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" 4 "	1:05 p.m.	" 13 "	9:00 a.m
" 14 "	6:45 p.m.	" 7 "	12:35 p.m
Nos 1, 2, 3 and 4 daily.		" 1 "	1:05 p.m

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July 2nd, 9 a.m	Vancouver	July 2nd, 6 p.m
July 9th, 9 a.m	Scotsman	July 9th, 6 p.m
July 16th, 9 a.m.	Yorkshire	July 16th, 6 p.m

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May 18th.....	Canada	June 2nd, 7:30 a.m

First Cabin—$50 and upwards single; $105 and upwards return.

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Montreal and Liverpool, calling at Rimouski and Moville.

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Parisian.....June 18	June 18th
*Carthaginian.....June 25	June 25th
Californian.....June 30	June 30th

First cabin, $52.50 and upwards; 2nd cabin, Liverpool, Derry and London, $35; and by Parisian or Californian, $34.25. Steerage $22.50 and $23.50 by Parisian and Californian. New York to Glasgow, Mongolian, 19th May, cabin $45.

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BLACKPOOL GAYETY.

STRIKING SCENES AT AN ENGLISH CONEY ISLAND.

The Summer Paradise of the Cotton Spinners of Lancashire—Jolly, Free and Easy Crowds and the Amusements In Which They Indulge.

There are some mistaken ideas about the solemnity of British crowds as contrasted with the gayety of French gatherings. People think the English do not know what to do with themselves on a holiday and that they get drunk from sheer ennui. Those who think this have never lived in the cotton manufacturing districts of Lancashire and still less have they been to Blackpool, the Coney Island of every factory hand from Accrington to Blackburn, for even to be in this delectable spot is to be happy, apart from any amusement offered there. Every factory town gives its hands a vacation of a week in the season, and they betake themselves to Blackpool. Not a soul among the factory people is left in town—man, woman or child—save the sick or bedridden. Each town must choose a different week for its holiday, for Blackpool, though quite a large place, could not contain all the hordes that descend upon it, and it would be impossible to get the people to go to any other place for their outing.

For days beforehand the "lasses" are seen on the street, their heads bristling with crimping pins or curl papers, preparing the marvelous holiday bang which sticks out indefinitely in front, a veritable haystack. The shawl worn over the head on working days is scornfully cast aside, and in its place is worn a hat unlike anything ever seen by American eyes. Monstrous in shape and huge in size is this hat and covered with bows of ribbon startling in color. Add feathers and flowers galore, and you have a structure which merits a holiday.

At this time of general exodus trains start at 2 and 4 o'clock in the morning, filled with joyful, noisy, singing people. They seem never to stop eating, drinking and singing, and they keep it up during the entire week.

Blackpool is an elongated town, stretched out three miles along the coast, and entirely composed of lodging houses, hotels and "publics"—myriads of "publics," every other house being of this description, and each and all are jammed with people. The lodging houses are jammed, too, the saying being that as soon as one man gets out of a bed another is ready to occupy it. For what use is a bed to one, after all, when one isn't in it? It would be snobbish to wish to retain it.

In Blackpool there are no toboggan slides or other such manifold shows as we get up to tickle the fancy of our Coney Island public. Simple amusements suffice the cheerful Lancashire lad and his broad faced, buxom lass. Chief among these is bathing or "paddling." And to unwonted American eyes the bathing beach is a strange sight. The men and women bathe on different parts of the beach. The men's costume consists merely of "tights," while that worn by the women is of some light cotton material, generally pink in color, a blouse cut low in the neck, with short sleeves and drawers to the knee—no stockings, no skirt. Those who have these costumes are considered quite aristocratic, for most of the lasses merely gather their skirts high around them in the most naive fashion and paddle away serenely.

But it is on the promenade that the crowd swarms thickest and the noise is greatest. This is a broad asphalt walk, raised from the sand and stretching from one end of the town to the other. Here is a never ending procession. They come shoving and pushing eight or ten abreast, every one singing "Daisy Bell," "The Old Kent Road" or some other antiquated topical song. It takes some time for a new song to make its way to Blackpool. The people jostle and push and poke each other in the ribs, and all are good natured and shining faced and vulgar.

Introductions are not necessary. Total strangers chaff each other as they pass, while the children everywhere suck oranges or blow whistles. But with all this riding and strolling and singing one gets a great thirst, and there is always a "public" at hand. You hear the twanging of a banjo in the distance and you join the crowd which flocks around it. It heralds the "nigger minstrels," popular everywhere in England.

Then you hear some one suggesting a visit to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and you get into the electric car—the pride of Blackpool and the only one nearer than Liverpool, and most wonderfully slow it is. In the car the singing and the good natured horse play continue. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" proves to be a little hut on a bluff in front of which stand images of Uncle Tom and Little Eva. Inside the principal attractions are marionettes, and ginger pop and the sucking of oranges are redoubled. Outside groups of men and women are throwing cocoanuts at painted images. If you hit the image three times, you get the cocoanut. This is all the attraction there is to draw one to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," yet it is filled day in and day out with a never failing crowd. You must not forget to visit the Eiffel tower, the crowning glory of Blackpool, and exactly like the original one in Paris, only half its size. Afterward if you are bold and enterprising you can go out for a "sail."

But this halcyon time cannot last forever, and all too soon the week is at an end. The last orange has been sucked. Goodby to Uncle Tom and Little Eva and to the endless walking and singing on the promenade. Next week it will be work again for these people, but Blackpool is no loser, for it will be invaded by a new horde and still another, until it settles down for its winter sleep.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

They Saw the Real England.

A New Year's calm seemed to have fallen upon a certain village not 20 miles from London as three American tourists strolled through it. Not a soul was abroad save the geese and fowls on the common. "This," said the Americans, "is real England." And they turned up a muddy by lane to sniff England's New Year's peace to the full. In doing so they stumbled upon an antique cottage with a quaint board over the door. They approached to inspect the board, and from the inside of the cottage came the sound of about 20 yokels' voices, all differently drunk. "This," said the Americans, "is more real England."—London Globe.

The injection of morphine is a habit that is unfortunately on the increase in France, especially among the middle classes. On statistics furnished by the pharmacists it is estimated that there are in Paris at least 50,000 victims of the morphine habit, the majority of whom are women.

There Are Many

Kinds of men's three dollar shoes sold in the city, but if you want three dollars' worth of wear, style, and comfort try the Slater shoe. Haines & Lockett, sole agents.

Frontenac Cafe. Pure ice cream.

AN INCONVENIENT BIRD.

A Housewife's Experience With a Hungry Man and a Turkey.

In the days "before the war" a family of hard working people lived in a border county of Mississippi. Their home was situated upon the "big road" which led from Alabama northward into Mississippi. They did not keep a tavern, but they often fed the wayfarer.

One Saturday the housewife roasted a large turkey, baked a batch of bread and made a number of pies. She was ready for her Sunday dinner and expected to go to church the next day. The services were held a number of miles away.

After 2 o'clock that Saturday afternoon a single horseman appeared. He asked for his dinner and fed his horse in the ample stable of the farmer. The housekeeper was busy and the man in haste, so she set the turkey before him, thinking that he would not make much of an impression upon it.

The stranger sat down in front of the turkey and set to work. He cut into the breast of one side and ate it all. His appetite was only whetted. He demolished the wing and then cut off the leg. The drumstick disappeared and the upper joint was stripped. The woman stood aghast. She pattered out to the back porch, where her pies were cooling, and, selecting a tempting apple pie, set it before her guest. He put it to one side and turned the untouched side of the turkey toward him. He cut off the wing and the leg. The woman saw her Sunday dinner disappear before her eyes.

At length, having exposed all the bones of the large fowl, he attacked the pie and left not a crumb.

The woman sank in a chair near by. She was too much overcome for a moment to speak. Then she said:

"You seem to have enjoyed the turkey. There is not so much left as I expected."

She could say no more. She felt that words were inadequate to the occasion.

The man pushed back his chair, took out his quill toothpick, crossed his knees and sighed with satisfaction. Then he spoke:

"Well, madam," said he, "a turkey is a very inconvenient bird."

He fell to ruminating. His countenance expressed the benevolence which a good dinner is apt to produce in a man.

The woman waited for him to explain, but he was silent. Then she said:

"Why is the turkey inconvenient?"

"Well, madam, it is a little too much for one and not quite enough for two," replied her guest.

The woman fainted.—St. Louis Republic.

AMATEUR DETECTIVE WORK.

It Made One Man Dishonest and Let the Guilty Escape.

"Some years ago," said a Kensington manufacturer of cloth, "I found that my mill was being robbed; once or twice a month a piece of finished goods would disappear. As the thefts were all from the finishing room suspicion naturally pointed to the hands there, and after a long while of amateur detecting I felt pretty sure I had my man. Yet I had no evidence against him, nor could I, to save my soul, get hold of any. I just suspected him, you know. So one pay day I tested his honesty.

"On pay day, you must understand, each hand's money is given him in a sealed envelope, on which is written his time, his rate per hour and the amount due. Well, there was due this man $12, and in his envelope I put $22—$10 too much. As I had expected, he said nothing. So I discharged him. This man had worked for me eight years. Times were hard, and he lay idle for eight or nine months; then moved away with his family.

"Scarcely had he moved away when the thefts, which had ceased for nearly a year, began once more. Once more I turned detective, this time with better luck, for I caught the thief, and I traced every piece of cloth he had stolen. The man discharged was innocent save in the case of the $10."

One of the manufacturer's small audience spoke gravely: "Yes, you did a clever thing. You made a thief of an honest man. You placed in an honest man's way an almost unconquerable temptation when one considers the size of the salary you paid him. The man fell because you tripped him up. The Bible, I think, says something somewhere about such deeds, and you are promised your reward."—Philadelphia Record.

The New Footman.

Fun seems all the funnier when coming from the Quakers, because it is unbooked for and in contrast with their usual sobriety. For instance, what could be funnier than the method used by Nicholas Waln, a gifted minister of the Friends, who lived in Philadelphia during the last century, to mortify the carnal pride of his wife? The story as told in The Christian Standard is as follows:

The wife of Nicholas Waln was an only daughter, and for those days possessed a very large inheritance. She thought it would be suitable to her wealth and station to have a footman behind her carriage. This wish being frequently expressed, her husband at last promised to comply with it.

Accordingly the next time the carriage was ordered for the purpose of making a stylish call she was gratified to see a footman mounted. When she arrived at her place of designation, the door of the carriage was opened and the steps let down in a very obsequious manner by the new footman, and great was her surprise and confusion to recognize in him her own husband.

Our First War Vessels.

The outbreak of the Revolutionary war found the patriots without a navy. Congress had to create one. Four merchantmen were first purchased, hastily equipped with guns and sent to sea as cruisers, but their defects as war vessels soon became so apparent that congress determined at once to set about the building of a navy. On Oct. 3, 1775, congress ordered two cruisers built, and on Dec. 13 the order was increased to five 32 gun ships, five 28 gun ships and three 24 gun ships. They were to be ready for the sea by the following April. The names given to the 13 vessels were Boston, Congress, Effingham, Delaware, Hancock, Montgomery, Providence, Raleigh, Trumbull, Virginia, Warren, Washington and Randolph. These were the first war vessels constructed in the United States.

The first commander in chief was Ezekiel Hopkins of Rhode Island, a young brother of Congressman Stephen Hopkins. He was appointed to this high office on Dec. 22, 1775.—Boston Transcript.

Satisfactory Proofs.

"Do you think she loves you?"

"I don't know. I'm all in the dark."

"Well, if she entertains you that way, I think it's pretty good proof."—Philadelphia North American.

The Bay of Quinte Ry. new short line for Tweed, Napanee, Deseronto and all lake points. Train leaves City Hall depot at 4:00 p.m. R. J. Wilson, C.P.R. telegraph office, Clarence street.

Fruits, "Ganong's" confectionery. Frontenac Cafe.

FLOWER VIEWING IN JAPAN.

A National Custom to Make Family Excursions In Blossom Time.

Miss Ida Tigner Hodnett writes of "The Little Japanese at Home" in St. Nicholas. Miss Hodnett says:

It is one of the national customs to go out on excursions, in parties of two or three families, to view the flowering trees and plants in their season. The Japanese love all flowers, but prefer those to which they look up—the flowers of trees. They visit the plum blossoms in February or early March; the cherry, especially beloved, in April; the lotus in July, azaleas during the summer, chrysanthemums in the autumn and camellias in December. In the pleasure grounds connected with every temple there are always magnificent collections of flowers. An expedition especially to see the flowers is called a hanami, or flower view.

The bank of the Sumida river, which crosses the city of Tokyo, is covered with cherry trees. These give a pleasant shade, and the spot is a favorite promenade for the citizens all the year round, but in time of "cherry bloom" the crowds that throng the avenue are larger than ever. It is crowded on moonlight nights and also when the snow lies freshly fallen.

Being fully alive to the beauty of their country, wherever there is a point from which a picturesque view may be obtained the Japanese will build a pavilion, or a teahouse, or some similar place of repose, from which the eyes may feast on the lovely landscape. In the family picnics or excursions, which are frequent, some place of beautiful situation from which there is a good view either of land or sea is always selected.

These expeditions are not discontinued even when the cold of winter comes. Snow scenes are greatly enjoyed, and when the freshly fallen snow is lying on the ground numerous parties are seen at points commanding a fine view. The children are never excluded, but accompany their elders on all such occasions.

An Egyptian Village.

"An Artist Among the Fellaheen" is the title of an article in The Century by R. Talbot Kelly, the English artist. Mr Kelly says:

The country about Kahboona is, I think, the most beautiful in Egypt. Being the center of the date growing industry, large groves of palms are so numerous as to be almost one continuous forest, broken here and there by small open patches of berseem and vegetables, principally beans, the fragrance of which in the early spring is delicious and, under the hot sun and with the drowsy hum of the wild bees, makes one long to lie in the shade of the trees and dream forever. The town itself is buried in the midst of a particularly dense grove, and on one side is the usual birkeh, or pool of infiltrated water, common to all villages, and meaning so much illness and epidemic among the people. These birkeh are formed by the excavation of the mud with which the houses are built, and, filling with water, they usually become open cesspools into which all the filth of the village percolates, breeding millions of mosquitoes as well as malaria. As if this were not enough, the village cemetery was placed on the brink of the pool, the graves being below the water level, and I actually saw women drawing water from the pool for domestic use! Needless to say, I touched no water in this village, except that which my own men brought from a distance.

The Inquest.

An old German, being drawn to serve on a coroner's jury, sat stupidly and stolidly listening to the evidence for an hour or so. Then he became weary in his attention. Suddenly he fixed his eyes on the corpse, advanced to it and raised the corner of the sheet. "Mein Gott, shentlemens," he exclaimed, starting back in surprise and fright, "dot man ish dead!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Reassuring Her.

"I get so downhearted sometimes, doctor, that I am almost on the point of despairing of being cured by medicines at all and going to the faith healers."

"Humbug, my dear madam! Transparent humbug! Here is something that will do you more good than all the faith doctors in the world can do you."

And he gave her a bread pill.—Nuggets.

The wearing of hats in parliament by the members may be traced back to the time when those who were summoned to legislate, or rather to authorize the king to make levies, came in wearing helmets, which were not easily removed.

In London one policeman is required for every 312 of the population, in the boroughs one for every 697 and in the rural districts one for every 1,150.

Get Around

To Abernethy's shoe store for that new pair of shoes you want.

Substitution
the FRAUD of the day

See you get Carter's,
Ask for Carter's,
Insist and demand
CARTER'S Little Liver Pills
The only perfect Liver Pill
Take no other,
Even if
Solicited to do so.
Beware of imitations
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RED.

Choice Pastry, Cakes, Buns, Etc.,
Fresh Every Day.
Toye's, King Street.

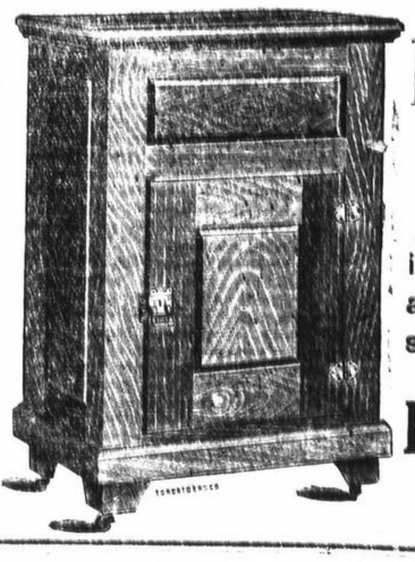
You Have No Right to Marry

if you are a consumptive, and the day is not far distant when such an act will be illegal—a crime against the state, as it is a crime against nature. Men and women who have inherited or acquired a tendency to pulmonary weakness should guard well against the first approaches of *consumption*. They should, above all things, keep their general health up to the normal standard by keeping the digestive system in good order, because *consumption* is a disorder of mal-nutrition. Such persons should beware of colds, for no cough is unimportant. They should avoid dampness; dress in pure wool, and have plenty of sleep. A cough shows either the lodgment of matter in the bronchial tubes, or else an irritated condition of the lungs and air passages. Do not neglect digestive symptoms! I have before me the portrait of a lovely young girl. When I first knew her she was but seventeen; at nineteen I saw her lying in the coffin, white and pure as the roses clasped in her attenuated fingers. Her first symptoms pointed to stomach trouble; but they were neglected. She grew frail and slender as a lily. Her lover—for she was engaged to be married—urged her to wed and go South with him; but she gently refused. Her family did not realize that the doom was upon her. Mothers, do not neglect such symptoms in your dear ones, or you may see them drifting from you, as did my dear young friend from her heart-broken mother. Stomach troubles are the initial symptoms of that fatal form of consumption which attacks the whole system, but does its most deadly work in the bowels. Tone up the stomach by means of some good preparation of herbs, and break up the cough with **Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure.** A grand remedy, pure, harmless, healing, tonic and expectorant. You will not waste your money, for it is sold on a guarantee to refund the price if it fails to relieve.

Messrs. S. C. Wells & Co., Le Roy, N. Y.:

GENTLEMEN: Three weeks ago I contracted a severe cold, which settled in my throat and bronchial tubes, giving evidence of a siege liable to last for months, as my previous colds had always affected me. More as an experiment than anything else, I decided to try Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure, and with most gratifying results. The first bottle dislodged the enemy; the second entirely expelled it from my system; and it is with sincere belief in its efficacy that I add my testimony to that of many others in its favor.

PIERRE CUSHING, Rector of St. Mark's Church, Le Roy, N. Y.



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A Porous Leather

"Kidduck"—which evaporates perspiration, keeps the foot dry, warm and hardy, while shedding water like a duck's back. Can be had only in the $4 and $5 grades of the Goodyear Welted—

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