

BOER GENERALS RECEIVED BY KING EDWARD ON BOARD ROYAL YACHT.

Botha, DeWet and Delarey Shaken by the Hand of Britain's Monarch—Roberts and Kitchener Their Companions Back to London.

Southampton, Aug. 16—Generals Botha, DeWet and Delarey arrived here this morning and met with a great reception from government officials and the public. The Boer generals looked remarkably well and evidently were much pleased at the heartiness of the welcome accorded them. Soon after landing they boarded the steamer Nigera, where Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, Earl Roberts and General Lord Kitchener greeted them. They were also introduced to Mrs. Chamberlain and to Roberts, with whom they chatted for some time.

of extra work. It pays on very fine horse—Sunday-go-meeting ones I mean. The stockings disposed of, Mrs. Chick turned to a heap of miscellaneous clothing. She examined a pair of gray flannel bloomers; a hole in the front of each was their only defect.

"These were mine," remarked Mrs. Rodney. "While worn them out so, sliding face downward on a rough board. If I had had like them for patches, I should hardly have given them up." "Ready-made, were they?" "Yes, that is the worst thing about ready-made clothing—nothing to mend with. I thought possibly those poor freezing children might be glad of them patched with a different color, even."

"Not the least need of that; here is just the patch—one for each." Mrs. Chick's visitors were already at work, ripping off an outside pocket. "There! They will do nicely without holes out there, and indeed in all the pockets. Mrs. Gray, if you will cut the holes out there, check and fit this in so as to match the check, and if they are pressed the patch will be scarcely noticed."

port; tug Lillie, Farris, for Digby, with yacht Eucora. CANADIAN PORTS. Bathurst, Aug. 15—Artd, smt Norwood, from West Hartpool. Halifax, Aug. 15—Artd, bark Detroit, from Rio Janeiro; schr. Canada, from Port Rico.

BRITISH PORTS. Barry Island, Aug. 15—Passed, smt Oroyo, from St. John (N. B.), for Sharpness. Dublin, Aug. 15—Sd, bark Marie, for Northampton. Glasgow, Aug. 15—Artd, schr. Mary Lloyd, from Liverpool. Liverpool, Aug. 15—Artd, smt Celtic, from Liverpool. London, Aug. 15—Artd, smt Celtic, from Liverpool. London, Aug. 15—Artd, smt Celtic, from Liverpool.

FOREIGN PORTS. Antwerp, Aug. 15—Artd, smt Tonia, from St. John. Antwerp, Aug. 15—Artd, smt Tonia, from St. John. Antwerp, Aug. 15—Artd, smt Tonia, from St. John.

MARRIAGES. McALLISTER-POLLOCK—At Chipman, on August 15th, Mr. McAllister and Miss Pollock, both of Chipman. McALLISTER-POLLOCK—At St. Paul's church, Hampton, August 14th, by Rev. E. D. Schofield, pastor, assisted by the Rev. E. A. Warford and Mr. Gladstone, the Rev. Henry Irvine Lynde, pastor of St. Paul's church, and Miss Mary Wedderburn, daughter of his Honor Judge Wedderburn.

DEATHS. BROWN—At Fairview, near St. Martin's, N. B., on August 18th, William E. Brown, aged 85 years.

SHIP NEWS. PORT OF ST. JOHN. Arrived. Friday, Aug. 15. Smr St. Croix, Fike, from Boston (direct). Smr St. Croix, Fike, from Boston (direct).

Smr St. Croix, Fike, from Boston (direct). Smr St. Croix, Fike, from Boston (direct). Smr St. Croix, Fike, from Boston (direct). Smr St. Croix, Fike, from Boston (direct).

Smr St. Croix, Fike, from Boston (direct). Smr St. Croix, Fike, from Boston (direct). Smr St. Croix, Fike, from Boston (direct). Smr St. Croix, Fike, from Boston (direct).

Smr St. Croix, Fike, from Boston (direct). Smr St. Croix, Fike, from Boston (direct). Smr St. Croix, Fike, from Boston (direct). Smr St. Croix, Fike, from Boston (direct).

Smr St. Croix, Fike, from Boston (direct). Smr St. Croix, Fike, from Boston (direct). Smr St. Croix, Fike, from Boston (direct). Smr St. Croix, Fike, from Boston (direct).

A RIDE FOR LIFE.

By Mark Goodwin.

"Going to the upper camp, Dave!" The stout lumberman who spoke to the foreman of the Wolf Creek Lumber Company used a tone which made Dave Rhodes pause, bridge in hand and ask in reply: "Sarter early, that's true. But I tell you, Dave, the night before the dam busted looked just like that sky up yonder. You sleep with your eyes open to-night, and it begins to rain, just you get out fast as Billy can fetch you."

"I know what Tim Miller's notion is. He thinks the dam isn't safe, and I believe he's right. I'll set a gang to work on it to-morrow, before anything does happen." When he reached the upper dam he grasped it to get out of the rain, and made a pretty close examination. "Better than I thought," said he, "still if the Old Wolf did get on a tear, away should go. I'll have it fixed right away." He resumed his ride, and gained the little cabin at the top an hour before nightfall, in good time for his duties.

There were no men at work on the upper dam just now, so he was alone on the mountain, without a companion save his faithful horse, Billy. What it was that prompted him to give the little fellow an extra rub-down and an extra feed before he left the little log stable, Dave never knew, but something did. Billy was unusually well cared for when his master went to get his own supper in the cabin, which was nothing more than a little room with a fireplace added onto one end of the stable. After he had his supper Dave smoked a pipe or two by his fire—the mountain air is chilly at night, even in midsummer. Then, weary with his day's work, he spread the blanket on the cot in the corner and prepared to go to bed. A deep sigh of the wind through the trees caught his ear, and he listened a moment.

"I turn in," he said, and went outside the cabin. The wind had risen, but the clouds were not heavy, and a misty moon now and then peeped through their ragged edges. "Don't think it will rain," he muttered, "though I don't like that sign in the timber. It usually means trouble. However, there's no use running after bad luck. May as well go to bed and get rested for it, if it comes—which probably it will not."

Advertisement for Castoria, featuring the text 'What is CASTORIA?' and 'The Fac-Simile Signature of Chas. H. Wetmore'. The ad describes Castoria as a harmless substitute for opium, containing neither opium, morphine, nor other narcotic substance. It is guaranteed to be effective by millions of mothers. The ad also includes a signature of Chas. H. Wetmore and the text 'Appears on every wrapper'.

Mrs. Chick's Economies.

Everybody wondered how Mrs. Chick managed to keep her four children so neatly dressed on so small an income. Mrs. Rodney, her next door neighbor, for instance, with twice the income and but half the family, was brought to the verge of nervous prostration over the problem of stockings, jackets and trousers for her two lussy boys. She was continually buying and mending, she declared, and yet the boys would be out-at-elbows, their flimsy little stockings, or else they felt ashamed to walk to school by the side of the neat, well-dressed chicks.

"The ladies of Boone Park sent a barrel of clothing to the Kansas sufferers. While the packing committee were surrounded by heaps of cast-off clothing, in all stages of repair and unrepair, Mrs. Chick fluttered in. She had a package in her hand, and nodded right and left to the ladies, in a bird-like way, while her garments black-eyed, darted from one pile of garments to another, as if in search of unrealized possibilities.

"Mrs. Chick, you are just the woman we were wishing for! We ought to have had a mending committee headed by you. Here are so many articles too warm and good to reject, and yet we hate to send ragged garments."

"I should think so!" exclaimed Mrs. Chick, unable to conceal her inherent haughtiness. "We ought to go on the reputation of a five-cent card is gone very quickly." "Yes, indeed! I have given up buying in cards. I buy a skein of fine Saxony instead. One skein will last for years, and costs but fifteen cents."

Mrs. Chick's Economies.

made in combination are much more expensive than the common two-piece suits. So I buy those and sew them together, cutting off the vests at the waist line. It is easily done, and the saving in original cost, there an easy way to which one can put these curtains," pointing to the little petticoat. "The pieces cut from my own are large enough to make vests for Nellie's, so that I buy only the drawers for her—quite a saving, you see."

"I used to make them into real pretty petticoats for her, cross-stitching the hem with blue or red thread, and trimming the bottom with knitted or crocheted lace to match."

"You do knit for contrivances, Mrs. Chick!" "Necessity is the mother of invention, you know. But let us see what we can do with these things. Please give me your darning bag, Mrs. March; we'll do the stockings first."

Mrs. Chick soon sorted over the unpromising-looking hose, making running comments as she proceeded. "These are simply rags. These have small holes and will darn nicely. One nice thing about black stockings is that the darned wool is all the same color—no trouble about the matching."

Mrs. Chick's Economies.

"By the way," interposed Mrs. March, "it seems like a small thing, but really, darning wool is quite an expense in my family. A five-cent card is gone very quickly."

"Yes, indeed! I have given up buying in cards. I buy a skein of fine Saxony instead. One skein will last for years, and costs but fifteen cents."

"I was Mrs. Hall who spoke. "Mrs. Chick is still cheaper," said Mrs. Chick, "it is traveled from old stockings. You can ravel a fine cashmere stocking by taking care to pick out the stitches first, and to ravel it in stout and fine—better than Saxony—being of the same material as the stocking. The children like to ravel and wind it for me. I wash it and dry on the stretch to take the kink out. The ankle is a good part to take, as it is least worn."

"There is no use in trying to outdo Mrs. Chick in economies, ladies; we may as well yield the palm without farther contest."

Mrs. Chick's Economies.

"Here is a pair," continued Mrs. Chick, "worn so thin over the knees that they are ready to turn."

"To turn! How?" "Did you never do that? Why, so—cut them off at the ankles, how enough to have the shoe cover the seam; then turn the legs completely about, so that the worn part comes in the back, sew them on again, and the stockings are as good as new almost. I take care to rubbed hose with the laces all around, as the shaped ones will not turn."

"Will not the seam about the ankle annoy the wearer?" "Not unless the shoes are tighter than they should be. Sew it with wool, which is more elastic than thread, and open and cross-stitch it down. If one cares to take pains, the cut stitches can be picked out and the edges overseamed, putting the needle in each stitch of the hose. That does away with the seam, but makes a good deal

of extra work. It pays on very fine horse—Sunday-go-meeting ones I mean. The stockings disposed of, Mrs. Chick turned to a heap of miscellaneous clothing. She examined a pair of gray flannel bloomers; a hole in the front of each was their only defect.