The Evening Times.

ST. JOHN, N. B., JULY 27, 1908.

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THE EVENING TIMES,
THE DAILY TELEGRAPH.

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KENNEBECCASIS

The little ferry steamer which plies between Rothesay, Mathers Island, Moss Glen, Clifton, Gondola Point and The Willows, with other stopping places en route, was built for service, and not for pleasure. And yet, he who makes the round trip over the zigzag course of some twenty miles, on as rare an afternoon as that of Saturday, brings away impressions which do not pass with the day, but become a part of those experiences which are cherished because they are associated with a beauty that appeals to the senses, and a restful charm that soothes and enchants the mind.

Nature has been singularly kind to this region, which is now brought within such easy reach of the people of St. John. Rothesay itself, nestling among its beautiful trees, which lend an air of seclusion to each lovely home, has a special charm for one whose days are spent in a city the founders of which appear to have regarded trees and lawns as the enemies of progress. And then, when one has boarded the little steamer and moved out where the broad reach of the Kennebeccasis stretches down toward the city, and Long Island with its wooded hills and precipitous cliffs looms up to the left, with Moss Glen clinging to the steep hillside beyond Mathers Island, itself a beautiful gem in a wonderful setting, and away to the right the river opens out toward Clifton and Reed's Point, the changeful beauty of the whole scene takes fast hold upon the mind. Passing through the newly dredged passage between Long Island and Mathers Island, the channel behind Long Island opens up to view, and the visitor gets also a better idea of the great breadth of the river, which between Rothesay and Moss Glen is some three miles. As the little steamer moves back and forth across the river, from landing to landing, there is always that glorious picture made up of the broad river, the islands, the irregular hills and jutting peaks, the forest and farms, the lovely beaches, the houses nestling among trees or standing out in the open, —and over all the sunshine, tempered by a never-failing breeze. And when one has mastered the outlines there is still not a moment which does not reveal some new and delightful bit of scenery. There is the Sugar Loaf, and those other rounded peaks along the shore, covered with thick woods, and suggestive of some mighty upheaval in an era far back in geologic time. There is the wonderful notch behind the Sugar Loaf, seen from above Clifton, with the spire of a church rising among the trees, almost in the centre of the notch, which is itself so elevated that spire and trees stand out against the sky. There are also the beaches of fine sand here and there, especially that at Gondola Point, where, also, shade trees tempt to cool depths of fragrance and beauty. Here and there the white sails of pleasure craft are seen on the river, a canoe glides swiftly by, or a motor boat cleaves the surface, or the quaint ferries propelled by sails are watched with lively interest. And always along shore on either hand there is the suggestion of a peaceful existence, which is peculiarly attractive to those whose minds have been engrossed to weariness in the routine of city life. To such an one, an afternoon on the Kennebeccasis is commended as a sure means of finding a distraction which is alike absorbing and delightful.

TODAY IN CHICAGO

The national convention of the Independence party will be opened in Chicago to-day by Mr. William R. Hearst. Mr. Hearst posed for a time as an injured person who was robbed of the office of mayor of New York, but the recount did not bear out his contention. He will preside at the launching of the new national party, which is now to be organized and to name its presidential candidates.

One of Mr. Hearst's papers, the New York American, gives the following explanation concerning the Independence party and the cause of its existence:

"The Independence Party Convention, which will meet in Chicago Monday, has one paramount purpose. That purpose is to give to honest citizens, who will not vote for a candidate in whose selection they have had no choice, a chance to vote for a candidate selected by them, and not by rulers or autocrats or bosses. In the nomination of Mr. Taft the ordinary Republican had no part. Months before the convention the nomination had been arranged. The delegates met, ratified a choice which had not been made by them but for them, assented to a platform drawn up a thousand miles away from their convention hall and adjourned. In Denver the remnant of a once great party obeyed the instructions of a man who had selected himself as their candidate and placed him in nomination. Then they passively submitted to the platform he had written for them, accepted a running mate he approved, and their labors were concluded. In neither case was there the slightest pretense of making a majority choice—even of naming a man acceptable to the majority of the delegates. And the individual voter had no more to say about the selection than he has to say about the selection of the officers in the United States Steel Corporation. Naturally, such methods in politics create dissatisfaction. There are great numbers of voters who want this country to be a republic, and who, as citizens, want their vote to count for something in its elections. For these was the Independence Party brought into existence, and for these it will stay in existence—always the Independence Party and always an independent party. Because it is independent there can be no attempt to shape its counsels or to influence its choice. The representatives of the people, acting in the people's interests, will choose the man they deem best fitted to their candidate. Their platform will be a platform of independence, voicing a protest against the political systems under which corruption has overridden the laws and special privilege has been permitted to buy protection and immunity. It is a third party arisen to meet the need of a new party—a party to which Democrats who believe in the democracy of Jefferson and Republicans who still adhere to the republicanism of Lincoln, and are denied any word in the old organizations, may come, knowing that their vote will mean something."

If Mr. William R. Hearst had been taken up at his own estimate by the Democrats, there would have been no Independence party. This organization has made considerable headway, but is chiefly interesting as an illustration of what a disgruntled politician with a string of newspapers may accomplish in a given time.

The Montreal Gazette gives this encouragement to a recent correspondent of the Times: "A New Brunswick farmer writes to a St. John newspaper complaining that moose and deer have become so tame that they are doing considerable damage, destroying turnips and garden stuffs. He thinks that as these animals are under the protection of the government, it should compensate the sufferers. There is some sense in this. What more right has the government than anyone else to maintain a nuisance?"

The state dinner at Quebec, at which the speakers were the Prince of Wales, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Earl Dudley and Sir H. DeVilliers, representing respectively the mother country, Canada, Australia and South Africa, was an affair of imperial significance. The address of the Prince was as usual most felicitous, and all the speeches in keeping with the spirit of the occasion.

There has been a large falling off in immigration to Canada this year, compared with last year's figures. The fact causes no regret. Times are a little dull, and an influx of such settlers as many of those who have come to Canada is the last few years is not desirable, even in good times. The country can afford to wait, and choose its new citizens.

Saturday's naval review at Quebec was an imposing demonstration. Everything connected with the tercentenary appears to have been carried out in a satisfactory and successful manner.

The universal peace conference meets in London today. Its educative effect will be of some value, but the time will be long before the world is in the mood for universal peace.

Although Mr. Farman asserts that the aeroplane is safer than the automobile, there are still some of us who rejoice that the walking is good.

ELECTROCUTED IN BATH

Manila, July 27.—Lieut. Oswalt of the Twenty-ninth Infantry met death here today accidentally by eletrocution. The officer was preparing to take a bath and had entered the bath tub when he endeavored to arrange the lighting current to take an electric bath. In some way he came into contact with the wires, receiving the full charge which proved instantly fatal.

AMERICAN CAR AT BERLIN

Berlin, July 27.—The American car in the New York to Paris race arrived here at 8 o'clock this morning.

Mrs. Geo. E. Stevens and daughter, Miss Elnora, left this morning on a visit to relatives in Sackville and Dorchester.

St. John, July 27, 1908. Stores close at 6 p. m.

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That's Attracting Many Buyers

It will pay you to stock up well with shirts at this sale. They are new patterns, good fits. Made by Canada's best shirt makers. See them in our east windows.

85c, 75c Shirt, Sale Price 59c
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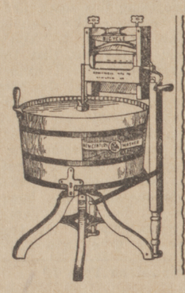
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The Name FAIRBANKS when applied to Weighing Device stands for the Highest Development of Mechanical Perfection.

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We have the largest variety of good Wall Paper at the lowest price in the city. Window Blind Paper by the yard, Window Blinds in Linen and Paper, Cheap Crockery, Cups and Saucers, Plates, etc.,; Granite Ware, the good kind at the low price.

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In fact almost everything you want can be had

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The Only Firm on Charlotte St., for 30 years in the one place. We are the PIONEERS.

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Perhaps there's something needed among your toilet requisites, maybe:—Healing Cream, Powder (face or tooth) Cold Cream or perhaps a Tooth Brush. If so see him, what you want he sells at the price you want to pay.

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Shipped from our own henneries in Sussex (daily). Put up in boxes holding 1 dozen.

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Nice White Shaker Flannels 8c yd up
Printed Cottons, Ducks and Galateas
Grey Cottons 5c yd, Sheeting 2 yd wide 21c
Fine White Longcloth from 10c yard up

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For
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Hat Pins, Bracelets, Chains, Fobs, Etc.

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THE OLYMPIAD "FOREIGNERS"

(From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.)

The hammer throw had been announced,
the bugles had been blown;
The heavy hammers flew and bounced,
by mighty giants thrown.
"Who wins it?" cried the eager throng,
"Who captures this event?"
And the Irish entries came along, retiring
on their tent.

"A foreigner has beaten us,"
They answered with a groan;
"A foreigner—United States—
A fellow named Malone."

A dozen men were crouched to start, and
the starter fired the gun;
And as a bow projects a dart, the men
were off to run.
"Who wins it?" cried the eager crowd,
"Who captures this event?"
And the German sprinters, sad and
bowed, retired upon their tent.

"A foreigner has conquered us,"
They said, and winced a bit;
"A foreigner—United States—
His name is Otto Schmidt."

The hurdle race was duly called, and the
starter fired the shot;
And some there were were overhauled,
and some there were were not.
"Who wins it?" cried the multitude,
"Who wins this last event?"
And the Frenchmen, beaten and subdued,
retired upon their tent.

"A foreigner outhurdled us,"
They said with little heart;
"A foreigner—United States—
A man named Bonaparte."

The running jump was on the card, and
men went high aloft;
And some men hit the island hard, and
others hit it soft.
"Who wins it?" cried the eager mass,
"Who captures this event?"
And the Swedish jumpers sadly passed,
retiring on their tent.

"A foreigner has won," they said,
"Some fellow from Wisconsin—
He jump like sixty, and his name,
His name ban Yonny Yonson."

IN LIGHTER VEIN

A DEAR FRIEND.

"I hear yer frien' Tamson's marriet again." "Aye, so he is. He's been a dear frien' tae me. He's cost me three waddin' presents an' twa wreaths."

ALL FOR HIM.

"Your fiancee seems to have a will of her own."

"Yes, and sometimes I half regret that I'm the sole beneficiary."—Philadelphia Press.

THE LAST AWFUL DAY.

Father (just home from journey, to his daughters)—"Did your mamma seem to miss me much?"

Daughter—"Not at first, but yesterday she seemed in great trouble."—Fliegende Blaetter.

W. J. BRYAN ACCEPTS.

This is so unexpected!
If I were more collected
Perhaps your gracious offer I'd decline,
But modesty compels me,
And shrinkingly it tells me,
To whisper, "I am yours since you are mine."

I've loved you since I've known you,
Yet I have surely shown you
My bashfulness and maiden modesty,
And that is why I ponder
On this, the latest wonder—
How did you ever come to think of me?
—S. M. C., in The New York Tribune.

"CALL ME PEET!"

Mr. Peet, a very diffident man, was unable to prevent himself being introduced one evening to a fascinating young lady, who, misunderstanding his name, constantly addressed him as Mr. Peters, much to the gentleman's distress. Finally summoning up the courage, he earnestly remonstrated: "Oh, don't call me Peters. Call me Peet!"

"Ah, but I don't know you well enough, Mr. Peters," said the young lady, blushing, as she withdrew behind her fan.—Catholic News.

JUST LIKE US.

Mrs. Blank, wife of a prominent minister near Boston, had in her employ a recently engaged colored cook as black as the proverbial ace of spades. One day Mrs. Blank said to her:

"Matilda, I wish you would have oatmeal quite often for breakfast. My husband is very fond of it. He is Scotch, and you know that the Scotch eat a great deal of oatmeal."

"Oh, he's Scotch, is he?" said Matilda, "Well, now, do you know, I was thinkin' all along dat he wasn't des like us."—Woman's Home Companion.

WHAT HE WOULD DO.

A few farmers had congregated in the village inn, and were sorrowfully discussing a recent long-sustained drought. The local imbecile was there, too, and was laughing at their misfortunes.

"You fellows have a lot to say about the weather," he said, "but I could tell you how to grow your potatoes without depending on the rain."

"Well, Tommy, and how would you do that?" asked one of the farmers.

"Why," said Tommy, "I would plant rows of onions between the potatoes."

"Well, and what good would that do?"

"Don't you see," answered the hare-brained one, "the onions would make the potatoes' eyes water, and that would keep the ground always damp!"—Spare Moments.

OBITUARY

Mrs. George A. Gordon

A despatch to J. Herbert Crockett on Friday night from George A. Gordon, Vancouver (B.C.), brought news of the death of Mrs. Gordon, formerly Mrs. Thomas A. Crockett, of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon had been living in San Diego for five years. On June 23 last they left there for Vancouver in the hope to benefit Mrs. Gordon's health, as she had been suffering from nervousness. Mrs. Gordon leaves, besides her husband, one daughter, Miss Helen E. Crockett, one brother, Samuel Parks, in Mattawamkeag (Me.), and one sister in Santiago. W. J. Parks, of St. John, is a relative. Many here will be sorry to learn of Mrs. Gordon's death.

James O'Neill

James O'Neill, for a great many years a respected resident of the parish of St. Martins, died on Friday at the home of Thomas McGuire at South Bay, where he had removed last spring. Mr. O'Neill was born in Shanklin settlement, St. Martins, eighty-four years ago and had lived there practically all his life. His wife died thirty years ago. Mr. O'Neill is survived by two nephews, Rev. A. J. O'Neill, of Silver Falls and John O'Neill, of Haymarket square. The funeral took place yesterday at Ryan settlement. Among those who accompanied the body to Ryan settlement was James Lowell, M.P.P.

Samuel A. McGowan

The death occurred in the parish of Simonds on Thursday, the 23rd inst., of Samuel A. McGowan, son of the late Robert McGowan. He was a native of Barnesville, but for some years had resided in Boston. He was 29 years of age and leaves a wife and three children residing in Boston. Three sisters also survive. They are: Miss Laura, of Chicago; Mrs. Frank Baxter, of Simonds, and Mrs. George Harding, 8 St. Paul street.

Mr. McGowan had been ill about five or six weeks and came from Boston about nine days before his death occurred.

The funeral was held on Saturday to the family lot in Barnesville.

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If you have delayed purchasing your hard coal don't put it off any longer. Gibbon & Co., will give you your supply now at prices that will make a large saving for you.

See their advertisement today.

Handsome Dining Chairs.

We have received our fall of stock of dining chairs, and for beauty and finish they cannot be surpassed. Our low prices will suit your pocket book. They are in mahogany, quartered-cut oak and royal oak.

DINING CHAIRS, per set, five chairs and arm chair, from $11.50 up to $65.00.

WHITE ENAMEL IRON BEDS, from $3.30 up.

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If you want a good brass bed, we have them. No cheap or trashy brass beds in stock.

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The Great English Remedy.
Tones and invigorates the whole nervous system, makes new Blood in old Veins. Cures Nervous Debility, Mental and Brain Worry, Despondency, Sexual Weakness, Emissions, Spermatorrhoea, and Effects of Abuse or Excesses. Price $1 per box, six for $5. One will please, six will cure. Sold by all druggists or mailed in plain pkg. on receipt of price. New pamphlet mailed free. The Wood Medicine Co. (Formerly Windsor) Toronto, Ont.

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Straw Hats and Caps
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Special Bargains in Ladies' Plain Cotton Hose, Black, 10c. pair, Tan 12c. pair.

Special Values in Hand Bags, 29c. Gloves, Ribbons, Laces, etc. Get our prices.

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