armhole are gathered into a very high double pointed cuff piped with the brown and trimmed with buttons. The hands are encased in brown gloves, and the hat is a small affair known as the Collapsible Auto hat, for the reason that the wide brim turns down protectingly over the back of the head, over which a brown striped grenadine veil is draped. The back brim when not turned down folds up against the crown, simply trimmed with a band of brown velvet and a plain gilt buckle. Golden brown gloves and kid shoes, with matching hose, are to goggle set in a casing of brown leather, complete this very modish ensemble.

"How much have you got to give?" asked the old trader who did not seem to mind Pat's catching him in a yarn.

"I can raise about eight dollars," said Pat. "I've got five in my bank an' my mother has about three to buy a birthday present for me."

After a few moments more of "dickering" for another dollar or two the horse trader agreed to accompany Pat to his home where the deal would be completed. They led the horse along, the poor fellow, hardly able to walk, so stiff he was in his crippled legs.

Pat's mother was told about the matter, Pat, with a dimness in his usually merry blue eyes, saying: "I want this old horse for a birthday present because he has only a few years—or maybe months to live. An' I want him to pass the time restin'. I do. It's awful to be old an' sick an' poor—especially if you are a horse. Don't you think so, mither?"

But "Mither" said never a word. She went into the house, wiping a tear from her eye as she did so, and got from her purse the three dollars. Then she opened Pat's bank, took out the five dollars—all in nickles and dimes—and with this fund went again to the yard where the wary old trader stood holding the horse's bridle rein. Within a few minutes the money and horse were exchanged. Pat's mother handed the bridle rein to him, saying: "It's a strange birthday present, son, but—it's your choice. You have a heart of gold, me darlin' boy."

A telegram was received from the deputy minister of labor expressing regret that the strike had called pending the sitting of the board of arbitration, and advising respective interests to avail themselves of the good offices of the board of conciliation. The minister also advised the chairman accordingly.

The message was not discussed by the lodge. It was agreed that should the lodge's representatives be called by the board they have authority to deal with all matters now in dispute. The meeting especially declared their claims were just and clear, and that nothing short of full concessions would be acceptable.

On resuming its sittings today the board of conciliation, which had been asked for some time ago by the miners, announced through Judge Patterson, the chairman, that as a strike had been declared by the men and was now on, further proceedings before the board, for the present at least, seemed futile. He accordingly adjourned the meeting of the board, to be recalled, if necessary, on notice from the chairman.

For the same reason, therefore, it appears that proceedings for conciliation under the labor disputes act have been rejected. This is the twenty-first strike at Springhill in eighteen years.

The streets have been crowded, and groups are everywhere earnestly discussing the situation.

## SERIOUS STRIKE AT SPRINGHILL

### Sixteen Hundred Miners Are Out and Demand Full Concessions.

Springhill, N. S., Aug. 1.—There is no change in the strike situation tonight, and the mines are idle, 1,600 people being out of work. Pioneer Lodge held a regular meeting this evening, but there was no discussion of the questions at issue.

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## KING LEOPOLD'S ARTFUL GAME

### He Seeks to Retain the Whip-hand in the Affairs of the Congo.

(New York Post.) With the speedy annexation of the Congo by Belgium no longer open to doubt, the conflict between King Leopold and his opponents centres about the character of the new colonial law that is now under discussion. The question involved is whether, under the new regime, the Congo, though Belgian, shall continue to be administered by the king in all matters legislative and executive, or whether the African domain shall be placed under parliamentary authority. The actual government bill assigns the power to the king, whose acts must be counter-signed by a member of the cabinet. A complete report on every phase of the colonial administration must be laid every year before the Belgian chamber, which may then call into question the procedure of the Congo administration. At all other times, the chamber cannot occupy itself with debates or interpellations on the colonies without the consent of the colonial minister, who is to be named by the king in the same manner as the rest of the cabinet. A colonial council of four members, nominated by the king, is to assist the sovereign in such matters as he may submit to its consideration. A separate colonial budget is to be maintained. It is the composition of the colonial council that constitutes the debated point. The opposition demands a council of fifteen, of whom only the head shall be named by the king, four by the chamber, four by the senate, and the rest by various high governmental and judicial bodies. Without such guarantees, it is argued that annexation would only result in saddling the country with the odium of a regime which will, so far as personnel and aims are concerned, remain what it is at present.

## PEOPLE OF NOTE



Clement A. Fallieres  
M. Clement Armand Fallieres, the president of the French republic, was born on Nov. 6th, 1841, at Mezin, France. He studied law and was called to the bar at Mezin. He became the mayor of Mezin and retained this office until 1875. In 1876 M. Fallieres was elected to the Chamber of Deputies and was re-elected twice to this post. In 1880 he was made under secretary to the Minister of the Interior and returned to the Chamber of Deputies in 1881. He has been Minister of Public Instruction, Minister of the Interior, and Minister of Justice. He was elected senator in 1893 and has always been termed a socialist and as standing for the complete separation of church and state in France.

## BABY HAD DIARRHOEA FOR SEVEN WEEKS

Thousands of infants die annually who could be saved by the timely use of Dr. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY.

There can be no doubt about it. Sixty-two years experience has proved this sterling remedy to be the best for Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Cramps, Cholera Infantum, Cholera Morbus Summer Complaint, and all bowel troubles in both children and adults.

Many of the imitations sold are positively dangerous, as they often check the diarrhoea too suddenly and cause inflammation.

Always insist on the genuine Dr. FOWLER'S. Sold at all medicine dealers at 35 cents a bottle.

Mrs. A. B. De Marchand, Bath, N.B., writes: "My baby was troubled with Diarrhoea for nearly seven weeks. I tried three different doctors, but none of them could do her any good. I was advised to try Dr. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY, and less than half a bottle cured her."

Manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

See that their name is on the wrapper and thus insure getting the genuine.

## RELIGIOUS EPIDEMIC

### Indescribable Scenes of Frenzy at a German Revival.

BERLIN, Aug. 1.—An extraordinary epidemic of religious mania, which began some time ago at Cassel, is now rapidly spreading through the surrounding country. It started with a series of revival services, at which two Swedish women, who are credited with unusual spiritual endowments, played a leading part. The meetings steadily increased in fervor, and at present the scenes are almost indescribable.

Every evening members of the congregation start suddenly to their feet and, flinging themselves about with extravagant gestures, stammer inarticulate utterances, which are rapturously hailed as inspired messages. Shrieks, groans and wild confessions of sin uprise, while some claim to have visions of heaven and hell. Men and women are seen in every side, rolling on the floor, in imaginary wrestlings with the evil ones. Some fall unconscious, exhausted by their struggles. Others, thinking they have prevailed over every sin, jump up, and, seizing one of their fellows who is in a similar condition of ecstasy, embrace him or swing him off in a wild dance of triumph.

Women tear off their hats and men their cuffs and collars to symbolize their rejection of the vanities of the world. The bedlamite orgies, which take place at night, attracted at the outset thousands of peasants from the surrounding country to Cassel, but the frenzy has now seized the rural districts, where similar assemblies are going on.

## EMPRESS OF IRELAND MAKES A NEW RECORD

### Five Days, 17 Hours and 25 Minutes from Liverpool to Rimouski is Her Time.

Rimouski, Aug. 1.—There arrived here today on the steamer Empress of Ireland, Lord Stratthorn, Hon. Mrs. Howard, his excellency Taotai, Wu Tse Lin, the Canadian Bisley team, Lord Vivian, Baron and Baroness L. Du Breton, Lord and Lady Hindlip, Baron Du Guerne, Hon. W. W. Vivian and other notable passengers.

The steamer arrived at 9.40 this morning, having made the passage from Liverpool to this port in the record time of 5 days, 17 hours and 25 minutes, which eclipses the famous run of her sister ship, the Empress of Britain two weeks ago by more than four hours. She had 1,558 passengers, 1,204 of whom were for points in Canada, and 215 for the United States, and seventeen for Overseas; 1,528 sacks of Overseas mail and 1,034 sacks of Canadian mail.

This trip concludes the first year's contract of the Overseas mail via the C. P. R. route.

## N. B. SOUTHERN NOW USES C. P. R. STATION

St. Stephen, N. B., Aug. 1.—(Special.)—At 4 o'clock this afternoon the first N. B. Southern train pulled into the C. P. R. station under the new arrangement. It consisted of an engine, one freight, a baggage and mail car, and a passenger coach. Engineer Daniel Moore was at the throttle and Corey Green was conductor.

May 24, 1882, twenty-five years ago, was the last time a Shore Line train was at this C. P. station.

## SWEET CAPORAL



## CIGARETTES STANDARD OF THE WORLD

## OBITUARY

### Samuel Murphy

The death of Samuel Murphy occurred on Wednesday at his residence, 107 Simonds street. Mr. Murphy had been in failing health for some time and was in his sixty-eighth year. He is survived by a widow and two sons.

### Edward Skinner

Edward Skinner, a wealthy Bostonian, who has been in the habit of spending his summers in this province, died Wednesday on his farm at Lands End, aged 36 years. Mr. Skinner had been a sufferer from tuberculosis. He was a son of Dr. Edward Skinner, of Boston, who is a cousin of Hon. C. N. and A. O. Skinner, of this city. A short time before the end Dr. Stewart Skinner, who was in attendance, wired for Dr. Skinner and he arrived in time to be present at his son's death. A sister was also with him. Besides his parents, Mr. Skinner is survived by two sisters. The body has been taken to Boston for burial.

### John Cain

The death of John Cain occurred early Thursday at his residence, 30 Richmond street. He was a son of the late William Cain, who was a well known contractor. The deceased had been ill since Christmas.

### Miss Carrie F. Payson

Miss Carrie F. Payson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Payson, of Westport (N. S.), died on Wednesday morning at Colorado Springs, where she had been for four or five years for the benefit of her health. She was well known in St. John, where she had many friends. She was a member of the Christian church, and an earnest temperance worker. She leaves an aunt, Mrs. E. Payson, residing in St. John; also two cousins, Mrs. Arthur B. Melrose and Miss Stella Payson, both of this city. Miss Payson has visited St. John and also traveled extensively. The funeral will take place at Westport.

A man named Ring, of Brookline, Mass has just died at the age of 100. He leaves 120 descendants.

## The Superfine in Chocolates

Everything that is used in making Stewart's Chocolates—fruit flavors, sugar, cream and chocolate—must be the finest that money can buy. Our years of

experience tell us just how to blend these choice materials to make the most delightful chocolates obtainable.



THE STEWART CO. LIMITED, TORONTO, CAN.

## PAIN

Pain in the head—pain anywhere, has its cause in congestion—blood pressure—nothing else usually. At least, so says Dr. Shoop, and to prove it he has created a little pink tablet, called Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets, which ceases blood pressure away from pain centers. Its effect is charming, pleasantly delightful, though sedate, it surely equalizes the blood circulation.

If you have a headache, it's blood pressure. If it's painful periods with women, same cause. If you are sleepless, restless, nervous, it's blood congestion—blood pressure. That surely is a certainty, for Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets stop it in 20 minutes, and the tablets simply distribute the unobtrusive blood pressure.

Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets  
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

Mrs. Murdoch, of St. John, is a visitor in Summerside, the guest of Mrs. Robert T. Holman.