

PROGRESS.

VOL. VIII., NO. 32.

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY AUGUST 31, 1895.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

WAGE WAR ON WIDOWS.

BUT PLENTY OF LENIENCY FOR OTHER LAW BREAKERS.

How the Liquor License Law is Enforced in St. John and How it is Not Enforced—The Farce of Granting Wholesale Licenses to Men Who Sell at Retail.

Sunday after Sunday, the police go through the solemn farce of reporting a certain number of tobacco stores and beer shops for violating an old law which the courts have not yet pronounced judgment on. They have been doing this for many weeks, and it has become as much a matter of routine as used to be the reports of the number of street lamps not lighted on this or that night. They know, and everybody else knows, that these people will never be fined for all these alleged offenses, even if the court finally affirms the law, and that they are wasting pen, ink and paper in scribbling the reports on the books. They should be better employed, and they could be not only on Sunday, but on every day of the year.

Every day of the year, the Liquor License Act is openly violated and treated with contempt, with the full knowledge of Inspector Clark, of every policeman on the force, and of every citizen who has eyes to see as he walks along the street.

It is true that reports of violation of the law are not uncommon, but the inspector and the police take precious good care that the wrong people are not caught. They strike at small game, and the results are worthy of the spirit in which they set to work.

They recently reported Annie Guthrie for selling liquor without license. She does laundry work and has a small shop in the lower part of Prince William street. She has not and does not run a bar. The suspicions of some of the public were excited by seeing men going in and out of the place, and they made a search. They found a pint flask partly filled with rye whiskey, and therefore had the woman brought before the court. She swore that there was twenty cents worth of liquor there which she had procured for personal use, and that none had been sold. There was no evidence of any sale, and judgment in the case was suspended.

The other night they found a licensed tavern open a short time after the hour the law said it should be closed. It was a respectable place, kept by Mrs. Bradley; a widow who has an aged mother and several small children dependent on her for support. They reported it, of course, but judgment in the case has not yet been given.

The police can always find widows who violate the law, but they are as blind as bats when they pass a shop kept by a prosperous man who breaks the law every hour of the day in plain view of the public. When asked why they do not report him, they say it would be no use. He is supposed to have a "pull," whatever that may mean, and they would only get themselves into trouble. Other people say the police sometimes have a "pull" themselves, when they make an early morning call on an illegal dealer and get their drinks for nothing. Whatever is the cause, the illegal liquor dealer flourishes under the eyes of the chief and his men, and in some instances he has not even the gratitude to keep his money in the country, but invests it in United States bonds.

When Mayor Robertson increased the salary of Chief Clark, as inspector under the liquor license law, he did so, he says, as a matter of justice, because of that officer's efficiency. One of the papers in referring to the matter questioned his worship's motive, and said it was a case of "I scratch your back and you scratch mine," whereat His Worship is said to have felt greatly grieved. Progress did not say anything of the kind. It did not accuse the mayor of anything but an unwarrantable exercise of his authority, based upon an ignorance of the facts. It is believed that even this liberal view of the case did not please His Worship as much as some things that have been said about him in the past, but it was the best construction that could be put upon the matter.

The mayor is better informed now than he was then. He has heard complaints of licensed dealers that the law is openly broken by the permitting of men with wholesale licenses to carry on a retail business, and has admitted the justice of the complaints, but confessed himself powerless to remedy the evil. His defence has been that there was no limit to the issue of wholesale licenses, and that he merely acted on the recommendation of the chief inspector. The latter official then appears to be the individual on whom the whole responsibility rests.

The number of retail licenses in St. John is limited to so many for each ward, in proportion to the population. The number is more than sufficient for all practical purposes, and was so limited in order to fully meet the requirements of the drinking public and yet to restrain the traffic within reasonable bounds. There is another aspect of the case, that the retailer having to

pay pretty well for his privilege should be allowed a fair chance to make a profit out of the business. Both of these objects are utterly defeated by the issue of wholesale licenses to almost anybody who chooses to apply for them.

A wholesale license costs \$300, or just double the amount asked for a retail license, and the presumption is that where a wholesale business is done it is of sufficient volume to warrant this high figure, which would be a large amount for some petty bar-rooms where liquor is sold by the glass. A wholesale license does not permit the sale of less than two gallons at a time, and the liquor must not be drunk on the premises. It therefore seems like a mighty farce when a retail shop does an open and notorious business under a wholesale license.

Yet there are "wholesale" places on the most public thoroughfares, where nothing but a retail business is done, with the full knowledge and permission of the mayor and the chief inspector. It is believed that some of them do not sell two gallons by wholesale in the course of a year, and it is possible that some of them would be astonished if a stranger went to them for as much as two gallons at a time. A sale of two of this kind might, in some instances, so deplete their stock that they would have to send out and get a new supply.

Is it necessary to name these places? It is not. There are too many of them to warrant an attempt at enumeration unless they were taken one at a time, week after week. They stare the police and the public in the face in the most frequented parts of the city. They have the most eligible sites where the crowds pass in getting in getting into the city or out of it. The traveller by rail has one staring him in the face as he arrives and departs, there is another under the shelter of the Water street lock up, and another on the King square. These are mentioned, not because they are any worse than others, but because each of them is so situated that it can be seen from a long distance and has not even the pretext of being down in a basement or on a back street. People going in or out of the doors of these places may be seen easily from all points in the vicinity. Close by each of these shops are corners where the police saunter and cool their heels, while people go into the "wholesale" liquor dealers sober, and come out not sober. Not one of the customers purchases a jug, but many a one gets a jug, and if it is after dark, the lolling policeman gets a snap by arresting the man who cannot walk straight. This gives the policeman a chance to get off duty early so that he can appear as a witness in the morning. If this infernal device for encouraging unnecessary arrests were applied to the reporting of violations of the license law, there would be a different state of affairs.

Some of these wholesale places where liquor is sold only at retail have been in the business for years. Others have just started. The former having been tolerated so long, may cause no surprise, but why should new license be issued each year in localities where liquor stores are not needed? There may be instances where, when the number of retail licenses is already complete, public convenience may demand the issue of these wholesale licenses, but to start up a fully equipped bar-room with no pretense of even a restaurant business, is another matter. One of the wholesale licenses issued this year, and certified by the inspector as being required for "public convenience," was granted to a wholly new man who had worked at another trade all his life. The place licensed in this instance was directly alongside of a retail dealer who has been in the business for more than a score of years, and was within a stone's throw of other retail dealers. The wholesale license being granted a first-class retail bar was opened and is running a big trade, so big indeed that by reducing the price of ale by the glass it brought down the receipts of the old established retailer to the extent of from \$50 to \$100 a week. The retailer went to the mayor and chief inspector, but got little satisfaction.

There is a "wholesale" bar room on King square, the proprietor of which formerly had a retail license. He sold it out at a big figure, and resumed business under a wholesale license, which does him just as well.

Another wholesale, in Lower Cove, was reported so often last year that his license was forfeited, but he seems to have had a pull of some kind and got it again. He is said to do a pretty big business. A Mill street man also had his license forfeited, but got it again. One man was fined twice last year and reported a third time. A third conviction would mean forfeiture, but he dodged it by leaving the city on urgent business and remaining away until after the licenses were granted and his name was on the list. Then his case was brought up and he was duly fined.

The wholesale places which are neither hotels nor restaurants are fitted up with all

the paraphernalia of bar-rooms. The ale pumps are in good order, there are decanters, glasses and all the evidence of a flourishing retail business. It is said, however, that in at least one case, the most conspicuous bits of evidence are removed an hour or so before the inspector comes to inspect, and the customers are kept out that day until after he has made his visit. If this is the case, who gives the tip that the inspector is coming to inspect?

There is no need of giving names. The chief inspector knows all the places where a plain everyday barroom business is done in defiance of the law, and on which he reports that the terms of the license have been fully complied with. He may claim that he has no official knowledge that the law is violated, and that somebody should make a complaint. Why does he wait for somebody to make a complaint when Annie Guthrie buys twenty cents worth of rye whiskey and takes it into her house, or when the widow Bradley happens to keep her shop open for a few minutes after the time it ought to be closed?

Now Progress has no ill feeling against any of the wholesale dealers, nor does it blame them for trying to make all they can, so long as the law is so administered. Some of them keep respectable enough places, and some of them do not, but that applies to retail dealers as well. The man who is to blame is the chief inspector and chief of police who virtually aids and abets in the violation of the law he is paid to enforce, and for the alleged enforcing of which his salary was increased by an admiring mayor.

Are they never reported? Of course they are, once or twice, and sometimes three times in a year, but that does not affect the business. The public does not always hear of the reports, for they are made and the fines imposed "on the quiet," as far as the daily papers are concerned, and this is also said to be the case when an open bar business is done without any license whatever. When a licensee cannot dodge a third conviction in the course of a year, he has his license transferred and avoids the risk of forfeiture by doing the business under the name of somebody else.

Meanwhile the police are diligently at work every Sunday, and find no difficulty in showing that this shop sells cigars on this one beer, but they stand around the doorways of illegal bar-rooms day after day and night after night without an apparent suspicion that there is any need of action. It is enough for them to watch the men who come out of these places and arrest them when they have too much liquor aboard to walk straight.

If the law is wrong in not allowing enough retail bar-rooms in St. John, it ought to be amended. The fact that the city gets a revenue of \$3000 from each wholesale bar-room, to say nothing of the revenue from fines, is no excuse for its connivance at open violation of the law. If the law is bad let it be changed; if good, let it be enforced.

There should be one law for all. At present, there seems to be one law for the widow, and another for the man who has a pull.

A CHANGE FOR SPEEDY WORK.

Some Flyers to be on Moospath Track on Labor Day.

It is a nice thing to have the fast-st horses in the Maritime provinces in town, but the fact that Pilot jr. stands always ready for race has made it a difficult matter for the Moospath management to get any fast horses to enter in their free for all. But that class was re-opened for the Labor day races and the result is since Pilot jr. is off to Danforth and Lewiston that a number of the best ones have entered. There is Clayton the sensational pacer owned in Petitcodiac, and Sir William of Bridgetown and Hamlet the Calais pacer that has been watched and timed and yet goes, nobody knows how much faster than 2.24. Katrina and Adelight will do what they can for the home people and that should be a pretty respectable attempt. Adelight has been such a short time in the trainers hands that he may not be fit for a bruising race, but there is not much doubt but he will make some of them put up a heat or two. Katrina should be in the best of shape. The pacers, however, are slippery and the trotters may have all they can do to hold their own.

The races come off Monday afternoon—Labor day. The crowd should be good and there is not much doubt but with the 2.45 and free for all events that the sport will be excellent also.

The Season Opens Today.

The patrons of Mr. Thomas Dean of the city market will find sausages in his stall this morning and they will also be able to get their demands in this respect supplied by the retail dealers. The preparation of Mr. Dean's sausages is such they command a steadily increasing sale when the season is on. The season lasts until May and during that time he is kept busier than ever attending to this growing branch of his business.

DAVIS DID NOT RETURN.

THE TALEXICITED FRIENDS OF A FORMER CITIZEN.

There Were Many Looked for Him to Welcome Him Back From Honolulu—How The Telegraph Nearly got a Big Scoop on the Sun—The Origin of the Rumor.

There was a buzz of excitement around the city this week, caused by the rumor that Mr. George A. Davis had returned from Honolulu, and with new ideas and fresh vigor was about to inaugurate fresh reforms in civic and legal circles. One of the daily papers got a scoop on the news, and had an appropriate personal notice in type, which was hastily snatched from the forms on the strength of later information, received just as the paper was going to press. This however, did not stop the rumor from spreading and for several days of this week the enquiry around Prince William street for Mr. Davis was nearly as general as the search after the celebrated traveller, Captain Teakles, a year or two ago. Progress has taken some pains to trace the rumor to its source and has learned the following facts. Last Sunday two gentlemen at a Bay Shore engaged in conversation with a reporter of the Telegraph, and asked him if he heard that Mr. Davis was back from Honolulu. He had not heard it, and at once saw the prospect for a valuable piece of news for the paper. By gradual questioning he learned that Mr. Davis had found Honolulu no field for an energetic young man. The people had no law and did not want any, while the fortune of a millionaire was required to engage in the sugar business. Under these circumstances Mr. Davis had decided to come back to New Brunswick and look after his costs in the case of Campbell vs. the Corporation, not one cent of which he has received, though the case was tried last November, because the matter is now on appeal to the supreme court of Canada, and is not likely to be decided until next November. Mr. Davis had therefore concluded to come back and see his old friends in the meantime, and was likely to be given a dinner at which police magistrate Ritchie would take the chair and recorder Skinner the vice-chair. For the present, he was sojourning at Darling's Island on the Kennebec.

The reporter went away somewhat unexpectedly, before the time came to say that the story was only a joke. The gentleman who had told the little bit of romance busied himself with other affairs, and the hours rolled by until evening came. Then it began to dawn upon the joker that the Telegraph would appear in the morning with a bit of news which was an outrageous hoax, and his conscience began to trouble him. He resolved to repair the injury and prevent the news from appearing.

The easiest way to do that seemed to be to tell a certain telegraph operator to inform the reporter of the unsubstantial character of his news. He saw the operator, who promised to tell the reporter, and the joker went home with a clear conscience.

The reporter, having written the paragraph, ceased his labors, the compositor set up the news and the proof reader read it. The telegraph operator, busy with his duties, forgot all about the matter until half past three o'clock in the morning. Then he hustled, and somebody around the Telegraph office hustled as well to save the hoax from getting out in the early edition. They succeeded, and thus the Telegraph failed to have a scoop on the Sun that time.

Nobody found Mr. Davis. He is still in Honolulu, and the latest advices from him are that he prefers a republic to a monarchy and will stay there.

The news had spread around town, however, and it continued to spread for several days thereafter. Lots of people were looking for Davis, and many were predicting livelier times in civic affairs, which have been pretty quiet for the last few months. As the rumor spread it was added to, until it was no uncommon thing to meet a man who said he had met another man who had just met Davis on Prince William street. One report had him in company with Hon. William Pagsley, another that he had just gone into Hon. C. N. Skinner's office, while still another was that he was attending a conference on the Manitoba school question in company with Grand Master Kelly and Major Armstrong, in Grand Master Kelly's shop. A further and improved version was that he was at the police court, calling on Magistrate Ritchie to show cause why he should rush to the telephone during the hearing of a case, come back and adjourn the hearing, leaving the case to go over, the crowd to go out, and the magistrate's salary to go on. J.T.G.

Tennis Customers for Kicket.

HALIFAX, Aug. 29.—These are the days of the tennis player, when the lady or gentleman devotee of the game goes forth daily armed with racket and ball. By the way, this city can boast of some ladies who dearly love to promenade the streets at all hours of the day carrying with them their tennis racket and shoes just as if they were fresh from the court. Frequently the fact that they carry about with them the implements of the game, is no evidence that they have been playing tennis or that they can play. "It looks the thing, you know," to base the tennis racket and shoes, and they base them on every occasion for the "effect" produced. Carrying about the tennis racket and shoes is an innocent form of amusement after all.

ARE STILL KILLAMITES.

But the Word is not Pronounced Just the Same as Before Election.

Orator McAlpine is credited with doing just work on the liberal side in the Westmorland campaign. He is also credited with the following fit of humor in regard to the result of the campaign. "Up to Friday last, we worked nobly, gloriously, for the advancement of the principles of purity and the raising of the standard of reform in the grand old county of Westmorland. We enrolled ourselves under the liberal banner, we worked as one, with heart and hand, and we proudly called ourselves K-i-l-l-a-m-i-t-e-s. What does that spell? "Killamites," ventured a listener. "Yes, Killamites, of course, and we fought as men will fight who have a principle at stake and are willing to sacrifice themselves for it. All day Saturday we fought, and well into the calm hours of the holy Sabbath day we did well—all of us did well—but when the votes were counted we were not there. No gentlemen, our candidate was not elected. He was defeated, but today, still proud in our glorious heritage, and still standing by the noble principles of our party, we are with heart and hand as one man, and we still call ourselves K-i-l-l-a-m-i-t-e-s. What does that spell? "Why, Killamites, of course," says a listener. "No, it spells Calamities, that's what it spells and that's what we are today, Calamities."

IS A UNIQUE SYSTEM.

The Utility of the Fire Department as a Life Saving Service.

The St. John substitute for a humane society and life saving service is one of the most unique institutions to be found in America, it not in the world. It consists in ringing the fire alarm and bringing out the entire fire department and salvage corps, as well as all classes and conditions of men, women and children among the citizens. This brilliant idea was evolved at a time of great public excitement caused by the drowning of the lady Young and Munde, in Courtenay Bay, four years ago. It was shown at the time that Young could have been rescued had there been the proper appliances at hand to reach him, instead of which a crowd looked on and saw him drown. It was an extraordinary and exceptional case, and it may be that generations will come and go in the future before there will be another in any respect like it. In the talk consequent upon the tragic occurrence, a good many people were impressed with the idea that if the hook and ladder company had been called to the scene, with ropes and ladders, the lad might have been saved. Thereupon the regulation was made that in future the alarm should be rung from the nearest box in any case of accident where life was in danger. This did not mean the simple calling out of one piece of apparatus, but of everything which responded to that particular box in case of fire. It meant, especially, the calling out of three engines with fires aflame and steam up; of as many hose carts, of the hook and ladder truck, the salvage corps team and the chief's wagon with its furious horse and ever clanging gong. It meant the bringing out of all the permanent and call men, and a crowd of people so large that they would have to be kept back by ropes stretched across the streets. The custom is still in vogue. Whenever anything happens that excites the people in the vicinity they can call out the department, and they very frequently do so. Early in the history of the new scheme a horse got its leg down a coal hole in a sidewalk, and all the department and most of the citizens were summoned to get it out. Since then several horses have run away and gone into the harbor, and the same expedient has been resorted to in order to get them out. Seldom as the fire department been called to do anything which could not have been done by the people near at hand. In some cases the horse has been drowned, and in others it has simply swum to where people could get hold of it. Last Sunday a man swimming in the harbor suddenly sank, and was drowned. The alarm was rung from the city hall box, one which was found to draw an immense crowd, and the engines, hose carts, trucks and everything else rushed to the

scene. All the departments in America could not have saved the man, and even his body was not found until the next day. The department should not have been called, but at such times men get excited, lose their presence of mind and do all sorts of things with the idea that they will be of use. There are times when prompt aid is needed when the life of a man, or a horse is in peril, but the calling out of the whole fire department whether it will be of use or not is one of the most absurd of ideas. In cities where matters are on a better basis, humane society appliances, such as ropes and life preservers, are found on every water front, easily accessible in case of an emergency. All that is needed is help from men, and there are usually more than enough around for such purposes. There may be cases where ladders are needed, but in this age of telephones authority to bring out the ladder truck could be had nearly as quickly as an alarm would bring it. There was plenty of time to have used a telephone to save Fred Young, had everybody thought about it. Clearly some better system of aid in case of accident should be devised. The council should give the matter attention.

WAS TALKING ABOUT CASE.

A Lawyer who Objected to an Adjournment Until He saw the Money.

Mr. H. A. McKeown had a case in a city court on Thursday, and Mr. Hugh H. McLean was counsel on the other side. It was an action against the City Railway company, and Mr. Charles D. Jones was one of the witnesses. When the case was called, Mr. McKeown was about to proceed with it, when Mr. McLean objected, on the ground that there had been an agreement that it should be merely called and adjourned. The agreement had been made that the costs, \$3,50 for counsel fees and \$1,50 for witness should be paid by Mr. McLean. Mr. McKeown said the money had not been paid and he intended to go on with the case. Mr. McLean got angry and appealed to Mr. Jones to support his statement. Mr. Jones said he had heard an agreement between the two that they should make a bluff of going on with the case, but would not go on with it, and that Mr. McLean was to pay Mr. McKeown five dollars. At this statement of affairs, as regarded the "bluff," the plaintiff appeared very much interested and not by any means pleased. "Didn't you agree to take \$5 and consent to an adjournment?" demanded Mr. McLean. "Yes, I did," replied Mr. McKeown, "but I haven't got the five dollars yet." "Didn't I promise to pay you the five dollars?" "Yes, you did, but do you suppose I am going to take your word for it," retorted Mr. McKeown hotly. Mr. McLean got very indignant over this impudently of his good faith, and a lively war of words followed. A truce was finally made and the matter arranged to the satisfaction of both the lawyers.

HAD A PRECEDENT FOR IT.

Not the First Time That the Tax Collector Has Been Very Prompt.

Mr. W. Hamilton Hegan's affairs came to the front again this week. Having got his furniture and other effects back from the people who had sought to absorb them, Mr. Hegan was to have an auction sale at his late residence. On Wednesday, however, Constable Bond stepped in with an execution for taxes to the amount of \$194 and here was another phase to what has been from the first a remarkable state of affairs. Mr. Hegan's bill was for both real and personal assessment. He did not own the house, in one sense of the word, as there was merely an agreement for the sale to him and no deeds had been recorded. He had asked to be assessed in it, however, and he was assessed, as well as on his personal property. Under this state of affairs, there was no avoiding the liability, despite of the protests of the lawyer, and the arrangement was finally made that the taxes should be paid out of the proceeds of the sale. The auction took place yesterday. The assessment law permits an execution to be issued at any time after ten days from the time the bill is served. It is never done, however, until after the first of October, unless there is danger of the city losing the amount as there was in this case. In ordinary cases, where a man pays his taxes before the first of October he gets five per cent discount, but when an execution is issued this rebate is lost, as it has been Mr. Hegan's case. This is not the first time the chamberlain has taken time by the forelock in getting the taxes where the assets were on the point of vanishing. On one occasion the sale of the stock of a prominent grocery store was advertised, the business being wound up, but the chamberlain stepped in with an execution and got the cash in hand. Mr. Hegan has had enough unpleasant experiences to furnish the material for an interesting, though not cheerful, volume of Recollections of His Own Times.

SH IN THE WORLD.

SUN POLISH

Camels, and Paints which injure the iron, and burn Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant. Each package contains 100 sheets of Sun Stove Polish; when moistened with water it cleans and shines.

SALE OF 3,000 TONS. HORN & CO., SALES AGENTS

8, by Rev. F. Higgins, Wm. Hooper.
1, by Rev. Jacob Maurer, Amos Emma Fawcett.
2, by Rev. T. M. Munroe, West-Balls White.
3, by Rev. C. A. DeWolf, F. M. T. Morehouse.
4, by Rev. G. A. Lawson, Elizabeth Aldin.
5, by Rev. H. K. McLean, Joseph Edward E. Rankine, Alex. J. McLeod.
6, by Rev. G. A. Lawson, Elizabeth Aldin.
7, by Rev. H. K. McLean, Joseph Elizabeth Aldin.
8, by Rev. G. R. White, Mel-Magge Goodey.
9, by Rev. E. M. Dumas, Alford Clark, all of N. B.
10, by Rev. D. MacDonnell, Roderic to Annie Gillingham.
11, by Rev. J. W. Brancroft, Chas. rolaine A. Bennett.
12, by Rev. Robt. Martin, Chas. rolaine A. Bennett.
13, by Rev. A. D. Gunn, Charles-ellie Graham Fulton.
14, by Rev. J. A. Forbes, to Christy McKelvie.
15, by Rev. E. N. Hughes, ley to Helen S. Bishop.
16, by Rev. J. M. Robinson, Margaret Agnes Shaw.
17, by Rev. H. S. Baker, to Annie Baker of N. B.
18, by Rev. F. W. W. New Face to Olive Jensen.
19, by Rev. W. H. Street, to Annie Baker of N. B.
20, by Rev. J. M. Robinson, Augustus McLean, both of Wallace.
21, by Rev. G. J. Lowe, John A. of Halifax, to Helen Z.

TED.

John Toke, 46.
John W. Finn, 59.
os. B. Shaw, 70.
William McLean, 74.
Simon Neale, 70.
Edward E. Bayley, 62.
ire Ann Devlin, 70.
retary Mary Frederica.
9, Moses Oliver, 67.
1, Gardner Dodge, 87.
John E. Williamson, 70.
Wm. J. Gallagher, 59.
21, Bertha Sears 23.
Cornelius Delaney, 85.
ug. 16, Nelson Child, 81.
rs. Hannah Hayes, 93.
g. 11, Beulah Ward, 71.
3, John O. Dusham, 70.
rs. Margaret Bailey, 82.
Chas. C. Aikens, M. D.
Polly Faulkingham, 74.
20, Mrs. Wm. Schofield, 75.
Aug. 11, Joseph Nelson, 80.
20, Margaret Jamieson, 62.
ages, wife of John Brayley.
dney Berryman, 13 months.
Aug. 9, John Allen Tupper, 67.
Aug. 10, Thomas Deyarmand, 59.
Ann, wife of Hamilton Esary.
Margaret, wife of Calais Legere.
ngie, wife of George M. Corary, widow of the late Patrick.
uly 25, John, son of John and Harriett Ann, widow of the late na, child of William and Sadie Agnes, daughter of Michael Frank, son of Charles P. and Edward L. son of Daniel and 2.
Amelia Jane, wife of Captain 40.
73.
12, Hattie Ray, infant daughter, 7 months.
sorgina Mand, only daughter of James 20.
6, Katie, daughter of George riet, 9 months.
Clayton Freeman, son of Hiram moore, 8 months.
S. Aug. 6, Marlon Cameron, 7.
John Baxter, 72.
omeline, daughter of the late W. P. of Salisbury, 77.
St. Freddie Carol, infant son of la Redford, 9 months.
Michael W. Doran, son of the ran, of Halifax, N. S.
11, Eucelina M. Gardner, wife amney, of Yarmouth, N. S.

TOBACCO

PRESENT

& B

OGANY.

Manufactured by G. Tuckett & Son Co. Ltd. Hamilton

umption.

I have bottles of medicine and Free in papers and Post Office orders. T. A. Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

PROGRESS.

EDWARD S. CARTER, EDITOR.

Progress is a Sixteen Page Paper, published every Saturday, from its new quarters, 29 to 31 Canterbury street, St. John, N. B. Subscription price is Two Dollars per annum, in advance.

Letters sent to the paper by persons having no business connection with it should be accompanied by stamps for reply. Manuscripts from other than regular contributors should always be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.

Articles can be purchased at every known news stand in New Brunswick, and in very many of the cities, towns and villages of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island every Saturday, for Five Cents each.

Discontinuation of - Except in those localities which are easily reached, discontinuation can only be made by paying arrears at the rate of five cents per copy.

Announcements under this heading not exceeding five lines (about 35 words) cost 25 cents each per line. Five cents extra for every additional line.

First notice should always be made by Post Office Order or Registered Letter. The former is preferred, and should be made payable in every case to EDWARD S. CARTER, Publisher.

The circulation of this paper is over 13,000 copies; is double that of any daily in the Maritime Provinces, and exceeds that of any weekly published in the same section.

Mailbox Branch Office, Knowles' Building, corner George and Grandville streets.

SIXTEEN PAGES.

AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,643.

ST. JOHN, N. B. SATURDAY AUGUST 31.

THE FLOWER SHOW.

The flower show this week was a great success, both as regards the quantity and quality of the exhibits. Contrasted with any attempt which could have been made to have such an exhibition a few decades ago, it was simply marvellous. As it was, a good many people who are so situated that they can neither raise flowers, nor live near those who do raise them to any extent, were not a little astonished at the wonderful variety thus brought together as the growth and product of this part of the world.

The effect of such an exhibition must be to still further stimulate the raising of flowers and the bringing of them to the highest perfection. Amateurs who have made indifferent progress are encouraged by the example of others who have attained success, and are thus led to take a fresh and deeper interest in the work which so nearly resembles a pastime, but is far more than a mere pastime can ever be.

The exhibition was thus a great object lesson, by which not only a narrow circle of profit, but which will show the effect of its wholesome teachings in the future. The horticultural society has done and is doing a grand work in fostering and encouraging the art of flower culture among all classes. The love of flowers is a natural one to most natures, and even the most hardened are not destitute of it. The culture of flowers does much to make men and women better and purer of heart. Flowers are a part of God's message of love to man, and they appeal to the highest instincts of our fallen nature. The sight of them is good, but the culture of them is better, and the ambition to bring them to their highest perfection is a worthy one in the rich and poor, the great and the humble alike. For flowers know no privileged class for whom they bloom and give their fragrance. They may adorn the millionaire's garden, but they may also bring their joy to the heart of the dweller in the humblest tenement. Wherever they are found they refine the nature and raise the mind from the grovel of daily care and toil. Wherever they are found, they make the world brighter and better, and whoever aids in teaching the love of them to others in a greater degree than it before existed, does humanity a service. The horticultural society is building a great moral edifice in which all may be workers. May it go on from year to year, and may each year see as marked an advance as has been witnessed in its short history to the present time.

ISAAC WOODWARD'S GRAVE.

Thirty years ago, ISAAC WOODWARD was mayor of St. John and was as well known to all classes of citizens as he was respected by them. Mr. WOODWARD was a man of high character, and old-style gentleman, who owed his position as mayor to his own worth. Never a man of great great means, he died poor, at an advanced age, some sixteen years ago, and his grave is beside that of his wife, in the rural cemetery. He left no family nor near relatives, and there are now none of his kindred living here, so far as can be learned. Some years after Mr. WOODWARD'S death a plain white marble tombstone was erected in memory of him and his wife, probably by relations of the latter. In the course of time this monument has fallen apart, and one portion of it is lying on the ground of the neglected lot. No stranger would imagine that this was the resting place of one who, less than a generation ago, was the honored chief magistrate of this city. There are many living who knew him, but all seem to have forgotten his grave. The mayor was appealed to, some weeks ago, to bring the matter before the council. He did so, and suggested that the aldermen would doubtless be happy to subscribe the small amount necessary to ensure perpetual

care of the lot. Nobody dissented from the proposition, but none of the aldermen have yet been asked to subscribe, though doubtless all of them are willing to give their contributions to such a fund. The mayor appears to feel that he has done his duty in mentioning the matter, and nobody else seems disposed to take the initiative in raising the money. It is understood that the board of trade is willing to give half of the amount needed, so the individual contributions in any event will not need to be large. The main thing is to get somebody to make a start, and that somebody appears to be MAYOR ROBERTSON.

It is a shame that the grave of ISAAC WOODWARD should be in the condition that it presents today, and not another week should be allowed to pass before something is done to ensure its better appearance. If the mayor and council will not act, some other course should be taken among the citizens at large. Something should be done without delay.

IN INTERESTS OF SCIENCE.

It would appear that the governor of Texas is not one of the boys. He has decided that Messrs. CORBETT and FITZSIMMONS shall not be allowed to delight, the multitude by mouthing each other within the confines of the Lone Star State. If force is necessary to prevent the fight, force will be used, he intimates, and thus there may be a bigger contest than even the most sanguine and sanguinary have anticipated.

The governor of Texas does not seem to understand the great benefits such contests bestow on science or their effect on the future of the human race. He is probably not aware that, in the estimation of many in this and other christian countries, the highest type of manhood is that which most nearly approaches the animal, and that, on a popular vote, a man who can fight will always be held to be a greater hero than the best of the saints of former ages or scientists of the present day. It is no small thing in race evolution to have thus put man where nature put the dog, the bull and the rooster, but it has been accomplished, and whole continents grow wild with excitement because two men propose to pound each other in the presence of thousands of their fellow men.

The evolution is still going on, and there is a dream that in the golden age of the world men will be developed who will be specially constructed for slugging each other. As it is now, nature has made such distinctions in the anatomy of man that he is to undergo long and severe training to bring himself to the fighting level of the brute. He has delicate cords and bones not made to withstand sledge-hammer pounding, and these must be improved by building up the muscles at certain points until the natural outline disappears. The neck, for instance must show almost a straight line from the ear to the shoulder, instead of curving inward as nature made it. Some day the neck will be trained to really bulge out at this point, after the fashion of the neck of the whiskey bottle. This will be a great scientific triumph and an important acquisition for the New Man of future ages.

Fighter FITZSIMMONS is quoted as having written an essay on the fighter of the future. He pictures the great man with legs as thin as those of a thoroughbred horse, bulging forehead, a jaw like iron and arms that reach to the knees. He has a belief that the toes may be trained out of existence and be supplanted by a solid mass of muscle and bone, while the many small bones in the back of the hand will be welded into one large bone, which could stand a strain just as a hammer does. With such results attained a new era would dawn upon the human race, and even such men as CORBETT and FITZSIMMONS now are would be looked upon as the type of a weak and degenerate age of the world.

It is evident that the governor of Texas does not take this view of the scientific value of prize fights, or if he does, that he considers the observance of a local salute of more importance than the good development and training of human brutes does the world. The fight will probably take place somewhere, however, and it reports are to be credited it will be as much in earnest as if the men were real bulls or bull dogs, instead of imitators. Mr. CORBETT is credited with having recently insulted Mr. FITZSIMMONS in a bar-room, in an order that the latter would do something to make CORBETT hate him. He always wants to hate the man with whom he fights. This fact makes a contest more interesting both to the fighters and the public. On the other hand, FITZSIMMONS remarks, that he will use his best efforts to thump the pompous head of his antagonist. It is to be feared, however, that neither of these gentlemen will succeed in killing the other yet awhile.

The latest serious attack on the bloomer costume does not come from the press or the pulpit, but from otherwise well disposed domestic animals. A young lady with blue bloomers, rode into a flock of geese which attacked her and plucked so viciously at her strange costume that they upset her. Help had to be summoned before the enraged creatures could be driven off. They probably thought the woman was making a goose of herself, and took

THIS WAY OF PROTESTING AGAINST THE CARICATURE.

In the minds of a good many people unfamiliar with secret societies, there has long been a confusion as to whether the Knight Templars and the Good Templars were both temperance bodies. It is, possibly, with a view to emphasizing the distinction that the California delegation to Boston this week, consisting of sixty-six Knight Templars, brought with it more than eighteen thousand bottles of wine. There was no danger that the triennial convolve would be in any respect a dry affair.

The statement is made that, in proportion to their number, churches suffered more than any other class of buildings from the effects of lightning, last year. This is not an argument for the unbeliever, but the moral is that if people will build high spires to attract the electric fluid, they should provide them with lightning rods or be prepared to take the consequences. Bar-rooms do not take any such chances, and therefore do not figure in the lightning statistics.

Portland, Maine, has no licensed taverns but it has more drug stores for its size than any place in the world, unless that place may be some other Maine town. There are now between fifty and sixty of these dispensaries here, or one to about every 150 of the total population. In the same proportion, St. John would have over thirty where it has a little more than half that number. The difference is more than made up by regular bar-rooms here, however.

St. John cannot have everything its own way, and those of its citizens who have been enjoying the Knights Templar pageant in Boston should, in the midst of their pleasant recollections, feel a sympathy for other citizens to whom Boston has brought sorrow this week. DICK O'BRIEN was knocked out in one round, in his fight with WALCOTT. This is a sad fate for anybody, and especially for a St. John boy.

Judging from the telegrams, there would seem to be a keen rivalry between several cities as to which should have the privilege of convicting Holmes of murder. As a matter of fact, no city or county wants the job if it can so escape it. The trial means a great expense which no community is anxious to have saddled upon it.

The Westmorland election appears to have had the unusual result of satisfying both parties. The liberals are happy in a moral victory while the conservatives are equally happy in having elected their candidate. For all that the millennium in party politics is not supposed to be near at hand.

If the Defender or Vigilant and Valkyrie take as long to sail a race, in proportion to their size, as the St. John yachts, Gracie and Sunol, have taken, the contest for the America's cup ought to last well into next year.

More babies were sent to China last year than in any year of its history, but the recent massacres seem to show that the Heathen Chinese does not read the scriptures, whatever else he may do.

More Successful Than Ever. Rev. Geo. E. Lloyd, principal of the Rothesay College for boys, told PROGRESS a few days ago, that he had been forced reluctantly to decline any more boys for this year. There are eight boys more in residence this year than there were last year and that means sixty of them. This is all that the school will accommodate and with the twelve boys who go out and in from St. John and attend from Rothesay, the school is by far the largest of its kind in the Maritime provinces. When it is considered that the school has only been in operation four years this is a wonderful showing. The boys come from all parts of the provinces and some of them even from Ontario.

During the vacation the carpenters and painters have thoroughly repaired and repainted the buildings. The paper has been taken from the walls and there is sheathing and paint in its place. Then more room has been made so that accommodation has been found for eight more boys. Mr. Lloyd anticipates a very successful year. The college for girls has already a good start, the applications up to date ensuring it a satisfactory and gratifying attendance. Rev. Mr. Daniel and Mrs. Daniel are already in residence at Kinghurst the home of the girls' college, and this beautiful place will soon be fully occupied.

Only Seventy-Five Cents. You cannot afford to miss this opportunity of a trip to Digby and back for only seventy-five cents, by the palatial steamer, City of Monticello, the "reliable" of the bay service. If you desire to see Annapolis you can do so for twenty-five cents more, that is \$1.00 from this city to Annapolis and return. Think of it, and then a full band of forty pieces will go along. This is the programme arranged for labor day.

A Big Demand for it. The sale of Peerless Hair Dye the splendid preparation of Mr. J. W. Ramsdell has begun in good earnest. He shipped 125 dozen of this preparation and his dandruff cure to Nova Scotia yesterday.

VERSES OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY.

Cede Deo. I leave thee in God's keeping love, His blessing be thy own; When darkness hides the blue above And dearest hearts have flown. Thy life beloved have His care, Along earth's weary way; When comes the pain the parting tear, The night cloud o'er the day.

I leave thee in God's keeping when, The katie of anguish goes; Thy heart may find O may He then, Thy inward sight be soon thy own; And when the suspended sword of loss, Shall cleave from thee thy all; His arm so true thy crushing cross None is thy trusting fall.

God shelter thee my love and send, When sought seems for the best; And trials pierce thee without end, His sweetest of sweet rest. Though sorrows flinty path may show, Where tender feet must bleed; His love bind up thy heart of woe, And consecrate thy need.

I leave thee in God's keeping now, So should the furnace fire, Thy red glad eyes across thy brow, Thy soul have something higher, A shield whereon thy soul may lean, And find a refuge nigh; And know what chastening do mean, Where heaviest burdens lie.

Heart Burning. I was great of all the dance last night, The lightest of heart in seeming; I laughed, I waltzed, my cheeks were flushed, My eyes were bright and gleaming. Ah, little those who glanced at me thought, That my brain was throbbing, aching, And that 'neath the flowers that lay on my breast My heart was breaking and breaking.

They did not know that my eyes were bright Because of pain and not of pleasure; They did not know that the music to me Seem'd a playing in funeral measure. They did not know that I laughed and talked To keep down the dreadful heart burning; They little thought I a lesson in life, A bitter lesson, was learning.

They did not know of the hours I spent In anguish while they were all sleeping; They did not know how I suffered and prayed, All the time bitterly weeping. Alas, I am not the only one Who laughs with a brain that is aching, Nor the only one whom the world thinks gay, Whose heart is crushed and broken nevermore. —The Old Homestead.

Dreaming and Waking. Carelessly, listlessly, dreaming and waking, I lie in the sun on the sand by the sea, Hearing the low unceasing breaking, Making and musing for nature and me. Telling the story of those that are sleeping Down in the deep where the storm never blows, Far from the world, with its worry and weeping, Forgetting, forgetting, long ages ago.

The breeze that swell the white sails of ocean, Whose waft me in slumber to dreamland away, Whose thoughts of a morrow ne'er stirred an emotion, It is I linger on like a long summer day. And now, high above, where the cloud cometh never, No sun uninterred on tireless wing, Where the star-studded void reaches outward for ever, Where peace lives eternal and silence is king.

Then back to the earth, to the sand by the sea, To the sound of the surf as it breaks on the shore; And, dreaming and waking, the re-creation to me, The best that the world would ever give me. —Dr. J. M. Stewart.

Longing for Rest. Oh, for a thousand years of rest, a thousand quiet years, Away from the noise and cares of life, From laughing, and joy, and tears; A thousand years in a silence dim and sweet as a summer day, With never a sound of a human voice to whisper a word to me. A thousand years in a peaceful calm where never a wave of the edge - life to the shores of death; And I long with a feverish heart for rest, With the music - hushed and the walling still; And the burden of life laid by, And soul as free in primal space past even the time to die.

I am weary of life, I am weary of death; I am weary of all things known, And I long with a feverish heart for rest, For living is hard, and life is long, and its trials must be met. But oh, for the power to close one's eyes, give up the struggle - forget. —Ehob! Maude Colson.

Effects Of The Bicycle Boom. One of the most notable results of the phenomenal popularity of cycling is the marked effect of the bicycle industry on allied trades - and even upon trades that would seem, at first glance, to be wholly outside of any such influence. The nucleus of one of the large bicycle works in this country was a sewing machine factory, where wheels were made in one corner of the shop on a very small scale.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL.

MONCTON. [Programme is for sale in Moncton at the Moncton Bookstore, at the Central Bookstore and by James Bookstore.]

Aug. 28. - Excursions are out for yet another wedding to take place this day week, in which two of Moncton's best known and most popular young people will be the principals. Mr. and Mrs. George W. Daniel and sons left town on Thursday last for a three week's outing. They intend visiting St. John, Fredericton and various points of interest along the St. John river during their trip.

Mrs. H. W. Hewson and children returned last week from Dorchester, where they have been visiting Mrs. Hewson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Chandler of Maplehurst. Dr. C. T. and Mrs. Murray returned on Thursday from a visit to friends at St. Stephen.

The latest of our girls to win honors abroad is Miss Ida Northrup, eldest daughter of Mr. C. E. Northrup, who led the graduating class of the school for nurses, connected with Newton college hospital this year. Miss Northrup won such golden opinions from the medical staff of the hospital, that she has been offered the position of head nurse in the surgical ward of one of Boston's largest hospitals. This young lady is spending a few weeks at her home in Moncton, before entering upon new duties and is being very warmly congratulated upon her success.

Mrs. Thomas Hobb returned on Thursday from West Id, where he has been spending some weeks visiting friends. Mr. and Miss Allen of Yarmouth, N. S. are spending a few days in town, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Marr of Boscford street. Mrs. O. J. McAulay and little daughter returned on Friday from St. John where they have been spending some weeks with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bruce and family who have spent the summer in camp at Shediac, Cape, "struck their tents" finally on Monday and returned to town for the autumn. Mrs. George C. Allen and daughter returned on Friday from a three months' visit to Fredericton - St. John and West Id. Mrs. Grant Hall returned last week from Shediac where she has been spending a few weeks. Dr. A. R. Harris left town on Friday for Kingston, Ontario, to attend the meeting of the Dominion Medical association being held there this week.

Mr. Beverly Robinson of Sackville is spending a few days in town, the guest of his sister, Mrs. J. W. Y. Smith. Miss A. H. Senhouse leaves town this week for Halifax, where she has accepted a position on the teaching staff of the Halifax school. Mrs. H. C. Hanington returned last week from Dorchester, where she has been spending the summer months. Miss Georgia Cole returned on Thursday from a three week's holiday spent with a party of friends camping on the St. John river.

Mrs. Peters, of Wimping is visiting Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Hanington of Boscford street. Mrs. J. H. Tress and Mrs. Harmon Ward of Boston are visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bartlett of Alma street. Miss Archibald, who has been spending a week with friends in Amherst, returned home yesterday. Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Ward left town on Saturday to spend a few weeks with Mrs. Ward's parents at Worcester, Mass.

The many friends of Mrs. W. H. Price wife of the travelling passenger agent of the I. C. R., will bear with deep regret the death, which took place at an early hour this morning. Mrs. Price had been ill for the past three months, never having recovered from an attack of typhoid fever which prostrated her last year, so her death was not unexpected. Moncton people will remember her as Miss Minnie Webb, an especially bright and popular young lady, and will sympathize deeply with her bereaved husband and mother. Mrs. Price left two little children. Mr. George E. Babbitt accountant of the bank of Nova Scotia here, returned last week from a two weeks' vacation, spent at his home in Fredericton. Dr. and Mrs. Myrick of New York are spending a few days in town, the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Somers of Main street.

Mr. E. H. Blair spent last Friday in town visiting friends, and bidding them farewell ere departing for a year's trip to Europe. Mr. Blair sailed on Sunday from Rimouski, and intends prosecuting his musical studies in London during his absence. Mr. S. W. Palmer returned on Monday from a short holiday spent in Richibucto. Mr. Alonzo Melig of the I. C. R. engineering department spent Sunday at his home in Moncton, returning yesterday to Halifax, where he is engaged on the construction of the Dartmouth branch.

Mr. and Mrs. B. S. Ward left town on Saturday to spend a week with Mrs. Ward's parents at Worcester, Mass. Miss Sadie Borden returned yesterday from Dorchester, where she has been spending the summer months. Mrs. H. C. Hanington returned last week from Dorchester, where she has been spending the summer months. Mrs. H. C. Hanington returned last week from Dorchester, where she has been spending the summer months.

MAUGERVILLE. Aug. 26. - Rev. B. H. Thomas is spending a few days here, where his wife and family have been spending the summer. Rev. A. Freeman has been to Prince Edward Island for the past few weeks and returned home today.

Miss Kathleen McIntyre is visiting Mrs. Fred Harrison. Miss Jennie Cadwallader and little sister visited friends here last week. Miss Annie Taylor is visiting relatives here. Mrs. Stocker of Oromocto spent Saturday last with Mr. and Mrs. Dibley at her home here. Miss Ida LaForest is visiting Miss Ella McCloskey at Littlefield.

MISS DE OLOQUET OF KINGSTON WAS IN HARROUET MONDAY AND YESTERDAY.

Miss Mildred Miller entertained several of her young friends on Monday evening. The Harroquet Dramatic Club purpose giving an entertainment on Monday evening, next and in the town hall. Mr. O. H. Black of Richibucto is in town today. Mr. John Stevenson of Richibucto is visiting Harroquet today. Mrs. W. G. Miller is visiting at Chatham. Rev. Mr. Thorp has returned from Nova Scotia. Mr. John Hutchinson went to St. John this morning on a holiday trip. Rex.

GRAND MANAN. Aug. 26. - Mr. Frank Covert, who has spent the last few weeks at the rectory, returned to New York on Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Stone of Boston are guests of Mrs. Holmes. Miss Emma Bancroft of Boston is visiting Mrs. H. H. Bancroft. Mr. W. E. Covert of Halifax and Mr. G. B. Covert of New York are guests of Rev. W. P. and Mrs. Covert. Mr. E. W. Wooster spent the latter part of the week in Lunenburg and St. Stephen. Mrs. E. B. Watt and little daughter, Miss Helen, have gone to Appleton, Wisconsin and will be absent about two months. Miss Annie Gordon and Miss Grace Newton spent the last week in Lunenburg. SEAWARD.

BILLIARDS AND JUSTICE. The Two Men A Little Mixed But The Result of The Case Was All Right. "I once had a case in the justice's court in a little village up the coast," remarked an attorney yesterday. "The justice of the peace kept a saloon, and at the hour for holding court I dropped in at his place of business with opposing counsel and found him playing billiards with the constable."

"Where do you hold court, Judge? I asked. "Right here. I can't afford to hire a courtroom." "Well, when will you hear this case?" "Right now."

"I looked at the other attorney in a surprised way, but he evidently appeared in that court before. "Well, your Honor, to expedite matters, we will waive a jury," I said. "All right. Go ahead with your case. Is it my show?"

"We proceeded with the trial and the justice went on with his billiards. I objected to the introduction of some evidence, and, without stopping his play, the Judge ruled: "Objections sustained." Them balls are froze. Spot 'em up."

"I had a dozen teamsters dropped in, and disturbed the trial. They were clamorous for liquor. The justice laid his cue on the table and remarked: "Court'll take a recess for ten minutes. What'll you have, gents?"

The judge slashed the empty glasses around in a bucket of water while, wiped his hands, picked up his cue and said: "You are adjudged guilty of contempt of court," declared the judge, "and the judgement of the court is that you pay a fine of \$5 or in default thereof serve five days in the county jail. You want to get some stichin' made and fix that hole, too."

"We concluded our argument and submitted the case. "Hold on; you made only six. Judgment for the defendant. And you took seven," was the decision. - San Francisco Evening Post.

He Spared the Snake's Life. When fishing and camping in the wilds of Cameron county a short time ago W. G. McCain, of Brookville, ran across a thrilling snake story. The incident happened to a man named Barber, of Keating, whom Mr. McCain employed to haul his camping outfit from the railro d station to the camp in the woods. As they were driving along they stopped at a little spring by the roadside to get a drink. They were in a "snaky" country, and before he stooped down to the spring, which was thickly surrounded with weeds and bushes, Mr. McCain noticed that Barber eyed the surroundings pretty closely.

"I had a close call at that spring," said the old fellow after the two had drunk. "I came along one time and stopped as usual to get a drink. As I had no cup, I lay down on my face, and while drinking felt something wet strike my forehead. I thought it was a wet twig sticking out of the bank from which the water trickled. As I raised up, however, my gaze encountered the head of an enormous rattlesnake protruding from the weeds, and the sensation I felt was the reptile's tongue. In other words, he was licking my forehead. "With a single bound I was out of that, but I made no effort to kill that snake. It had spared my life when it had me in its power, and I let it go. The recollection of that experience makes me sick and faint to this day." - Punsnett's Spirit.

Their Debut. Mary Anderson made her first appearance before the public when she was 15. Agnes Booth went on the stage at 11, and she is 52 now. Charlotte Cushman went on at 15, and Rose Coghlan at 16. Lotta went on at 8, and she is now 48. Mrs. John Drew went on at 7 and she is now 75. Fanny Davenport went on at 12, and is 45 at the present day. Henry Irving went on at 15, and is now 67. Januscheck went on at 20, and is 63. Joseph Jefferson, though he appeared on the stage when two years old, did not go on for good till he was four.

Mrs. Kendal appeared first at 4 and is now 47. Minnie Maddern and Maggie Mitchell both went on at the age of 2, and the latter is now 62. Tony Pastor went on at 6, and he is now 60. Lydia Thompson at 18, and she is now 69. Ellen Terry at 8, and is now 47. Roland Reed appeared as a child and is now 45. Mrs. Scott Siddons went on the stage at the age of 8, and lived to be 48. Neilson went on at 15, and Patti sang in public at the tender age of 9. - Chicago News.

Social and Personal.

Society seems to have exerted itself since last Saturday. The musical attractions visiting the city have been patronized by members of the smart set; the small affairs have also been faithfully attended, so that with one thing and another, the majority are feeling pretty well equipped for even enjoyment and energy; and next week will doubtless be devoted to rest. I wonder if St. John society will ever reach that point when the ladies will require the services of a woman like the one who is now earning a handsome living at gay and fashionable Newport, the home of wealth and the great "Summer Capital." The woman I refer to is French and she can keep a woman strong and pretty for the daily picnics and at homes and the nighty dinners and dances. Just what means the case is of course her own secret, but when a late devotee "gives out" and cannot slip from the riding dress or bloomers to the dinner gown, the little frenchwoman is sent for with her mixtures and restoratives and it is said she never fails to land her patient, pale and shaky, but calm and smiling at the least, at the proper hour. According to Newport's society chroniclers, the frenchwoman's services are in frequent demand. Let us hope St. John will never reach that stage. Society turned out on mass this week to attend the flower show in St. Andrew's rink and the result presented a magnificent sight on Tuesday evening, the opening night. The walls of the building were gay with bunting and Japanese ornaments while around the sides were cedar trees, in the shadow of which were tables where refreshments were served by charming young waitresses. There were, of course, however, to describe the decorations for indeed one might say the whole interior, was one vast and beautiful decoration. A flower show is something that everybody enjoys and there is never a difference of opinion in regard to the beauty and attractiveness of the exhibition. What an abundance of flower there was, and what appealing names some of them possessed. I noticed that everyone, except the papers, steered carefully clear of the latin names, but then papers do not have to pronounce them, they simply put them up in cold type and the readers do the rest. Next year's display should be a magnificent one if some of the smaller plants bloom out into anything as grand as the names they bear beneath. Mrs. Rawlin's fuchsia was a sight to be remembered and the owner was very proud of them. One would scarcely believe the fragile looking fuchsia could be brought to such a size. Mrs. Woodland's fuchsia was also one of the prettiest exhibits. It is quite impossible where so much floral beauty was displayed to single out any particular exhibit, but there was most a time during the evening when there was not a crowd around Mr. Allison's fern bank and the lone table just opposite with its stately palms and lovely plants. There were sweet peas in almost endless variety and the ways in which they were arranged and banked up was a pretty sight. The foliage plants with their gorgeous colorings were indeed something to see and admire. I am sorry that I can't say something about the speechmaking, but really I didn't hear a word, except when Mr. Harris grew particularly enthusiastic; I tried to hear Leonard, but I couldn't, and I wasn't so far away either. Others must have heard him though, as his speech was duly reported next morning. At almost every step one encountered a pretty waitress or some one of the ladies who managed the show. They were all prettily attired and many of them were as bright and fresh looking as the flowers round which they hovered. Miss Holden looked cool and pretty in a crisp muslin of pale green, with a darker shade of satin ribbon trimmings, and a large hat that was most becoming. Equally charming was Miss Mabel Hamilton in a simple white muslin the waist of which was trimmed with white lace; Mrs. Kettle Jones and Mrs. Alex. Wilson were wearing becoming mauve waists and black skirts, and their assistants in disposing sweets, Miss G. Allison and Miss St. George wore, the former a green bodice prettily trimmed, and the latter a pink one; both had on dark skirts. The majority of the ladies were in dark dresses but still there were enough of the brighter ones to make a pleasing variety; a very nice one the toilette of bellows, with large black lace, was worn by Miss Annie Smith; I also noticed a pretty combination of yellow and black silk, worn by a lady whose name I did not hear; the bodice was a lovely shade of yellow silk and the skirt of black silk; she wore a large black hat and a fluffy black boa of feathers. The Misses Pugsley and Miss Pugsley wore bright and charming as usual in pretty bodices and dark skirts. Miss Alice Tuck was fittings here and there in a light grey silk with yellow silk puffed sleeves. I might continue to mention several other pretty toilettes for there were many others, but it will scarcely be to devote all the available space to the flower show; in fact I had not intended mentioning the gowns at all, but they looked so pretty that the temptation was too great. Wednesday evening was but a repetition of Tuesday's success, while on Thursday there was an added attraction in the readings of Mr. Wadsworth Harris, a member of Modjeska's company. The City Cornet and Artillery bands added greatly to the enjoyment by the music they furnished. Everybody will be glad to know that in matters financial the flower show was quite successful and the park fund has been materially increased. The following ladies presided at the various tables: Mrs. Kettle Jones, Mrs. Alexander Wilson, Miss Gertrude Allison, Miss Edith O. Skinner, Miss George Scammell and Miss Ellis, were at the candy booth. Lemonade table—Mrs. Olive, Miss B. Cushing, Miss Olive and Master R. Thompson. The ice cream department was in charge of Mrs. J. V. Ellis, Mrs. Stinson, Mrs. J. de W. Spurr, Mrs. G. E. Pugsley on the one side, and on the other by Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Burpee, Mrs. Horace King and Mrs. Joseph Allison. These ladies were assisted by the Misses Alice Tuck, Annie Smith, Misses Dunn, Misses Travers, Miss Millet, Misses Hamilton, Annie Skinner, Misses Pugsley, Bessie Robertson, A. Jones, M. Vroom, M. Holden, M. McLaughlin, E. Clarke, Ethel Butt, Miss Massey, L. Cushing, Miss Babbitt, Frederick, G. Davidson, W. Hal, Edith Tilley, Toronto, Nellie McCormick, A. McNichol, B. Sadler, E. Betts, Mrs. Coddip and Miss F. Hamilton. Mrs. Charles B. Harrison entertained quite a large party at a picnic yesterday afternoon at the end of Howe's Road. It is needless to say it was a very pleasant affair. The party included Misses Caverhill Jones, Mrs. Harrison, Misses Pargson, Miss Albion, Misses Bayard, Miss Warner, Miss Macmillan, Miss Randolph Miss Dever, Mr. George Jones, Mr. George Hart, Mr. Kirkwood, Mr. Winslow, Mr. G. Reel, Mr. Jack Warner, Mr. Warner Harrison and others. Mrs. E. J. Sturdee gave a large reception at her pleasant home on Elliot Row, from four to seven o'clock on Thursday afternoon. Miss Keator and Miss Tack assisted the hostess in serving tea, coffee cakes and loaves to the guests; Messrs. Hart, Grant Kaye and J. Harrison gave assistance to the ladies in dispensing the refreshments. The rooms were well filled but not uncomfortably so. The following were among the invited guests: Count and Countess de Barry, Canon and Mrs. Brigstocke, Mr. and Mrs. C. Wilson, Sheriff and Mrs. Sturdee, Mrs. Morris Elton, Miss Ellen Hatten, Colonel and Mrs. J. Armstrong, Miss Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kinneer, Dr. L. and Mrs. Allison, Dr. and Mrs. Holden, Miss Marjorie Holden, Mr. and Mrs. Barclay Boyd, Senator Dever, Mrs. and Miss Dever, Mr. and Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Andrews, Mr. E. C. Umbrellas Made, Recovered, Repaired Durool, 17 Waterloo St.

Jones, and Miss Jones, Mr. and Mrs. D. P. Chisholm, Mr. and Mrs. George Coster, Judge J. Tack, Mrs. and Misses Tack, Mr. and Mrs. W. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. W. Starr, Dr. and Mrs. Steeves, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Alward, Mrs. G. R. Pugsley, Misses Pugsley, Mr. and Mrs. Vroom, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Hason, Mr. and Mrs. Kettle Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Hanford, Mr. and Mrs. Cushing, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Scammell, Miss Nan Burpee, Mr. Hansard, Miss Vroom, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Ritchie, Mr. King, Dr. and Mrs. W. W. Dr. and the Misses Bayard, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. R. Harrison, Miss Fellow, Miss Lillian Gilbert, Mrs. George K. McLeod, Misses Sturdee, Mrs. Charles Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Kinneer, Mr. and Mrs. Ludlow Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Scovill, Miss Scovill, Mrs. L. B. Harrison, Mr. J. Harrison, Mrs. Keator, Miss Keator, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Parks, Misses Parks, Miss Marion Peters, Mr. George Hart, Mr. Grant, Mr. H. Kaye, Mr. J. Harrison and a large number of others. On Thursday evening Mrs. (Dr.) Travers gave a small evening party, which was one of the most pleasing events of the week; Mrs. and the Misses Travers dispense hospitality in a very cordial manner and upon this occasion everybody felt as if at home, as it was quite informal. Cards were the amusement in the evening and the evening and later on dancing, until after two o'clock. The supper table was prettily decorated with nasturtiums, and among the dainties on it were chicken and lobster salads, cream, ices, fruits, cake and coffee. Orange sherbet and fruit cup were dispensed to the guests throughout the evening. The guests included, Mr. and Mrs. Kettle Jones, Dr. and Mrs. McInerney, Mrs. Chisholm, Misses Tack, Misses Parks, Miss Lollie Harrison, Miss Albion, Miss Allison Jones, Miss Minnie Millet, Miss Melio Vroom, Miss Ferguson, Miss Louise Jack, Mr. Grant, Mr. James Harrison, Dr. Adly, Mr. W. Harrison, Mr. Heber Vroom, Mr. R. D. Jack, Mr. C. V. deBury and Mr. Thomas. Thursday seems to have been quite a favorite time for entertaining this week; on that afternoon Mrs. Sturdee's reception, followed in the evening by a dance for the young people which I hear was very pleasant indeed, took place; on the same evening Mrs. Travers gave a small dance, and Mrs. Holden, Charlotte street, gave an interesting and enjoyable evening to her friends in the form of a musical which is spoken of as an exceedingly bright affair. On Monday evening Dr. and Mrs. McInerney entertained quite a large number of their friends very pleasantly at their pretty home on Douglas Avenue. The drawing room was lavishly decorated with sweet peas and the lights shaded with blended colors made the rooms look most attractive. The guests enjoyed themselves thoroughly, in dancing, music and conversation; a dainty supper was served about midnight but it was between one and two o'clock before the guests departed; those present were: Mr. E. Ferguson and Miss Ferguson, (Boston) R. D. Jack, Miss Lou Jack, Mr. Heber Vroom, Miss Melio Vroom, Misses Ethel and Lou Parks, Mr. Thomas, Mr. C. de Bury, Miss Helen de Bury, Miss Millet, Dr. Adly, Dr. John Travers, Mrs. Travers, Dr. Harry Travers, Miss Frances Travers, Mrs. Chisholm, Judge Ritchie. The Misses Caverhill Jones gave a pleasant theatre party last Friday evening in honor of their guests Mr. and Mrs. Cossett; afterwards the party returned to Caverhill Hall, where supper was served; the party included Mrs. Cossett, Miss Adams, Mrs. Charles Harrison, Miss Kathleen Ferguson, Miss Jones, Miss Edna Jones, Mr. Kettle Jones, Mr. Gerard Reel, Mr. George Hart, Mr. G. Bentley Girard, Mr. George Jones, Mr. James Harrison. Messrs. Tully are giving a picnic at Rotheray this afternoon; the city folks will go out on the C. P. R. and return at seven o'clock. Mr. Timmerman took a party of friends to St. Andrews last Saturday, in his private car; Sunday was spent at the Algonquin and the return was made on Monday. The party report an exceedingly pleasant trip. Those who went were: Mrs. Charles Harrison, Miss Lillie Harrison, Miss Albion, Miss Keator, Mrs. Drinkwater, Mrs. Gardner Taylor, Mr. Hart, Mr. Keator, Mr. Harrison, Mr. Charles Harrison, Mr. Timmerman. Mrs. (Judge) Barker entertained a party of friends at a euchre party last evening in honor of Miss Madeline Barker. Miss Burpee who has been visiting Bridgetown, N.S., as a guest of Mrs. Ronald Grant returned home this week. Miss Mabel Smith has also returned from Bridgetown. Mrs. Fen Fraser is visiting friends in Fredericton. Mr. and Mrs. Cossett are guests of the Misses Caverhill Jones at Caverhill Hall. Mrs. J. S. Armstrong spent a short time lately with relatives in Fredericton. Mrs. Andrews and her little son are visiting Mrs. Warren, Wentworth street. Mrs. Warren's sister is also staying with her for a short time. Mr. and Mrs. J. Roy Campbell have returned from a visit to Mr. Campbell's parents in Dorchester. Mr. George Hart is home from a trip to Montreal. Judge Palmer was in Dorchester a short time this week. Miss Alice Nichols of St. Stephen who has been visiting in the city has returned home. Miss Zoe Clarke of St. Stephen, is a guest of the Misses Warner this week. The Convent of the Sacred Heart, Mount Pleasant, reopened on Tuesday next. Miss McDonald who has been in Fredericton visiting her cousin Miss Wiley has returned to the city. Mr. Gerald Farlow returns to Montreal on Monday to resume his studies at St. Mary's college. Judge Harrison, Mrs. Harrison and Mr. Warner Harrison, who have been visiting Gen. and Mrs. Warner left this morning for Columbus, Ohio. Miss Matthews is in Fredericton visiting Mr. Taber. Miss Mabel Estey of St. James street who has been spending the summer in upper Gagetown has gone to Oromocto for a few weeks, accompanied by her sister Miss Alice Estey. Miss Colahan, Cliff street, has gone on a visit to Boston. Miss Ella Marsh has returned to New York to resume her studies at Mt. Sinai hospital; her friend Miss Apperly who has been staying with her for some time went back to New York with her. Mrs. James Duffy and Miss Duffy of Cliff street has gone to Boston for a visit. Miss Landers of Boston who has been visiting Mrs. Thos. Nash, Douglas avenue, returned home today. Mrs. I. J. Landry entertained a small party of friends one evening recently in honor of Miss Brabant of Chicago. Miss Josephine Maher left this week for a visit to Boston. Miss Mammie Moran left Monday for the Boston conservatory of music for a finishing course in harmony and piano. Mr. John Montgomery paid a short visit to Campbellton lately. Mr. Alex. Dickie and family of Campbellton were here for a short time lately; from here they visit Norton, guests of Rev. Wm. Black. Miss Lillie Pankhurst is spending a week in Gagetown as the guest of Mrs. Coy. Miss Coy is also visiting her home there. Mr. Latham of Newmarket on Trent, England is in Fairville visiting her brother, Rev. J. C. Berrie. (CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE)

THE CELEBRATED WELCOME SOAP THE ORIGINAL TRY IT. TRADE MARK SOAP FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS.

WHEN BUYING BUY THE BEST, That is the Bissell's Carpet Sweeper, Sweeps the easiest, Lasts the longest, Five days trial free. Wholesale and retail by Sheraton & Whittaker.

"Fine Feathers Make Fine Birds" Women are not all Beautiful but all women are attractive who are beautifully dressed. Beauty undomated may do in poetry, but the nicely fitting gown is the desire of every true woman. Priestley's dress fabrics have done much to realize a woman's ideals by offering, in their texture, appearance, fit and wear, a character and distinction, which no other dress goods, however excellent, have quite attained to.

Drink Montserrat Lime Fruit Juice In Hot Weather. See that you get "MONTSERRAT" which is a PURE LIME FRUIT JUICE and can be sweetened to taste. If a CORDIAL is required ask for Montserrat Limetta Cordial. Beware of imitations which are mere concoctions and injurious to health. In Montserrat (W. I.) alone is the Lime systematically cultivated for the supplying of juice as a beverage.

Use Only Pelee Island Wine Co's. Wine THEY ARE PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE. E. G. SCOVIL, Sole Agent for the Province of New Brunswick.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IMPERIAL SHADES. Cheapest, Strongest, Best. Sold by all reliable dealers.

A GOOD STAND-BY In Sickness and Health is JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF Always keep some in the house. It strengthens.

Mechanics' Institute, - - To-Night, ZERA SEMON! Next Week, Entire Change in the Show. ADMISSION, = = 25c.

A CUT UNDER English Dog Cart, JOHN EDGECOMBE & SONS Fredericton, N. B. Will hold four Persons, back to back. Is easy to ride in, Nobby and stylish. Turns very easily and in small space. Handsomely built by

PROGRESS ENGRAVING BUREAU PORTLAND BUILDINGS, ADVERTISEMENTS, Masonic Building AND CATANOGUE WORK. DRAWN, DESIGNED & ENGRAVED. SAMPLES & PRICES FURNISHED, CHEERFULLY.

ston was in Harcourt... the justice's court... court, Judge? I... attorney in a... to expedite mat... ad with your case... the trial and the... some evidence... play, the Judge... Them balls are... are dropped in, and... laid his cue on the... for ten minutes... empty places... wiped... an ordered: "...s, gents. Whose... of my argumen... matted a masse... in the club... of contempt... judge, and the... that you pay a... heroical sum five... You want to get... that hole, too."... argument and sub... only six. Judge... And you took... San Francisco... ke's Life... ping in the wilds... time ago W... le, ran across a... the incident hap... ber, of Keating... oyed to haul his... d station to... As they were... d a little spring... a drink. They... y, and before he... which was... needs and bushes... Barber eyed the... ly... that spring," said... had drunk. I... stopped as usual... no cup, I lay... drinking felt... my forehead. I... sticking out of... water trickled... my gaze encoun... rattle snake... s, and the sensa... tie's tongue. In... g my forehead... was out of that... that snake. It... had, me in its... the recollection... of sick and faint to Spirit... her first appear... she was 15... on at 7, and she is... on at 12, and is... n at 15, and is... at 20, and is 63... h she appeared... four years old, did not... first at 4 and is... Maggie Mitchell... 2, and the latter... at 6, and he is... and she is now 69... now 47... as a child and is... at on the stage at... 48... Fatti sung in... of 9.—Chicago

Rothsasy College FOR BOYS.

RESIDENT STAFF: PRINCIPAL - R. W. G. ... MODERN LANGUAGES AND SCIENCE - G. L. Williams, Esq., B. A., Honor Graduate University of Toronto.

Rothsasy College FOR GIRLS.

The Rothsasy Church School for girls having been moved to the new property purchased by J. F. Robertson, Esq., will reopen at "Kinchelore" under the personal supervision of the Rev. G. E. Lloyd.

Church School for Girls, Windsor, Nova Scotia.

PATRONS - The Synods of the Dioceses of Nova Scotia and Fredericton. CHAIRMAN BOARD OF TRUSTEES - The Bishop of Nova Scotia.

Collegiate School FOR BOYS.

Windsor, Nova Scotia, 107th Year. H. M. Bradford, M. A., of St. John's College, Cambridge, Eng. (1st Wrangler)...

Mt. Allison Ladies' College, Owen's Art Institution and Conservatory of Music.

COURSES OF STUDY are provided, extending from the primary branches through the whole University curriculum to the degree B. A. The staff consists of 17 teachers in addition to the University Professoriate.

Ontario Business College.

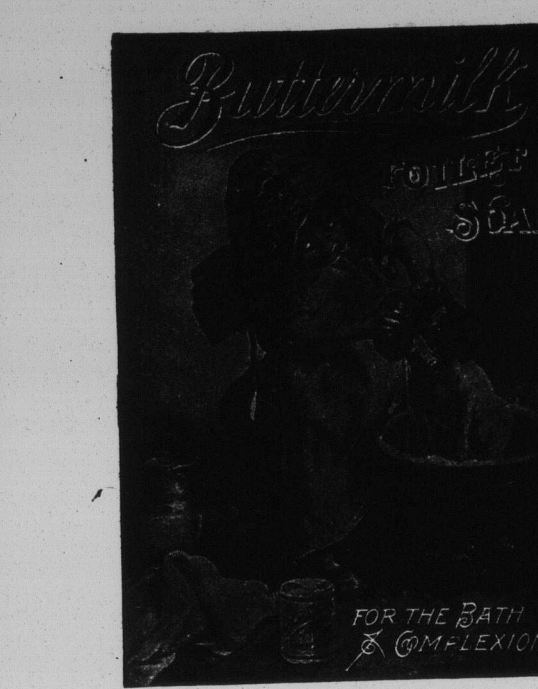
Most widely attended in America. Affiliated with the Institute of Chartered Accountants.

Trafalgar Institute.

Higher Education of Young Women with preparatory department for girls between 10 and 15 years.

St. John Conservatory of Music and Elocution.

BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL - FOR GIRLS. 155 Prince William Street.



Cosmo Buttermilk Soap Co., Chicago.

J. HUNTER WHITE, Agent for New Brunswick. COMMENCING July 1st the members of this company will leave St. John for Eastport, Labrador and Boston as follows:

Diary. [Progress is for sale in Diaby by Mrs. Morse.] Mrs. J. E. Frits of Yarmouth is the guest of Mrs. Clinton.

AMHERST.

[Progress is for sale at Amherst by Master A. D. Campbell.] Aug. 28 - Dances have been so far spaced this summer that the party given on Monday evening by Mrs. D. C. Chapman at her home on Church street was unusually enjoyable.

NO MONEY REQUIRED YOU SUFFER FROM INDIGESTION.

WRITE FOR A FREE SAMPLE OF K. D. C. AND PILLS.

K.D.C. BRINGS PROMPT RELIEF AND POSITIVELY CURES INDIGESTION.

K. D. C. CO., LTD. NEW GLASGOW, N. S., CANADA AND 127 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS.

On Friday, where she will take charge of the school for the term. Mrs. Melie of New Glasgow made a short visit here last week to see her mother, where she will join her husband, Captain Melie of the U. S. "Albatross."

FOOD TOOK. [Progress is for sale in Woodstock by Mrs. J. Loane & Co.] Aug. 28 - A most enjoyable tennis tea was given on Saturday afternoon by Mrs. Holroyd.

ST. GEORGE. [Progress is for sale in St. George at the store of A. W. 27 - Mrs. Billings, is visiting her sister Mrs. Robt. Talte.]

PARSBORO. [Progress is for sale at the Parsboro Book Store.] Aug. 28 - Mrs. Guillard entertained a small party at her home on Monday evening of last week.

SHERRBROOKE. Aug. 28 - Mr. E. Jenner and Mr. Clarence Anderson accompanied by Mr. Steveright and Mr. Simpson of Halifax left Thursday on a fishing expedition, returning Saturday with a large catch of trout.

BATHURST. [Progress is for sale in Bathurst by Master Joe Landon.] Aug. 28 - Monday a merry party of quess riens rode "the Points," a distance of five miles.

THINGS OF VALUE. The fact that the world fails to improve more rapidly is a matter of much surprise, in view of the encouraging reports of the moral, mental and physical improvement of mankind.

ST. JOHN'S. Mrs. J. H. White and Mrs. Young Armstrong are enjoying a visit to Boston.

ST. JOHN'S. Mrs. J. H. White and Mrs. Young Armstrong are enjoying a visit to Boston.

ST. JOHN'S. Mrs. J. H. White and Mrs. Young Armstrong are enjoying a visit to Boston.

ST. JOHN'S. Mrs. J. H. White and Mrs. Young Armstrong are enjoying a visit to Boston.

ST. JOHN'S. Mrs. J. H. White and Mrs. Young Armstrong are enjoying a visit to Boston.

ST. JOHN'S. Mrs. J. H. White and Mrs. Young Armstrong are enjoying a visit to Boston.

ST. JOHN'S. Mrs. J. H. White and Mrs. Young Armstrong are enjoying a visit to Boston.

ST. JOHN'S. Mrs. J. H. White and Mrs. Young Armstrong are enjoying a visit to Boston.

ST. JOHN'S. Mrs. J. H. White and Mrs. Young Armstrong are enjoying a visit to Boston.

ST. JOHN'S. Mrs. J. H. White and Mrs. Young Armstrong are enjoying a visit to Boston.

ST. JOHN'S. Mrs. J. H. White and Mrs. Young Armstrong are enjoying a visit to Boston.

ST. JOHN'S. Mrs. J. H. White and Mrs. Young Armstrong are enjoying a visit to Boston.

ST. JOHN'S. Mrs. J. H. White and Mrs. Young Armstrong are enjoying a visit to Boston.

ST. JOHN'S. Mrs. J. H. White and Mrs. Young Armstrong are enjoying a visit to Boston.

ST. JOHN'S. Mrs. J. H. White and Mrs. Young Armstrong are enjoying a visit to Boston.

ST. JOHN'S. Mrs. J. H. White and Mrs. Young Armstrong are enjoying a visit to Boston.

ST. JOHN'S. Mrs. J. H. White and Mrs. Young Armstrong are enjoying a visit to Boston.

ST. JOHN'S. Mrs. J. H. White and Mrs. Young Armstrong are enjoying a visit to Boston.

ST. JOHN'S. Mrs. J. H. White and Mrs. Young Armstrong are enjoying a visit to Boston.

ST. JOHN'S. Mrs. J. H. White and Mrs. Young Armstrong are enjoying a visit to Boston.

ST. JOHN'S. Mrs. J. H. White and Mrs. Young Armstrong are enjoying a visit to Boston.

ST. JOHN'S. Mrs. J. H. White and Mrs. Young Armstrong are enjoying a visit to Boston.

ST. JOHN'S. Mrs. J. H. White and Mrs. Young Armstrong are enjoying a visit to Boston.

sty Flavor. Absolutely Pure, Non-Alcoholic. Delicious Beverage, Good for the Blood. THE QUEEN. by all reliable dealers. NATIONAL S. S. CO. FOR ARRANGEMENT, SERVICE. Cosmo Buttermilk Soap Co., Chicago. Atlantic Ry. EXPRESS CO. Express Forwarders, Shipping Company, P. R. Short Line. K. D. C. AND PILLS. PROMPT RELIEF AND POSITIVELY CURES INDIGESTION. K. D. C. CO., LTD. NEW GLASGOW, N. S., CANADA AND 127 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS. G. RUEL, RISTER, &c. Street, John, N. B.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

CONTINUED FROM FIFTH PAGE.

Miss Louise Heydon has been in Lorne visiting her aunt Mrs. Guice lately. Miss Heydon has resumed her school duties at Perth Centre.

The Dream returned Monday from a pleasant river trip; on board were Judge Barker, H. D. Troop, J. D. Hazen and W. H. Thorne.

Mr. J. F. Robertson and the Misses Robertson, were in London early in the month.

Mrs. Elizabeth Redd, Mrs. Alfred Fraser and Miss Emily Fraser of Boston are visiting Mr. H. Pederson.

Miss S. Rawlins left Monday for a lengthy stay in the Southern States. Her uncle and aunt of Norfolk Va., who have been summering in Westfield have returned to their Southern home.

Mr. Frank S. Hall and Mrs. Hall who have been visiting Nova Scotia and Mrs. McAllister, in St. John left for New York last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Daniel and their two sons, of Moncton this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Horne of Brooklyn, N. Y. return home today after a visit to friends in the city.

Mrs. S. Barker has been visiting a few days with Mrs. Thomas Hilliard, Douglas avenue.

Mr. Jack Edwards returned last week from a visit to Fredericton Junction.

Miss Annie Parry is spending a few weeks at Jensen.

Miss MacIntyre has been spending this week with her mother Mrs. Moore, Main street.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall of Clarence, have been in town for the past two weeks.

Miss E. Powys cream silk and white lace.

Miss Annie Parry is spending a few days at Jensen.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall of Clarence, have been in town for the past two weeks.

Miss E. Powys cream silk and white lace.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall of Clarence, have been in town for the past two weeks.

Miss E. Powys cream silk and white lace.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall of Clarence, have been in town for the past two weeks.

noon of last week. Little Red Riding Hood was the play given with Walter Nichols as Dobbin.

Miss Currie Marchie gave a picnic at Kenes in Minnepolis.

On Thursday evening a hay cart ride to the Stone House, and a supper and dance on the arrival of the party, was an outing so delightful that it will long be remembered.

Backboard sides are the fashion this summer; a day but some lady invites a party of lady friends to enjoy a backboard ride with her.

On Saturday last, tea and refreshments were served at the Wildwood tennis court by Miss Winter McAllister and Miss Ross Braden.

The family of Mr. C. H. Clarke, having grown tired of their summer cottage at the Lodge; it was last week sold to Mr. Clarke, much to the regret of their numerous friends who enjoyed many pleasant and jolly outings at "Rockaway."

On Saturday last, tea and refreshments were served at the Wildwood tennis court by Miss Winter McAllister and Miss Ross Braden.

No need to Read, in order to find out about Pearline. Your friends can tell you all you want to know. You'll find most of them use it. Ask them about it. We'll leave it to any one of the millions of women who are using Pearline, if it isn't the best—the most economical thing for washing and cleaning. But all the Pearline users don't get its full benefits. Some seem to think that it's only for washing clothes or cleaning house. Pearline washes everything. And with almost every use you can put it to, besides the labor it saves and the ruinous rubbing, it gives you better work—better results. Send Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, honest—send it back.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Excursion ticket will be sold from ST. JOHN, N. B. for MAINE STATE FAIR AT LEWISTON. Aug. 31 to Sep. 4, good for return until Sep. 10, at \$7.00 each, and on Sep. 2 and 3 only, good for return until Sep. 7, at \$5.00 each, and for the Industrial Fair at Toronto, Sep. 2 to 8, good for return until Sep. 19, at \$20.50 each, and on Sep. 5 and 7 only, good for return until Sep. 19, at \$16.40 each. For Tickets and other information enquire for Ticket Agents. D. MCKENZIE, A. H. NOTMAN, Gen'l. Pass'g. Ag't. Montreal. St. John, N. B.

INFORMATION A COMPILATION OF CURRENT EVENTS. INFORMATION gives weekly items covering every phase of current thought, life and research. What would in the newspaper take columns of space is here condensed in a brief article, giving the essence of the theme, with the latest and best information obtainable. The new living topics of current interest the world over are here presented in a form for instant reference. Invaluable for the busy man, for librarians, public and private, for schools, colleges, educational circles, etc. SAMPLE COPY FREE. PUBLISHED BY The Transatlantic Publishing Company 63 Fifth Avenue, New York.

See My New Dress! It used to be my mamma's old calico, which she took to pieces and dyed with Diamond Dyes and made me two new dresses, a blue and a brown. Brother's got a new suit too; it's made from Uncle Jack's old coat dyed over; mamma said 'twas easy to dye with Diamond Dyes—that anybody can use them. Diamond Dyes are made for Home use. Absolutely reliable. Any color. Sold everywhere. 10 cts. a package. 1/2 Dozen in box and 40 samples of colored cloth free. WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., Montreal, P. Q.

Catarrh in the Head Is a dangerous disease because it is liable to result in loss of hearing or smell, or develop into consumption. Read the following: "My wife has been a sufferer from catarrh for the past four years and the disease had gone so far that her eyesight was affected so that for nearly a year she was unable to read for more than five minutes at a time. She suffered severe pains in the head and sometimes she was almost distracted. About Christmas, she commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and since that time has steadily improved. She has taken six bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and is on the road to a complete cure. I cannot speak too highly of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I cheerfully recommend it." W. H. FURBER, Newmarket, Ontario. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the Only True Blood Purifier. Prominently in the public eye today. Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25c per box.

FREDERICTON.

[Progress is for sale in Fredericton by W. T. Fenwick at 25-H. Hawthorne.

At 29—Mrs. Fraser gave a party at Government House last evening; she entertained about seventy guests in honor of Miss Montgomery Campbell of Montreal who is visiting here; the night being deliciously cool and dancing a pleasure and a long programme of dances extended only to short at the end. Ice was served during the evening and about midnight supper was enjoyed.

The bread vendors which was thoughtfully left in darkness made a cozy retreat, with only the moon peering through for a canopy to this week.

The invited guests were: Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Allen, Miss Ida Allen, Mr. L. and Miss Bailey, Dr. J. W. and Miss Bridges, Miss Beverly, Mrs. B. Beckwith, Mr. Geo. Black, Mr. R. Baker, the Misses Crookshank, Messrs L. and W. Finney, Lt. Col. Mrs. and Miss Gordon, Mr. Gerard, Mr. and Mrs. Ar. Gibson, Miss Goodkin, Miss Gilmore, the Misses Gregory, Mr. Hampton, Miss Jeffrey, Miss Montgomery Campbell, Mr. Macdonnell, Miss Mansfield, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, Mr. Oliver, Mayor and Mrs. Legge, Miss Matthew, Miss McDonald, Mrs. E. and Mr. Miller, the Misses Pows, Messrs. and Mrs. Tabor, Mr. A. R. and Miss Tibbitts, Miss Wood, Mrs. J. T. and Mr. C. and Mrs. Randolph, Mr. and Mrs. Rankin, Mr. and Mrs. Rankin, Miss May Robinson, Mr. W. E. and Mrs. Sherman, the Misses Sterling, Mr. W. E. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. O. Sniare, Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. Babbitt, Mr. H. V. and Mrs. E. B. Winslow, Miss Grace Winslow, Mr. J. Winslow, Mr. A. R. Wetmore, Judge Willis, Mr. A. Winslow, Mr. L. B. and Miss Wilnot, Mr. R. Vanwart.

Mrs. Fraser received her guests in a handsome gown of heliotrope Irish poplin with court train of plum velvet and trimmings of pascementerie and French lace, with natural flowers. Miss Campbell looked very pretty in a gown of black satin, decorated with black chiffon trimmings and white chrysanthemums.

Miss Jeffrey, white crepon with puff sleeves of yellow brocade silk and yellow trimmings.

Mrs. Gordon, pink silk striped crepon, with embroidered pink chiffon trimmings.

ST. JOHN—NORTH END.

Mrs. S. Barker has been visiting a few days with Mrs. Thomas Hilliard, Douglas avenue.

Mr. Jack Edwards returned last week from a visit to Fredericton Junction.

Miss Annie Parry is spending a few weeks at Jensen.

Miss MacIntyre has been spending this week with her mother Mrs. Moore, Main street.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall of Clarence, have been in town for the past two weeks.

Miss E. Powys cream silk and white lace.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall of Clarence, have been in town for the past two weeks.

ST. MARTIN'S.

[Progress is for sale in St. Martin's at the Drug-store of R. W. Wellington R. Williams of Apolau is spending a few days in town.

I hear of the approaching marriage of a young lady and a young lumber merchant, both of this place.

Mr. L. S. Titus who has been seriously ill is recovering.

Miss Mabel Cochran left on Friday for Fredericton, where she intends spending a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryan returned a few days with Mrs. Mitchell, during the past week.

Miss Kathie Halliday has returned to Gorham, Maine.

Miss Bertha Cox who has been visiting her aunt, Mrs. Thomas Thompson, during the summer has gone to her home in Cambridge, where she will remain for about ten days.

CAMPBELLTON.

[Progress is for sale in Campbellton at the store of A. Alexander, wholesale and retail dealer in dry goods, groceries, boots and shoes, hardware, school books, stationery, furniture, carriages and machinery.]

Aug. 27.—The Misses Florie and Bertha Rainnie, who spent the summer months here returned to St. John last week to resume their school studies.

Mrs. Wm. Wetmore of Moncton is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Verner.

Miss M. L. Clapp, who has been several days with Mrs. Henry Marchie, has returned to her home in Port-Burton.

Mr. and Mrs. John Cummins have returned from a very pleasant visit to relatives in Ireland.

Mr. E. W. Bones of Minneapolis is in town spending a few weeks with his brother, Mr. John Bones.

Much to the regret of her friends Mrs. K. L. Stog

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1895.

Read, line. Your friends can... You'll find most of... We'll leave it... of women who are... the best—the most eco... washing and clean... the Pearlina users... benefits. Some seem... ly for washing clothes... se.

ADIAN PACIFIC RY. on ticket will be sold from JOHN, N. B. for MAINE STATE FAIR LEWISTON. ep. 4, good for return until \$7.00 each, and 3 only, good for return \$5.00 each, and for the Industrial Fair Toronto, good for return until Sep. 19, \$20.50 each, and 7 only, good for return \$16.40 each.

and other information ent Agents. A. H. NOEMAN, District Pass, Agt, St. John, N. B. INFORMATION MEDIA OF CURRENT EVENTS

ies! Ladies! I am aware that the pretty little... in your arms, as well as... pet bird singing so blithely... on their bodies, some, hundreds of these loathsome... thing, no

IS A VERY HIGH CHURCH.

RITUALISM EXEMPLIFIED IN A HALIFAX EDIFICE.

Accessories Which Looks out of Place in a Protestant Place of Worship but the Service is Higher low, According to the Minister—Another Odd Church.

HALIFAX, Aug. 29.—Last week PROGRESS told the history of the cross in St. Matthias church and its removal from the communion table to some place unseen or unknown. St. Matthias is now a type of the evangelical or low church party. St. Paul's, Trinity and Christ church, Dartmouth, are also low. Three of these are ruled in spiritual things by ministers who came from Wycliffe college, Toronto, a college by the way, which one of the leading contributors to that cross in St. Matthias pronounced not worthy the name of a church college, for said he, its graduates are not churchmen so much as they are enemies of the church. That is the opinion of one high church layman regarding the theological alma mater of Rev. Messrs. Hague and Wilkinson, Perry and Sotley of this city.

The Bishop's Chapel, St. George's and St. Mark's churches are medium "high." St. Luke's is "high." But it is not the highest church in Halifax.

That honor is reserved for St. Alban's church in the Tower Hamlets, a suburb of this city. There ritualism has full swing. The congregation is of one mind in this matter. The "higher" the ritualism the better everybody concerned like. This ritualism is apparent not so much in the service as in the appointments of the church and the altar. The reason for this disparity is that the church, which is included in St. Luke's parish, is too small to maintain a rector. Lay readers and ministers from other churches officiate from time to time, and the character of the service changes with the minister. Were a permanent minister to be secured none but an ultra sacerdotalist would suit the worshippers there. In the meantime the congregation is satisfied with an occasional extremely ritualistic service, but they always have the most advanced form of high church forms, surpassed in this respect by no church in Canada, it has been said by those who have had an opportunity of forming a correct opinion.

In St. Alban's the worshippers before prayers bless themselves by making the sign of the cross.

The altar, which is surmounted by a large cross, bears across its face the words, "Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus." It is of the same form as those used in the catholic churches. The altar is built upon a platform with three steps leading thereto. It has a flat top with a tabernacle in the centre, and gold plated cross surmounting it. On each side of the tabernacle are the candles which are lighted during service. The candlesticks have a shield, inscribed I. H. S., attached to each. Across the lower front of the altar is a cloth similar to that used in catholic churches. On the face of this cloth there is a chalice worked in gold lace, and above the chalice there is a representation of the communion bread, with the sign of the cross upon it. Rays of glory are shown flashing from the bread.

Censers and vestments are used as often as possible in the service at St. Alban's. There is a holy water font immediately inside the entrance to the church.

A leading member and worker in St. Alban's remarked that there was very little difference between the service there and in the catholic churches. And a catholic who was present not long ago remarked that the service closely resembled the vespers to which he had been accustomed.

The people who manage St. Alban's or who bear the financial burden of it, are wealthy residents on the Arm. They are mostly ladies and have a full rein in making the appointments of the church ritualistically just what they like. Mrs. George E. Franklyn is one of the most ardent of the supporters of St. Alban's and one of the most enthusiastic in maintaining its ritualistic worship. Mr. Franklyn frequently conducts the service as lay reader.

St. Alban's, then can be named as the "highest" church in Halifax, and it ranks well, in this respect, with any of the churches of England in Canada.

In connection with churches in Halifax there is an interesting place of worship in the poor's asylum of this city. The chapel used by the inmates is a large room in the main part of the building, plainly furnished and roughly-seated. All denominations find here a harmonious meeting place. At one end is the Roman catholic altar, opposite at the other end is the church of England pulpit and communion table. And where do the presbyterians come in? At the side midway between the church of England pulpit and the catholic altar, is a platform and reading desk. This is the "dissenters' rostrum, whence, as from the other two places, religion and morality are inculcated, the services so arranged that the hours do not clash.

ABOUT THE NEW WOMAN.

The Serious Problem Which Confronts the World in this Question.

Rev. Dr. Henson, a well known baptist clergyman in Chicago—and by no means unknown in the East—recently preached a sermon on that rather remarkable product of modern social evolution which goes by the name of "the new woman," which must have startled his hearers. Much of it dealt with purely surface considerations, such as women bestriding bicycles, and the sort of hermaphroditic costumes many of them wear for that purpose, and was evidently inspired by some apprehension that "the wheel" craze may do what protestant reformers have wholly failed to do for a evolution in feminine attire.

So far as the sermon is reported, one of its faults is failure to discriminate between what is of the surface only and what is essential, fully recognizing that, under all the former, woman remains woman still—that she is essentially the same in the classic drapery of the Greek, the jeweled court dress of a century or two ago, or the fantastic knickerbockers of the modern cyclist.

But the preacher stated some things as facts which are of immense significance if correctly stated. For example, he said that it is a fact that out of the eight or nine hundred—speaking from memory—prominent graduates from English colleges and universities during the past quarter of a century or thereabouts, only between forty and fifty have married. It is safe to guess that some of these have not become mothers.

If this is a correct statement, and is true of the educated "new woman" generally, it is most significant. No one need fear that the institution of marriage is in danger in consequence, but it seems to point to a more than Sisyphian upward struggle for the race. It points to the relegation of the work of keeping up the race entirely to the uncultivated woman. It seems to mean that as soon as woman arrives at the stage of mental evolution represented by "the new woman" of our time she ceases to contribute to the world's stock of people. And if the cultivated woman never, or but rarely allows herself to be placed among the mothers of the race, how is the race to continue its progress?

Even more vital is the question, what is the cure? Is it to drop back into the old relation of superior and inferior, as between the sexes? Is it not, rather, in pushing the mental evolution of woman still higher, to a point where she will intelligently recognize her sex as her chief charm and glory, and not squander herself in cheap, tawdry, abortive, surface imitations of men.—Boston Traveler.

The Crop Never Falls.

Some of those curiously speculative people who are always inquiring into the causes of things and trying to follow out the consequences of things, have sometimes expressed doubts as to what will take the place of war, pestilence and famine as the divinely appointed destroyers of the race. It is necessary that man shall be mortal and rather short-lived, or the earth would soon be more full than was ever an omnibus. But they need not be anxious. Arbitration may abolish war, quarantine suppress pestilence, and rapid communication defeat famine, but the foolkiller, often talked of, is always behind his age. The youth who blew up the hotel in Denver Sunday night, turned cold-water into a red-hot boiler, and he wasn't hurt, either. Evidently he is held in reserve as an extinguisher for another batch of people. The fool is a destroyer as deadly as war, pestilence, famine, or even whiskey.—Portland Telegraph.

The Trolley in Rome.

At the present time omnibuses and a few horse cars constitute the principal means of travel in the streets of Rome. A concession has, however, just been granted to the Societa Romana degli Omnibus for the building of an electric road to run from the general postoffice to the principal railroad station in that city. Grades of considerable size will have to be overcome. The overhead Thompson-Houston trolley system will be adopted, and it is expected to have the line open for business on Sept. 18th of this year.—Scientific American.

Early Justice in Ohio.

In Trumbull county, Ohio, the first tribunal was composed of a self-organized body of men, who tried and convicted a man for stealing from a fellow boarder. He was convicted and sentenced to be divested of his apparel, tied to a tree, and subjected to the bites of mosquitoes for the period of an hour. It was soon discovered, however, that the man would have little or no blood left at the expiration of his term of punishment, and he was released at the end of the first half hour. He was never known to steal again.

Fibre Channels Co. Wins Again.

MONTREAL, Aug. 20.—In the action brought against L. H. Boisseau & Co. for \$5,000 damages for selling and offering for sale Textile Buckskin as Fibre Channels. The Hon. Mr. Justice Teller of the Superior Court has rendered judgment upon the Company's application for a temporary injunction and has restrained the defendant's Clerks, Agents, etc., from selling Textile Buckskin or any other imitation of Fibre Channels as Fibre Channels.

Lead, Kindly Light.

In 1833 John Henry Newman, while travelling on the Continent for his health, was becalmed a week in the Straits of Bonifacio. Then it was that he wrote the hymn, "Lead Kindly Light, Amid the Encircling Gloom." It bore at first the title "The Pillar of Cloud," and the motto, "Unto the Godly there ariseth up light out of the darkness." In 1845 that he was received into the Catholic church.

ABOUT LOVELY WOMEN.

SO CALLED BECAUSE THEY HAVE PLACID NATURES.

The Amiable Woman is a Model but is Apt to Be a Trifle Uninteresting—What She Knows and Does Not Know—An Estimate of the Womanly Woman.

I don't know which characteristic one should pray to be delivered from in one's friends, the erratic disposition which never knows its own mind for ten minutes at a time, or the deadly monotonous nature which knows not the meaning of the word variety, and varies by a sameness which amounts to insipidity! "She is such a lovely creature!" says some enthusiastic friend, "so gentle, so thoroughly domestic, and in short so womanly; she seems to live entirely in and for her own home circle."

Questioned as to what she meant by a "womanly" woman, the enthusiast would probably define her as a person of great amiability with a gentle submissive manner a yielding disposition, and one of those even tempers which are never ruffled and somehow seem a perpetual reproach to all the rest of womankind who are not so b'essed in their dispositions, but are subject to ups and downs like common folk.

All my life long I have envied the "lovely woman" her placid nature, and wished it were something which could be cultivated, knowing full well all the time that the only soil I have available for such exercises agricultural is not of the kind that grows those virtues. There is something very attractive in these still, calm natures, to the restless, fretful, impatient being who are always—

Reaching past a bright today, Out after an obscure tomorrow, taking trouble on interest, and meeting worry and sorrow more than half way! such women honestly envy their more placid sisters, but if they were given the choice I am very sure they would not change places with them. Some spirits are satisfied to find their truest happiness in the calm shelter of domestic life, while others yearn for the rush and stir of the outside world, for the clash of swords and the din of conflict, as it were; they cannot be satisfied to vegetate, they must live even though they bring nothing but scars out of the battle.

Perhaps it is as well that such natures exist, because I am afraid if the world were peopled with only the intensely amiable and placid type of woman we should soon reach a dead level of monotony which would be most unfavorable to progress of any kind.

The thoroughly domestic woman with all her virtues is apt to be a trifle uninteresting and though it is delightful to see her so wrapped up in her home, there is no denying the fact that her entire conversation unusually consists of home matters, the children, the housekeeping; worst of all the servants, and it must be remembered that domestic incidents—when they are not our own, and do not concern us in any way—are far from interesting. We are absorbed in our own children, and find everything they say or do, of the deepest interest, while there is no subject in the world that does not pale into utter insignificance beside the fact that our cook has either got drunk, been detected in stealing most of the groceries, or left us without warning. But it is very different when such tragedies happen in our neighbors' families, they are utterly sordid trivial, and devoid of interest there. The too-domestic woman is not interested in outside matters, she does not think it quite right somehow for the mother of a family to identify herself much with things which do not concern the welfare of her home and family, and she has a horror of too much independence in women. Therefore she is far from being up to date, and a back number of anything never possesses the same interest that a recent issue does. She knows all about the progress of foreign missions, and how much is contributed every year in support of them by each denomination, but she has never given any attention to the Manitoba School question and she does not know whether the term "Grit" is a pet name for the Conservatives, indicating that they are clear grit to the backbone, or a term of opprobrium to be applied to the liberal party. "A conscientious woman has all she can attend to, if she looks after her own family, orders her household properly, and attends to her religious duties," says our domestic woman, and there she gives expression to her good if somewhat narrow creed.

What is known as a "Womanly woman" always seems to me a sort of symbol of the time when all of our sex were out on the one pattern, when they had to be in fact because there was nothing else left for them, and unless they succeeded in training themselves down to a certain uniform standard of sweetness gentleness and submissiveness, there was no place for them in the world.

I think all the rest of us—the women who work for their livings, and who are in the world and of it, feel a very sincere ad-

First Fall

1895 Importation.

Over 1500

Ladies and Children's CLOTH GARMENTS

FOR FALL AND WINTER, NOW OPEN.

Manchester Robertson & Allison, St. John



For these gentle Marthas, but at the same time, deep down in our hearts is a certain good-natured contempt for them too. They miss so much, poor souls! They seem to have trained and disciplined themselves out of all originality, and individuality, and we cannot help thinking that if they had given themselves just a little more rein, and allowed nature a chance to work her own will with them, they would have been more perfect specimens of her handiwork.

A white lily, all purity, sweetness, and tenderness, is very beautiful, but so is the glorious crimson rose, in spite of its thorny stem and so is the carnation with its spicy breath, and even the wild pink sweet briar has a sweetness all its own. Each different nature has its own especial charm, and I am perfectly satisfied that it has also its particular mission to fulfil in the world. No two natures are ever exactly alike, and I cannot help thinking we should be doing the best service to humanity by cultivating what is best in us; the clever woman her cleverness, the bright humorous woman her sense of humor, the domestic woman her domesticity, so that each may it possible reach the highest development of the type she represents.

I may be wrong, but it seems to me that it is so much better to do the best we can with the disposition nature gave us, than to mar it by trying to force it into a different channel, and end by being, instead of intensely womanly and sweet, merely intensely monotonous and tiresome. As for the erratic woman—well I am afraid I have no space left for her now, and must leave her until next week.

FISHERMEN'S NETS.

Nearly all of them are made machinery at the present time.

Most fishermen's nets nowadays are made by machinery, excepting the small round crab nets and dip nets, and bait nets that sportmen use; these are made by hand, for the machines cannot make anything but a straight flat web. Many larger circular nets, however, are constructed from machine-made netting, cut up.

Machines have been used generally in net making for about thirty years. Before that nets were knitted in the families of the fishermen. Some fishermen on the Atlantic coast still make their own nets, and on one part of the Pacific coast there is a close union of fishermen using nets made by hand; but factory-made nets have displaced most nets of domestic make.

There are six netting factories in the United States, all on the Atlantic coast. Car-load lots of nets are not uncommon shipments from this coast to the Pacific, and the same is true of netting twine.

Nets are made of various sizes of thread or twine, in any size mesh desired, and they can be made of any length; but nets of certain kinds are made commonly in certain lengths, and then joined together if greater length be desired. In this way nets have been set in the Great Lakes in one straight string of eleven miles; nets three or four miles long are not unusual there. Such nets are fished with steamboats.

A pound net, 100 feet in length, has been set in Lake Superior. It was necessary to splice the poles for it. The average depth of pound nets on the lakes is forty feet; on the Atlantic coast the average depth of pound nets is thirty-five feet; leaders are made fifteen to seventy rods in length.

In the sounds of North Carolina very long hauling seines are used, some of them about a mile long; they are operated by steamboats. Formerly, hauling seines were used generally. Within the last fifteen years the use of pound nets has increased rapidly. Purses seines are made 200 to 250 fathoms long and perhaps 100 feet deep.

A pound net, complete, costs \$200 to \$1,200; a purse net, \$400 to \$800; a lake

gill-net outfit, \$2,000 to \$3,000, although it might not all be used at one time; a shore seine, from \$10 to \$400. There are other kinds of nets and seines. The life of a net depends on the water it is used in, and circumstances. A heavy pound net might get thrashed out in a season; some nets get seines last three or four years or longer. Nets are made for various uses other than for fishing. They are made for use on horses, in laundries to hold collars and cuffs, for decorative purposes, for lawn tennis, and all sorts of backstops, for banners and hammocks, for poultry yards and for fruit trees and strawberry beds. Some bird traps are made with nets. There are at least a dozen kinds, which, however, are not netted, but sized.

WATERS THAT WILL HEAL.

Old Country Bellets in the Great Virtue of Wells and Streams.

St. John's Loch, or the Holy Loch, at Dunnet, possesses a mysterious power for the allaying of diseases of divers kinds. Ere the sufferer can be healed he must walk thrice around the water before sunrise. On the surface of a well at Halkirk lies a filmy veil, the colors of which in the sun, light a brilliant and varied as the plumage of a peacock. To the faithful only is it given to see this phenomenon. Many a Cuthbert peasant believes in the efficacy of "casting the heart" for the cure of sickness. Into water drawn from certain wells and running streams some melted lead is dropped. Portions of the metal in a tin heart-shaped piece, and if one of the lead hearts be put into all beverages drunk by the ailing person, health is restored. This cure can, however, be effected on certain days only in each month or quarter. St. Tredwell's Loch, in Papa-Westray, evidently, has the many centres of the ancient hermits of Papa, had of yore a wide fame, in part because its waters turned red as a prognostic of any important event in the royal family, in part because of its marvellous curative powers. A large number of coins, chiefly of the seventeenth century, have been found at the chapel, hard by, offerings of gratitude, doubtless, from those who were healed by washing in the loch or by walking silently round the edge. A typical example of water worship survives in the North. The maiden who, on New Year's morning, first draws a pail of water from the village well is accounted singularly fortunate. She has, in truth, secured the "flower of the well," and will be happy for the succeeding year.—Scottish Paper.

A Town of Bleached Blondes.

Every man, woman and child who lives at Point San Pedro in Marin County is a bleached blonde. Even the chickens, dogs, horses, cats, pigs and geese are a bright yellow. The whole place looks as if it were suffering from an attack of jaundice. This peculiar condition of affairs is due to the chemicals used in the powder factory at that place. The company is engaged in the manufacture of a yellow smokeless powder that is different from anything in the explosive line ever put on the market before.

A robust, ruddy-checked young man will go to work in the factory, and in a week he will look as if he had the jaundice for months. The changed appearance is a shock to the friends of the workmen who are ignorant of the cause, and it is weeks before the natural color comes back to his face.

In three days a white dog will be the color of an orange, and in three months his color will fade to a light canary.—San Francisco Post.

With Arms Akimbo.

Have you noticed that the end-of-the-century girl lives, moves, and has her being with her arms akimbo? If you haven't it will be impressed upon you this summer. Whether she sleeps in that attitude is a question none can answer but that special cherub who watches over the slumbers of the summer girls.

She keeps at least one arm akimbo at all times during her waking hours. She dines with her left hand planted firmly against her belt, and she enters the surf in the same manner. It has become quite as popular as the dude's habitual hand in his trouser pocket.

When she sits out on the piazza with the summer man, and listens to the soft nothings he whispers in her ear, her eyes may look pensively off to the sea or some sun-kissed mountain peak in the distance,

but her arm will retain its angular attitude, and, if it is a pretty arm, it will impress its beauty upon him more forcibly than ever.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Deluding Bees.

There is a certain region near Parkersburg, in West Virginia, where the soil is so impregnated with natural gas that every tree sucks it from the soil through its woody pores. This was accidentally discovered by Andy Kalmain, an old bee hunter, who, while using a torch to smoke some bees out of a hollow tree, set fire to the exuding gas, and paid for his discovery by the loss of his eyes and mustache. The discovery has been utilized during the past season by Kalmain and his neighbors, who, by lighting trees above their clove patches, have succeeded in deluding their bees into believing that the summer day was a month long, and into working steadily for twenty-four hours against the night that did not come.

A Toilet Hint.

The woman who has wept until her eyelids and her nose are purple, her eyes bloodshot and her face swollen always feels a trifle embarrassed when she has to receive callers or go down to dinner immediately. She frequently makes a bad matter worse by washing her face in cold water. If she will, instead, bathe it gently with rose water for a few minutes and then lie down for a few more, with a soft rag saturated in rose water over her eyes, she will be prepared to face any company.

Ermine.

Ever since the middle ages the ermine has been the fur royal, and it is still used in the trimming of the state garments of kings and queens; but long ago fell into disfavor with women of fashion. White ermine skins became so cheap that the Canadian, Siberian, and Chinese hunters no longer sent them to the market.

SILVERWARE OF THE HIGHEST GRADE. THE QUESTION 'WILL IT WEAR?' NEED NEVER BE ASKED IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE TRADE MARK 1847 ROGERS BROS. MARK AS THIS IN ITSELF GUARANTEES THE QUALITY. BE SURE THE PREFIX '1847' IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE. THESE GOODS HAVE STOOD THE TEST OF NEARLY HALF A CENTURY. SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

PERHAPS YOU'RE THINKING of Autumn clothes. Your Spring ones if cleaned or dyed will be just the thing. Of course they must be done up well, and that's the reason you should send them to UNGARS. Nothing is slighted there, but everything receives the care and attention necessary to satisfying the public. UNGARS LAUNDRY and DYE WORKS! 22-24 Waterloo St. St. John, N. B. 65-70 Barrington St. Halifax, N. S.

IN SWELL SOCIETY.

It was midnight, and a few of the boys employed on the editorial staff were sitting around telling stories until the rest of the fellows had finished their copy and were ready to go to bed. The conversation drifted to some of the experiences the boys had had in securing exclusive stories and how in many instances duty overcame all other scruples, and a story was written with the hand and brain, while the heart cried, "No—no." The society reporter had been listening attentively to some of the experiences related, when he said: "I will tell you one of my experiences in that line, which would have made a most elegant story, but would have ruined a woman socially and probably wrecked her whole life. One afternoon, some time ago, my assignments were unusually heavy, and I was hastening from one place to another, while my pad of paper was rapidly filling with the news for the morning paper. It was about 5 o'clock, and I had one more place to go, and that was to a reception given by Mrs. Thrane Mower, at her beautiful home on the swell street of our city. As I was ascending the steps the door was opened by a colored servant and I entered. The rooms were entirely deserted, and I thought probably some mistake had occurred, and that there was no reception to be given. I was greeted with the odor of flowers, with which the house was redolent, and then I noticed the arrangement of the furniture and saw that guests were expected. I gave my card to the servant and asked him to give it to Mrs. Mower, and to say that I would only detain her a moment. "When he returned he said that Mrs. Mower would see me in her private sitting room upstairs. I followed him down the long hallway, whose polished floor was covered with rich Oriental rugs, and then mounted the stairs the surface of which shone like glass. At the head of the stairs was Mrs. Mower's room, and the moment I entered I knew that something was wrong, and I eagerly wished that there might be so that I could have a good story. Mrs. Mower, arrayed in an elegant gown of shimmering white satin, embroidered in silver, was standing in the center of the room, her face as white as her gown, and her eyes shining as brightly as the diamonds she wore. She tried to appear at ease, and when I entered she motioned me to a chair, and she seated herself on a divan. It was an effort for her to remain quiet, for her foot was beating a nervous tattoo, and she was tearing her delicate lace handkerchief to shreds. Impatiently she asked: "What is it you wish?" "Have you not issued cards for a reception to be given between the hours of 4 and 6 o'clock?" "She tremblingly bowed her head in the affirmative. "Where are your guests?" "I pointed to a heap of letters that were nearly all the same size, and it could easily be told that they were regrets. I was determined to get at the bottom of this strange freak of society, and still I was touched by the despair of that beautiful woman. She looked at me appealingly, and said: "I know you are wondering what is the cause of this, and that you, as a newspaper representative, will find out the reason, and my name will be on everybody's lips before twenty-four hours have passed. The only reason I wish to see you for was to plead with you to be merciful. I have no one to turn to. The three ladies who were going to assist me in receiving are my guests from out of the city, and I know they are together discussing me and wondering why society has suddenly turned a cold shoulder to me. I feel as if I were the whole world. The Four Hundred are all by the light of the sun, but the moment the sun is hidden under clouds society turns her back. Alas! my sun is concealed, and I am an outcast from society. "Boys, you best not show contempt for society women and their ambition. So have I, I feel sorry for that beautiful woman, who lived only for society, who probably had never done a deed of kindness in her life, and I argued with myself whether she would not be a better woman if she had something to live for besides social triumphs. "Tell me about it, Mrs. Mower," I said, "and I promise you I will help you in any way I can. It is as you say, if you won't tell me, one of your invited guests will." "I know it," she answered, "and for that reason I will tell you the truth. I thought my position in society would warrant me in many liberties that others would not dare take. Last summer, while in Europe, I met a handsome young man, to whom I became quite attached, and after I returned home I announced to Mr. Mower my intention of inviting him to visit us. My husband asked me what I knew about him, and I told him that I knew nothing whatever of him, but that he was traveling the same as I was and that he came from a good family. I considered that quite sufficient. My husband and I never crossed each other and never quarrel. I dispatched my invitation, and he accepted with alacrity, arriving a few days after his letter of acceptance. He went everywhere with me, and, as you know, hardly a week passed that I did not entertain for him, giving musicales, teas, dinners, "at homes" and receptions in his honor. Of course, I could not explain to my friends how I met him, and merely said his family and mine had been friends for years. He always seemed to have plenty of money and the most exquisite flowers were placed on that table, and it needed no card to assure me that they were from R. Reginald Thorne. Mornings we would drive or go shopping or calling, and sometimes remain at home. He said he was passionately fond of jewelry, and he would sit for hours looking at my jewels. I would bring my jewel box in here and laugh at his interest in my jewelry. I had several sets of diamonds and rubies that belonged to my mother. The settings were old fashioned, and I never wore them, but thought that some day I would have the stones reset. "There seemed to interest him immensely, and he used to say, "Don't ever have these reset—you have plenty of others—keep them as they are for heirlooms." One afternoon at a reception we attended a lady lost her pocketbook. She had laid it on a stand in the hall while she adjusted her hat, which had become disarranged in the crush. When she turned to pick up the pocketbook it was gone. No one had been near her except her society friends. She quietly went to the hostess and told her

what had happened, and also said she lamented the loss of the book, as she had four \$100 notes in it, and had intended doing some shopping; that afternoon at a jewelry store. The pocketbook had contained a very valuable diamond ring that she desired to have fixed, as the setting was loose. The hostess was nearly ill at the occurrence. She begged that nothing be said of the affair, and promised that detectives would be hired to recover out the culprit. The other ladies began to miss bracelets, pendants, hair ornaments and fans and expensive handkerchiefs. There was a great deal of excitement over the affair, and every one was frightened for fear the newspapers would hear of it. Detectives were hired, out of no avail. Reginald was terribly shocked, and said that he was surprised that anything of that sort should occur. At a tea about a week ago Reginald seemed ill at ease and complained of not feeling well. There was a stranger present who mixed with the guests, and still no one seemed to know him. The hostess told me he was a noted detective which she had hired to protect her guests from the thefts that had occurred so often. Several ladies had whispered to me that they had lost a card and pocketbook case, a diamond pendant, a watch-chain and one tortoise shell comb set with an emerald of great value. That comb has been the envy of many ladies, and the owner naturally felt grieved at losing it. As usual, when the thefts occurred there was an under-ripple of excitement, and the detective very closely watching Reginald, who was conversing with some ladies. Reginald soon came to my side and said, "Really, Mrs. Mower I am terribly ill, and it you have no objection we will go." I looked at him and saw that he was very pale. As we were leaving the room I saw him stagger, and before I could cry for help he had fallen to the floor. Several ran to his assistance. One gentleman removed Reginald's tie and another unfastened his vest. "As the vest fell back several ladies screamed, and no wonder. In the lining of his vest could be seen the edges of two handkerchiefs that had been stolen that afternoon. The gentleman who had opened his vest I had not noticed in the excitement, but I saw he was the detective. His hand in the lining of the vest—the lining had been fixed like a large pocket—and from its depths procured all the stolen articles of the afternoon. Merciful God! I shall never forget the agony of that day. However, no one wanted him arrested on account of the scandal it would cause. There was nothing left for me to do but to have him carried to my carriage. He was unconscious when we arrived here and my cookman and hired man carried him to the house and to his room. After restoratives had been applied he regained consciousness. He came to this room shortly after and as he looked at me he said, "I know it all up. Are they going to arrest me?" I answered no, but that he must leave immediately, before my husband arrived, or I would not answer for the consequence. In a couple of hours he returned from his packing, and, standing by the door, said, "Good-by, Mrs. Mower. I am a wretch, but I cannot go, not being able to leave. I have told you the truth about my parentage, so that will never cause you grief." I did not say good-by, and with one long look he turned and a few moments later I heard the front door close, and I knew that R. Reginald Thorne and I would probably never see each other again. My jewel box stood open and I had learned that if my jewels were still safe. I carried some of them to the light, and saw that the stones had all been substituted for others that were not worth their weight in brass. He must have taken them one at a time and had the stones removed to his pocket in their places, knowing well that they would never miss them. In his room a telegram was found dated New York, saying: "Have sold everything that you sent for a good price. Have kept half the proceeds and send you checks for balance." Then I understood we were in the same boat. I frequently sent to a "friend" in New York, but the most horrible part of it all is that society blames me. What shall I do to regain my old position? "What do you think of that, boys? And do you know what we did? When people send regrets they simply inclose their card in an envelope. We took those cards out from the envelopes and carried them to the card tray downstairs. We heard a carriage and then another. Some guests were arriving. She sent for her friends, and although the guests acted coldly, you would never think that Mrs. Mower suspected there was anything wrong at all. The ladies who were assisting her in receiving were leaders of society in other cities, and they chatted and laughed gaily with the guests. More guests arrived, until probably fifty were in the rooms. One way to procure the names of the guests present is to copy the names on the cards. I picked up the tray that was full of cards and walked toward the reception room, as if I were going to ask Mrs. Mower's permission to use the cards. When I was quite near her I dropped the tray, as though by accident. As the hundreds of cards fell to the floor the amazement expressed on the faces of the guests was laughable. I knew they were astonished at the many cards, and could not account for them. I begged Mrs. Mower's pardon, and gathering them all up put them back in the hall. Mrs. Mower appeared indignant, and refused to allow me to copy them at all. "It was then about 6 o'clock, and the guests were preparing to depart, and every one of them would stop a moment at the card tray and look at some of the names on the cards, thinking, of course, that the person left the card personally. I hurried to the office, determined to keep that story to myself and help Mrs. Mower further. The city editor asked how the reception had been. I answered, "Out of sight." I wrote one of the most elaborate descriptions of a reception I had ever written. I described the beautiful decorations, the gowns of the ladies who received, and close by saying that there were fully three hundred cards left during the afternoon. It's always the way with society boys—it only needs a leader and all the rest will follow. Realizing this, I knew that when they read that so many had called, those that had called would think they had done as others had done after all. A few days later I received a note from Mrs. Mower asking me to call. I did so, and you ought to have seen her. She called me "an angel," and her gratitude knew no bounds. She showed me a pile of little notes expressing sympathy for the way she had been duped—they all said he was a monomaniac, poor fellow! She is

all the rage now, and perfectly contented, and I must say this much for her—she has never forgotten that day, and although she never speaks of it, no matter where she is, she will stop to have a few pleasant words with me, and a slight pressure of the hand always assures me she never will forget that I befriended her at one time." **SHARKS WITHIN SOUNDINGS.** Large Man Enters Are Caught Close to the Coast of Connecticut. Sharks are plentiful in Long Island Sound all along the Nutmeg strand, says the New York Sun. Three big ones have been caught in the past three weeks. One a huge blue fellow, harmless, off Westbrook, well up the Sound; another, a wicked man-eater in the peaceful waters of Niantic Bay. The champion shark of the season, though, was hooked, a day or two ago, by a retired old whalman, Antone Joseph, now boss cook of the Corfield Lightship, which bobs monotonously at its rusty anchor chains, all the year round, in the shallow waters of this sleepy old Connecticut town. Little or nothing ever happens aboard the clammy, sheltered, old Sound hulk, and a pile of time hangs heavy on Antone's hands when they are not busy cooking, for he was used to a free and breezy life, with thrilling experiences. So he is ever on the watch, peering over the bulwarks, for something livelier, in the way of incident, than the ebb and flow of the yellow tide in the mouth of the Connecticut and the unending but lifeless procession of vessels up and down the Sound. Still a member of the lightship's crew, reciting the storey of Joseph's surprising adventure: "Why, you see, Antone had been staring over the rail all the forenoon, studying the current, looking for something to turn up, as usual, and pretty soon something did turn up, for a fact. And that something was a shark. It was only just a flapping on the top of the sea, for an instant, after all, then just a thin, sharp, knife-like triangular blade, skimming through the water, cutting it neatly as you please; and 'round was a tremendous splash, and the sound of my man to keep it ready all the time for such critters. And he had, too, a whole round four or five pounds, of Uncle Sam's fattest and whitest salt pork. With a jerk, and a flirt and a heave, Antone had baited the shark hook—it was a tempting bait—and let it go overboard with forty or fifty fathoms of heavy rope tied to it; and, 'tween just as quick, he took a couple of turns of the rope about an iron cleat. "So! That lump of salt junk had more than gone keelplash into the middle of the circle, where that hook had been dancing around, and there was a tremendous explosion, the water opened, and we had just time to get a look at a yard and a half of teeth, with jaws like a crocodile's, and the show was gone. The jaws came together like a click, and disappeared in a moment, though, and he was rolling over on his side, showing his white belly, and all hands took hold with a will, and so reeled him in slowly. Once in a while, though he'd make a farewell break, and then we had to give him a little more rope, but in the end we pried him up close to the vessel's side, and Antone got in a blow on his skull that stiffened him. Then we cut the gaffs to him, and half a dozen more clips on the head did the work for him, and he lay still there; next we rigged up a tackle and all hands took hold, and we lifted him on deck. "He was a tremendous fellow—the biggest one, probably, that was ever taken in Long Island Sound. He was just 14 feet 7 inches long, and weighed 500 pounds. He was an ugly devil, and it was no fault of his that he was unable to make a meal of some one on the ship. "The queerest thing about the whole performance, though," added the sailor, "was that the shark was no more than dead when Antone quickly sliced off his sirlin steaks and laid 'em one side for his supper. Then we tipped the man-eater overboard again, and he cooked the steaks, or part of one, for his meal, and said, 'I was as sweet and tender and juicy as lamb. One or two of the crew took a bite of it, too, and though they said they weren't bad, they didn't want a whole meal of them, all the same.'" **The Coral Trade.** Owing to the depression in the coral trade, the Italian government forbade coral-fishing on the Sciacca banks in 1891. Manufacturers have thus been working their old stocks out. The finest coral still commands its price, but unless new banks are discovered its quantity must decrease from year to year, the Messina banks being practically exhausted. Some years ago a new bank was discovered not far from Malta, but the fishermen did not take the bearings of it with sufficient accuracy, and, although her Majesty's government at Malta gave assistance, the bank has never again been found.—London Daily News. **Napoleon and the Barber.** Napoleon's smooth face was a sure evidence of his dislike for a beard. Some anecdotes of the Russian campaign there is a story told of the great Emperor and a poor, but witty barber, who had occasion to shave him. Napoleon had made a rather lengthy detour from the line of march with a detachment of officers. Arriving at a small village they refreshed themselves with a good meal and bath, Napoleon, wishing

to be shaved, the village barber was called in. While the poor fellow stropped his razor and passed it industriously over the great Emperor's chin, he remained silent and seemingly melancholy, although performing his work with amazing rapidity and smoothness. When he had finished, Napoleon complimented him, remarking: "But, man, why do you wear such a melancholy face? You should be happy to have the privilege of shaving an Emperor." "I am doubly happy, your majesty." "Then what is it that troubles you?" "Alas, your majesty, when I think of the kings upon kings and emperors that have died without knowing what it was to be shaved by me. I am sad and melancholy."—Harpers Round Table. **MINES UNDER THE SEA.** Visitors May Hear the Booming of the Ocean Over Their Heads. There is a striking example of man's boldness in searching for wealth, and his skill in securing it at Betallock near Cape Cornwall. Betallock is a bold headland composed of huge masses of hornblende, masked by walls of slate, against which the Atlantic surges are constantly dashing. The persevering efforts of man have at this point been more powerful than those of nature. The Alaska Mining Record says that the gloomy precipices of slate, which unnumbered ages of sea storms have been unable to displace, are here cut in twin by the miner, whose complicated machinery clings to the cliff at places where it would seem almost impossible for an engine to be fixed. Powerful steam engines, stamp mills, and all the heavy machinery required in modern mining are perched on what at first sight seem inaccessible situations, so that from a distance they look as if growing out of the crags. All is noise and bustle, which contrasts strangely with the placidity of the seaward view. "Kibbles" descend fathoms beneath the sea, and ascend again with copper or tin ores which are wheeled away to larger heaps, where women, boys, and girls separate various qualities with the systematic industry of workers in a factory. Everybody and everything—rocks, platforms and paths—are smeared with the prevailing red hue derived from a slight mixture of iron with copper or tin ores, and the very muddy stream flowing from the stamp mill to the sea has imparted to the beach, the breakers, and the foam the same ruby tinge. If ore is coming up plentifully and of good quality, everybody is pleased, and far down in the gloomy depths of the mine, which Cornish legends people with spirits, the news that a new "bunch" of copper has been struck, or that this old mine is growing richer, fills the workers with professional joy. As the visitor crosses the passages into which the light of day has never entered, he hears comparatively little, until, having become accustomed to the darkness, barely illuminated by the flicker of lamps, he daily distinguishes the stalwart gnomes at work. Coming from the upper world amid the din of heavy stamps and measured gush of pumps, the clang of machinery above and the surge of the sea below, the rattle of wagons on tramways, and the crowds of men and boys climbing up and down paths which seem to be too steep for a goat, the mid-day silence of the level strata is as natural. In places, however, the guide may ask the visitor to listen to a curious sound. It is the booming of the waves above and the grating of the stones on the sea bottom. Then he is told, to give him courage, that in some of the recesses of the first level the ore has been cut away until a roof not more than six feet thick has been left. First work is done on the face of the cliffs only, the mine descended, level by level, until the excavations extended for more than six fathoms under the sea and for long distances inland, while the greatest depth to which it had been sunk is about 2,000 feet. **Freshening Sea Water.** A well-known Austrian engineer, M. Piater, is stated to have discovered a remarkable property of the trunks of trees, namely that of retaining the salt of sea water that has filtered through the trunks in the direction of the fibres. He has consequently constructed an apparatus designed to utilize this property in obtaining potable water for the use of ships' crews. This apparatus consists of a pump, which sucks up the sea water into a reservoir, and then forces it into the filter formed by the tree trunk. As soon as the pressure reaches one-fifth to two-fifths atmosphere the water is seen—at the end of from one to three minutes, according to the kind of wood used—to make its exit from the other extremity of the trunk, at first in drops and then in fine streams; the water thus filtered being potable—freed, in fact, from every particle of the usual saline taste which is such a drawback to the water obtained in the ordinary manner.—Railway Review. **No Danger of a Thaw.** One exceedingly warm day in July, a neighbour met an old man, and remarked that it was very hot. "Yes," said Joe; "it wasn't for one thing, I should say we were going to have a thaw."

JUST TAKE THE CAKE

of SURPRISE SOAP and use it, or have it used on wash day without boiling or scalding the clothes. Mark how white and clean it makes them. How little hard work there is about the wash. How white and smooth it leaves the hands.

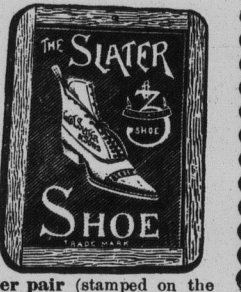
YOU'LL ALWAYS HAVE A CAKE

A Silent Helper

An ill-fitting shoe makes you forget all your troubles—and your comforts too.

The Slater Shoe

is a silent friend, which helps you to remember things by permitting you to forget your feet. Costs less than the pained ones—\$3.00, \$4.00, \$5.00 per pair (stamped on the sole). Best imported calfskin—black or tan—made with the Goodyear Welt. Six shapes—all sizes—many widths.



Ask to see THE SLATER SHOE.

Advertisement for D.C.L. Scotch & Irish Whiskies and London Gin. Includes text: 'ALWAYS ASK FOR D.C.L. SCOTCH & IRISH WHISKIES AND LONDON GIN. PROPRIETORS: THE DISTILLERS, CO. LTD. EDINBURGH, LONDON & DUBLIN.' and 'For Sale by Street & Co.'

Advertisement for Walter Baker & Co. Limited, featuring an illustration of a woman and text: 'Walter Baker & Co. Limited, The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS and CHOCOLATES. HIGHEST AWARDS from the Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS IN EUROPE and AMERICA. Caution: In view of the many imitations of the labels and packages of our goods, consumers should make sure that our place of manufacture, namely, Worcester, Mass., is printed on each package. SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE. WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD. DORCHESTER, MASS.'

Sunday Reading.

THE FETTER AND PROTOTYPE.

Words about Men who are indifferent to the influence of Religion.

Rev. Charles S. Robinson, of the New York Presbyterian church, speaks as follows from the text, "I doubted of such manner of questions.—Acts XXV, 20.

The pertinency of the mere expression chosen is for our present text apparent. Festus, the speaker, is the type of a large class of decorous, educated, polite persons who look upon religious questions as belonging solely to religious people.

They really believe that they dispose of them and of all matters concerning a devoted Christian life, in a fitting, courteous, and altogether satisfactory sort of way when they treat them with a polite forbearance. They will sometimes indulge in a patronizing little discussion; they will listen to a debate; but when invited personally to the test of a religious experience, they admit they do not understand them, are not interested in them, and respectfully remand all consideration of them fully to such people as will give them intelligent appreciation, and to whose peculiar "superstition" they belong.

Now, we do not need even to seem to imply reproach upon the disposition or character of this class of person. There is chance here to put in an honest word even for Festus. History makes a very credible record of his administration, as well as of his reputation generally for fairness, candor, courage, and gentlemanly demeanor to all.

It cannot escape the notice of any one in a study of this man Festus, that there does not seem to have even for once passed across his mind the thought of his examining Christianity, or of listening to Paul, or comparing views of life and duty with Agrippa, or of anything else, for the sake of securing his own soul's salvation or recognizing his relation to the God that made him.

For all his conduct betrays, you might as well think of him as one arisen above the awkward necessity of being saved, like those poor people who were continually vexing the rulers with "questions of their own superstition."

Notable Church Windows. The stained-glass window having the greatest number of life-sized figures on it is in St. Paul's Church at Milwaukee.

that the desires themselves never got headway. No one knows, until he makes a test of it, how much of his mischievous thinking is the result of voluntary, deliberate choosing as an excusable form of self-indulgence.—Sunday-School Times.

THE DOLE OF BREAD.

An Old Charity that is Still in Operation in New York City. One of the most interesting charities in operation in this city, and one which is probably less known than any other, is that which is designated in the register of the Trinity church as "The Leake Dole of Bread."

Since 1792 this practical beneficence has been in constant operation, and it would be exceedingly difficult to compute the great amount of good it has done and the number of hungry persons it has fed. The "Dole" is a bequest by John Leake, a long-forgotten millionaire and philanthropist, who, with John Watts, founded the well known Leake and Watts Orphan House, which is still in existence in this city.

The portion of his will in which the bequest is made reads as follows: "I hereby give and bequeath unto the rector and inhabitants of the Protestant Episcopal church of the State of New York \$1,000, put out at interest to be laid out in the annual income in sixpenny wheaten loaves of bread and distributed on every Sabbath morning, after divine service, to such poor as shall appear most deserving."

This wish has been faithfully carried out with one exception. The regular communicants of the church will no doubt wonder, for not more, perhaps, than a hundred of them have ever noticed the dispensation of "sixpenny wheaten loaves of bread" after the morning service.

Shortly before 8 o'clock every Saturday the eighteen chosen as deacons, officers, or their messengers begin to appear. The first one to call yesterday morning was an impoverished-looking woman towed with age, who, the sexton said has been making the same weekly trip for nearly thirty years.

In direct opposition to this case was that of a gray-haired negro, who, although more than 80 years old, is still quite spry, and entered the vestibule with a "Mornin', massa," in a manner which indicated that she very probably is a manumitted slave.

Be sure that every one of you has his place and vocation on this earth, and that it rests with himself to find it. Do not believe those who too lightly say nothing succeeds like success.

and stupidity. Get knowledge, all you can. Be thorough in all you do, and remember that, though ignorance often be innocent, presumption is always despicable.

SOME POPULAR HYMNS.

How They Were Written and Incidents in Connection With Them. It is really regrettable that so few hymnals give any clue to the history of their more important compositions, in too many cases even the name of the author being omitted.

Mr. Arthur Francis Jones, writing for the Strand, London, remarks that happily many compilers of hymnals have now begun to print the name of the author below every hymn, and also the year in which it was written.

Mr. Jones observes that a melancholy interest attaches to the hymn "Abide with Me," by the Rev. Henry Francis Lyte. It was the last hymn the author ever wrote. It is stated that this famous composition owes its origin to the fact that a short while before his writing, in 1847, many Sunday-school teachers and other helpers in Mr. Lyte's parish suddenly left the church and went over to the Plymouth Brethren.

Why Not Live a Century. "In the coming time," said a famous English poet, "a man or woman eighty or one hundred years old will be more beautiful than the youth or maiden of twenty, as the ripe fruit is more beautiful and fragrant than the green."

A Message From God. "This is the Covenant that I will make with them after those days, saith the Lord, I will put my laws into their hearts, and in their minds will I write them; and their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more."

Uses of Proverbs. A proverb may express a partial truth, which is often more deceptive than an actual falsehood; or may be true only in a limited and restricted sense, and that not always the one in which it is most usually employed.

Meanings Of Precious Stones. In giving rings to their friends people nowadays bestow a little thought on them and are not satisfied merely with what the jeweller offers them.

will tend to make his medicines more powerful, and his patients will get well sooner. Of the ruby, it is believed that a human soul is come out at its very heart. This idea comes from India, the land of romance.

THEY HAD THEIR DOUBTS.

It was a Windfall if the Gentleman from the North was Reliable. Recently a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal church returned from a tour of the South, and made his headquarters at one of the big hotels up town.

When we arrived at the church we found that it was to be a sort of special service to raise money to pay off a church debt. They had recently erected a new church and it was only partly paid for.

While the money was being counted a song service was held. It was plainly evident to us that something unusual was going on, and there was a subdued air of excitement among the congregation.

What it was he tells us in a letter dated February 3rd, 1893. "After doctoring several months without receiving any benefit, I determined to try Mother Seigle's Curative Syrup."

WHY NOT LIVE A CENTURY.

"In the coming time," said a famous English poet, "a man or woman eighty or one hundred years old will be more beautiful than the youth or maiden of twenty, as the ripe fruit is more beautiful and fragrant than the green."

Mr. Richard Leggate, of New Bolingbroke near Boston, Lincolnshire, is a man now somewhat over seventy. He is a farmer, well known and highly respected in his district.

Nothing could come of this but increasing weakness, and it wasn't long before it was all he could do to summon strength to walk about.

Well, Mr. Leggate took the prescribed medicine, but got no better. He asked the doctor why that was, and he appeared to be puzzled for an answer at first.

Wages in Japan. Wages in Japan are exceedingly low, and, together with the skill and the perseverance of the Japanese, constitute an important factor in the commercial affairs in Eastern Asia.

If You Wish to be ... HAPPY ... KEEP YOUR EYE... On This Space.

Modern Business Methods. Modern Business Facilities. EDISON MIMEOGRAPH.

The invention of MR. THOMAS A. EDISON, is an exponent of the best class of modern business facilities. It is a reproducing device of great capacity, simple construction and easy manipulation.

Ira Cornwall, - Gen'l Agent,

Board of Trade Building, Canterbury St., St. John, N. B. It would look just as though Mr. Leggate were really going to pieces from old age.

Dr. Nathan Oppenheim, in one of the magazines, scientifically explains "why children lie." I have always thought that the little romancers should be gently dealt with, for very often their "whops" are a mixture of facts, dreams, imaginations, and the narrow horizon natural to their limited experience.

Like Modern Sporting. "How is the weather out?" asked Mrs. Wickwire. "Very pugilistic," replied Mr. Wickwire. "Very how?" "Windy and the eveninging."

BURDOCK'S BLOOD BITTERS. CURES DYSPEPSIA, BAD BLOOD, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY TROUBLES, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS.

BURDOCK'S BLOOD BITTERS unlocks all the secretions and removes all impurities from the system from a common complaint to the worst scrofulous sore.

HOW THE OSTRICH ACTS.

IT IS AN INTERESTING BUT NOT A DOUBT FUL.

Becomes more docile in captivity than in its wild state—It never gets so that it will trust man—Familiarities of the graceful creature's nature.

Among birds there is hardly one that commands so much interest, whether from commercial or other reasons, as the ostrich. Unlike the baboon, the ostrich seems to possess a minimum of intelligence. It is one of the very few animals, too, that is more savage when domesticated than when wild. Wild ostriches invariably run away from a man, even when they are breeding, whereas the so-called tame bird is recklessly vicious. It might be argued that familiarity with the lords of creation breeds a just contempt. But who is it that tame birds which are allowed to run wild for any length of time show the same fear of man as birds that are naturally wild? Even ostriches allowed to run in a large enclosure are not savage like birds cooped up in a small field. This fact goes to prove that the spirit of the ostrich is affected by close captivity, and that the confinement tends to make him a confirmed misanthrope; nor in this melancholia is he confined to the males only, for I have seen in the females as savage and as ready to attack any human intruder as the fiercest of males.

The young ostrich, some 15 months old, or what is termed by ostrich farmers a chicken, is certainly one of the most graceful among birds. The eye is peculiarly fine, and the carriage lithe and stately. It is a very pretty sight to see a number of these birds flying before the wind with extended wings, or waltzing one with another, a pastime in which they frequently indulge. In spite of the wiry look of the ostrich's long legs, they are singularly brittle, and the farmer always looks on at one of these waltzes with some apprehension, as they frequently end in fractures which are incurable.

All young ostriches, in fact, are peculiarly delicate and susceptible to cold. I remember once, after a heavy two days rain in the month of May, the first winter month in the Cape, a neighbor of mine went round his enclosure to have a look at his ostriches, or birds, as they call them out there. He found in one place 12 birds frozen to death, with seven hares, which had crept among the ostriches for warmth, also dead. They had all taken shelter under a low tree, and as ostriches always go to sleep in a sitting posture, their legs were frozen to the cold, wet ground, and they had not strength to rise. All these birds were chickens of a year's growth.

The ostrich, indeed, does not seem to attain maturity until he is about three years old, when he becomes hard as nails and able to weather almost any reasonable amount of draught or cold. After that the wire fences seem to be his chief enemy. I once counted five fine, full-grown birds, which had evidently been scared at night, all lying dead inside a stout wire fence. Sometimes the poor bird, not seeing the wires in the dusk, charges up against it at full tilt, and gets one of his feet entangled in the lower wires, thus suffering a miserable death from starvation and exposure.

To show the great strength and pluck of a full-grown ostrich, I was once, while walking outside a big camp, or enclosure, followed by a large cock ostrich, and when I stood still to see what he would do, he retired a few paces and charged at the fence at full speed. Thus he repeated thrice and did not seem to feel the slightest hurt.

The keel or breastbone of an ostrich must be enormously powerful. I was shown some years ago by a farmer in the George district a mud wall, or rather a well composed of dry sods, through which a herd of seven young ostriches had charged during the night. The breaches were as clean cut and complete as if they had been made a cannon ball, and, strange to say, none of the birds were injured.

In spite of its invincible ferocity towards man, the most savage ostrich can be put to leading flight by the smallest lap-dog, provided only that the dog has pluck enough to commence the attack. A more ludicrous sight can hardly be conceived than that of the high-stepping, turn-toed Titan among birds beating an ignominious retreat before a yelping little toy-warrior. Most of the night scares which occasion such loss among ostrich farmers are caused by jacks passing suddenly amongst a troop of sleeping ostriches.

I have often measured the strides of an ostrich running at full speed, and found it to be from ten to twelve feet in length. As the ostrich has only one pace, the trot, this bird may fairly be considered the fastest trotter in the world. An ostrich can jump on occasion, but its jumping seems to consist more of a gigantic hop. I once saw a male bird jump over a five-bar fence. It placed one of its feet on the lowest bar, and then took a flying hop over the whole fence.

The ostrich is a strong and capable swimmer, a fact which I have not seen mentioned in any natural history. At a farm in Swellendam district, where I was spending the evening, was taken by the owner to see his ostriches, which were coming home to be kraaled. They were grazing on the other side of the Zonder Eend river which was here about 120 yards wide and fairly deep. On my asking him how he was going to get them through, he replied, to my intense astonishment, "Oh, they swim through." They took the water without any hesitation, and swam through, with their wings slightly open, and without any apparent effort. It was one of the most curious and interesting sights I have ever seen. The slight

extension of their wings must add considerably to their buoyancy.

As most of my readers are doubtless aware, the kick of a full-grown ostrich is very dangerous, partaking of the double nature of a scraping stab with a heavy knock-down blow. The toe is almost as sharp as the point of a spear, very much like that of the kangaroo. A really vicious ostrich, especially when breeding, is an animal to be on your guard against, and should never be approached unless you have a dog to set at it if need be. Some people counsel lying down in case of an attack by a savage bird; but this is often fallacious, as the ostrich, like many another victor, is not satisfied with the mock show of submission, but frequently mounts on its prostrate foe and tramples him until very little breath is left in his body. Of course, even in this position, there is one resource left, and that is to catch hold of its neck, when the tables are turned, and the mighty foe can be killed with a very slight blow of the fist on the top of its head.

I can remember very vividly being made the victim of that sort of advice, which looks sound enough from a theoretical view-point, but only requires to be put in practice to prove its inefficacy. I had been spending the evening at a strange farm where there was a savage ostrich that had broken out of its paddock and used to strut around the farmyard, threateningly, in the morning I had to go to the stable to feed my horses, and as there seemed to be no way of eluding the bird of fine feather, I asked the gudevie's advice. She counselled going down on all fours and barking like a dog. Although I felt keenly the ignominy of the position, I thought it was an experiment worth trying. So imitating a dog as closely as I could, I stooped down, and not being an adept at this sort of locomotion, I only got a few yards from the kitchen door when the ostrich saw me and charged at me with uncompromising hostility. Luckily a little cur which had been warning itself at the kitchen fire "happened outside," to use an Americanism, and ran barking at the naughty invader, who he led round in sudden, unmitigated terror, that he almost broke one of his legs, and dared not enter the farmyard for the rest of the day.

I regret to say it, but the ostrich seems utterly incapable of any affection towards its human masters. A bird that is in the habit of being fed by one person will assail him mercilessly as soon as an opportunity offers. In its comparatively tiny brain, that is, considering the bird's great size, there seems to be no room for aught but unlimited vindictiveness.

Livingstone compares the trumpeting of the ostrich to the roar of the lion, and any one who knew nothing of the great missionary traveller arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system, and who had seen or read of the life of the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Shenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50. There are numerous imitations and substitutes against which the public is cautioned.

CASES OF STAGE FRIGHT.
Peculiar Incidents Recorded in the Life of an Actor.
There are plenty of records of fright on the stage; fright arising from the powerful impression which an actor has made on his companions and which results in the same dumbness that ordinary stage fright brings on.

For example, there was a famous performance of Sir Giles Overreach, by Edmund Kean, in which Mrs. Glover became so alarmed—she was playing Margaret—that she fainted away, while Mrs. Horn, who was also on the stage, was barely able to stagger to a seat.

Of this kind of stage fright, Charles Barron told an amusing incident the other day. It happened when he was supporting E. L. Davenport, and they were playing in South-Baltimore, if I remember rightly. Davenport came to him one day and told him that he had engaged his brother to play Lucullus.

"What brother?" said Barron.
"Why, your brother," was Davenport's emphatic reply.
"Well, who for?"
"Why, to act?"
"I haven't got any brother that can act," replied Barron, who, up to that time did not know that his brother had seriously followed in his footsteps.

"See here," said Davenport, "have you got a brother Bill or haven't you?"
"Well, he can't play it," was the reply.
"He isn't old enough."
It happened that Bill was some three or more years the senior of Charles, but that was a detail that didn't count. He was new to the stage. Nevertheless, the deal was made and Bill was to play Lucullus, to his own great delight, for he had heard that one night his brother Charles while playing the same part, had been taken in front of the curtain by the "governor," as Davenport was called.

THE PASTOR'S WIFE.

AN INTERESTING INTERVIEW WITH MRS. (REV.) F. B. STRATTON.

Threatened With Paralysis—Weak, Emaciated and Unable to Stand—Fragrant Pills Restore Her Health. (From the Naparoe Beaver.)

The Rev. F. B. Stratton, of Selby, is one of the best known ministers in Bay of Quinte conference, of which body he is the President. During the two years Mr. Stratton has been stationed at Selby, both he and Mrs. Stratton have won hosts of friends among all classes for their unassuming and sincere Christian work. Some time ago Mrs. Stratton was attacked with partial paralysis, and her restoration having been attributed to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a reporter of the Beaver was sent to interview her. In reply to the reporter's question Mrs. Stratton said that she had been greatly benefited by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and was perfectly willing to give her experience that those similarly afflicted might be benefited. Mrs. Stratton said that before moving to Selby she had been greatly troubled by a numbness coming over her sides and arms (partial paralysis) which when she moved, felt as though hundreds of needles were sticking in the flesh. For over a year she had been troubled in this way, with occasionally a dizzy spell. She was becoming emaciated and easily fatigued and was unable to get sleep from this cause. The trouble seemed to be worse at night. Mr. Stratton had become greatly alarmed at her bad state of health, and it was feared that complete paralysis would ensue as Mrs. Stratton's mother the late Mrs. Weaver, of Ingersoll, had been similarly stricken, at about the same age. Knowing a young lady in Trenton where Mr. Stratton had been previously stationed, who had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, it was determined to give them a fair trial. When Mrs. Stratton began using the Pink Pills she was very thin and her system badly run down, but after taking the pills for a time, all symptoms of paralysis disappeared, and she found her health and strength renewed and her weight increased. Mrs. Stratton is about fifty years of age, and a more healthy, robust, and younger looking lady is seldom seen at that age.

In reply to the reporter's inquiry as to what Pink Pills had done for his wife, Mr. Stratton said, "Look at her, look at her, doesn't she show it," and the reporter could not but admit the truth of the statement. These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system, and will cure or all ailments from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Shenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50. There are numerous imitations and substitutes against which the public is cautioned.

CASES OF STAGE FRIGHT.
Peculiar Incidents Recorded in the Life of an Actor.
There are plenty of records of fright on the stage; fright arising from the powerful impression which an actor has made on his companions and which results in the same dumbness that ordinary stage fright brings on.

For example, there was a famous performance of Sir Giles Overreach, by Edmund Kean, in which Mrs. Glover became so alarmed—she was playing Margaret—that she fainted away, while Mrs. Horn, who was also on the stage, was barely able to stagger to a seat.

Of this kind of stage fright, Charles Barron told an amusing incident the other day. It happened when he was supporting E. L. Davenport, and they were playing in South-Baltimore, if I remember rightly. Davenport came to him one day and told him that he had engaged his brother to play Lucullus.

"What brother?" said Barron.
"Why, your brother," was Davenport's emphatic reply.
"Well, who for?"
"Why, to act?"
"I haven't got any brother that can act," replied Barron, who, up to that time did not know that his brother had seriously followed in his footsteps.

"See here," said Davenport, "have you got a brother Bill or haven't you?"
"Well, he can't play it," was the reply.
"He isn't old enough."
It happened that Bill was some three or more years the senior of Charles, but that was a detail that didn't count. He was new to the stage. Nevertheless, the deal was made and Bill was to play Lucullus, to his own great delight, for he had heard that one night his brother Charles while playing the same part, had been taken in front of the curtain by the "governor," as Davenport was called.

Well, the night came. The scene came—that is, the great scene where Lucullus, trying to save Damon's life, has killed the steed that is to take the statesman back to Syracuse in time to save Pythias and keep

THE NUMBER

4

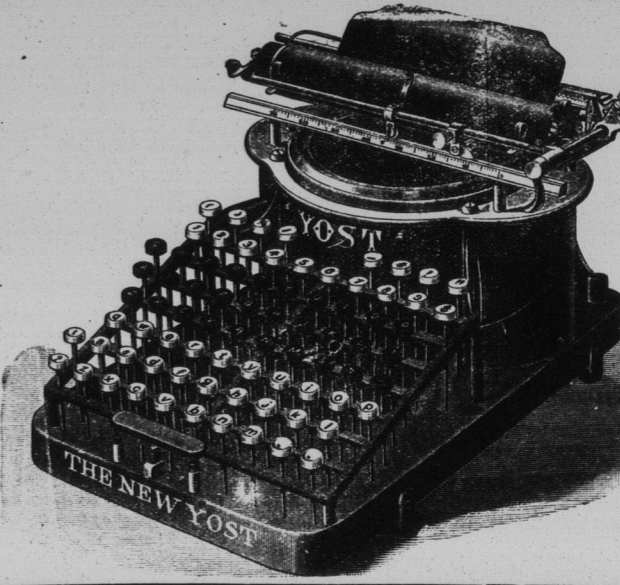
Y O S T

THE RIBBON COME FOREVER DISCARDED, THROUGH AWAY.

Perfect in Every Particular.

CORRECT IN Design, Workmanship, Principles, Results.

Complete.



Complete. In Every Detail.

UNEQUALLED IN Construction, Beauty of Work, Alignment, Speed, Clearness of Letter Press Copies.

Perfect.

YOST WRITING MACHINE CO.

ALL KINDS OF TYPEWRITERS REPAIRED.

IRA CORNWALL, General Agent for the Maritime Provinces, BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, St. John, or the following Agents

Messrs. R. Ward (Toronto), St. John; A. S. Murray, Fredericton, N. B.; J. T. Whitlock, St. Stephen; W. B. Morris, St. Andrews; J. Fred Benson, Chatham; D. B. Stewart, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; Dr. W. F. Bishop, Bathurst, N. B.; C. J. Coleman, "Advocate" office of Sydney, C. B.; W. F. Kempton, Yarmouth, N. S.; Chas. Barrill & Co., Weymouth, N. S.; T. Carlton Kitchin, Woodstock; Clarence K. Casey, Amherst, N. S.; E. M. Fulton, Truro, N. S.; T. W. Butler, Newcastle, N. B.; P. J. Gogan, Pictou, N. B.; H. F. McLatchie, Campbellton, N. B.; R. B. Murray, Springhill, N. S.

his word. There was Bill on the stage, and there in the wings was his brother Charles, clutching the book in both hands and ready to give the word if the novice missed it. The scene began; it approached the climax—and this was in Davenport's prime, when he was, many still contend, the best Damon the stage ever saw. He reached the lines:

I am standing to see the great gods. Will, with their lightning, execute my prayer upon thee. But by punishment be mine, I'll tear thee to pieces.

The force of the scene had begun to stagger Bill before that, and as Davenport sprang towards him he stood perfectly dumfounded, rooted to the spot, while in the wings, just as dumb, was brother Charles, still clutching the book with both hands, with his mouth half open, but quite unable to give the word. Damon finished the scene, quite unimpeded by brother Bill, who allowed himself to be shaken and dragged about without a protest. After it was over, Davenport said, with some violence: "If he hadn't been your brother, by Jove, I'd have finished him," but later he used to say to Charles: "You can't play Lucullus, that's Bill's part."

All About the Wheel.
Abbas Hilmi, the young Khedive of Egypt, rides a wheel built for him of solid silver.

The most precious bicycles in the world is owned by the Khedive of Johore. It is of massive gold and inlaid with diamonds and sapphires.

Bicycles are now being constructed of papier mache, and it seems that they stand the wear and tear of heavy road work very well.

The largest collection of wheels of various types is owned by Mr. Frederick Verney, the secretary of the Chinese League at London. It contains 126 bicycles, 5 tandems and 42 tricycles. Every member of his numerous family is an expert rider, and even his little three-year-old daughter takes a spin along with the rest of the family.

Privy Counsellor Alfred Krupp, the cannon king of Germany, has joined the wheelmen. Heretofore interested in wheels only as far as they served to move his gun carriages, he has become very enthusiastic upon the subject, and may be seen every morning going out on his safety, rain or shine.

Pointer for Butter Makers.
John Sprague & Son, of Annapolis, Ont., the junior member of which firm is instructor for the Ontario Creameries Association, states that they have received 25 barrels of Windsor Salt, and that it is No. 1, both for Cheese and Butter. They consider it the best salt they have used for years, and recommend it to all the Creamery men in Ontario.

After Eating a Gentleman.
Pa Tiger—I don't think I'd care to be in the midst of civilization.
Ma Tiger—Why not, love?
Pa Tiger—It's so much nicer to let civilization be in the midst of me.



CAREFULLY MADE from pure Castile, delicately perfumed, **BABY'S OWN SOAP** is the best and most agreeable Soap you can buy for either Toilet or Nursery. N. B.—A standard make and a ready seller, Baby's Own Soap gives but a small profit to retailers. DON'T ALLOW them to sell you an inferior brand on which they make more profit. THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Manufacturers, MONTREAL.

A Perfect Wood Furnace



"Famous Magnet"
Made in 4 sizes, Nos. 14, 16, 17 and 19. Will heat from 10,000 to 100,000 cubic feet. Heavy Fire Box, Large Feed Door. Steel Flues with Cast Heads. Direct and indirect draft. Flues easily cleaned. All operations from front of Furnace. YOU CAN KEEP YOUR HOUSE WARM FROM CELLAR TO GARRET, AND DO IT CHEAPLY. Highest Testimonials From all Dealer and Users. LONDON, MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG and VANCOUVER.

The McClary Mfg. Co., If your local dealer does not handle our goods, write our nearest house.

Don't Take Chances



On what gives all the style to your clothes, Use the best interlining **Fibre Chamois** It is cheaper than other and will outlast the garment, having an oil coating and thus making it absorb dampness and moisture. Always put a fibre over it in skirts. Don't buy cheaply made goods that will give you failures, and use Fibre Chamois on every yard of Genuine Fibre Chamois. Light weight, is No. 10, Medium No. 20, Heavy No. 30.

In Black, Brown, Slate and Cream. All Fast Colors.

A Pure White Soap.



Made from vegetable oils it possesses all the qualities of the finest white Castile Soap. The Best Soap for Toilet & Bath Purposes, it leaves the skin soft smooth and healthy.

5 CTS. (TOILET SIZE) A CAKE. It Floats. ST. JOHN SOAP MFG. CO., ST. JOHN, N. B.

WOMAN and HER WORK.

I wonder if it is actually true, girls, that in spite of ourselves we are all bound to come to bicycles sooner or later? I am really beginning to wonder if there isn't a sort of fate about it which overtakes one unawares, or whether there could possibly be such a thing as a bicycle microbe which fastens upon its prey and holds it fast until he has worked his own sweet will upon the helpless wretch, until such time as his lust of slaughter is satisfied, and he rests from his warfare in the languor of satiety.

There is undoubtedly something very strange about bicycle fever and the mysterious manner in which it attacks those whom we should imagine would be least susceptible to its influence; no one appears to be safe from the woman who weighs three hundred pounds, to the slender fairy who only tips the scale at six stone, six when she has her winter clothes on.

I don't mind telling you in confidence that I was getting just a bit nervous about the new disease, and beginning to take precautions against infection, lest it should be of an infectious nature. I keep aloof, as much as possible from all well developed cases, and pass over all the alluring advertisements of wheels which have been especially designed for the use of our sex. But at the same time I never see a bicycle novice wobbling and staggering uncertainly along on her wheel, without wondering furtively how I would look perched upon such an eminence and scudding before the wind under close reefed sails, after the manner of the genuine bicycle enthusiast.

Surely the danger which pursues us is no imaginary one since it is impossible to take up a fashion journal of any prominence without being struck by the number and variety of bicycle costumes illustrated. There is sure to be at least one example each of "A bicycle skirt," "Bicycle costume," "Bloomer costume with short skirt for bicycling, etc." So it is very evident the bicycle has come to stay, and those of us who wish to be in the front rank and have a hundred dollars or so to spare, had better invest at once, and prepare to spin around, be country on a pair of tandem wheels, like the rest of the "upper circles."

But apart from the cycle costumes, there are endless delightful creations called out dresses, to make the summer girl charming in no matter what position she is found, whether climbing a mountain, playing her beloved, and fashionable golf, or tennis, or sporting herself amid the briny waves. Here is a charming tennis suit, which is just as graceful as it can be, from its very simplicity the object of which is of course to give perfect freedom of motion to the wearer.

The material is striped blue and white, in a soft material scarcely so thick as tennis flannel, but of pure wool. The skirt is quite plain and full, clearing the ground by three or four inches. The blouse is all white with a double collar, the under one of the white wool, and the upper, of silk in a shade matching the stripe in the skirt. The sleeves are large puffs of the white cloth reaching just below the elbow, and finished with a scant ruff of the silk like the upper collar. The blouse is fastened at the throat with a row of buttons of blue, and a soft belt of the silk is tied in a knot at the back.

An outing costume which could be used by the bicycle maiden also, if she was so minded, and which is a very stylish and jaunty little suit indeed is of checked tweed in buttons green and trimmed with leather. The skirt reaches nearly to the boot tops and is edged with leather. Suspended from the belt are shaped straps of leather by which the length of the skirt can be regulated. The bodice is a blouse, caught at the waist with a broad leather belt, and opening over a white linen shirt; on each side of the opened front of the blouse is a finish of leather with six buttons. The bloomers which go with the costume are of the same tweed, and leggings and boots match the leather trimmings. Nothing could be more sensible, or more suitable for mountain climbing, or any vigorous out-of-door exercise than such a costume and it is very becoming also.

The gown skirts are shorter than those intended for cycling, the golf skirt reaching only a little below the knee, and being quite scant in width. The most popular bodice for such costumes is the Norfolk jacket made with either loose, or closed fronts, as the wearer prefers, the jacket reaches below the waist and except for the big mutton-leg sleeves, is very much like the same garment worn by men. The material used is generally blue cloth, and it is usually trimmed with tan collar and cuffs, and worn over a shirt of ecru linen. Full silk bloomers matching the skirt in color with bicycle tan leather leggings and shoes, belt of tan leather and a blue Tam O'Shanter complete the costume. I scarcely like to say so, but in Paris, the ladies who play golf, dispense with the skirt altogether, and content themselves with the bloomers, and a Figaro jacket. When worn alone the bloomers are of camel's hair but with a skirt over them they are always

made of silk, so that the skirt may slip by them easily, with every movement, instead of catching as wool will do.

I think I have mentioned mohair already as being one of the most fashionable of summer materials. It seems to be growing in favor all the time, and has almost taken the place of the ever popular serge, probably on account of its lighter weight. One of the prettiest and oldest shades in which mohair comes is the new "huckle-berry blue" which is as its name implied, a variation of the blue so much worn last winter, only in a darker, and grayer shade. Light blue seems to be coming in again after its long retirement, and it will be a boon to many a blue eyed fair haired girl, who knows well that pretty as she may be she never looks quite so utterly sweet as she should, in any color but light blue.

Of course there are special costumes for many other occasions besides "outing" and some of the gowns worn at the coaching parties so fashionable at the American watering places during the season: are well worth describing, only it would almost seem as if they were too elaborate to be crushed to death on the box seat of a crowded coach. One very lovely coaching dress was of buttercup yellow silk made in the fashion I described last week, shirred at the waist, and flaring down to the foot. The front seems to be piped with black, and the bloused bodice had great puffed spangled with sequins and a sequin belt encircled the waist; large black bows decorated the collar and belt. A large picture hat of buttercup yellow straw, trimmed with black bows and butters, and long suede gloves finished the costume.

Another dress worn at a coaching party was much more simple in appearance, though almost as elaborate in reality. It was of the finest and sheerest buff linen made over a lining of yellow silk. The loose bodice opened over a vest of mull gathered very full at the neck and waist and edged on the centre fold with valenciennes lace. The collar and cuffs were of mull edged with the same lace and the broad white belt was fastened with a silver buckle. The skirt was quite plain as usual and hanging in full godet folds over the silk slip.

Another gown worn at the same party, was of sheer white grass linen mounted on an entire lining of lemon colored silk; almost the only trimming consisted of shoulder ornaments of white lace butterflies. It was a veritable triumph of expensive simplicity.

Here is another New York dress, a perfect poem in white, which was worn. I believe at an afternoon fete given by one of Gotham's four hundred.

It was of alpaca, and all in snowy white the dress itself unrelieved by an atom of color. The alpaca was of so fine and silky a quality that the dress had an effect of great richness in spite of its simplicity. The skirt was perfectly plain, but had an immense amount of fibre to make up for its plainness, and the bodice was one fluffy puff of white mousseline de soie, with tiny frills edging each. The sleeves were very long, and composed entirely of frills which grew narrower towards the hand, which was almost concealed by the last frill. The shoes were of white undressed kid, and the hat which showed the only bit of color in the costume, was a large picture shape of white mousseline de soie shirred on a frame of gilt-wire and piled with glowing scarlet and pink roses. The parasol worn with this toilette amply made up for any lack of color in the dress, as it was composed of scarlet tulle in the most brilliant shade imaginable.

Another dress worn at the same fete, was in direct contrast to the one I have described. It was all in black, not even the bonnet or the sunshade showing a gleam of color. The wearer was a perfect blonde, or she would never have dared to weigh herself down with so much unrelieved black.

The dress was of black muslin made up over black pongee silk. The skirt was all in broad tucks from the foot to the waist, and stood out very wide indeed. The blouse had a tucked yoke, round in shape, the lower part falling in a loose puff to the waist, and the belt was simply a twist of black velvet ribbon finished with a long bow in the back. The sleeves were immense triple puffs, made in the fashionable effect of slipping down on the long cut shoulders, and finished at the wrist with a twist of velvet and a small bow. Two loops of jetted black gauze completed the costume. No gloves were worn. Indeed the custom of gloveless hands seems to be rapidly gaining ground in New York society.

A lovely dress worn lately in New York, was of black gauze draped over black silk. The gauze was all spangled over with unsmelled beads, and the effect was charming. The bodice was in blouse shape in front, but close and plain at back and sides, and the skirt plain and very full.

Another pretty gown cut in the new

princess shape, was of white taffeta silk draped with white chiffon, and trimmed elaborately with pearl embroidery about the throat and waist. And odd feature of this dress was the Marie Antoinette sleeve, made tight from shoulder to elbow and finished with a very full ruff of chiffon.

The stock collar so long, and so deservedly popular with all sorts and conditions of women are more raised than ever, there are styles to suit everyone. Those who are tired of the rosettes at each side of the neck may replace them by knots of ribbon or chiffon, ends of ribbon sometimes falling almost to the waist. One very new collar is shirred, not around, but up and down, and finished with rosettes on each side. In front of each rosette a fan shaped piece of chiffon or silk muslin is placed. Lawn, ribbon, swiss, or mull muslin are all equally fashionable, and equally pretty, when developed into crush collars.

I think I must describe just one bicycle costume before I stop this week. I don't know whether the microbe is beginning to get in his deadly work or not, but I read of such a pretty one the other day that I almost envied the woman who was to wear it. The material was Scotch tweed, in a pretty shade of tan, made with a jacket and a very scant skirt, cut close about the hips and finished with neat tailor stitching. The plain linen shirt may be of any becoming color, but in this case it was of pale blue, and a full necktie of soft silk was to be worn with it. The bloomers to be worn with it had the buttons on the knee sewn to an elastic, so as to give way to every motion. Leggings and shoes with pliant soles completed the suit. The jaunty sweater which many cyclists prefer may take the place of the jacket if desired.

Once upon a time, when people mentioned an omelet everyone understood them to mean just the one thing, a dish composed of a certain number of eggs beaten well and then cooked in a frying pan. But now the meaning has extended to a great variety of appetizing dishes, and one needs to specify exactly the kind of omelet meant, in order to be understood. All the following recipes will be found good I think.

Plain Omelet.
For a plain omelet beat the yolks of six eggs with half a teaspoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of milk; add the well beaten whites and have your saucepan with a tablespoonful of butter in it, quite hot, and pour in the egg mixture. Keep shaking the pan, letting it rest on the hot stove only a moment at a time. When the omelet thickens, fold over with the help of a wide knife, let it stand a few seconds, and turn on a warm platter. Omelets may be baked if you prefer. Place the pan containing the mixture in a moderate oven and six minutes is about the time required.

A variety of omelets may be made starting in this way, and just before folding, spreading over the mixture, either minced ham, tongue, or chicken, oysters, tomatoes, green peas, asparagus tips of mushrooms. Serve with sauce or not. Any omelet must be sent to the table the moment it is done to be a success.

Fruit Omelet.
Sweet omelets make a delicate and attractive dessert. A fruit omelet is made with the yolks of three eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cream, and a pinch of salt, mix well, add the four whites beaten to a stiff froth; put into a hot buttered pan as for a plain omelet, and when it is about ready to fold sprinkle over it a few chopped almonds, bits of preserved ginger, and candied lemon peel; fold and let it remain a moment on the fire; turn on a warm dish; sift powdered sugar on the top, scatter candied cherries on it, and serve immediately.

Orange Omelet.
Three oranges, grated rind of one, two tablespoonfuls butter, six tablespoonfuls sugar, half a saltspoon salt, four eggs. Pare and slice two oranges, and squeeze out the juice. Beat the yolks of the eggs until lemon-colored and thick; add the rest of the sugar, the rind, and the tablespoonfuls of orange juice. Beat the whites of the eggs until very stiff, then cut and fold (do not stir) into the rest of the mixture. Have the butter very hot in the omelet pan, and pour in the omelet. As it begins to thicken well, spread over the sliced oranges fold the omelet over them from the sides of the pan, cover and finish cooking over the hot water pan.

The oranges may be prepared, and the egg beaten beforehand, spreading a damp cloth over the bowl containing the beaten eggs to keep them moist. It is a point to be emphasized in the graceful and expeditious use of the chaffin dish, that the materials be measured and prepared beforehand.

Apple Omelet.
An excellent dish is called apple omelet. Pare and core six tart apples and soak until soft; while hot beat them fine and smooth, adding one tablespoonful of butter, five of sugar, and a dash of nutmeg; when perfectly cold stir in the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, and, lastly, the whites beaten to a froth; pour into a baking dish which has been warmed and buttered; bake in a moderate oven and eat while warm. This is a favorite dish for the tea and East, and is accompanied by fresh graham bread.

Vanilla Omelet.
For vanilla omelet soufflé, mix two ounces of powdered sugar with the yolks of three eggs, and beat hard for five minutes; add vanilla flavoring; beat the whites of six eggs to a very stiff froth and mix a generous teaspoonful of sugar with them. Put the yellow and white mixtures together turn on a hot buttered platter, heaping the omelet up in the centre. Sprinkle powdered sugar over the top and bake in a moderate oven ten minutes.

To Soften Lemon Jelly.
Sometimes lemon jelly, made with gelatin, does not solidify. In such a case, add two stiff whites of eggs and a little sugar to a quart of the jelly, and freeze it as lemon ice. It will be found to be delicious, and

School Shoes.

During the Holidays the Boys and Girls have worn out all their old Shoes and are now ready for a fresh supply for school. We have just the lines required. Good Fitting, Serviceable Shoes, a pair for every boy in the city.

WATERBURY & RISING.

61 King, 212 Union.

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED COCOA

100 PRIZE MEDALS AWARDED TO THE FIRM. Purchasers should ask specially for Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa, to distinguish it from other varieties manufactured by the Firm.

R.I.P.A.N.S ONE GIVES RELIEF.

that the egg removes that coarse, snowy taste of the average water ice.

Fruit Compotes.
Among the various ways of serving fruits in season, a compote is one of the most delicious, yet few cooks understand the art of making it properly. Their attempts to do so, resulting in a dish of stewed fruit. First, perfect fruit only should be selected when a compote is to be made. It should be peeled quickly, dropped in alum water or ice water and lemon juice; then into the boiling syrup and cooked slowly until clear.

Save the Tender Fingers
Little holders for lifting the 5 o'clock tea-kettle, the chaffin dish or the heated handle of a coffee pot at the table are of sateen on one side, interlined with leather, and of colored satin or silk on the other side. They are made gay by crossing the silken side through the centre and diagonally with a metal ribbon of gold or silver. Sometimes the ribbon has a row of heavy white lace insertion on each side.

Traveling Gowns of Mohair.
Traveling gowns of mohair are being made with the fullness of the skirt carried over the hip in a series of very fine plaits, stitched down flatly, and visibly. With many of these skirts is worn a short cape instead of a jacket or blazer.

HOUSE AND HOME HINTS.
How to Make Sailor Hat a Joy Forever With Little Trouble.

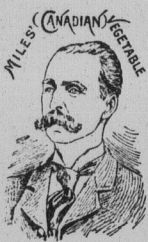
To make the sailor hat of greater value to the summer wardrobe it is necessary to have several ribbon bands to match the various frocks. This is the clever idea of a young belle who is always well gowned, and who does this at a small expense. For instance, with a pure white toilet of duck a white sailor hat, with a white band is correct, and with a pale or dark blue it is the same rule of fashion which applies. This changing of the band makes it appear as though it were a new hat, whereas the cost of the band is a small expense. Make the band with a piece of elastic inside of it, so that it will slip over the crown of the hat easily. The narrow corded ribbon is new most in vogue.

Is English You Know.
The London Times and other papers published a number of letters on the origin of the Yankee twang. One writer asserts that the same nasal inflection can be heard in Cornwall, whence proceeded many of the first settlers of New England.

The Globe holds that the twang is a mere exaggeration of the inflection used by the rural residents of Sussex.

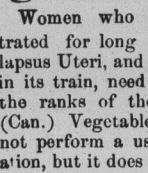
The Westminster Gazette traces its origin to East and English sailors from Wapping, who took their speech over to America with "guess" and other Elizabethan phrases.

What Chewing Does.
Some writers find they can think better when chewing something—that is, figs, tobacco, etc. The reason of this is that mastication increases the flow of blood through the carotid artery.



HEALTH FOR THE Mother Sex

This caption, "Health for the Mother Sex," is of such immense and pressing importance that it has of necessity become the banner cry of the age.



COMPOUND
Women who have been prostrated for long years with Prolapsus Uteri, and illnesses following in its train, need no longer stop in the ranks of the suffering. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound does not perform a useless surgical operation, but it does a far more reasonable service.

It strengthens the muscles of the Uterus, and thus lifts that organ into its proper and original position, and by relieving the strain cures the pain. Women who live in constant dread of PAIN, recurring at REGULAR PERIODS, may be enabled to pass that stage without a single unpleasant sensation.

Four tablespoonfuls of Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound taken per day for (3) three days before the period will render the utmost ease and comfort.

For sale by all druggists. Prepared by the A. M. C. MEDICINE CO., 136 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal. Price 75 cents.

I CURE FITS!

Valuable treatise and bottle of medicine sent Free to any sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address. H. G. BROWN, 183 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

PATENTS, FOR INVENTIONS. Applications for Patents, Trade Marks and Designs, searches made, Defective Patents reissued. Opinions on infringements, validity, scope, etc. Reports on state of art and improvements on any subject. Assignments, licenses, contracts, etc. drawn and recorded. Expert testimony prepared, arbitrations conducted. Ottawa, New York Life HANBURY A. BROWN, Building, Montreal. (B. A., B. C., L., A. C. S., Soc. C. E.) Cable address "Brevet," Montreal. Adversary Patent Attorney.

Intercolonial Railway.

On and after MONDAY, the 24th June, 1895, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN: Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax..... 7. Accommodation for Pt. du Chene..... 10. Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 10. Express for Sussex..... 12. Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 22.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN

Accommodation from Sydney, Halifax and Montreal (Monday excepted)..... 5.00 Through express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted)..... 8.00 Express from Sussex..... 12.00 Accommodation from Pt. du Chene..... 12.00 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton..... 12.00 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbells..... 12.00 Shipping car passengers from Sydney and Halifax by train arriving at St. John at 5.00 o'clock will be allowed to remain in the sleeping car until 7.00 o'clock the morning of arrival.

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway are heated by steam from the locomotive, and those between Halifax and Montreal, via Lewis, are lighted by electricity.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager. Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 30th June, 1895. THE YARMOUTH Steamship Co. (LIMITED). The shortest and most direct route between Nova Scotia and the United States. The Quickest Time! Sea Voyage from 15 to 17 Hours. FOUR TRIPS A WEEK

from Yarmouth to Boston. Steamers Yarmouth and Boston in combination. One of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth every Tuesday, Wednesday Friday and Saturday evening, after arrival of express from Halifax. Returning will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at noon. Steamer "City of St. John's" will leave Yarmouth every Friday at 7 a. m. for Halifax, calling at Barrington (when clear), Shelburne, Lockport, Lunenburg. Returning will leave Halifax every Monday at 6 p. m., for Yarmouth and intermediate ports, connecting with S. S. Yarmouth for Boston on Wednesday. Steamer Alpha leaves Walker's Wharf, St. John every Tuesday. S. M. ROBBINS, Agent. L. E. BAKER, Free and Managing Director.

HAVE YOUR FISH Re-Iced AT ST. JOHN BY JONES BROS.

SOME GREAT LIBRARIES.

The New World has the Greatest Number of Books in the Most Complete.

New York is soon to have one of the greatest libraries in the world, says the Philadelphia Press.

Cincinnati and Boston both have libraries, and the other large cities of the country, like Chicago and Philadelphia, are well equipped.

The British Museum ranks in importance before all the great libraries of the world, with the exception of the Bibliothque Nationale at Paris, and far exceeds the latter institution in the systematic arrangement and accessibility of its contents.

The foundation of the British Museum dates from 1753, when 50,000 books were presented to the nation.

Berlin is well supplied with libraries, seventy-two being registered in 1875.

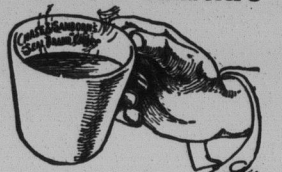
As the center of civilization, Italy is of course the country where the oldest libraries are found and where the most valuable MSS. are preserved.

At the funeral of the late Emperor, Alexander II., the unfortunate black knight fainting during the march from the Winter Palace, and died that night at the hospital, whether he was borne.

During the progress of the funeral procession of the late Emperor, it was noticed that the black knight dragged himself with ever-increasing difficulty, and on reaching the fortress he sank to the ground unconscious and died soon after.

Perhaps the new Emperor will be content to die without exacting a spectacular victim when his time shall come.—Youth's Companion.

Chase & Sanborn's



Seal Brand Coffee

Universally accepted as the Leading Fine Coffee of the World.

CHASE & SANBORN, BOSTON. MONTREAL. CHICAGO.

How the Entire SEXUAL SYSTEM



of the male may be brought to that condition essential to health of body and peace of mind.

DRUNKENNESS

Or the Liquor Habit, Positively Cured by Dr. Hamilton's Golden Specific.

DEAFNESS

An essay, describing a really scientific cure of deafness, ringing in ears, etc.

Worth A Trial

Hundreds of business men in his city read Progress who do not admit in any paper. They do a certain amount of business and doubt the power of printer's ink to increase it.

Few Proprietary Medicine have so proud a record, or are so justly free from the charge of Empiricism as "PUTTER'S EMULSION of Cod Liver Oil and Pancreaticine, with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda."

CONSUMPTION

DAVID CONNELL, LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLES, 45-47 WATERLOO STREET.

CAFE ROYAL, Demville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY WILLIAM CLARK

MENTAL TELEGRAPHY.

Curious Instance of Second Sight in the Experience of Mark Twain.

Several years ago I made a campaign on the platform with Mr. George W. Cable, says Mark Twain. In Montreal we were honored with a reception. It began at two in the afternoon in a long drawing-room in the Windsor hotel.

When I arrived in the lecture hall that evening some one said: "Come into the waiting-room; there's a friend of yours there who wants to see you."

DRUNKENNESS

DEAFNESS

Worth A Trial

CONSUMPTION

DAVID CONNELL, LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLES, 45-47 WATERLOO STREET.

CAFE ROYAL, Demville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY WILLIAM CLARK

DR. FOWLER'S



EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY

TURKISH DYES

We Don't Follow

The Thread

Clapperton's Threads.

Progress Print

STAR LINE STEAMERS

The Sun

The Sunday Sun

DAVID CONNELL, LIVERY AND BOARDING STABLES, 45-47 WATERLOO STREET.

CAFE ROYAL, Demville Building, Corner King and Prince Wm. Streets.

MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY WILLIAM CLARK

WEALTH IN THE PEAT BOG.

Process for Turning it into Clothing and Machine Bearing.

According to recent discoveries of German investigators, Ireland possesses in her peat bogs a remunerative and extensive field for the employment of capital and labor.

SAVING THE WASTE.

Unconsidered Trifles True Amount To No Small Sum When Collected.

The late Chief Justice Watts was one of the famous characters of New Mexico in early days.

His Idea of Red Tap.

THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed.

NEWEST DESIGNS Latest Patterns.

PROFESSIONAL. GORDON LIVINGSTON, GENERAL AGENT, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.

CONNORS HOTEL, CORNERS STANTON, MADAWASKA, N. B.

DELMONT HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B.



No Other Medicine SO THOROUGH AS

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Statement of a Well Known Doctor

CLEAN TEETH

I CURE FITS!

To the Trade. Glycerine.

Having just purchased 10 Tons

EVANS & SONS

EPILEPSY

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH. TEABERRY.

THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed.

NEWEST DESIGNS Latest Patterns.

PROFESSIONAL. GORDON LIVINGSTON, GENERAL AGENT, CONVEYANCER, NOTARY PUBLIC, ETC.

CONNORS HOTEL, CORNERS STANTON, MADAWASKA, N. B.

DELMONT HOTEL, ST. JOHN, N. B.

QUEEN HOTEL, FREDERICTON, N. B.

FOR THE MODERN STAGE

THE MECHANICAL DEPARTMENT ALWAYS IMPROVING.

Its Evolution Within a Few Years Has Been Very Great—Many Marvels Have Been Wrought by the Application of Some Simple Electrical Effects.

In a recent issue of PROGRESS an account was given of the mechanical principle of many of the regulation stage effects, but the following from a St. Louis paper, shows that many of the things there described are now being supplanted by more modern ideas, due to the constant demand for the greatest possible realism.

"Such has been the evolution of the evolution of the drama," said Thomas J. Bent of Chicago, one of the delegates in attendance at the sixth biennial session of the Theatrical Mechanical Association. "And truly its evolution has been remarkable since the days when it found its highest expression in the now much-despised Punch and Judy show. But the evolution of the drama is no less remarkable than the evolution of what I may call the mechanical department of the stage upon which it is presented. And while the one is the result of centuries the other is the result, at least in its most striking developments, of only a very few years."

Mr. Bent is about the oldest delegate of the association present. He was for over a quarter of a century what was humorously described as the "nocturnal illuminator" of one of Chicago's principal theatres. He is accompanied by another delegate, whose hair had turned a silvery gray, in the position of stage carpenter at the same theatre. This is Mr. John Faust.

"In the evolution of the mechanical branch of the stage," continued Mr. Bent, "the artist is enabled, provided he has been gifted with the histrionic power, to hold the mirror up to nature. When one recalls how imperfectly in days past was the art of producing stage effects, one is surprised that the drama held so high a place in the minds of the people. The fact that it did so high a place is a tribute to the genius of our leading actors and actresses, as well as to the judgment and care of theatrical managers in catering to the public taste."

"A revolution has been wrought in stage management by electricity. And the revolution has resulted in giving to the incidents which go to make the production complete a naturalness which without electricity would be impossible of attainment. Take, for example, that one matter of lightning. Without it the stage storm scenes would lack their chief element, the element that gives a realistic touch to the picture presented. Up to a few years ago, this was produced by a flask box with a light in its centre. The box was filled with a preparation called leycopodium. Into this box you put some cotton saturated with alcohol. To this there was a hose attached. You blew through the hose, ignited the cotton, and created the flash. You can see what the flash would be like. Now we have, you might say, real lightning made to order."

We take two electric wires, run them through some handle, say two fire handles, from a current, bring the two wires together, and you have a flash that dazzles the eyes. It is produced as quickly as nature itself. And so with everything. "Even in thunder making," suggested Mr. Faust, "there has been a great improvement."

"Yes," Mr. Bent went on. "I suppose no one ever thought of the old sheet iron and balls would be replaced. Now there are no less than four or five systems. The best thing I have seen, however, was that which was introduced by a German company in Chicago a short time ago. There was placed on the stage, out of view of the audience, of course, a large machine, with a skin drawn tightly over it like a drum. The machine was five or six feet in diameter. It was divided into two different parts. The one was suspended in the air. The other rested on the ground. From above the first several small balls were dropped. These set the first portion of the machine in motion, and the balls produced that rumbling which presages the bursting of the thunder storm; gradually it grew louder and louder, till they fell with a terrific explosion on the second portion of the machine. The sound was as nearly like that of natural thunder as anything I have ever heard."

"Then take a scene in the moonlight. Now we produce the moon by the aid of a magic lantern. How used we to do it before, you ask. Well, such as it was, we produced it through the use of a square box, a piece of transparent cloth, and a tallow candle. This would be hung by a couple of strings from one of the drop scenes. It would have to be pulled up when you wanted the moon to conveniently disappear. In the pulling up and lowering you would have the moon suddenly appear to take a jump or possibly hide itself just at the moment when the hero was beginning to repeat his lines in a moonlight love scene. The situation was awkward under the circumstances. Now the moonlight sky becomes as natural as the lightning flash."

"What I regard as one of the best electrical effects I have ever seen I witnessed about a year ago," said Mr. Faust. "This was the sudden illumination of a number of dancing girls. There were about twelve

or fifteen in the group, and at a certain point in the dance the heads of all seemed to the observer to be lighted up in various colors. And their heads were, as a matter of fact, illuminated in the colors witnessed by the audience, which was dumfounded by the novel feature of the show. It was done in this way: Over the carpet on the steps were a number of small brass plates about three inches square. They were so placed that each dancer at the particular point would step on them with both feet. They had the colored lamps on their head and shoulders, and by stepping on the little plates a current was produced which resulted in the illumination. You remember, too, in the production of America at the Auditorium some two and a half years ago how the dancers were wrapped in the national flag as the dance comes to a close. The scene is exceedingly striking, one of the most striking of that spectacular production. The flag is produced through the aid of electric lights and vari-tinted shades. And day by day electricity is finding new uses on the stage, and is bringing stage scenery to a degree of perfection undreamed of even twenty years ago.

"No, there has been no substitute introduced for snow so far. It is still the same old thing, the white paper cut into slips and then recut and placed in a box covered with cloths. Or sometimes it is a canvas bag, arranged so that the proper quantity will be shaken out at the one time. The great difficulty in finding a substitute for this lies in the fact that it is very hard to get anything which is light enough to drift in a very slight current of air. One man in Paris has tried to supplant it by white kid. He is at the head of a glove factory, and, in endeavoring to find a use for the shavings or the waste material, the idea occurred to him that he might dispose of it profitably to theatrical companies for the purpose named. The kid has certainly many advantages over paper. Before it goes through the final stage of its conversion into gloves or other articles of apparel it contains a sort of lining that is fluffy and downy, and is a much nearer approach to snow than can ever be found in paper. But its weight rendered it altogether useless for the stage."

"There are a good many, I suppose," continued Mr. Faust, "who regard stage property, furniture, etc., as being a very unimportant accessory to the production of a play. Such people make a great mistake. Take, for instance, the absence of a pen and ink. Very small in itself, but yet in a certain art has to write a letter and the pen and ink are absent, what is the result? And, in connection with the writing of a letter it is curious that the actor never really writes a letter. When I spoke of ink, I should have said ink-bottle, for the bottle is always empty. On the other hand, when an actor is supposed to read a letter, he always has the letter before him. The reason is curious as it may seem, the average actor and actress possess an exceedingly poor memory, and a letter contains a greater number of lines than they are usually asked to repeat on the stage. Now, the arranging of the letter, the ink-bottle and everything in the way of property depends on what is known as the property man, the man who has charge of all the property. Again, take such an apparently small thing as the arrangement of a chair for a tragedian. The chair has a certain amount of business depending upon it. Suppose it is not exactly in the spot where the scene opens in. What happens? The actor is a nervous man; he keeps his eye on the chair; he thinks of the chair; he forgets his lines, and he spoils the production. I recollect such a comparatively small thing as the turning on of the lights, a moment before the proper time leading Mansfield into a violent fit of temper. He was appearing in 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.' Just as he retired the audience gave vent to its feeling of appreciation, and Mansfield came forward to acknowledge the compliment. While he was doing so the lights in the house were turned on, which, of course, showed his make-up under a stronger glare than that displayed while he was playing the part. There was a possibility of spoiling the illusion of the double character, and, naturally, he became exceedingly angry. I remember, too, the exactions which Salvini demanded in the arrangement of stage scenery. I had arranged in a certain place. I had arranged it to suit him, as I thought. The stage manager came to me in a great hurry one afternoon and told me Salvini would have to have the door rearranged. I asked why; what difference could a few inches make one way or the other? He then explained to me that Salvini during the part stepped backward before he retired; that he knew exactly the number of steps it took to reach the point where he was accustomed to come to a stand-still; that if the door were not changed, he would bump against it and spoil the finest piece of acting to which he treated the theatre."

"Realism has been carried to a remarkable extent as the result of the introduction of electricity. And as in the matter of scenery, so it is in everything else. Mansfield, I think, shows a greater desire for it than any other actor of our day. When he appears in a supper scene he has a real supper. Oysters on the half shell must be obtained, no matter how; so must chicken and other salads, and he never uses anything but the real champagne. In this matter a change has come over the stage. Years ago everything used during any scene of that eating and drinking formed a part was the genuine article. Now it seldom is. You have imitations of every edible and of every liquor. The reason for the change is this: Some years ago all such necessities were supplied by the stage managers; now they are supplied by the managers of the theatrical companies. Since the expense comes out of the treasury of the company the luxuries of real champagne suppers have been almost wholly dispensed with."

Scottish and English Farmers. Scottish farmers who have settled in the east of England are looked on with favor, "because their wives and daughters milk cows, take it to the village, load calves, and do other work." Scottish farmers succeed thereabouts, while English farmers do not.

SEEN IN OLD ENGLAND.

EXPERIENCES OF A VISITOR IN A FAIR COUNTRY.

The Land Looks Its Best at This Season of the Year—The People Seen to Very Good Advantage—Some Qualities that Give Favorable Impressions.

All railways in Great Britain in the vicinity of towns are either submerged, run on viaducts, or in tunnels, so that the passengers see nothing of cities which they enter or leave, writes Mary H. Krout. You are well out of Edinburgh in the green country, winding through the hills, before you realize it. And you see, far off, the smoke of London, then the roofs of houses, and are at your station in the same unexpected way; the tunnels are interminable—miles of them must be threaded before you are finally set down at King's Cross.

Scotland and England both, at this season of the year, August, are inexpressibly lovely. In the north the hay harvest has just been gathered, and the fields are already laid low from the new growth. The grain is just beginning to head out, for they do not harvest the wheat until September, and here and there are great patches of blood-red poppies—a wonderful contrast to the yellow-green of the grain. There is not a foot of waste land anywhere and the same high cultivation of our rich farming regions would make us the bread-growers of civilization.

The Great Northern is, by far, the best route between Edinburgh and London, because it is the most picturesque. Darlington, and York, and Newcastle-on-Tyne lie along the line, and it passes through a country of great historic interest and of wonderful beauty. John Barrow has written more satisfactorily of the English landscape than any one who has ever attempted it. He compares the lush greenness of the grass that springs up everywhere and grows so luxuriantly in this humid climate to the light, feathery snow of our own winters, that falls in a night and covers the earth with downy softness. While our trees bristle, the leaves seeking to escape the fierce heat of our summers, the under part of the boughs being as thickly clothed with leaves as the upper, he calls the English trees "great tents of shade," softly rounded in all their outlines, all the leaves crowding to the light, and leaving the under part of the branches nearly bare. And one who has read his English sketches must be struck with the truth of the description.

It is hard to understand, though, how they manage to raise any grain at all, there are such myriads of crows. I saw one freshly plowed field that was literally black with them, and could well understand how crow-scaring could be made a branch of industry in which the reluctant rustic British lad is forced to engage extensively.

At York our carriage door was unlocked and we were permitted to get out and walk up and down the platform. Here there were a number of nimble boys wearing the uniform of the company selling tea. It was handed through the windows of carriages, and thirstily swallowed by the provident who had brought their lunches with them. English railway stations, in town and country, are much less ornamental than ours, but they are vastly more spacious, solid, and comfortable.

The platforms are of cement, and are on a level almost with the carriage door, so you walk instead of climb into your compartment, as we must do. There is less confusion and a great deal more courtesy, and for this latter virtue John Bull rarely ever gets any credit from Americans who travel and dislike the English railway service. There is the trouble of claiming your luggage, but this is given you, and all your questions are answered civilly. At York I heard an entreating voice behind me say, "Ple-e-ase, ple-e-ase," and turned to find myself in the way of a porter wheeling a truck of "boxes." I had grown so accustomed to "Hay, there" or "Get out of the way!" it is no wonder under the circumstances that I stepped aside at once and apologized into the bargain.

In this connection it may be said that it is very singular that the English have never had the credit they deserve for being an extremely kind and polite people. We read and hear of the "British stare," of their surliness and selfishness, but I have not, up to this time, seen a single instance of what I should call rudeness. If not disposed to talk they tend to their own business, and one can respect their reticence, but on my journey down from Edinburgh I noticed that every man offered his paper to his neighbor when he had finished reading it himself; the sandy-haired youth gave the workman his copy of Panch, and the severe young woman presented me with her Chapman's Magazine, and asked me to keep it, when she politely wished me "good morning," and we parted at Newcastle. They did not, however, talk to each other at all, as Americans would have done. At York, when I asked a lady to show me the ladies' waiting-room, which was at the extreme end of the long platform, she insisted on going with me, although her own train was waiting, and she had but a few minutes to spare.

At the great London station the same order and system prevailed as I had seen elsewhere; all the baggage was piled together, the porter called a "four-wheeler," the trunks and bags were put on top, and I was driven to my hotel in the West End. In New York I had paid \$3 for transferring one trunk to the dock, myself, steam-trunk, and carryall to a hotel on Broad-

CORNWALL'S BICYCLE AGENCY.

Controlling the largest line of wheels represented in Canada, including English, American and Canadian Wheels.

Table listing bicycle models and prices: Junior \$35.00, Empi e, (Royal Mail) 50.00, Prince and Princess 50.00 each, Crescents 55.00 to \$80, Spartan 70.00, Duke and Duchess 75.00, Fleet Ladies and Gentlemen 95.00, Road King 90.00, Davies Uptodate 100.00, Keating Ladies and Gentlemen's 110.00, Hyslops 110.00, Whitworth's 110.00, Beeston Humber 120.00 to \$125.

We can meet all demands both in quality and price, REPAIRS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

We have Second Hand Wheels for Sale

Also full assortment of Cycle Accessories. I. E. CORNWALL General Agent, Board of Trade Building, ST. JOHN, N. B. I. E. CORNWALL Special Agent, send for Catalogue.

way, from the Jersey ferry; the drive from King's Cross to my hotel, a distance of six miles, with my possessions, cost just 85 cents in London.

At the hotel I found an English friend awaiting me, with letters of welcome from others, which were speedily followed by calls in person. And in these small matters also the people are an example. Letters of introduction are recognized immediately; notes are answered without delay, and while they say little, they do a great deal. Your comfort, your happiness, your convenience are theirs for the time being if they have been made in any way responsible for it.

The vastness of London is impressive. It must always dwarf everything else in the world for one who has visited it. It is miles upon miles of streets—and all clean—give me a wholesome respect for the industry, honesty, and perseverance of the English people. The houses, that is, the residences, and even the public buildings, as we who would should call dull, it is not a little melancholy, compared to our own more ornate architecture. Along the more public thoroughfares, like Piccadilly, the few residences stand behind high walls over which we can see from the top of the plebeian class, in which my soul delights. They turn their backs in haughty scorn upon the public thoroughfare, even behind their walls. The offices and dining-rooms are upon the first floor, the drawing-room on the second, the chambers above, and the servants' quarters at the top. Behind these gardens, entirely secluded, are the private houses. That of the Duke of Devonshire, not far from Hyde Park, is very large, and at the entrance of the street, along the south side, is posted the notice, "No thoroughfare." The good nature of the common people; in the better parts of the city, the "cabbies," and policemen, is remarkable. The omnibus driver, who can drive closer to the wheels of another vehicle and not graze them than any other man in the world, is apparently never in an ill-humor, he chafes his corners on the bus ahead of him, and stops his horses instantly when he is signalled. This is not because they have so much leisure, for Piccadilly is a tremendous rush. No one dares to attempt crossing the whole width of the street at any one time, in the middle-lighted with two gas posts at night—and, having safely passed the stream of vehicles coming in one direction, can take breath, watch his chance, make another plunge, and land safely on the curb stone opposite.

There are 90,000 omnibuses running daily in London. A bright American girl hearing this statement, said: "I believe it, and I saw them all in Piccadilly." The intelligence and civility of the London police are proverbial. They apparently know the town as they know their multiplication table, and direct you, unflinchingly, wherever you want to go. I have had but one, thus far, say that "I do not know," and this was as to the whereabouts of a very difficult street to find, which was rather a paved passageway than a thoroughfare, and was for pedestrians only, out in Hampstead Heath.

A friend in Chicago some time ago said: "There is nowhere in the world where you can be so comfortable as in a little English hotel." This is true. The servants are respectful and attentive; one's rooms are gone over three times daily; in the morning when the bed is made, in the middle of the day when there is a thorough setting to rights, and at night when fresh towels and water are brought, the shoes taken away to be cleaned, and the bed prepared, when the guest wishes to retire. The ordinary breakfast is tea, rolls, a chop, or the incomparable English bacon and fresh eggs, toast, and the inevitable marmalade; there is no fruit, or porridge, unless it is especially ordered; the luncheon consists of cold meats, more tea and cake, while dinner is remarkable for the variety of soup, fish, fowl and joints, and the sweetness of the vegetables; potatoes and vegetable marrow seem to be the chief reliance; a dozen

thin, bitter slices of cucumber adorn the fish, but it is not to be eaten seriously or lavishly, as with us; sweet potatoes, peas in abundance, corn, melons, the varieties of fruit are lacking, and the rather tame puddings, which, with cheese and biscuits, constitute the daily dessert, are a poor substitute for the luxuries to which we are accustomed. Coffee is an unknown quantity. I have seen this bean for sale in various places, otherwise I should never believe that the thick, black decoction they give you was ever made from anything but licorice. The bread is always sweet and delicious, and the unsalted butter like rich cream; the game and mutton, in an advanced state of decomposition, which greets your olfactory nerves with its powerful odor as you approach. I have not yet grown accustomed to gam; reasonably "high" is one thing, and that which is more than ready for solemn burial is quite another; but the English epicure has expressed his preference for the latter, and that settles it.

The evil genius of the English hotel—the one that the comfort-seeker they give you have a pleasant room at the moderate "tariff" of luxurious ease and enjoyment; but when the weekly bill comes in it is as big as one of the Australian ballets. The modern six shillings is literally nowhere; it is swamped and swallowed in extras—"service," "tips," "servise," more "tips," "sundries," "cleaning shoes," and so on, and the way one's simplest and commonest needs which our hotels take for granted and include in the general total, are twisted and transformed into chargeable items, must be regarded as the highest triumph of human ingenuity. You find that what you think you are paying for is next to nothing; it is the art of what you never for a moment would expect to be recorded against you that makes you look aghast at the final accounting, call a "four-wheeler," and get you to lodgings as fast as you can be driven there, lest—if you are a person of ordinary means—you should be left penniless in a strange land. The world is no laughing matter in London, for there are charitable institutions for cats and other animals, for aged men and women, for orphans, and other afflicted persons, there is nothing whatever for destitute Americans that I have yet found.

The servants, as I have said, are respectful and attentive, and are not capricious or fussy than those in our hotels. Where a guest remains some time they expect the gratuity on the final departure. Even then they do not expect any more than those in America, but I have been told that there is a general mustering of forces when the fare-well stipend is distributed. Their uncertainty as to Americans is amusing; they invariably suppose them to be enormously rich, and the more intelligent have a vague idea that there exists with us a democracy, which they do not at all comprehend is practically only nominal. They flounder in the uncertainty of wondering whether they shall serve you properly or whether they shall sit down and converse with you as a man and a brother. When they are set right they accept the situation with the utmost good nature, and thenceforth "keep their place," of which he said, to their credit, there. However, I have had a maid allot me, a kind creature and full of good sense. She has been, however, rather fatiguing in a conversational way, and once or twice I have had to ask her, more pointedly than politely, what time it was. In one of her dissertations in deference to my own calling, she became quite "literary," and informed me that she was "a faithful fond of Charles Dickens' histories of England."

She also told me that she had an uncle living in America, in Ohio, 130 South Street, and asked if I knew any one living there. However, she became quite "literary" and informed me that she was "a faithful fond of Charles Dickens' histories of England."

In regard to the maid referred to before, however, in her ignorance of American customs, she dropped into a distressing way of entering my room without warning. I finally had to say frankly that I must ask her to knock before she opened the door; the poor thing blushed painfully and apologized, but her good nature was unflinching, and she has not offended since.

Upon the whole, with a sufficient income, one can live most comfortably in London. Lodgings and board are cheaper, and servant hire much less than in Chicago. I was offered a small apartment, sitting-room, bedroom, and a tiny kitchen all furnished; all the family "photos," as the English call them, and all the books were thrown in. There was an ingenious arrangement in the kitchen—a tiny glass range with a "nickel-in-the-hole" attachment; the gas burned just so long as you fed the little stove; the gas would burn your kettle and grill your chop; two would nearly cook your potatoes, while quite a respectable dinner would be prepared for three or four persons of the realm. This seemed to me quite as interesting as anything yet evolved from the brain of a Yankee inventor.

There have been many cases where fishes have been caught in and those capacious maws were found long missing rings, necklaces, baseball masks, a diamond like trifle. Once in a great while a thieving fish is struck by its conscience into a desire to make restitution. Such a fish was the giant cat which lay watching the shores of an Eastern stream all through the month of April. Many fishermen tried to land him, but he contemptuously refused the most tempting lures, until a tall man of striking personal appearance came one day. The big cat leaped from the water and fell at his feet, without waiting for hook and line. The tall man was astonished. On cutting open the fish afterward he discovered the gold eagle which he had lost a year before lying in the fish's stomach. Most wonderful of all, there were, besides, sixty copper cents—one year's legal interest, which the noble fish had stashed up in his trying to restore. Here is a mark for other piscatorial preparators to work up to.—Ex.

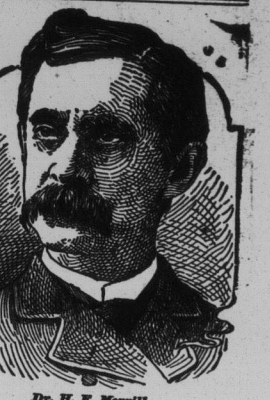


Ayer's Pills

"I have taken Ayer's Pills for many years, and always derived the best results from their use."

For Stomach and Liver troubles, and for the cure of headache caused by these derangements, Ayer's Pills cannot be equaled. They are easy to take, and

Are the Best all-around family medicine I have ever known.—Mrs. May Johnson, 300 Essex Ave., New York City. AYER'S PILLS Highest Awards at World's Fair. Ayer's Sarsaparilla for the blood.



Other Medicine SO THOROUGH AS AYER'S Sarsaparilla. Dr. H. F. Merrill. The Only Sarsaparilla. Pure breath obtained by ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI imitations.

PURE FITS! Adams' Tutti Frutti.

the Trade. Glycerine.

just purchased Tons. Market is advancing the time to buy.

book orders for Oc- NS & SONS.

LEPSY Nervous Debility.

FOR THE TEETH & BREATH. BERRY.

NAME MAN, Dressed.

Designs. Best Patterns.

LIVINGSTON, CONVEYANCER, PUBLISHER.

OTELS. Madawaska, N. B. MoNERNET, Proprietor.

OH, N. B. J. SIMS, Prop.

WARD, Proprietor.

in connection. First class at trains and boats.

A FRIEND'S DECEIT.

There was a dejected look on Paul Gardner's face as he seated himself at his writing-table, and in spite of himself, a sigh escaped him. He had come to the realization of the fact that the career of honour, ease, and usefulness which, three or four years ago, he had mentally mapped out for his realization, was impossible of attainment. His legs were dead. Only one thing remained for him to do now. But that was surely the hardest of them all! That was the prime cause of his dejection; and that was the source of his sigh. His lip quivered, and his fingers trembled as he stretched forth his hand and took up a pen. For a moment he toyed nervously with it, as if unable to trace the necessary words on the paper before him. Then he wrote: "Dear Brenda—My heart fails me as I begin this task, and honour compells me to write you this as a necessary one. By the time this reaches you, I shall be many miles upon my journey. It seems but yesterday since I strolled here and opened my doors for the reception of patients. I had some £2000 then, and I believed that by judicious management, it would suffice until I had made a connection. In spite of energy, frugality, and, I believe, skill, my practice has yet to be begun. My waiting has been in vain, and my brass-plate insufficient to attract the practical attention of those requiring medical aid. Now I have come to the end of my resources, and I must leave you—whom I love better than life. I have made up my mind to woo Fortune in a foreign clime. I know you love me, and the recollection of the many happy hours we have spent together will, in the future, be the past, by cheering incentive to me in my work. But I dare not ask you to await my return. I hope for success, but I have hoped for it at the outset, and the future may possibly be as unpropitious, and the hopes as visionary as those of the past. No, however powerful my inclinations, justice to yourself compels me to relinquish the claim I have hitherto had upon you. Consider yourself free, dear Brenda, under no obligations to your old love. Pray for me, and may God bless you. Ever yours in heart, "Paul."

It was written at last. He dare not breathe a word by the door, for the terms of endearment he had been so accustomed to use. His heart was quickly sinking within him. To pause for a moment would be a fatal hesitation. He did not read the letter through, but placed it quickly in an envelope, and hurriedly directing and sealing it, deposited it in the mantelpiece out of sight, as if he would forget its existence. At that moment the door opened, and Paul looked up as his friend, Mark Trevor entered. "Come in, Trevor, and don't mind the confusion," he said. "I'm glad to see you as I was just going to look you up." "By Jove! Then you really intend leaving us?" said Trevor, elevating his eyebrows and attempting a smile. "I thought when you mentioned it last week, that it was the outcome of impulse and disgust. But my dear fellow, why this haste? And Miss Heathcote—Brenda! You surely—"

"Trevor don't. At times as I think of her, my resolution wavers, and yet I know I am right in what I am about to do." "But is she not aware of your departure?" "No, neither can I tell her verbally. Here would make me weep, and I want to spare her, as well as myself, the pain of saying farewell." "Farewell! Nonsense. You'll get an appointment out of the c. on landing, and in a few months at most you'll be back again for your bride," and a cloud, evidently the outcome of contemplating such a possibility, obscured Trevor's face. A silence of some moments followed. Then Trevor resumed his gaiety, his face lit up with hope and his eyes scintillated with more than ordinary brilliancy. "Well, well," he said, "you know your own affairs best, I suppose; and, after all, your only doing what is honorable to me is ought to. But I can help you in any way, don't be afraid of commanding me. I'm at your service, Gardner, although I don't suppose you have any commissions to give."

"Yes, I have. You can do me a great favor, old fellow. I—the fact is, I'm just a bit short of funds, and—and if you could see your way to lend me, say, £250, I should be uncommonly grateful. One never knows what may happen, you know, and, all going well, I will return it in the course of a few months."

drawn by D'Arcy himself—Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "Can it be true? Can there be truth in those rumors after all? Can he love Brenda, and have concocted this villainous plot to ruin me?" and as a conviction of the truth flashed upon him, it required a superhuman effort to hold himself in check. On arriving at the station he reiterated his innocence—but, of course, to know purpose.

"May I send a telegraphic message?" he inquired. "The police will lend you any reasonable assistance, if you wish to communicate with your friends," was the reply. "I have just a dozen words. Write them to the person I name as soon as it is daylight: 'Beware of Trevor—he is at the bottom of my ruin. Am innocent—Paul,' to Miss Heathcote," and Paul gave him her address. "You have the words? You will not forget them?"

"I can remember. They'll do no harm—any way, they won't," muttered the man. "As soon as it's daylight, depend upon me, sir."

There could be no question as to the outcome of the well-concocted plot against him. Paul Gardner saw that. Unless Trevor made a clean breast of his duplicity nothing but imprisonment awaited him. And it turned out as he feared. Trevor denied every word of Gardner's statement, even going to the length of saying that he had never met on the day that Paul stated the cheque was handed over to him. His intended flight, and his arrest just as he was about to leave the country, were construed into evidence against him. He was committed for trial by the magistrates, and eventually sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

For months Mark Trevor shrank at the thought of going near Brenda Heathcote. In spite of his craft and duplicity he could not summon the necessary courage to confront her, but eventually sought her out, and endeavored to persuade her that her impressions were false, that Paul was deserving of his fate, and that he—Trevor—was much injured by being dragged into this horrible affair.

"Explain this telegram," said Brenda, showing him the wire Paul had contrived to send to her. "Explain that; I believe every word of it, and I know the man who sent it too well to think that, even in mistake, he would make such a charge falsely against one whom he professed to honor."

Trevor took the wire, and his face turned ghastly white as he read the words, "Beware of Trevor—he is at the bottom of my ruin. Am innocent." "When did you receive this?" he inquired. "On the night, or rather, early morning, of his arrest. I know the reason you betrayed him, and, evidently, Paul did too. The reason he wired me to prevent all possibility of your diabolical plot succeeding so far as his intentions with me were concerned. Now go, and never seek my face again. Only remember, that those who tell me make it a stepping-stone to future success, while those who tell of such offences as yours must eventually sink deeper in crime."

It was a memorable morning when the young doctor found himself once more at liberty. The very thought that he was free was almost sufficient to overwhelm him; and, as he confronted the traffic of the city streets, he could scarcely credit the fact that he would not be summoned to continue the daily routine of prison life. Beneath his desire of vindication there lurked an inclination for revenge—and Paul knew it. Forgive! No, he could scarcely do that. How he longed to see Brenda!

How would she counsel him to act? Should he go to her? He scarcely knew. He required time for thought. After procuring suitable clothing, he repaired to one of the parks and set down upon a seat. The thoroughfare he had chosen was well-lighted deserted, and Paul was soon lost in the intricate thoughts of his mind. He determined that he would not visit Brenda until he could take convincing proof of his innocence, when his privacy was intruded upon. Two men, supporting the tottering form of an elderly gentleman between them, came up to the seat.

"You are ill, sir," said Paul, making room, and assisting the old man into a comfortable posture. "Ye—yes—I'm very ill," was the reply. "Can I be of service to you? I am a medical man."

"Then—as you value—suffering humanity—follow to my residence," and the man brokenly whispered his name and address. "What is the name of the doctor attending Mr. Easton?" Paul asked of the attendant as soon as he arrived. "Barrow, sir," replied the man. "And between you and me, sir, I believe there's something wrong between him and Mr. Mark. He's a broken-down, drink-ridden beast, sir, and Mr. Mark won't hear of anyone else being called, and—"

"Who is Mr. Mark?" "Mr. Easton's devoted son. He ain't no relation, sir," said the man, subduing his voice to an almost inarticulate whisper, "but he's the master's heir, and—"

"Enough," said Paul. "See, take this prescription to the chemist, and bring back the medicine at once. Then run round and ask Dr. Roose Felder to come here instantly; it is a matter of life and death." The man set off at once, and speedily returned with the requisite medicine, and then went as requested for the specialist. When the eminent scientist appeared, Paul, without more ado, asked him to make an examination of the invalid, and to state what he considered was the nature of his complaint. Several minutes elapsed, then, taking off his pince-nez, Dr. Felder said:—

"I see by the remedies you are employing that we have both arrived at the same conclusion. You are giving chloral."

aw from his hiding-place that one of these was Max Trevor, and the other, he had no doubt, was the broken-down, morbidly-dominant medical man who was doing his bidding. The latter took a small phial from his pocket, and poured a little of its contents into a wine-glass.

"How long before the end, now?" whispered Trevor. "Tomorrow, some time, I will finish," was the reply. Paul waited no longer. With a bound he entered the room, and confronted the two startled men.

"Soundrels!" he cried, "what would you do? Poison him? Thank God my first act after liberation is to save life and not to destroy it."

"Paul Gardner!" exclaimed Trevor, starting backward, his face livid, and his limbs trembling, both men were in custody, and Paul was busy at the bedside of the invalid. For days he continued his unwearying attentions, and eventually had the satisfaction of fully restoring his patient. Nor was gratitude wanting on Mr. Easton's part. On his recovery, Paul unburdened himself to Trevor, and a week later, his name stood in his patient's will in the place recently occupied by that of Mark Trevor. Nor was this all. A sudden fate attached itself to him, and, with Dr. Roose Felder as his patron, his professional career was quickly established.

Trevor and his accomplice were sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. On conviction, the former at once made a written statement, completely exonerating Paul from the offence for which he suffered; and only two days later, Paul and Brenda were together.

"Proof of my innocence, darling," said he, producing the document. "I do not need it," she replied. "I knew it."

LYDIA'S LOVER.

Like Lydia Lawson, I never told her she was beautiful or an angel. That is all romantic twaddle, and I despise romance. But I told her I liked her and said it was my idea that we'd be very comfortable if we should step off together. But she said that though she felt great friendship for me she could not think of it, because I took such dreadfully commonplace views of life. So I dropped it, but I continued to bawl at Mrs. Lawson's.

Lydia's mother kept a genteel boarding house. I remember perfectly that it was a cloudy morning, and most of the boarders in the dumps, when Mrs. Lawson said to me: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have something to say to you. I want to ask you if you'd mind dining in the parlor instead of the back parlour? It ain't so genteel, I know, but it's really quite snug, and the dinner comes in warmer. If no body objects I'll make the change to-morrow."

"I don't care how I get my dinner, so I get it," said the fat man. "All right, Mrs. Lawson," said one of the boarders. "I don't know about that," went on the ladies' friend, but I'm sure it's a good thing for the sitting room on the cat's back or eat off the same dish with him. The instant Jason heard the bird's plaintive cry he surmised something was wrong and sprang up the steps in the direction of the cage. When he reached the veranda he saw the snake and jumped as if frightened. The copperhead struck at the bird, but was unable to reach it through the bars of the cage.

The evident sufferings of its little friend aroused Jason's dander, and he began to crawl toward the cage. His tail twitched and he licked his chops nervously. The snake was too intent on reaching the bird to notice the cat. Jason crouched a few feet from the cage and waited for the snake to come around. The copperhead sidled around the cage and when on the side near the veranda his head struck. As if he had seen the bird's head through the air and came down on the snake's body. There was a growl or two, a few sharp spits mixed with ugly hisses, and Jason was away from the snake with his back humped up and his tail like a scrub brush. The snake's skin had been torn by the cat's claws, but had received no serious injury. Jason with his mad up to the top notch, it turned on the cat and made ready to spring. It didn't wait long before jumping, but when it landed Jason wasn't there, and before the copperhead knew what had happened it received a rake across the back from the cat's claws that made it run for the edge of the veranda, in the hope no doubt, of sliding over and away from its assailant. But Jason had his fighting clothes on, and he didn't propose that the snake should get off so easily.

This treatment was too much for the snake, and it shortly gave up the ghost. Jason finally let go the snake and went out into the garden and rolled in the dirt. His leg swelled up as big as a man's arm from the effect of the snake's bite, but he chewed catnip and rolled in the dirt a couple of hours, and then was about as good as new.

The Work of Bees. The work performed by a hive of bees has been claiming the attention of a French naturalist. His conclusion is that when the weather is favorable a "worker" makes usually six or ten trips, visiting forty or eighty flowers and collecting about one grain of nectar. Even when under extraordinary good conditions, he visits 200 or 400 flowers, the amount would not exceed

five or six grains, and the collection of a pound would occupy several years. A hive contains 20,000 to 50,000 bees, of which only half are occupied in preparing honey—the rest caring for their young and their quarters. In a good day 16,000 to 20,000 bees can, in six or ten trips visit 300,000 to 1,000,000 flowers. For that it would be necessary that the locality should be favorable for honey making and that the nectar-secreting plants should grow near a hive. A hive of 30,000 bees can then, under good conditions, make about two pounds of honey a year.

THE WRONG KIND OF HAM.

An Experience of an American Artist with a Society of Colored Men.

Thomas Hovenden, the painter, who met an heroic death recently, began his artistic career in Richmond, Va. Soon after the war he did work coloring photographs and picking up such outside odd jobs as he could. It was while so engaged that he had a most unique experience. At that time the newly enfranchised negroes were luxuriating in the excitement of organizing societies, and one of the first and most prosperous of these was called the Rising Sons of Ham. After a great deal of discussion this order decided to have a distinctive banner. The debate over the design lasted all night. The committee which was to report the design brought in a majority and a minority report. The minority suggested a picture of a colored man rising from a cloud, and the majority wanted a representation of a ham of bacon with the sun emblazoned behind it. The majority report was adopted, and Mr. Hovenden was commissioned to paint the banner.

It was not a grateful order for an ambitious artist, but the money was not to be despised, and so Mr. Hovenden studied conscientiously the rich tones of a well-cured ham, and produced a fine study, a not an artistic painting. The committee called at the time appointed to inspect the work. The artist was somewhat disappointed as he noted the expression of disapprobation upon each face. The committee-men finally went off into a corner and conferred together in low tones for a while, after which the Chairman came forward and said, with considerable embarrassment, that it was a very nice ham for that kind of ham, but it wasn't exactly what the society wanted. That was only a plain Hanover county country ham; they wanted one done up in a nice yellow canvas cover with the figures on it. The Western ham put up in this way was first seen by the negroes after the war, and it conveyed to their minds the idea of superior excellence. The society did not accept the banner until Mr. Hovenden had swathed his nice work in a yellow cover.

THE CAT AND THE SNAKE.

A Fight for a Canary Bird Resulted in Victory for the Cat.

Mrs. Austin Gibson of Hill Crest, New Jersey, set a cage containing a canary on the front porch to give the bird fresh air. The cage had been on the porch about half an hour when a big copperhead snake crawled out from under the steps and stretched itself out in the sun. The canary was making a good deal of fuss about taking a bath, and its fluttering finally attracted the attention of the snake, which immediately started up the steps. As soon as the copperhead reached the porch it coiled itself near the cage, and soon the canary seemed fascinated and unable to break away from the snake's glittering eyes. In its helplessness it uttered pitiful little cries.

This business had been going on several minutes and the copperhead had crawled nearer the cage until it was almost in striking distance of the bird. Its ugly, square head was raised several inches from the floor and its tongue played in and out between its jaws. Then Jason, the family cat, came scuntering around the corner of the house in search of a cool spot to lie down in. He stopped at the foot of the steps and gave the side of his face a wipe with one big paw. He was at the point of resuming his walk when the weak little chirps of the canary attracted his attention. Jason and the bird were firm friends. They had grown up together, and it was no unusual thing for the canary to ride around the sitting room on the cat's back or eat off the same dish with him. The instant Jason heard the bird's plaintive cry he surmised something was wrong and sprang up the steps in the direction of the cage. When he reached the veranda he saw the snake and jumped as if frightened. The copperhead struck at the bird, but was unable to reach it through the bars of the cage.

The evident sufferings of its little friend aroused Jason's dander, and he began to crawl toward the cage. His tail twitched and he licked his chops nervously. The snake was too intent on reaching the bird to notice the cat. Jason crouched a few feet from the cage and waited for the snake to come around. The copperhead sidled around the cage and when on the side near the veranda his head struck. As if he had seen the bird's head through the air and came down on the snake's body. There was a growl or two, a few sharp spits mixed with ugly hisses, and Jason was away from the snake with his back humped up and his tail like a scrub brush. The snake's skin had been torn by the cat's claws, but had received no serious injury. Jason with his mad up to the top notch, it turned on the cat and made ready to spring. It didn't wait long before jumping, but when it landed Jason wasn't there, and before the copperhead knew what had happened it received a rake across the back from the cat's claws that made it run for the edge of the veranda, in the hope no doubt, of sliding over and away from its assailant. But Jason had his fighting clothes on, and he didn't propose that the snake should get off so easily.

This treatment was too much for the snake, and it shortly gave up the ghost. Jason finally let go the snake and went out into the garden and rolled in the dirt. His leg swelled up as big as a man's arm from the effect of the snake's bite, but he chewed catnip and rolled in the dirt a couple of hours, and then was about as good as new.

BORN.

- Halifax, Aug. 22, to the wife of E. S. Eracey, a son.
Carleton, Aug. 19, to the wife of Howard Crosby, a son.
West Berlin, N. S., Aug. 14, Philip Fankingham, 74.
Malaga, C. B., Aug. 16, Alex. N. McPayden 24.
Four Mile Brook, N. S., Jessie C. wife of F. McLeod, 65.
Upham, N. S., Aug. 22, Andrew Sherwood, 50.
Halifax, Aug. 19, to the wife of George Chace, a daughter.
Berwick, Aug. 19, to the wife of Stuart Alcorn, a daughter.
Yarmouth, Aug. 17, to the wife of J. Herms, a daughter.
Amherst, Aug. 17, to the wife of Thomas Berry, a daughter.
Alton, Aug. 18, to the wife of Brenton Webster, a daughter.
Kentville, Aug. 19, to the wife of George Chace, a daughter.
Londonberry, Aug. 20, to the wife of N. B. Davidson, a son.
Moncton, Aug. 26, to the wife of Jas. A. Warren, a daughter.
Westville, Aug. 9, to the wife of Duncan McGeorgie, a daughter.
Shelburne, Aug. 10, to the wife of Leland Nickerson, a son.
Granville Ferry, Aug. 19, to the wife of John H. Dunn, a daughter.
Yarmouth, Aug. 15, to the wife of Allan Roberts, a daughter.
Glasgow Mountain, Aug. 15, to the wife of Thos. Bowden, a son.
Victoria, B. C., Aug. 24, to the wife of W. A. Newell, a daughter.
Shelburne, Aug. 13, to the wife of Rev. H. S. Morris, a daughter.
Fredericton, Aug. 19, to the wife of Harry M. Clark, a daughter.
Campbellton, Aug. 11, to the wife of Alex. McDonald, a daughter.
Acton, N. S., Aug. 18, to the wife of Brenton Webster, a daughter.
Shelburne, N. S., Aug. 20, to the wife of Clifford Peterson, a daughter.
Brooklin, N. S., Aug. 9, to the wife of Rev. J. D. McEwan, a daughter.
Green Point, Gloucester Co., Aug. 13, to the wife of Wm. Sweeney, a son.
Somerville, Mass., Aug. 18, to the wife of Walter C. Frax of N. S., a daughter.

MARRIED.

- Halifax, Aug. 22, William McDonald to Jessie F. Rogers.
Truro, Aug. 15, by Rev. John Robbins, H. G. Gross to Clara Upham.
Westport, Aug. 14, by Rev. H. E. Cooke, David Welch to Minnie Hunt.
Campbellton, Aug. 20, by Rev. A. F. Carr, John D'Arcy to Julia Gorham.
Malton, Aug. 18, by Rev. J. C. Jack, Lewis Putnam to Abbie F. Roy.
Elgin, Aug. 14, by Rev. Thos D. Stewart, James Porter to Mary Jameson.
Bellevue, N. S., Aug. 8, by Rev. L. Burns, Harry Coates to Jennie Alward.
Campbellton, Aug. 18, by Rev. A. F. Carr, John Wise to Emma Thompson.
St. John, Aug. 16, by Rev. Dr. Carey, Alfred S. Brown to Susie S. Roberts.
Thorburn, Aug. 17, by Rev. Dr. MacLeod, Nell McDonald to Mary Fraser.
French River, N. S., by Rev. H. Campbell, George Inglis to Hannah J. Brown.
Aylesford, Aug. 6, by Rev. Mr. Bancroft, Walter Coates to Jennie Alward.
Cassid, Aug. 7, by Rev. C. H. Martell, Alfred Pitt Wheaton to Jennie Pearsall.
New Glasgow, Aug. 9, by Rev. A. Rogers, George W. Coates to Mary Ford.
Everett, Mass., Aug. 7, by Rev. Albert Watson, E. Kaulbach to Lillian K. Stick.
Sunny Brae, Aug. 18, by Rev. James Sinclair, John Swinham to Annie Ross.
New Glasgow, Aug. 12, by Rev. B. Mutch, John J. Johnson to Annie M. Carter.
Halifax, Aug. 17, by Rev. H. B. Brown, George Freepier to Charlotte Johnson.
Georgetown, Aug. 17, by Rev. John Williams, Perry B. Smith to Lillian S. Murray.
Cochran, Aug. 8, by Rev. M. Normandy, Arthur B. Smith to Lillian S. Murray.
Campbellton, Aug. 21, by Rev. A. F. Carr, Thomas McDonald to Jennie Alward.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD. RISING SUN STOVE POLISH. DO NOT BE DECEIVED. Windsor, Aug. 16, by Rev. J. L. Dawson, Lawrence Franklin to Annie M. H. Oxford, N. S., Aug. 19, by Rev. C. Marro, George H. Weston to Annie M. Adams. New Glasgow, Aug. 22, by Rev. J. S. Carruthers, David West to Catherine; Gillis. Stellarton, Aug. 17, by Rev. E. A. Burgess, Ernest D. Filmer to Beatrice M. Bacon. Bathurst, Aug. 10, by Rev. J. Selzer, Francis Coates to Elizabeth Hornbrook. Fort Maitland, Aug. 11, by Rev. F. Beattie, James E. Phillips to Miriam. Parkers Cove, N. B., Aug. 1, by Rev. H. Achilles, George L. Babo to Zidie Grant. Salmon, Aug. 10, by Rev. W. H. Richardson, Charles W. Richards to Mrs. E. Ian McEwan. Xaverit, Mass., Aug. 10, by Rev. W. H. Richardson, Ernest D. Filmer to Miss Dixon. Walkers Cove, N. S., Aug. 1, by Rev. C. Dalpoy, Nathan Ross to Misses Armstrong. Yarmouth, Aug. 14, by Rev. J. L. Minor B. A. William Crosby to Beatrice M. Bacon. Yarmouth, Aug. 15, by Rev. G. H. White, Melbourne Moses to Margaret Godder. Lower Canada, Aug. 27, by Rev. C. H. Martell, Charles G. Brown to Beatrice M. Bacon. Osborn, N. B., Aug. 7, by Rev. E. B. Colwell, William Baskin to Amanda M. Osborn. Pictou, Aug. 14, by Rev. J. Shipperley, John Carey of Moncton to Lydia Dimock. Lynn, Mass., Aug. 7, by Rev. F. B. Johnson, David Crosby to Lodi E. Darke, formerly of N. S. Shelburne, Aug. 22, by Rev. Dr. White assisted by Rev. W. H. Morris, Elizabeth K. Hood, to Wm. Oakes. E. K. Lake, York Co., Aug. 21, by Rev. Harry Johnson, B. A. Fred. J. McBride of Littleton, Me., to Abbie McEwan. Halifax, Aug. 21, by Rev. E. P. Crawford, George W. Bell and surgeon H. M. S. MacIntosh, son of the late Sir Sydney Bell of Cape Colony, Africa to Rosa Maton Parsons daughter of the late Edward Parsons M. D. of Southsea Eng.

WHOLESALE AGENTS. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS. DEARBORN & CO. WINDSOR, AUGUST 16, BY REV. J. L. DAWSON, LAWRENCE FRANKLIN TO ANNIE M. H. OXFORD, N. S., AUG. 19, BY REV. C. MARRO, GEORGE H. WESTON TO ANNIE M. ADAMS. NEW GLASGOW, AUG. 22, BY REV. J. S. CARRUTHERS, DAVID WEST TO CATHERINE; GILLIS. STELLARTON, AUG. 17, BY REV. E. A. BURGESS, ERNEST D. FILMER TO BEATRICE M. BACON. BATHURST, AUG. 10, BY REV. J. SELZER, FRANCIS COATES TO ELIZABETH HORNBOOK. FORT MAITLAND, AUG. 11, BY REV. F. BEATTIE, JAMES E. PHILLIPS TO MIRIAM. PARKERS COVE, N. B., AUG. 1, BY REV. H. ACHILLES, GEORGE L. BABO TO ZIDIE GRANT. SALMON, AUG. 10, BY REV. W. H. RICHARDSON, CHARLES W. RICHARDS TO MRS. E. IAN MCEWAN. XAVERT, MASS., AUG. 10, BY REV. W. H. RICHARDSON, ERNEST D. FILMER TO MISS DIXON. WALKERS COVE, N. S., AUG. 1, BY REV. C. DALPOY, NATHAN ROSS TO MISSES ARMSTRONG. YARMOUTH, AUG. 14, BY REV. J. L. MINOR B. A. WILLIAM CROSBY TO BEATRICE M. BACON. YARMOUTH, AUG. 15, BY REV. G. H. WHITE, MELBOURNE MOSES TO MARGARET GODDER. LOWER CANADA, AUG. 27, BY REV. C. H. MARTELL, CHARLES G. BROWN TO BEATRICE M. BACON. OSBORN, N. B., AUG. 7, BY REV. E. B. COLWELL, WILLIAM BASKIN TO AMANDA M. OSBORN. PICTOU, AUG. 14, BY REV. J. SHIPPERLEY, JOHN CAREY OF MONCTON TO LYDIA DIMOCK. LYNN, MASS., AUG. 7, BY REV. F. B. JOHNSON, DAVID CROSBY TO LODI E. DARKE, FORMERLY OF N. S. SHELBURNE, AUG. 22, BY REV. DR. WHITE ASSISTED BY REV. W. H. MORRIS, ELIZABETH K. HOOD, TO WM. OAKES. E. K. LAKE, YORK CO., AUG. 21, BY REV. HARRY JOHNSON, B. A. FRED. J. MCBRIDE OF LITTLETON, ME., TO ABBIE MCEWAN. HALIFAX, AUG. 21, BY REV. E. P. CRAWFORD, GEORGE W. BELL AND SURGEON H. M. S. MACINTOSH, SON OF THE LATE SIR SYDNEY BELL OF CAPE COLONY, AFRICA TO ROSA MATON PARSONS DAUGHTER OF THE LATE EDWARD PARSONS M. D. OF SOUTHSEA ENG.

DIED. Malton, Aug. 22, Adam Rye, 60. Berwick, Aug. 14, Lewis Morris, 71. Halifax, Aug. 20, James F. Brant, 23. Halifax, Aug. 19, John McAlpin, 37. Halifax, Aug. 21, John J. Murphy, 43. Halifax, Aug. 23, Daniel McTearan, 28. Antigonish, Aug. 14, August McDonald, 37. Stellarton, Aug. 10, Finlay McLeod, 30. Annapolis, Aug. 16, Mrs. Elias Pigott, 31. Selma, N. S., Aug. 17, Daniel Walker, 107. Halifax, Aug. 23, Johnny Taylor, 8 months. Lakeridge, Aug. 12, Alex. MacNeil, 15. Antigonish, Aug. 16, Catherine McLeese, 66. St. John, Aug. 21, Margaret Estella Daley, 15. Greenfield, Aug. 15, Martha Dawson, 5 months. Cheticamp, Aug. 12, Capt. James W. Burgess, 65. Lower Brasford, Aug. 15, Mrs. D. G. Coover, 68. St. John, Aug. 23, Jane, widow of John Gallagher, 90. Halifax, Aug. 17, Harriet A. widow of John Eison, 74. West Berlin, N. S., Aug. 14, Philip Fankingham, 74. Malaga, C. B., Aug. 16, Alex. N. McPayden 24. Four Mile Brook, N. S., Jessie C. wife of F. McLeod, 65. Upham, N. S., Aug. 22, Andrew Sherwood, 50. Halifax, Aug. 19, to the wife of George Chace, a daughter. Berwick, Aug. 19, to the wife of Stuart Alcorn, a daughter. Yarmouth, Aug. 17, to the wife of J. Herms, a daughter. Amherst, Aug. 17, to the wife of Thomas Berry, a daughter. Alton, Aug. 18, to the wife of Brenton Webster, a daughter. Kentville, Aug. 19, to the wife of George Chace, a daughter. Londonberry, Aug. 20, to the wife of N. B. Davidson, a son. Moncton, Aug. 26, to the wife of Jas. A. Warren, a daughter. Westville, Aug. 9, to the wife of Duncan McGeorgie, a daughter. Shelburne, Aug. 10, to the wife of Leland Nickerson, a son. Granville Ferry, Aug. 19, to the wife of John H. Dunn, a daughter. Yarmouth, Aug. 15, to the wife of Allan Roberts, a daughter. Glasgow Mountain, Aug. 15, to the wife of Thos. Bowden, a son. Victoria, B. C., Aug. 24, to the wife of W. A. Newell, a daughter. Shelburne, Aug. 13, to the wife of Rev. H. S. Morris, a daughter. Fredericton, Aug. 19, to the wife of Harry M. Clark, a daughter. Campbellton, Aug. 11, to the wife of Alex. McDonald, a daughter. Acton, N. S., Aug. 18, to the wife of Brenton Webster, a daughter. Shelburne, N. S., Aug. 20, to the wife of Clifford Peterson, a daughter. Brooklin, N. S., Aug. 9, to the wife of Rev. J. D. McEwan, a daughter. Green Point, Gloucester Co., Aug. 13, to the wife of Wm. Sweeney, a son. Somerville, Mass., Aug. 18, to the wife of Walter C. Frax of N. S., a daughter.

Smoke TOBACCO. CHEW ASCENT T & B MAHOGANY. Manufactured by The Sun & Tuckell & Son Co. Ltd. Hamilton.

Consumption. Valuable treatment and two bottles of medicine sent Free to all sufferers. Give name and address to: W. H. BLOOMINGDALE CO., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.