

# PROGRESS.

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PRICE FIVE CENTS

## NOW, IS THIS ALL TRUE?

SOME THINGS SAID ABOUT A MARRIAGE EVENT.

Incidents That Were not a Part of the Ceremony But Furnished Food for Talk and Thought—Invitations are as Thick as Hens in Bright, Sunshiny June.

"What's this, Sarah, what's this?" was the startled exclamation of a gentleman high in official as well as social rank, to his wife as he sat at the breakfast table a few mornings ago and read a polite invitation, couched in the usual terms, to a marriage to take place in this city.

Now an invitation of any kind was not apt to upset the usual gravity of the gentleman in question; in fact he would rather be delighted to assist in any little festivity that became such a pleasant ceremony as a marriage or a wedding but this particular request for the pleasure of his and his wife's company he looked upon with some suspicion.

Cause why? He didn't know the people. Still, though there may be a social observance which endeavors to prevent such little errors as a man inviting a stranger to one's house to see his daughter married there is an element of good will, and sociability and hospitality about such a cordial request that is very enticing. True, there are some sordid and narrow spirits in the world who always look upon an invitation to a marriage with suspicion. The first thing such a man, for example, would think about would be, do they want my company or a present, but fortunately these people are few. On the other hand when two or three hundred people, apart from friends, are asked to such a ceremony, it may be said that the suspicion of free house furnishings is apt to float around with considerable alacrity.

St. John is, fortunately, quite free from this sort of thing. Of course there are swell affairs, at which young people agree to share each others lot for life and all their friends are invited to see them start upon the matrimonial journey. Sometimes the invitation is accompanied by a ticket, which PROGRESS always had the idea was suggested of a performance rather than a ceremony, but that is somewhat a matter of taste. The good old bishop of Fredericton would never prevent the people from going into the Cathedral to witness a marriage ceremony by issuing tickets to a favored few but in these later days opinions have changed and customs with them. Ladies with fine dresses and new bonnets can now wear them with as much safety in a church, even at a marriage, as they can in the drawing room. The theatrical features of these big social events now-a-days are not confined to the ceremony itself, for it is considered quite the proper thing to have at least one rehearsal before the original and only performance.

This has been a week of weddings in St. John. Why June is selected more than any other months for the celebration of these happy affairs is something that few understand. Nature was not smiling when the week opened and the most fashionable event of the week had for its sole disagreeable feature, unfavorable weather.

There are many amusing features to some weddings. The loveliest girl and the best man may be made a laughing stock by the indiscreet remarks of their best friends. Events of this kind are rare in many families and it is only natural that there should be some flurry and much excitement as the day approaches when the favorite of the family is to step outside the home circle. The ladies take the most interest in the affair and from the hour when the lady consents to name the day to the time she walks up the church aisle on the arm of her father or brother she is the one important topic among her friends. Of course that green-eyed monster, jealousy, is apt to misconstrue acts and exaggerate stories, and that is what even the women would call "mean." The fact that a young woman or a girl has made a good match or catch, should be no reason why she should be the target of all the insinuations and innuendoes that her so-called friends and acquaintances can manufacture.

If she succeeds in engaging one of the best of dressmakers and prevents her from attending upon her regular customers, that is no reason why they should circulate the report that she was only having her beach gowns and lounging robes made here and the remainder of her trossau would be

special designed and constructed in—let us say, Timbuctoo. Why may not any one who wears corsets—and it is asserted that some men do—have them trimmed and decorated as they please without being subjected to the plectrany of their acquaintances—which, after all, is not so very pleasant. These are but trifles. PROGRESS once heard of a bride—and she is still in that class, who carried her ideas of a "fit out" to such a ridiculous extent that among her supply of bed linen were hand painted sheets! It would not be right to vouch for the truth of the story but it seemed to come from the highest authority and never was contradicted. But suppose it was true the design was no doubt appropriate.

That is what might be called over doing the thing but she was not any worse than the young lady's friends who were possibly afraid that the church would not be full of people to see the marriage and issued some two hundred and fifty more invitations than their friends called for. Perhaps some of the recipients used stronger language than the gentleman quoted at the opening of this article and agreed with his later and more forcible expression. "God bless me! God bless me! who are these people, I don't know them." Three hundred invitations and thirty nine present! That does not seem to be a large proportion, in fact it is just thirteen per cent!

That recalls an amusing feature connected with the same affair which was also in the invitation line. Two young ladies, daughters of prominent citizens, were asked to officiate as maids of honor. This little service may be asked quite properly by a near and dear friend but it is a little out of order, or may be thought so when the young ladies are not even acquaintances of the bride. One of them escaped by a polite declination and the other went to the country for a week.

Most young people when they embark upon the perilous matrimonial voyage like to be surrounded by their relatives and near friends rather than strangers but there are exceptions. The fact that a brother or a sister is not in the same fortunate circumstances as formerly is not regarded as a bar to admission but PROGRESS heard a funny story a few days ago which would seem to disprove this theory. "You know, Sam" said the prospective bride, speaking of her brother "is not in the same circle with us and besides his clothes are not such as would be fitting at such a ceremony as we propose to have. More than that he has grown so coarse!" Sam must have been vastly pleased at this sisterly expression.

McMichael Was a Cool Oae.

A rather good story is told in connection with the capture of the negro McMichael, in the house of Ira Stewart. He was a cool customer, and his act of shaving his mustache and putting on Stewart's best suit was in keeping with the reception he gave Capt. Hastings and Officer Greer when they reached the place. McMichael was lying on a lounge as cool as possible, and when the officers asked for him he was prompt in replying that he was McMichael and asking their business. Then he proceeded to give such explanations, and told such a good story that the officers left without making an arrest. Capt. Jenkins and Detective Ring called shortly after, and they remained with the negro until Stewart came home, when he identified the clothes as his. His best boots also adorned McMichael's feet. When these were removed the prisoner was brought to town. He is well and cheaply rid of. The law provides that when a prisoner admits that he has been imprisoned for a former offence, and pleads guilty to the present charge, the police magistrate may sentence him to the penitentiary for as long as ten years. That was the sentence the officers expected the negro would get, but he pleaded that he had to steal or starve, and the magistrate gave him seven years.

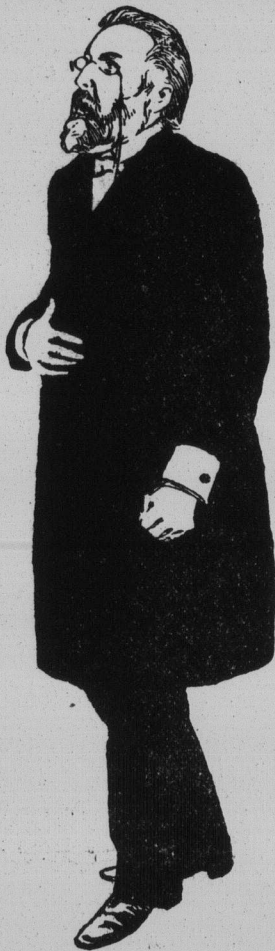
The Secret of Large Audiences.

The managers of the Oratorio Society were unfortunate from a business point of view in their latest venture. The people must have been absorbed in what was going on in the churches, in the wedding events for they failed to attend the concerts in anything like an encouraging manner. Those who have anything to do with attractions of this sort in this city should have learned long ago that the people require a lot of hard facts driven into their heads from day to day, in order to induce them to attend anything. The only large audiences patronizing concerts

latterly, have been induced to do so by columns of matter in the newspapers, printed weeks before hand and kept going from day to day.

Judge Forbes in the Synod.

Judge Forbes was a delegate to the Presbyterian Synod in Montreal and the artist of the Montreal Star sketched him as he was making a speech. PROGRESS reproduces it.



The Hon. Judge Forbes, of St. John, N. B.—"We have to admit with shame that there are in New Brunswick eleven hundred Presbyterians whom we are not able to find."

Anxious to be Rid of Him.

The people of Douglas Avenue are proud of their street and its many new and handsome residences. Their one crumpled rose leaf, or perhaps it would be better to say very sharp thorn, is the proximity of Miser Oultons hut. This week the neighborhood was brought into unenviable notoriety by the death of the miser's wife, and the attendant circumstances. The hut was in the filthiest condition where the death occurred, and the surroundings were so altogether revolting that it was with difficulty those who went in could manage to perform the necessary offices for the deceased. The hardened old husband prayed and entreated that he be put to no expense in the matter, and fixed the amount of expenditure at \$6.00. The woman was buried the same day she died.

Says He is Going to Call a Halt.

Mr. C. E. McPherson was in town this week. He is now of Toronto with which city he is quite as familiar as he is with St. John. The pleasant mission that brought him here was to assist another St. John boy and his friend, T. E. G. Armstrong, better known among his intimate friends as "Ned," in the all important ceremony that ushered him into the ranks of the benedictines. This is the fifth time that Mr. McPherson has officiated in the capacity of groomsman and to use his own expression he is going to call a halt. Whether that implied any intentions on his part to make it impossible for him to act in this capacity is difficult to discover, but if he always had as pleasant a time, and met as many friends on the former occasions as upon this he has not labored in vain.

He is Ten Years Younger.

Sergeant Watson objects to that portion of the city council report that made him 73 years of age. He says that is adding ten years to his life by the stroke of the pen and he is not at all anxious to shine as having passed the allotted time of man. Still he has been on the force more than forty years and feels that he can do his duty yet. PROGRESS only hopes that he may see seventy-three and more years.

## THE BICYCLE LICENSE.

HOW THEY ARRANGE THE MATTER IN BOSTON.

A Short Talk With a Boston Cyclist and Some Suggestions From Good Roads Members—The Difficulty of Administering a Fund—Carriages Should Pay a Tax.

There is a good deal of agreement with PROGRESS' suggestion that the cyclists should advocate a road fund to be administered by representatives from their own organization, the good roads association and the city council for the improvement of such roads as they wish the money expended on. A Boston wheelman talking to PROGRESS a few days ago asked if the cyclist had any protection from the city and what the bye-laws were. When assured as to these facts he asked what the license fee was. "Nothing" was the reply. He was surprised at this statement and said that every wheel paid two dollars in Boston. "Of course" we have, as a result of that, beautiful roads and cycle paths and so would the wheelman here in a short time if they paid the tax."

When a prominent member of the Good Roads association, and he is a cyclist too, was spoken to on the subject he agreed that the tax would not be a heavy one on the cyclist and if the money could be expended in the way PROGRESS suggested it would result in great improvement to the roads, but he saw difficulties in the expending of such a fund. If done by a representative commission, legislation would be necessary in the first place. Then he thought that private carriages had as much if not more right to pay such a tax as the wheelmen. Calculating upon the numbers of bicycles in the city he thought there were more than a thousand, and they were increasing all the time. In connection with this the following paragraph is interesting.

On Sunday last it is estimated that 200,000 bicycles were spinning along the highways of the metropolitan district, New York. Of this number 50,000 are believed to have made the trip to Coney Island, and an equal number or more to have ridden over the Riverside Drive in the Manhattan borough. Ten thousand wheel riders visited Camp Black to see the soldier boys. Seven hundred cyclists rode centuries, or covered 100 miles during the day, and 33 completed double centuries. One plucky little wheel-woman pedalled two hundred miles between half-past seven o'clock Saturday evening and five o'clock Sunday afternoon, and 23 other wheel-women covered 100 miles between sunrise and sunset on the same day.

WHEN THE SEASON OPENS.

The Great Trotting Events on the Border and What Will Follow Here.

There are to be races at Moosepath on the 12th of July, the day that all the orangemen honor. Usually the first of July is selected but this year the stake races at St. Stephen come off on the Natal day of the Dominion, and all the available horses are booked for that event which will practically open the trotting season in this province. In Nova Scotia the season opens a few days earlier because the Natal day at Halifax is June 21st and the people honor it by having a good time generally. To assist them in doing this there are horse races, sometimes trotting, sometimes running, but races at all events, and there is always a good attendance. Some St. John horses have already started for this event, and if they go as well there as they have in their trials here may be expected to bring back part of the money that is going. But Nova Scotia horses are, as a rule, hard to beat, and this year they will probably prove no exception to the rule. One of the speedy ones that will go over is Honest Farmer who started a good many times last year but did not succeed in doing much in the way of winning. He seems to have discovered where his burst was during the winter and this spring for PROGRESS hears that he can show all of them a fast clip. When it is known that he is still in the three minute class this will be appreciated.

There are many entries for the events in St. Stephen and as Calais is going to celebrate the fourth of July in the same way only three days afterward, the same horses entered for the Canadian event are in for the contests across the bridge.

Mr. J. M. Johnson is one of the energetic spirits of both tracks. He used

to be the same when he was here nearly all of his time and Moosepath today owes much of the improvement that it has received to his efforts.

Secretary Johnson of the Agricultural Society thinks that by the twelfth of July the horses that go on the border will be in shape again for a race in St. John. The classes are all fast and the purses are large. Arlight will be among the starters and Charlie Ward will no doubt be in shape to the front with perhaps another for the other classes. Then Mary Mac is almost certain to be on hand and try conclusions with the speedy ones. Now that George Carvill is reinstated there is bound to be great interest between his stallion Speculation, and Arlight, and, if Calandra should also appear at the same time, the association will be in a happy frame of mind. Mr. McCormick's Rose L. is to be reckoned with too this year, it is said. She is at present at the border, and will take part in the events there.

"It is not likely," said a well known horseman a few days ago, "that Special Blend will do much trotting early this season. He has not been worked to any extent and while it is stated that his throat has become all right again his training must be gradual and careful. Just now he may be seen in double harness with Cushing's Pilot which Mr. Willis has here for a time and they make not only a speedy but a handsome team."

A CONVENIENCE AND A NOVELTY.

A Steam Launch on the Lake at Bon Lomond.

Mine host Barker of the Ben Lomond House has a little steam yacht. That last word is probably a misnomer but at any rate he has a large boat which is propelled by steam. There is a degree of readiness about the vessel that is somewhat remarkable. No matter how busy the host and his help are it does not seem to be any trouble for any of them to get up steam in a few minutes. Soft wood is plenty and suitable for the purpose. The methods of preparing for a short cruise are as simple as possible. Only a few armloads of the wood are thrown in the bow and with one to watch the engine and another to steer, the boat is ready to go all around the big lake. Sail boats are not in it with the little steam launch. No time is lost on the way. Mr. Barker says that he can go from one end of the lake to the other in twenty minutes. He has used the launch as a tug a great deal this spring and summer and guides the small rafts of logs on the shores of the lake to where they were required. A favorable wind was of course necessary for this purpose but with that the rest was easy.

Sometimes there is such a gale of wind that the launch is useless. That was the case one day this week when a special party of four went to the Lake to spend some hours. Two of them had taken marriage vows early that morning and the others went along for company's sake. They did not enjoy the much looked for sail because old Boreas objected. But that only happens once in a while. The steam launch is a good sea boat and is usually available. Beside the convenience it affords to pleasure seekers, sportsmen and others it is quite a novelty on an inland lake.

Some are Hard to Find.

Superintendent Fraser of the school for the blind in Halifax says that there are many children who are blind or practically so who are not in the institution over which he presides where they would receive a suitable education which would assist in providing for their future. That this is true there is no reasonable doubt. In some of the country districts the people hardly know that there is an institution where blind children can be provided with an education. And this in spite of the advertising that the school has had! In many cases there is no disposition to send a child so afflicted away from home. While this feeling is natural in parents yet they are neglecting the best interests of the child in thus depriving it of the advantages it may have.

Plenty of Trout There.

Ed Treadwell is smiling these days over the catches of trout that are being made in his lake which was reputed for many years to have no fish. This has been disproved by Mr. Treadwell himself and several expert anglers who are delighted with the size and appearance of the trout they have captured.

WITH TROOPS AT TAMPA.

WHAT THEY ARE DOING WHILE WAITING FOR ORDERS.

What the New York Men Call "Flub Dub"—what the Lady Newspaper man Finds to Write of in Tampa—How the Press Censor Gets in his Work.

TAMPA FLA., June 11.—The last man down from New York calls everything he does not like a flub-dub. Then, following his line, and feeling as I do this morning I will call everyone in Tampa (barring one, of whom I may not write) a flub-dub. I am quite sure the generals are all flub-dubs, otherwise they would not keep us poising here on the razor-edge of expectation. The man who dropped the sand in Tampa and forgot to put up any shade trees—why, this latest New York word is not strong enough to describe him with. The bar-tenders at every corner must be of the worst kind or they would put less salt in their beer and fill up the cocktail glass. The man who charges fifty cents for a ginger-ale high-bal is the flub-dubbiest of all mortals.

Enough of this; when I sit down to write of war I must not spill ink on flub-dubs. Tampa, Florida, is the gathering place of war-eagles and buzzards from east to west, north and south. Here is the only place to see them in all their glory. The sand streets are filled to overflowing with them. The pine groves and orange groves around about groan under the weight of their tents. The air rings with the braying of their bugles and mules. (Wait! is that noise a mule tries to make a bray or something else?) I have it on good authority that these same mules have, like other military folk, developed the drinking habit. Every one of them gets away with 15 cents worth of water per day and then asks for more. From close observation I find that their dry diet consists of what I call "scrub-palms." They use their tails to keep away the flies.

I did not intend to write about the Arizona outfit of 96 men that put in here last week, but talking of mules reminds me of it. "Take your hand away from your gun, Pete, I didn't mean anything unkind!" A good-natured, handsome Westerner called Johnson went about through the prairies and the deserts out there in the West and gathered together as many gray-eyed, lean-featured cow-punchers, mule-packers, and bunco-busters as he could lay his hands on. Then he got into the train with them and in the course of time slid them off at Tampa. "This drink will stand a dash more of ginger," said he, looking at the camp.

The Hon. Teddie Roosevelt thought so too, and a few days later poured in 1060 "rough riders," made up of half-breeds, railroad clerks, cowboys and college undergrads. Mr. Johnson's gang, with the coming modesty, says that Mr. Roosevelt's fellows are not in it, but as Mr. Roosevelt's "terrors" return the compliment I will not pass any judgment on either.

The war correspondents here range in age from twelve years to ninety. There is a lady newspaper man (please excuse the bull) who writes about the macaws and monkeys which infest Tampa. There are parrots here (in cages) and she evidently mistook some little niggers for monkeys. But I still think it an unpardonable mistake!

I had never seen any army in my life (barring one regiment of Canadian Infantry) until I came to this "seat of war," and I am glad to be able to say that this is the finest army that ever had the good fortune to come within my range of vision—(barring the one regiment of Canadian Infantry). The men wear trousers, shirts and hats. The officers wear shoulder-straps and smoke cigars.

You will think me very brave to write like this but there is another man here with the same name that I have, and my hopes are that he will receive the kicks intended for me.

I don't know very much about the Cubans and I have written all I know. I wrote it in a letter to a New York paper so I have no doubt that everyone has read it before now. As I write this the military press-censor, a young lieutenant with a dry humor (not a thirst) spreads himself all over two aspiring daily men. They began making their "copy" when I did and now they go out with four words a piece to wire home, and their beautiful stories are in the scrap basket. Oh, the cursedness of war! I wonder will he see what I am doing and want to read it. He won't if he knows how sad it makes me feel for men to read my stories before they are in print. Joy! he has run a blue pencil through a whole page of someone else's stuff and gone away with the impression that I am writing a love letter. See the advantage of looking sentimental.

Someone with a pair of Mexican spurs is marching up and down the verandah for his own amusement. The spurs jingle in

a truly war-like manner and my courage rises "Cuba Libre!" I shout (under my breath) I would write it if I was sure of the spelling and about it aloud if I was sure of the pronunciation. I would like to tell you about the start for Cuba we are going to make some day but the press-censor won't let me and I don't know anything about it. People talk about long lines of troopships down at Port Tampa, but when I was down there last, people were giving their whole attention to long lines of something else. Considering the climate, this was very unwise of them. Port Tampa is nine miles from Tampa and much worse. There is not even an orange tree or a live-oak down there to cast a shadow. The cavalry and artillery camps selter and selter in the godless sun. The heat comes in from the bay instead of cold breezes. It is a good thing that one of the cavalry regiments there is the ninth-colored. These fellows don't object to the eternal, dry, eye-crawling climate at all.

A few days ago we had the first rain seen in Tampa since December. The water was luke-warm and came down in drops the size and shape of foot-balls. It kept it up from the noon of one day till the morning of the following and the sand continued to look wet for nearly two hours after it had stopped. The orange leaves recovered their healthy green color and the spiders came out and took the air. But now it is as dry as ever and we can sole ourselves with the thought of the rainy season in Cuba.

A war correspondent, a friend of mine, went out yesterday and bought himself a pair of india-rubbers for the Cuban campaign. He says they will keep his feet dry and warm when it rains. I say that we will fire them overboard on our way across.

We have a mess here, formed of three men and the prospects of a cook. Each member of one mess has a tent, 7x7 a folding chair, a blanket, a canteen, and equal shares in one table, one frying-pan, one coffee pot and the prospects of the one cook.

We do not expect to do our own cooking but if we do it will be our own fault for not hustling around and connecting with one of the regimental messes. We hope that the soldiers, out of the kindness of their hearts will pitch our tents for us.

The army is going to transport and move about our baggage—take us over free of everything but meals, and sell us grub from its own stores. Seriously—it is the finest army, and officered by the finest men I ever hope to clap eyes on. I will go out and drink its health in ice-water from the hotel cooler.

THEODORE ROBERTS. Orange Grove Hotel, Tampa.

Struck With Lightning, Neatly describes the position of a hard or soft corn when Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is applied. It does its work so quickly and without pain that it seems magical in action. Try it. Recollect the name—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sold by all druggists and dealers everywhere.

Won by the Old Song. Malcolm Stuart of Nashville, Tenn., fell in love with Lottie Nettleton the very moment that their eyes met. But the course of true love was not smoother in their case than it is with others, and the girl's poverty and humble birth where great and glaring faults in the eyes of the proud old Highlander, bidding at home. He wrote to his son and commanded him to abandon his love quest until he should meet a lass of his kin and be ready to settle down in the home of his father. Malcolm read the letter and then went to read the story in Lottie's eyes which was widely different in style and argument; and before another fortnight he cabled to his father: "Lottie and I were married Tuesday and I am bringing her home to you, sir."

The greeting to the bride in the stately home was courteous, but her young heart chilled and trilled. Then, after a day or so, she was asked to sing, and when once she began to speak through her music her blood grew warm and courageous. It was a daring thing for an alien to do, but the girl was playing for the love of her loved one's kindred. So, while the old man nodded by his fire, she began to sing "Highland Mary."

There was a little stirring in the old armchair as she finished the song, and then, quite naturally, but, oh, so softly, she essayed "Annie Laurie," "The Banks O' Doon," and "Bonnie Charlie." Memories of other days stirred the Highlander's soul as the sweet young voice rang on; and as she began the "Land O' the Lees" his hand fell on her shoulder.

"Ah, lassie, gude lassie; there's a Scotch bird in your throat, what'er yer blood is, dearie. Na wonder Malcolm's heart took wings. Give me a kiss, then, Lottie." And as the young man, heart-sore and angry with his father for his reception of his bride, entered the room, Lottie was pressing a daughter's kiss on the old man's

check and singing with him a north country ditty. "I can't stan' again the bonnie look o' her, lad," he exclaimed, to the son. "But he songs o' auld Scotland has won me!" — Chicago Journal.

YEARS OF SUFFERING. Brought About by a Fall Which the Back Was Severely Injured—The Pain at Times Almost Unbearable.

Mr. Geo. F. Everett, a highly respected and well known farmer of Four Falls, Victoria Co., N. B., makes the following statement:—"Some years ago while working in a barn I lost my balance and fell from a beam, badly injuring my back, for years I suffered with the injury and at the same time doing all I could to remove it, but in vain. I at last gave up hopes and stopped doctoring. My back had got so bad that when I would stoop over it was almost impossible to get straightened up again. When I would mow with a scythe for some little time without stopping it would pain me so that it seemed as if I could scarcely endure it, and I would lean on the handle of my scythe in order to get ease and straighten up. At other times I would be laid up entirely. After some years of suffering I was advised to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and decided to try one box. Before I had finished it I saw the pills were helping me. I bought six boxes more and seven boxes completely cured me. It is three years since I took them and my back has not troubled me since. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an invaluable medicine and I highly recommend them to any person suffering likewise. I consider that if I paid \$10 a box for them, they would be a cheap medicine."

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous head ache, nervous prostration, and diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions. Sold by all dealers and post paid at 50¢ a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

"Arrive Pensee." (From the Galaxy, 1869.) He wraps me round with his riches, He covers me up with his care, And his love is the love of a manhood Whose life is a living prayer. I have plighted my woman's affections, I have given my all in all, And the flowers of a daily contentment Renew their sweet lives ere they fall. And yet—like an instrument precious, That plays an olden tune, My heart in the midst of its blissings Goes back to a day in June— To a day when beneath the branches I stood by a silent stream, And saw in its bosom an image, As one sees a face in a dream. I would not renge his devotion— No, not for a heart that lives; Nor change one jot my condition For the change that condition gives. I should mourn not more for another, Nor more for another rejoice Than now, when I weep at his absence Or welcome his step and his voice. And yet like an instrument precious That plays an olden tune, My heart in the midst of its blissings Goes back to a day in June— To a day when beneath the branches I stood in the shadowy light, And heard the low words of a whisper, As one heareth a voice in the night.

CLAIMED MONEY. We have the names of 800 persons who are advertised for to claim money—money left to each person mentioned, or it dead their heirs are wanted to make claim. Many of those persons came to Canada and now know nothing about it. There is no expense whatever in obtaining any of these legacies. Send stamp for new list. McFARLANE & CO. Truro, N. S.

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AVERAGE CIRCULATION 13,640

ST. JOHN N. B. SATURDAY, JUNE 16th.

Subscribers who do not receive their paper Saturday morning are requested to communicate with the office.—Tel. 95.

**HOOLEY AND LEITER.**

The two events in the world of finance that have excited far greater interest than anything in that circle for a long time were the dramatic failures of ERNEST HOOLEY the great London promoter and JOSEPH LEITER the Chicago wheat speculator. Both of these men made and lost millions in a short time. Their brief but brilliant careers have been the talk of two continents. They must have possessed exceptional ability and a daring amounting to recklessness.

HOOLEY was what is known as a company promoter. A languishing business concern lacking capital to carry on large operations would be selected by him and by an arrangement with the owners he would agree to place it in the hands of a joint stock company paying so much cash and so much stock for the property. Of course the stock of the company must have been largely in excess of the value of the property else there would not have been an opportunity to make those exceptional profits that Mr. HOOLEY enjoyed. He was careful in selecting the industries which he promoted in this way. The fads of the public were his favorites. When bicycles were all the rage Mr. HOOLEY made his reputation and his immense profits. He amalgamated rival industries and converted them into a huge syndicate. Millions were nothing to him. Fortune smiled upon his business daring and his companies paid a large percentage. That was enough; for the British public were glad to get three per cent for money. When six eight and ten per cent was being paid by HOOLEY'S companies they rushed to get some of the stock. It seemed for a time that all this reckless financier had to do was to issue a prospectus and the amount of the stock he wanted would be subscribed over and over again.

There was considerable method about the conduct of his affairs. The good will of the newspapers especially the great ones and the financial critics was absolutely necessary for Mr. HOOLEY'S success. He obtained it, and now says that he paid for it. That is a grave charge against the British press and if Mr. HOOLEY can prove it, it will shake the confidence of the people in the guides to public opinion. Mr. HOOLEY says that in one instance he paid as high as £10,000 for a page in one issue of a financial journal. That is of course an extortionate figure—rather a blackmail quotation—and, if true, will account for his statement that the newspapers got the most of his profits. They must have left the promoter some margin however for during his successful career he purchased estates and even the yacht of the Prince of Wales. He lived like a prince and had the best that money could buy. Now he is a bankrupt his creditors say but he says he has a margin of £500,000. That should be enough for any man.

JOSEPH LEITER'S career has not been as long as that of HOOLEY but he has been more talked about perhaps than his associate in misfortune. LEITER obtained some millions of his father's money and bought wheat. He began when the price was low and he bought so much wheat that he created a scarcity. The price went up and LEITER was making hundreds of thousands of dollars every day. But he continued to buy. He followed the price of wheat until he bought at such a figure that he had to sell at a loss. His losses exceeded his gains and the startling announcement flashed throughout the world that the young wheat king was embarrassed.

Wheat went down with a rush and the

price of bread is bound to follow. It has been claimed that Leiters deal has occasioned a great deal of distress throughout the world. He increased the price of wheat, and misery followed in the homes of the poor. His fall will not be regretted by the masses.

**THE CRITIC OF THE NORTH.**

Brother J. L. STEWART is after the "buckwheat reporters" of St. John who report yacht races. The gentlemanly editor of the Chatham World is not only an expert yachtsman, but has owned and sailed the champion boat on the Miramichi. He says that "the next best thing to seeing a yacht race is to read an ambitious account of one in the St. John papers. They are exciting to the uninformed, and entertaining to the initiated, and we congratulate our city contemporaries on the feats of their buckwheat reporters."

This left-handed compliment will hardly be appreciated by the yachting staff of the city press, but this is not the first time that the yachting critic of the North Shore has scored them. On this occasion he takes the report of the race between the Thetis and Canada in which the former became disabled, and comments in this amusing way upon the account that appeared.

The buckwheat reporter says Thetis broke the jaws of "one of her gasps." We are not told how many gasps the little sloop carried, but are led to infer that she had a number of them aloft. Sloops carry only one, as seen by instructed eyes, but the buckwheat reporter probably sees a dozen or more on Thetis. He tells us, also, that in the first part of the race, which was apparently a beat to windward, the yachts "took a long tack with the wind right on their beam." This was wonderful, truly, and they must have climbed to windward very fast! It is not surprising, after this, to learn that one yacht "reached off like a giant," that "like a whirlwind the yacht tore her way down to the second stake," and that "the Gracie M. showed lots of "fire works" in scudding before the breeze like a big balloon." It must have been a wonderful sight to see that race between the "giant," the "whirlwind," and the "big balloon." The giant must have had the seven leagued boots on, because he won. The other morning paper's buckwheat reporter makes a brave attempt to keep up with his rival, but fails. He tells us, indeed, that the yachts "fairly flew down to the second buoy," and that "Canada turned it a couple of miles ahead of the next boat." We see by the time taken that Canada was then about five minutes ahead. Therefore, according to the reporter, the next yacht sailed two miles in five minutes, or at the rate of twenty-four miles an hour. It is no wonder, therefore, that the reporter says they flew. But we find it hard to reconcile the flying with the fact that it required 2 hrs. 12 min. for the fastest boat to sail the twelve miles, less than one-third of it being windward work.

There are something like 40,000 public schools in Japan. The buildings are well built and very comfortable, education being compulsory.

It has been stated that there are in the United States over fifty distinct secret orders, with over 70,000 lodges and 5,000,000 members.

**Miss Reed's Latest Venture.**

The friends of Miss Helen Leah Reed will be pleased to know that Messrs. R. G. Badger & Co., publishers of Boston, have announced a story of West End Life from her pen. Miss Theodora is the attractive title. The West End is that of Boston and in this picturesque locality Miss Reed has vividly depicted a phase of Boston life which is fast passing away. As a character study and as a story Miss Theodora will be found to have the power of holding the attention of all who prefer the natural and the unpretending in fiction to the sensational and the meretricious. The charm of the local color is greatly increased by the many pen and ink sketches characteristic West End streets and nooks. Miss Reed, it will be remembered, is the young lady who had such unique success at Harvard, capturing the Sargent prize in its entirety from sixteen male competitors. Her book will probably be on sale here and it will be read with much interest.

**Nearly Repeated.**

An old time tragedy was nearly repeated this week during an afternoon of play between several children. A game of hide and seek was being merrily carried on when a little four year old girl crept into an empty box and told a young companion to fasten down the cover. This she did and in addition piled old papers to cover up a knot hole in the lid. The child's mother happened along in a few moments, and hearing a peculiar noise inside the box investigated and found the little one in a state bordering on insensibility. The little one would probably have been dead in a very few minutes.

**An Interesting Game.**

On Monday next the Shamrock grounds will be the scene of a base ball battle, between the Opera House team and the members of the Miles Stock Company, now playing a two weeks engagement here. The teams are about evenly matched, and it is expected that the game which begins at two o'clock will be a hotly contested and interesting one. There is considerable anticipation regarding the match, and it will doubtless be well attended.

**FRENCH OF YESTERDAY AND TODAY**

**His Covenant Remaneth.**  
Behold the blood red battle cloud,  
Above earth's crimson stain;  
Above the agonizing field  
He ruleth not in vain.  
He watcheth o'er the deepest plans  
His might in hostial power;  
But over ruling all his deeds,  
Controls the final hour.  
Earth has her banners terrible,  
The drum beat and the roar,—  
Of murderous artillery;  
Red flames on sea and shore.  
The piercing steel in serrid lines,  
The grim death dealing tower;  
The carnage and the victory,  
And man cries, mine the power.  
The countless slain the ready host,  
The night is on our side;  
The bugle blows the banners wave  
The glory far and wide.  
The chain shot's wrath the screaming shell,  
May rain a burning shower,  
His covenant remaneth still  
And His is all the power.  
Man's strategy akin to crime,  
Great slaughter gasps a new;  
God's mighty arm shall break the bow  
And kuss the spear in two.  
Man's inhumanity still reigns,  
And makes the humble cover;  
But God is love and holds therein,  
His own Almighty power.  
His covenant remaneth still,  
Perhaps earth's battle field  
May prove a place where men at last,  
To His sweet mercy yield.  
The living truth no war has slain,  
Will chastise its mighty might;  
Until the master giveth up  
God's kingdom back to Him.

CYRUS GOLDB.

**The Ferns, May 1898.**

**Lassie Loe'd a Laddie.**  
There lived in Bonnie Scotland,  
On the banks of the River Dee,  
As sweet and fair a lassie  
As e'er yam'd care to see.  
This lassie loe'd a laddie  
Who called the ocean blue,  
And aft he told his lassie  
He wad to her be true.  
The moaning sea dashed on the shore,  
The night was dark and drear,  
And mony a brave and sturdy heart  
Beat anxiously from fear.  
The lassie said a prayer that night  
For her laddie on the main,  
That God above would bless her love,  
And bring him hame again.  
When the rays of morning sunshine  
Softly kissed the river Dee,  
And the birds sang out their sweetest  
O'er the green hill and the lea,  
Lassie thought she heard a whisper,  
As if an angel's lips had said,  
Ye nae mair will see your laddie,  
He is numbered w' the dead.  
Soft the bell in yonder spire,  
Tolls the knell-o-parting day,  
And in heaven it is whispered,  
Lassie ta a passed away.

**Resting in the village kirkyard—**  
Where the thistle and the rose  
In their innocence are blooming—  
Till God's last great trumpet blows,  
Lies as fair and sweet a lassie  
As on earth you'll ever see,  
And beneath the ocean billows  
Sleeps the lad who went to sea.

**WILLIAM VAN BUREN THOMPSON.**

**Golfing Song.**  
From The Sketch.  
O for the Links o' the Land of the Leal,  
When the Golfers come together,  
And the charmed Club, like a wizard's beard,  
Spins out a shunt'le' rather,  
For the Ball that flies like a wingless bird,  
Among the tufts o' turf and heather.  
Scots who love the Land o' the Leal  
Are leal until the Links are weel,  
And love with all a zealous zeal  
The guid auld game o' Golf!  
Club the Ball from Tee to Hole,  
Let every stroke be mended,  
And give the globe its golting goal,  
From Tee to Hole attended.  
Nor let a foller miss the globe, until the game is ended.  
Waggle the Driver to snl fro,  
And strike the Ball, and make it go,  
Nor scuff, nor slice, nor heel, nor toe,  
But club the globe for Golf!  
Follow the Ball with heart and hope,  
Till the score is down, and the holes are up,  
And the rounds shall ring, while the Caddies bring  
With the small appianse of thunder.  
A good grip when the play is poor,  
A loun' swing and a swift and sure,  
On the Links is the Gollers' glided lure,  
In the guid auld game o' Golf!  
From Teeing-Ground to Putting-Green,  
Let not a funkier funkier,  
But ready hand and watchful e'en  
Be style for every yunker.  
And a swift fall' swipe that will break the ball thro'  
The bounds of every Bunker.  
The game is lost or won, I ween,  
In the play upon the Putting-Green,  
When the player's skill and craft is seen,  
In the guid auld game o' Golf!  
The Dewey Graze,  
From the Cleveland Leader.  
I saw a sweet young mother with  
Her first-born at her breast;  
"And what's the baby's name?" I asked  
Of her so richly blessed.  
She looked at me with play, as  
She proudly noised her head;  
"We call um Dewey, sir, of course."  
In tender tones she said.  
I met a dainty little girl  
Who led a kitten by a string,  
And as I stroked her head, I asked:  
"What do you call the pretty thing?"  
She looked at me with wide blue eyes,  
And as she went her way,  
"I call my kitten Dewey, sir,"  
I heard her sweetly say.  
I met a curly-headed boy  
Who had a bridle pun,  
"And what's your doggy's name?" I asked,  
As I held the creature up,  
He gazed at me in wonder, and  
He proudly noised his head;  
"I call him Dewey, sir, of course,"  
He playingly said.  
I stopped beside a rustic stile,  
And heard a milkmaid sing a song  
"And what's your bossy's name?" I asked  
The lassie as she came along  
She looked at me in mild surprise,  
And as she strode away,  
"Why, Dewey is her name, of course,"  
I heard the maiden say.

**How the Times Change.**

"How the world is progressing" said a well-known city man in rather a cynical tone as he watched a group of cyclists sweep past him on the street. "Times are hard and yet according to the look of that, money is plenty. How in the world do all those youngsters get the money to buy a bicycle. I suppose they cost all the way from \$40 to \$100. Why if I had asked my father for twelve pound ten to buy a bicycle with he would have thought me a fit subject for the lunatic asylum. I declare that he and my mother would have fretted about me if I made such a show of myself. And yet money was plenty in those days compared with its scarcity now." Then with a smile he passed on. He had uttered his protest.

**It was Better So.**

A St. John man left this week for the far West leaving behind him many sorrowful creditors. Rumor has it that he will return shortly but there are some doubts on the subject, and one wag who was interested in the matter dropped into poetry, and the result of his labors were posted on the absentee's door. It was headed "To my creditors" and the rhyme was as follows:  
"I've gone to the Klondike, See,  
It's best for you and Best for me."

**Mr. A. W. Myers in Charlottetown.**

Mr. A. W. Myers of Myers Bros. who made many friends in this city during the few months he was here has opened a store in Charlottetown. Progress has received a neat pamphlet from him, in which he advertises his goods and his methods of business. It appears from the introduction to this booklet that the press of Charlottetown refused his advertisements because his business was in opposition to some of their old time patrons, and consequently Mr. Myers is addressing the people in another way.

**The July Delineator.**

The July number of the Delineator is announced and at hand. The contents are particularly seasonable and attractive including articles on bathing and bicycle costumes with illustrations and descriptions. The usual departments of the magazine are well edited. The Delineator may be had from the local agent for Butterick's Patterns or from the Publishing company in Toronto.

**Armor-Piercing Projectiles.**

Much interest has been excited by the armor piercing power given to steel projectiles by addition of a cap of soft metal, steel, iron, or copper. The regular projectile terminates in a point. A cylinder of soft steel one-half the diameter of the projectile, and about as high as it is thick, has an approximately conical hole made in its end, extending about two-thirds through it. A small cavity contains a little grease as a lubricant. This is fastened over the point of the projectile. It seems to support the point, preventing it from crushing, and enables it to pierce hardened face armor of the highest resisting power. The projectile goes through the armor plate almost without deformation.

**Cheating the Government.**

Sir Francis Cook, who married Tennessee Claflin, is reported to have just divided \$10,000,000 between his two sons in order to cheat the chancellor of the exchequer out of the succession duty which would have to be paid if the money were left as an ordinary legacy. British millionaires have never forgotten Lorn Harcourt for increasing those duties to a point which made them an important source of public revenue. Several of them, and among the number the Duke of Westminster, have already divided the bulk of their personal estate among their sons and daughters. Sir Francis Cook is reported to be worth \$20,000,000 even after endowing his sons.

**Finger Prints in Piano-Teaching.**

Finger-prints obtained by applying pigment to the finger tips and pressing them on a smooth surface have been tried as a means of identification. It is now proposed to use them to test piano-playing. The impressions made on the keys by the fingers of a performer will be indications of his methods, and serve to show whether he touches the keys in the same way as a good performer, whose finger-prints may be used as a standard. The prints may be taken for different kinds of work on the instrument, so as to help explain the secret of "touch."

**Making-up Horses.**

Ladies have not got the art of making-up all to themselves. The silvery-hued mane, tail and forelock which contrast so beautifully with the coats of dark colored horses are produced by the use of peroxide of hydrogen. It is stated that a well-known fashionable New York job master gets in a five-gallon jar of peroxide of hydrogen every week.

Old clothes dyed to look like new,  
Hosiery mended free to you,  
Curtains 25c per pair,  
And you quickly ask me, Where?  
At Ungar's Laundry & Dye Works 28  
to 34 Waterloo St. Telephone 58.



**LEARNING TO SWIM.**

The Chief Characteristic of a Good Swimmer is a Slow Stroke.

"Just as soon as the warm weather sets in, many persons who, at the close of last summer, were able to swim a few strokes, will again somewhat timorously enter the water," writes Frank H. Vitzelly in an article on "The Simple Art of Swimming" in the Woman's Home Companion. "The majority will find this self-imposed task far more difficult than is anticipated. It is necessary to remind those who indulge in short, hurried strokes, that one of the golden rules of swimming is move slowly and deliberately. Those who wish to become good swimmers must cultivate self reliance and they should always bear in mind that water itself has a sustaining power far greater than that of most liquids. The slow stroke is the very essence of good swimming. It enables the bather to inflate the lungs and thus unconsciously turn them temporarily into life-preservers. To move slowly is to get plenty of breathing time, and to get plenty of strength to repeat the movements which propel the body through the water. The second golden rule which the beginner should school herself to remember is that the living human body is specifically lighter than water, and that consequently, it does not necessarily sink therein. Confidence in the sustaining power of water is the only secret to swimming. The best way to convince the novice of the buoyancy of water is to let her wade out until the water comes up to her breast; but before doing this she should take care when in shallow water, to immerse her whole body, so as to avoid the rush of blood to the head, from which many bathers suffer through neglecting to do this. With the water once on a level with the breast the bather should lie on her back and extend her arms out beyond her head, but not raised out of the water. This position makes breathing easy and counterbalances the weight of the legs. The bather should lie restfully and avoid stiffening the nether limbs. The hips should be rigid, the feet close together, but not out of the water, for if they were they would overbalance the weight of the head and carry it beneath the surface.

**Franklin's Treaty With Prussia.**

In 1785 the United States and Prussia entered into a treaty, some provisions of which show a remarkably advanced "spirit of civilization and humanity." On our part it was signed by Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson and John Adams. Hon. S. J. Barrows, M. C. from Massachusetts, furnishes to the Christian Register one article of this treaty, copied by himself from the original manuscript now in the archives of the Department of State of Washington. From Doctor Franklin's well-known abhorrence of war and its cruelties, as well as from the style of the composition, we may guess that the paragraph which follows was drawn by his own hand:

If war should arise between the two contracting parties, the merchants of either country then residing in the other shall be allowed to remain nine months to collect their debts and to settle their affairs, and may depart freely, carrying off all their effects without molestation or hindrance. And all women and children, scholars of every faculty cultivators of the earth, artisans, manufacturers and fishermen, unarmed and inhabiting unfortified towns, villages or places, and in general, all others whose occupations are for the common subsistence and benefit of mankind, shall be allowed to continue their respective employments, and shall not be molested in their persons, nor shall their houses or goods be burnt or otherwise destroyed, nor their fields wasted by the armed forces of the enemy, into whose power by the events of war they may happen to fall; but if anything is necessary to be taken from them for the use of such armed forces, the same shall be paid for at a reasonable price, and all merchant and trading vessels employed in exchanging the products of different places, and thereby rendering the necessities, conveniences and comforts of human life more easy to be obtained, and more general, shall be allowed to pass free and unmolested; and neither of the contracting powers shall grant or issue any commission to any private armed vessels empowering them to take or destroy such trading vessels or interrupt such commerce.



The air this week is filled with the scent of orange blossoms, and still many rumors come of weddings yet to be. The society reporter who has along been grumbling loudly over the dearth of news is now in the seventh heaven so that after all the numerous couples who have embarked on the sea of matrimony have not a monopoly of that very desirable commodity—happiness. By the way I read a very interesting thing the other day regarding ancient weddings and though the pretty brides of St. John would resent any insinuation to the effect that their graceful wedding ceremonies, carefully planned with an eye to effect and beauty, were only a survival of the most primitive marriage customs, from antiquity down there is certainly a similarity in the ceremonies. For instance it appears that the presents given the bridesmaids, and in some circles the ushers, are simply a relic of the bribery used by the ancient bridegroom among his personal friends so that they would assist in the capture of his chosen bride when the day arrived on which he had determined to carry her off.

The best man too is but a survivor of the band of friends who accompanied the suitor in his wife winning and kept watch for him for days over the bride's trice, while the lover sought an opportunity to carry off his prize. Even the honeymoon is declared to be nothing more than the hurried flight of the husband with his wife to escape the vengeance of his pursuing tribe, headed by the bereaved father.

Looking at the modern customs in the country and in fact everywhere, one can find a counterpart to them or at least an explanation in the doings of some tribes in Africa, or in the heart of the Pacific. The customs vary as the woman is looked up to as a valuable member of the community. That there should be such widely prevalent similarities points to the antiquity of the human race and its conservatism in adhering to matters of form.

These little matters will not however detract in the least from St. John's recent fashionable wedding nor interfere in any particular with the happiness of the contracting parties.

The wedding of the week in which the smart set was particularly interested occurred at Rothsay on Tuesday afternoon when Miss Elisabeth Emma Robertson, daughter of Mr. James F. Robertson was united in marriage with Mr. T. E. Grindon Armstrong of the staff of the Bank of British North America at Bradford, Ont., and son of Major Andrew Armstrong of this city. "Karsalle," the lovely summer home of the bride's father was elaborately decorated for the occasion and around the extensive grounds numerous flags floated all day long. The summer sojourners at Rothsay among whom the event created the most intense interest, honored this occasion in a similar manner so that the charming resort was quite en fête all Tuesday.

The rooms at "Karsalle" were beautifully decorated each one having a particular color scheme of its own, and all were arranged with an artistic effect that was most pleasing. The drawing rooms were particularly elaborate in their decorations the profuse use of white lilacs, white roses, ferns and smilax trailed over doors pictures and ornaments transforming them into veritable ovens of beauty. At each side of the bay window were very tall palms, graceful ferns and delicate flowers including roses, carnations and apple blossoms; in almost every case white and green were the only colors used, a library being an exception, and there rich crimson roses decorated the most banked mantels and dropped gracefully from numerous flower holders in all parts of the room; white roses, carnations and smilax, together with generous bows and loops of white satin ribbon adorned the table in the dining room, and were elsewhere profusely used in this room. The spacious front corridor had also a large quantity of flowers scattered tastefully around. In the library and at one end of the long drawing room the wedding presents were displayed and formed one of the most costly and magnificent collections ever seen in this city. They included a large quantity of cut glass, beautiful china, pictures, ornaments and a great deal of silver.

In pretty little St. Paul's church, where Mr. Robertson's other daughters were married, the decorations were on a very elaborate scale, green and white prevailing. The chancel, font and reading desk were a mass of floral beauty, and the work of the brides girl friends. During the ceremony which was performed by Rev. Mr. Daniel, the contracting parties stood under a large white floral bell, suspended and finished with streamers of broad white satin ribbons. In the porch many flowers were distributed around in various places, and the matings all over the church were hidden by coverings of white linen.

The ushers, Mr. Robert Armstrong brother of the groom, Mr. Roy Thompson, Mr. L. F. D. Tilley and Mr. T. Blair who had driven out in time for luncheon at the Belle View, were busy for some time before the arrival of the wedding party escorting the invited guests to their places. As the bride and her attendants entered the church, the former accompanied by her father, the choir sang "The Voice that Breathed o'er Eden" in a very impressive way. Mrs. Henry Hall presided at the organ, and later when the party was leaving the church played Mendelssohn's Wedding March.

Very stately and lovely looked the young bride in her wedding gown of ivory white broche, with its sweeping train. The front of the skirt and the bodice had a valuable draping of some old English thread lace which was formerly owned by the bride's grandmother. It was caught up at intervals by diamonds and orange blossoms, which ornaments also gleamed among the folds of her lace veil. She carried a shower bouquet of white roses, lilies of the valley and maiden hair fern, tied with broad white satin and baby ribbon. Miss Helen Robertson made a very charming maid of honor gowned in pale blue silk over which was worn blue mousseline de soie. She wore a very becoming hat made of blue chiffon trimmed with blue plumes and turquoise buckles, and carried a handsome bouquet of yellow roses and mignonette.

The bridesmaids, Miss Mabel Thomson and Miss Alice Armstrong sister of the groom, were dressed alike in white silk with yellow chiffon sashes. The bodices were also artistically arranged with yellow chiffon and their dainty hats were made of white and yellow chiffon with white plumes and rhinestone

stone buckles. Their bouquets were of yellow roses.

A pretty little figure in the procession was Miss Elizabeth Allison Curry, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Curry of Halifax, the four year old niece of the bride. She looked a dream of childish beauty in her white silk frock and large white hat with its nodding plumes, the one yellow rose she carried adding to her dainty, fairy like appearance.

The groom was supported by Mr. Charles E. McPherson formerly of this city but now of Toronto, to, and as he awaited the coming of his bride at the altar, looked supremely happy.

After the solemn service had been performed by the officiating clergyman, and the members of the immediate wedding party had congratulated the newly wedded couple, they and the guests drove back to "Karsalle" where good wishes for future happiness were extended to Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, and a reboche luncheon served.

Later in the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong left in a special car for St. John enroute to their future home in Bradford, Ont.

The bride's going away-gown was cadet blue cloth, the skirt and coat being trimmed with many rows of stitching. The waist was of white silk, the yoke of which was trimmed with tucks and lace insertion. She wore a most becoming hat of blue straw trimmed with ribbon and wings.

The groom's present to his bride was a bracelet set with diamonds and pearls alternately, and to the bridesmaids he gave rings set with opals and diamonds.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong have numerous friends all over the provinces who will wish them much happiness and prosperity in their wedded life.

The hotel Belle View at Rothsay one of the most charming and attractively arranged places in New Brunswick, is rapidly filling up with guests and some distinguished visitors are expected during the season, among whom will be Lady Thomson and her three daughters, Judge and Mrs. Watson of Massachusetts and others. Among the summer visitors already there are Mr. Young and family of Montreal, and Mrs. Vaughan of the same city. The spacious tree shaded grounds afford every opportunity for amusement, tennis playing in a great deal of time this season.

Capt. E. A. Smith adjutant of the Bistley team, and Mrs. Smith left for England the middle of the week.

Judge Ritchie left the first of the week to attend the closing exercises of St. Francis Xavier college Antigonish at which institution his son Mr. Edmund Ritchie is a student.

A wedding of deep interest in this week of interesting events was the marriage of Miss Annie de Forest, daughter of the late George de Forest to Mr. Charles Patterson, accountant with the Daily Telegraph, which occurred at half past two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon at the residence of the bride's brother Mr. H. W. de Forest, Coburg street.

Rev. Mr. Barenham of St. John's stone church performed the ceremony, in the presence of a few friends; owing to a recent death in the bride's family the event was a very quiet one. The bride and her attendant were both very appropriately and becomingly gowned, the former in a blue gray cloth dress. Both carried handsome bouquets.

Mr. Frank de Forest rendered the groom support. The groom's gift to the bride was a handsome brooch set with pearls and a ring with diamonds and rubies. To the bridesmaid he presented a pin set with pearls.

Quantities of flowers were used in the decoration of the room in which the ceremony was performed with very pretty effect. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Patterson left for a trip through the provinces, after which they will take up their residence on E. Hot Row. Hosts of friends of both parties will extend to them good wishes for unclouded happiness in their wedded life.

Among the numerous elegant presents received were the following:

- A chair, silver pudding dish and a silver ladle, from the employees of the Daily Telegraph Pub. Co.
- Mr. and Mrs. T. N. Vincent, a check.
- Mr. and Mrs. S. S. DeForest, pocket book with \$100 in gold.
- Mr. and Mrs. H. W. DeForest, seal skin sacque and a handsome cut glass dish.
- Mr. and Mrs. Cole, a chair.
- Mrs. Paterson, chandelier.
- Frank DeForest, set of carvers, and one dozen dinner and dessert knives.
- Mr. and Mrs. W. F. B. Paterson, brass kettle.
- Miss Fowler, (Brigitton) picture.
- Mr. and Mrs. David Hall, berry spoon.
- Mr. and Mrs. Fred McKiel, vase.
- Arthur Thorne, cut glass celery dish.
- Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Barnhill, cut glass dish.
- Mr. and Mrs. Wetmore, cut glass dish.
- Mr. and Mrs. Henry Rankine, cut glass lemonade glasses.
- Misses and Master DeForest, banquet lamp.
- Master George and Jack DeForest, Lemonade pitcher.
- Samuel Likely, one dozen silver forks.
- Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Hall, spoon and bonbon dish.
- Mrs. Robinson, butter pick.
- Miss Hattie Vincent, ladle.
- Miss Addison, spoon.
- Miss Small, dish.
- Mrs. S. B. Paterson, silver salver.
- Mr. and Mrs. Mills, Nova Scotia, bon-bon dish and spoon.
- Miss Hazel and Master Fred DeForest, tea strainer.
- Misses and Master Walter Cole, silver salver.
- Master Paterson, bon-bon, dish.
- Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scovill, escallop dish.
- Misses Lyons, silver ladle.
- Miss Kinnear, picture.
- Mrs. Sydney Paterson, china berry set.
- Mrs. Walter B. Miles, bric-a-brac.
- Mrs. Clarence DeForest, lamp.
- Miss Annie Lingley, centre piece.
- Mrs. Fen Fraser, china sugar and cream dish.
- T. E. G. Armstrong, ornament.
- Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Paterson, clock and fancy work.
- Misses Langley, jardiner.
- Clarence DeForest, check.
- L. E. DeForest, cut glass dish.
- Council and member of the girls association of St. John (Stone) church, one dozen coffee spoons, sugar and cream ladle.
- Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Timmerman and Mrs. J. Gardner Taylor and family returned the first of the week from a pleasant little outing.
- Mrs. George Hagan has returned from a two weeks visit to Mrs. C. H. Clerk of St. Stephen.
- Lady Tilley is spending a little while in St. Andrews as the guest of Canon Ketchum and Miss Ketchum. Her mother Mrs. Chipman continues quite ill greatly to the regret of her friends.
- Miss Bradley who has been visiting St. Stephen lately as the guest of Mrs. Walter Cummins has returned to her home in this city.
- Mrs. Maine and Miss Grace Stevens have returned to St. Stephen after a week's visit to friends here.
- Miss Nellie Weldon of this city has been visiting friends in Pennfield and St. George. While in the latter place she was entertained by her friend Miss Dick.

Miss Turnbull is the guest of friends at "Frogmore." Frederickton. Mrs. Ketchum's residence "Elmercroft" has been taken for the summer by Mrs. W. W. Turnbull.

The Misses Agnes and Lilla Tabor of Fredericton were here this week on their way to Truro where they are visiting Miss Etnook.

Mrs. Robert Randolph of the capital is here on a few days visit to friends.

Queen Square Methodist church was the scene of a very pretty wedding at high noon on Wednesday when Rev. J. Weddall assisted by Rev. J. Shenton united in marriage Miss Margaret Robertson Gumm and Mr. George Henry Brown of Lexington, Mass. The church was beautifully decorated with palms, ferns, lilacs and other flowers and there was a very large floral arch in the centre aisle. On the pews reserved for the guests were bunches of white flowers tied with white ribbons. A selected choir lent impressiveness and solemnity to the occasion by singing the wedding chorus from "Lohengrin" as the bridal party approached the altar. The bride entered leaning on the arm of her brother-in-law Mr. R. T. Worden and was attended by Miss Alice Laechler. She was beautifully gowned in heavy white corded silk, with lace and pearl trimming, and wore a voluminous tulle veil fastened with orange blossoms. She carried a shower bouquet of white roses.

Miss Laechler was dressed in pink silk with overdress of white mousseline de soie and wore a large white picture hat trimmed with chiffon, plumes and pink roses. Her bouquet was made of pink roses. The groom who is a very handsome man and reputed wealthy, was supported by his brother Mr. Willard D. Brown, and the ushers were Messrs. Thomas Dunning, Fred C. Macdonell, George Warwick and J. G. Rainnie.

As the wedding party were leaving the church after the ceremony a wedding march was played by Mr. J. S. Ford. A reception was held later at the residence of Mr. R. T. Worden and Mr. and Mrs. Brown received the congratulations of a number of friends. The rooms were elegantly decorated, a large floral arch between the drawing rooms being especially beautiful. From it was suspended a large double knot of flowers, and scattered around the room were numerous potted palms, ferns, and other plants. The luncheon table was decorated in pink and white and the room throughout was exceedingly pretty. The stars and stripes and the Union Jack, intertwined and decorated in red white and blue flowers occupied a prominent place in the decorations. After a pleasant hour or two Mr. and Mrs. Brown said good bye to their friends and left for a wedding trip to the upper provinces and Canada and Niagara Falls before going to their home at Lexington.

The groom's present to the bride was a ruby ring set in diamonds. To the bridesmaid he gave a turquoise ring, and to each of the ushers he gave a gold scarf pin with amethysts set in pearls.

The present from the groom's father and mother Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin F. Brown, of Lexington, who were present at the wedding, was a furnished house in Lexington. Mr. Worden's present to the bride was a substantial cheque, and her sister Mrs. Worden, gave a silver soup tureen and ladle, and sister Miss M. G. Gunn, a silver candelabra.

Among the guests were the groom's parents Mr. and Mrs. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Brown his brother and sister-in-law. Mrs. Brown ar. wore a very elegant halitrope brocade with black lace overdress and diamonds.

Mrs. Fred Brown had on a handsome rose and white satin, the front of the bodice being elaborately trimmed with old rose silk, Mrs. Worden the sister of the bride was attired in a very delicate shade of gray bengaline, trimmed with folds, corded with heavy white silk. The waist was beautifully trimmed with white chiffon and the wide white moire sash was edged with fluted ch. fan.

A marriage took place in East L.icester N. S. this week in which St. John friends of the groom will be interested. It was that of Miss Lilla Terrice and Mr. Arthur F. Cassidy who for a long time was identified with the business of J. W. Montgomery of King street. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Steele of Amherst and was witnessed by a large number of the friends of the contracting parties. The bride who was attended by Miss Lily Coleman of Amherst was beautifully gowned in white silk, pearl embroidered, and carried a large bouquet of white roses and lilies of the valley.

The wedding gifts were numerous and costly, and included a cheque for a very substantial amount from the bride's father. Mr. and Mrs. Cassidy are enjoying a trip through the Annapolis Valley and after their return they will take up housekeeping on Union St., this city.

The Cathedral was the scene of an early wedding on Tuesday morning when Rev. Fr. McMurray united in marriage Miss Alice Leahy and Mr.   
CONTINUED ON EIGHTH PAGE.

# Life is Sweet!



Smooth on the Hands. Rough on the Dirt.

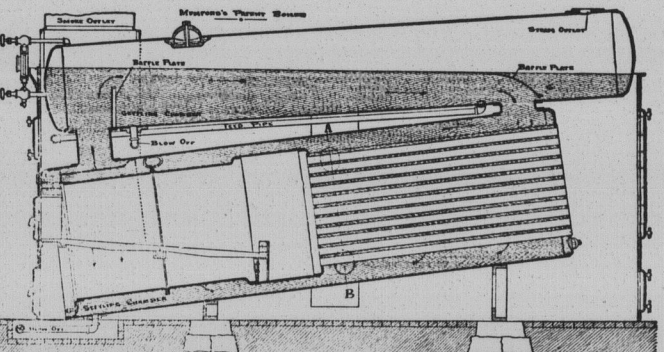
A life of unalloyed sweetness cannot be had without cleanliness—Nothing is more essential to happiness than the Bath and the Laundry, WELCOME SOAP—it is hardly necessary to add, is the cleansing agent that sweetens family life.

## Insist Upon Your Grocer Giving You

## The Famous Welcome Soap.

# Thirsty Days Coming! Stowers' Lime Juice is Ready—if You Are.

Get it of Best Grocers.



## Mumford's Improved Boiler

Is internally fired and the hot gases pass through the tubes and return around the shell, making every foot of the boiler effective heating surface. The water circulates rapidly from front to back of boiler, up the back connection to drum and down the front connection to a point below the fire. Sediment in feed water will be deposited at front end of drum or below furnace and all parts of boiler are accessible for cleaning purposes.

Robb Engineering Co., Ltd Amherst, N. S.

## Try To Dye.

It is easy work to Dye at Home if you'll only "try"—but you must get a safe Dye. Powder Dyes streak and make a bad mess about the house. Now try the English Home Dye of highest quality—Maypole Soap Dyes. Brilliant, fadeless, quick, clean. Silk, Satin, Cotton or wool, dye equally well.

## Maypole Soap Dyes.

Best grocers and druggists sell them.

## What Do You Think of it?

A dollar and a half book for only 50 cents.

We are offering as an inducement to new subscribers, the book, *Life and Times of Hon. Joseph Howe*, by G. E. Fenety, together with a year's subscription to *PROGRESS* for \$2.50. This book is handsomely bound in different colors and profusely illustrated, and one that should be in every home of the Maritime Provinces.

Apply At Once To "The PROGRESS Printing and Publishing Co., Ltd." St. John, N. B.

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BE SURE YOU GET OUR BRAND. Wine as a restorative, as a means of refreshment in Debility and Sickness is surpassed by no Product of nature or art.—FRONSSON LISSAS. "Pure Wine is incomparably superior to every other stimulating beverage for diet or medicine."—DR. DROTT.

Ask for Our Brand and See You Get It E. C. SCOVIL, 62 Union Street.

FOR ADDITIONAL SOCIETY NEWS, SEE FIFTH AND SIXTH PAGES



HALIFAX NOTES.

PROGRESS is for sale in Halifax by the newsboys and at the following news stands and crates. C. S. DEFRAYTES, Brunswick street... The week has been a very quiet one, if one excepts the epidemic of walking, which always sets in with the arrival of the ships. The Renewal has been out firing every day this week, so as yet very little has been seen of her officers.

Another new engagement is rumored in society, which will take one of the most charming girls away from the place. If report speaks truly, but congratulations to the happy man are not yet in order, as nothing is announced.

TRURO.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Truro by Mr. G. O. Fulton, Messrs. D. H. Smith & Co., and at Crowe Bros.] JUNE 15.—Mrs F. S. Yorston entertained six tables of what last night in honor of her guest Miss Jessie Wallace from Moncton.

Our newest bride, Mrs. L. B. Rettle, is receiving her friends this week at Mrs. S. Rettle's Prince St. Her sister-in-law, Mrs. W. C. Sumner, and Miss Rettle are assisting her. The bride is becomingly dressed in a black satin skirt and charming white satin bodice trimmed with white silk lace and pearls.

FARRSBORO.

[PROGRESS is for sale at Farsboro Book Store.] JUNE 15.—The first of the June weddings of which there are several on file, was celebrated last Wednesday morning in the Baptist church, the pastor Rev. E. Howe officiating and Miss Grace Spencer and Mr. B. G. Starratt the contracting parties.

hat to match. Mr. Huggins of Halifax supported the groom. The ushers were Messrs. Frank Cook, E. F. Gove, H. McMurphy and J. D. Nichols. Miss Agnes J. Jobe presided at the organ playing first Lohengrin's Wedding chorus and at the end of the service a selection from Hayden. Among the bride's wedding gifts were a handsome silver tea set and silver from the choir and congregation in appreciation of her services as organist for a length of time. The happy couple took the train immediately after the ceremony for a short wedding trip.

FREDERICTON.

[PROGRESS is for sale in Fredericton by Messrs W. E. Fenwick and J. H. Hawthorne.] JUNE 15.—The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. Mansell are pleased to welcome them home again after their long visit to Ottawa. They are now at their summer residence "Fern Hill" where they intend residing permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Fenwick have arrived home and are now at their pleasant residence "Linden Hall" after a long visit over the border. Their many friends are glad to welcome them back once more.

Mr. H. G. Ketchum has gone to Tidnish, Nova Scotia, where she will spend the summer. "E. Acroth" her residence here has been taken for the summer by Mrs. W. W. Turnbull, who is now occupying it.

Mr. H. M. Hamilton of Montreal is among the visitors registered in the city.

Mrs. Wm. Logan of St. John is visiting her daughter, Mrs. A. W. Edgecombe. Messrs. Gerald and Farris Loggie, sons of Major and Mrs. Loggie are spending their summer vacation at Truro.

Every man watches his balance in the bank, and his balance in his cash account, pretty closely. There is another ledger account that the average man entirely forgets to his own undoing. It is his account with death. It is more important than a "profit and loss" account, for its a "life and death" account. It is a man's duty to himself and family to look up this account once every day and see that the balance is on the right side.

NO DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION necessary to enable you to buy a cake of BABY'S OWN SOAP Be sure and get the genuine— wherever you can— and you will have the best soap made. The Albert Toilet Soap Co., Mfrs. Montreal.

tion with their grandmama Mrs. McKinley at Pictou, Nova Scotia. Rev. J. D. and Mrs. Freeman have returned from Nova Scotia, accompanied by Mrs. Freeman's mother who will spend part of the summer here.

Mr. Stanley and Mr. Thornton of Toronto spent Sunday among Fredericton friends. Hon. A. G. Blair, Ministers of Railways and Canal, arrived from Ottawa Monday. On Saturday Mr. Blair accompanied by Mrs. Blair and the Misses Marion and Amy Blair left for a trip to the West.

ST. STEPHEN AND CALAIS.

SOCIETY is for sale in St. Stephen at the book store of G. S. Wall & E. A. Thomson and J. Vroom & Co. in Calais at O. F. Treat's.] JUNE 15.—Mrs. Almon I. Teed gave a very pleasant afternoon at her pretty home on Saturday, from three o'clock to six.

The society event of the week was the wedding of Miss Katherine Copeland, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Copeland, to Mr. William Harrison Dunbar, of Cambridge, Mass., which took place at high noon yesterday in the Union church, Calais.

and diamonds. Miss Copeland has always been one of the brightest of Calais' fair daughters. She was a graduate of Wellesley college and has always devoted herself to literary attainment, and will be greatly missed in society in Calais, and many and hearty are the good wishes that follow her in her return to her home.

Lady Tilley is visiting St. Andrews for a few days and is the guest of Rev. Canon Ketchum and Miss K. Coburn. Mr. and Mrs. Bradlee L. E. of New York city arrived in Calais on Saturday and are most cordially greeted by their friends.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hall left for their home in Montreal on Monday afternoon after a visit of a fortnight with Mrs. Frank Todd. Miss Mabel Murchie has returned from Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. George F. Flinders' friends will be glad to hear she is slowly but surely recovering from her illness. Mr. John D. Chipman, M. P. P. has been confined to his home for the past two days with a severe cold.

HOME Dress Cutting and Making.

The Abel Gaudand system of dress cutting is easily and thoroughly learned in a few lessons. This system is the most simple and best adapted for home cutting of stylish up-to-date costumes, ordinary house-dresses, mantles and garments of all kinds.

Menu Cards, Wedding Invitations, Programmes, etc., Printed in the very latest styles, by the Progress Job Printing Department.

THE HORSE CAN'T tell his desires or he would request the application of Tuttle's Elixir to his poor lame joints and aches. Tuttle's Elixir restores the vitality of the system, and is the only medicine that will cure all kinds of rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, etc.

Dr. S. A. Tuttle, St. John, N. B., Oct. 8th, 1897. Dear Sir:—I have much pleasure in recommending your Horse Elixir to all interested in horses. I have used it for several years and have found it to be all it is represented. I have used it on my running horses and also on my trotting stallion "Special Cordis," with the desired effect. It is undoubtedly a first-class article.

PERSONALLY selected and bought from the manufacturer for spot cash at lowest possible prices. Advantage has been taken of The War Scare to secure New York Millinery at prices never before heard of in St. John.

GOODS OPENED YESTERDAY! The Parisian. THAT PALE FACE may be a sign that your blood is poor in quality, and deficient in quantity. Puttner's Emulsion produces pure, rich blood and restores vigor and strength and bloom to the cheek.

CROCKETT'S... CATARRH CURE! A positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in Head, etc., Prepared by THOMAS A. CROCKETT, 162 Princess St. Cor. Sydney

Miss Jessie Campbell Whitlock, TEACHER OF PIANOFORTE. ST. STEPHEN, N. B. The "Lombardian" Method; also "Bryant's System," for beginners. Apply at the residence of Mr. J. T. WHITLOCK. OYSTERS PISH and GAME always on hand. MEALS AT ALL HOURS. DINNER A SPECIALTY. CAFE ROYAL BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING, 56 Prince Wm. St., - St. John, N. B. Wm. Clark, Proprietor. Retail dealer in... CHOICE WINES, ALES and LIQUORS.





(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)

John J. Dwyer. The bride was daintily attired in late embroidered tulle over white silk and wore a large white hat with white plumes, and carried a bouquet of white carnations and maiden hair fern.

Miss Lily Leahy the bride's sister who attended her to the altar looked exceedingly pretty and graceful in mauve organdy and large white hat trimmed with white and white plumes.

William Haskett, yardman, Grand Trunk Railroad depot, Brantford, Ontario.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1 six for \$5.

Young Men Who Should Not Enlist in the U. S. Army. A poor widow, who had been an invalid for eleven years, was entirely dependent upon her only son for support.

He made no answer, but covered his face with his hands. The sick woman turned and leaned against the wall. She did not reply.

They are not situated as you are," replied the invalid, faintly. "But they will call me a coward," said the boy passionately.

When the decision of this misguided boy placed his freedom beyond recall we do not know; but we do know that by this act he sacrificed more than he had any right to sacrifice.

And the examining surgeons are expected to question every would-be recruit in regard to this particular. Such consideration may not have force at all recruiting stations; but no foolish dread of being called a 'coward' should make it necessary for any young man to be so questioned.

It is patriotic to 'Strike for your alters and your fires,' but the son, or brother, or father whose duty calls him to stay by them is doing this, and doing it as nobly as one who volunteers for the war because 'all the other fellows are going.'

It is conceivable that the sudden and swift demands of public defence might oblige every man for his country's sake to leave his silk and helpless ones, and 'let the dead bury their dead.' But that time is not yet. Meanwhile let it be known that the millions annexed in the field who stay to discharge the sacred ministries of home, and ply the industries never so necessary as in time of war, are in every sense as truly patriots as the fighters in the ranks.

When a man makes a dollar outside his regular income he feels that he can afford to spend two.

Acute Rheumatism

Pains in the Foot and Limb—A Complete Cure Accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"For a number of years I was afflicted with acute rheumatism in my left side and all the way down my limb into my foot. I live five blocks from my work and had to stop and rest several times in going and coming. I could get no relief from my trouble and was on the point of giving up my job when I happened to hear of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I purchased a bottle of this medicine and a vial of Hood's Pills and began taking them. Before I had half finished them I was relieved and it was not long before I was completely cured. I never lose an opportunity to praise Hood's Sarsaparilla, for my cure meant a great deal to me, as I have a family and must always be at my post."

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. \$1 six for \$5.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, care fully prepared. 25 cents.

MISTAKEN PATRIOTISM.

Young Men Who Should Not Enlist in the U. S. Army.

A poor widow, who had been an invalid for eleven years, was entirely dependent upon her only son for support. All the home they had was a plain boarding-house, but the son was kind and attentive, and every night he hurried from his work to the little room where she waited for him, and his sure return, with the little comforts he brought her, was the reward of her lonely days.

One evening he came late. The front door opened and shut softly. His step lagged on the stairs. He lingered in the entry. The mother gave one glance at his face as he entered the room, and her own turned white.

"Jack, after what you said this morning, I think you have enlisted!" she said. He made no answer, but covered his face with his hands.

The sick woman turned and leaned against the wall. She did not reply. She did not say, "Who will take care of me!" Her silence was enough.

"All the other fellows are going," urged the young man. "I thought I ought to go."

"They are not situated as you are," replied the invalid, faintly. "But they will call me a coward," said the boy passionately.

When the decision of this misguided boy placed his freedom beyond recall we do not know; but we do know that by this act he sacrificed more than he had any right to sacrifice.

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When a man makes a dollar outside his regular income he feels that he can afford to spend two.

FLASHES OF FUN.

George—You are all the world to me, darling.

Frances—Then please let me have a little space to move in.

"Have I got the pleasing expression you want?" asked Mr. Billus. "Yes, sir," replied the photographer. "I think that will do very well." Then hurry up, please. It hurts my face.

Prison Chaplain—"Do you believe crime is hereditary?"

Confidence Man—"I can't help believing it—my mother was the most active church bazaar worker I ever knew."

Mrs. Hopeley—James, you never tell me that you love me, as you used to before we were married!

Mr. Hopeley—Well, gee Whittaker, am I to have no privilege in return for letting you carry my pocketbook?

Suppliant—Remember, sir, that it is as easy for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle as for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.

Miserly Millionaire—I know it, but I don't expect to have a cent with me when I present myself at the gate.

He—I have just been reading a curious book. It shows that very few men of genius live happy with their wives. I wonder if that's the reason we don't seem to get along any better?

She—It must be. You have a positive genius for marking a fool of yourself.

Official of Fire Department—"Is this friend you want to get onto the force a bright sort of a fellow?" O'Harrigan—"Sure, he ain't bright enough to set the wurruld afoire, ez ye might say, but I'm thinkin' he'd do a good dale helpin' put it out wanst it got again!"—Harper's Bazar.

"Goshdarn you and your old grocery!" shouted the man who had backed up against the fresh paint.

"Didn't you see the sign, 'fresh paint'?" asked the grocer.

"Of course I did, but I've seen so many signs hung up here announcing something fresh that I didn't believe it."

Mrs. Petter—"Did you see that? Dixon seized that rocking chair and was into it before his wife had a chance to reach it. And on his wedding-trip, too!"

Mr. Petter—"That's just it. There is where Dixon is smart. Nobody will suspect that he is on his wedding tour, don't you see? And besides he gets the chair."

"The other day," says the Denver News, "a Denver girl kissed a soldier good-bye at the depot with the remark: 'God bless you, stand up for Colorado.'" Between his sob he replied: 'I am from Nebraska, but I'll try to stand up for both states now.' Thereupon she kissed him again for Nebraska. Why didn't he tell her that he would try to stand up for all the States and territories?—New York Tribune.

Bosom Friend—"That gentleman who lodges at your house seems to be very attentive to you, my dear."

Sweet Girl—"He is and I love him; but oh! what a risk I am running! We are engaged."

"Risk?"

"Yes, it nearly breaks my heart when I think he may not love me for myself alone, but—boo-hoo!"

"Calm yourself, my dear. Why should he marry you if he does not love you?"

"He—owes my mother six months' board."

"Let me see," said the first man, reflectively; "you may be better posted on history than I am. Was Alexander the Great known as Fighting Aleck?"

"No."

"And Frederick the Great wasn't known as Fighting Fred, was he?"

"No."

"And George Washington has not come down to prosperity as Fighting George?"

"No."

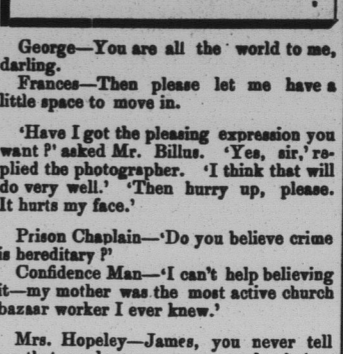
"And nobody ever called Napoleon Fighting Nap?"

"No."

"And Hannibal was just plain Hannibal without any frills at all?"

"Yes."

ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD.



We want to enlighten our little world about us in regard to wall paper buyers. We want you to know that right here you will find the choicest and cheapest and cleanest patterns. Buy now, before you have looked about you enough to see what we are showing. We don't want you to buy from only examining our stock for we want you to see other stocks and know the superiority of ours.

DOUGLAS MCARTHUR 90 King Street. SHOW ROOMS UPSTAIRS.

A Wise Answer.

It takes but an ordinary man to return an angry answer to an insult. The extraordinary man is he who, under such circumstances, holds himself so well under control that he controls his adversary also.

Persia once possessed such a man, and was clear-sighted enough to make him a judge. He was the chief judge of Bagdad in the reign of the Calif Hadeed, and his name was Abou Yusuph. He was a very wise man, for he knew his own deficiencies and was actually sometimes in doubt as to whether he possessed sufficient wisdom to give a just decision in cases peculiarly shrouded in mystery. It is related of him that on one occasion, after a patient investigation of facts, he decided that he had not sufficient knowledge to pronounce on the case before him. There was in his presence a pert courtier, one of those men who take long to learn that wisdom and impudence are not closely related.

"Pray do you expect that the calf is to pay you for your ignorance?" he asked, hoping to place the judge at a disadvantage.

"I do not," was the mild reply. "The calf pays me—and pays me well—for what I do know. Were he to attempt to pay me for what I do not know, the treasures of his empire would not suffice."

An Important Judgment.

At Osgoode Hall, Toronto, on May 28th on application of G. T. Fulford & Co., proprietors of the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., a perpetual injunction was granted by Chancellor Boyd restraining Theodore Sweet, druggist, of St. Catharines, from selling a pink colored pill in imitation of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. It seems necessary to again impress upon the public the fact that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills can only be obtained in packages the wrapper around which bears the full, law-protected trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Pills offered in any other form, and notwithstanding anything the dealer may say, are fraudulent imitations and should always be refused. The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. will be glad to obtain (in confidence) the name of any dealer offering for sale any imitation of their pills, as the company is determined to protect the public against this species of fraud.

Friendly Attention.

True friendship has a broadening influence, and takes small account of things which might serve to weaken the charms of mere acquaintance.

"Are you habitually lame, or is your limp caused by some temporary trouble?" inquired the lawyer in a case of assault and battery, addressing a witness for the defendant. The man bore every indication on his face and person of having been in some recent catastrophe which the lawyer hoped to prove was the particular affair then before the court.

"Oh, O'll be all right in a day or two," said the witness, cheerfully. "It was just a friend of mine kicked me the other evening, and O'm a bit stiff in the joints, that's all!"

Don't let Them.

When your feet are tired and aching, and you ask for the perfect remedy Foot Elm don't let them palm off anything else on you. It is a sure cure for weary feet. 25 cents. We pay the postage. P. Stott and Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., or at your druggist's.

When white people first went to live in Hawaii their native servants, it is said, persisted in calling them by their Christian names. An English woman of strong will determined on her arrival in Honolulu that her servants should never call her Mary, and instructed them carefully in the presence of her husband. One day when she had visitors her cook put his head in at the drawing-room door and politely inquired: "What vegetables for dinner to-day, my love?" He had heard her called that, and seemed proud of remembering not to say Mary.



Permanently Located.

Eyes Tested Free by M. G. Thompson, a regular graduate in Optics. 20 years experience.

- Solid Gold Frames..... \$2.85
Best Gold Filled Frames, 1.50
Best Lenses per Pair,.... 1.00
Aluminum Frames,..... .50
Steel or Nickel Frames,.... .25

Add price of lenses to frames for complete cost.

Open till 9 o'clock Nights.

Boston Optical Co.,

25 King St. St. John, N. B. Next to Manchester, Robertson & Allison's.

Impressive Initiation.

A man who had applied for admission into a secret society, which, for the purposes of this narrative, may be called the Ancient Order of Queer Fish, and had been accepted, presented himself at the

"What did you say those are?" inquired the man with the old-fashioned derby hat who had paused to patronize the curb-stone astronomer.

"These are the moons of Jupiter," replied the proprietor of the telescope.

"Let me see. Jupiter—that's one of the planets."

"Assuredly."

"Well, there's a good deal to complain of on this earth, but it might be worse. With all the drawbacks, I'm glad I live here instead of on Jupiter."

"Of course you have no assurance that the conditions there would be adapted to your kind of life."

"It isn't that. I'm one of the sort of people who can bunk down anywhere and be comfortable with a piece of hard back and a cup of coffee. There's only one thing that gives me the blues, and that's seeing the new moon over my left shoulder. It's bad enough on this earth having to be on the lookout for one moon every four weeks, but if I lived on a planet where there were four of them I never would know where I stood. It all goes to show that no matter how bad things are they might be worse."



ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1898.

## THE CANS FULL OF GOLD.

### THE KLONDIKE'S REMARKABLE RECORD FOR HONESTY.

Tents and Cabins With Precious Hoards in Them Left Unguarded With Loss—Real Estate Speculation at Dawson City—Stories About Some Lucky Men.

Lyman A. Gregory, a native of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., and for ten years a resident of Trenton, N. J., returned from Dawson City this week and has much to say of the richness of the Klondike gold fields.

"What do I base my opinion upon?" he said in reply to a question on the subject. "When, in traveling from cabin to cabin, one sees five gallon coal oil cans filled with gold dust and nuggets under the miners' bunks and see loads of 500 and 600 pounds of the precious yellow stuff brought in by parties of miners from remote camps and deposited with one of the two rich commercial and transportation companies that have headquarters at Dawson, one very naturally comes to believe that there is something in the stories of the richness of the Klondike diggings."

"Out on El Dorado Creek—twenty miles south-east from Dawson—there is a settlement of miners who came from Seattle and Spokane. They have among them about fourteen claims and I have seen out there literally a galvanized washtub two-thirds full of gold dust and flakes. A number of the log cabins of miners out there in that natural storehouse of gold have in them dozens of tomato and fruit cans hidden under the bunks and buried in the dirt floors of the cabins and filled with gold. One Norwegian miner, who can't read or write and has a claim on Hunker Creek, showed me last fall a pair of heavy canvas overalls that were his treasury. He had sewed and overlapped the legs of the garment so as to make two great heavy bags. I think he must have had 100 pounds avoirdupois of the yellow metal on hand when I was at his cabin. That was worth about \$27,000. Miners on the Klondike creeks have utilized rubber boots, kerosene oil cans, coffee cans, fruit jars, salt sacks and buckskin and walrus hide bags for the keeping of their golden wealth. Edward Mason, Assistant Register of Mines for the Canadian Government in the Klondike region, told me recently that he had seen a ton of gold in his travels among the claims along the richest creeks in one week. I have seen several times in one day in the cabins along such creeks as Bonanza, El Dorado and Gold Bottom, \$200,000 worth of gold, and I was not out trying to see the stuff, either. Mr. Mason told me that in one day last summer he saw George Miller (one of the first half dozen white men in the Klondike diggings) and five helpers sluice nearly 200 ounces of gold from Miller's claim (No. 5) on El Dorado Creek. That makes the yield worth about \$3,000. Bill Emory, who came down the coast from Dawson on the Portland last August and sold his gold at the San Francisco mint for \$87,000 and was a hero about California for a few weeks had about \$40,000 more in gold saved up when I last saw him and he expected to run the amount up to \$80,000 by his annual clean-up or sluicing this season."

"You probably wonder why such a land of gold would not make a thieves' paradise. Three men have been put to death up in the Klondike for attempted robbery among the mining cabins during the last seven months. Two were shot to death by the miners on the Dominion Creek, and another was hanged. One man had got ten miles away from the scene of his theft when the fearful cold caused him to stop for the night with a miner. The latter suspected that there was something wrong about the man, who did not look like a genuine Klondiker, and had so much gold in buckskin pouches, and was not able to talk intelligently about the spot where he had dug the metal. So the miner kept the stranger there in the cabin, while he secretly spread information concerning the suspected man. The thief was tried by fifteen men at a cabin. The trial lasted two hours, after which the man was stood up and shot because the weather was unfavorable for an execution by hanging, and there was no available tree or telegraph pole anywhere in the region of snow and ice."

"I never knew such honesty as there is among the Klondike miners in their cabins—mark you, I am not speaking now of affairs in Dawson. It is common for a miner to go on a visit of a day in winter a few miles from home and leave his cabin unbarred and unbolted to any one who

comes that way. You hear true stories in Dawson all the time of men who, traveling among the gold diggers, enter cabins and tents left open while the owners have gone miles away on business or a visit, and see jars and cans standing on the shelves of the place with pounds of pure gold in them. A friend of mine was out prospecting on Bear Creek last summer when he stopped at the cabin of an acquaintance. The owner had gone fifteen miles to Dawson to grub up, after the weeks of sluicing, and had left notice to that effect pinned to the door. My friend went in and saw two wooden mackerel kits in one corner of the cabin well filled with gold dust. A grimy tattered old blanket had been carelessly thrown over the treasure, which was probably worth about \$16,000. Up in the Klondike a thief cannot get out of the country without risk of his life, and it is impossible for him to stay there and not be apprehended for his crime."

"Is Dawson City growing?" "At the rate of 2,000 a week, now that the thousands of people who brave a journey over the mountain passes and 900 miles across the most desolate and sullen country man ever looked upon have begun to reach it. Dawson will have fully 50,000 population before the summer is over. Two years ago it had a total population of five white men and eleven half-breed Innuits. The whole site of Dawson might have been had for \$200 or \$300. Today the same area is worth about \$2,000,000. One cannot find a spot in all Dawson where the moss and earth may not be cleared away to a depth of twelve or fifteen inches and a cake of frozen ground or ice to be found. The real estate market at Dawson is as fruitful of speculation as gold mining is. No town in the United States ever knew such marvellous leaps in value as these in Dawson during the last two years, especially in the last ten months. I have seen more people crazy about real estate than about gold mining even, and that is saying a good deal. Lots 50x100 feet sold a year ago for \$1,000; last fall for \$4,000, last December for \$8,000, and a month ago sold for \$12,000. I know two lots on Front street that together sold for \$3,000 last August. They were recently sold for \$18,000. Last year lots sold for \$1.40 a piece, and now they command \$3 and \$4. Most of the buildings are constructed of logs hewn on three sides and chinked with heavy moss. The roof are made of poles on which a layer of moss ten inches thick is laid, and then a layer of dirt about twelve inches deep serves to keep out the cold. If green logs are used they crack and make reports not unlike a pistol shot when the heavy frost comes, and for the remainder of the winter frost will accumulate on the inside of the cabin and it is impossible to get enough heat out of the stoves to thaw the ice. About 180 log cabins and some 800 or 900 tents constitute the improvements of Dawson City. The buildings are on the streets, and a wide avenue separates the city from the river bank."

Mechanics get an ounce of gold for nine hours' work, and many of them are earning from \$20 to \$25 a day. Aside from the two stores, three or four barber shops, half a dozen laundries, five or six restaurants, a second-hand store or two, two saw-mills, three butcher shops, two jewelry stores, a dozen physicians and dentists, and a couple of real estate offices, the principal business engaged in is whiskey and gambling. Compared with prices in the States, the prices at first glance seem exorbitant, but when the prevailing rate of wages of from \$10 to 15 a day is taken into consideration, the charges appear more reasonable. Meat brings 70 cents a pound; codfish, 40 cents; shave costs 50 cents, and a hair cut \$1; five gallons of kerosene sell for \$20; meals at the Chinese restaurants cost \$2 each, and on Sundays \$3; cigars that sell for 5 cents in the United States bring 50 cents in Dawson, and one last winter they were at \$1; bread is worth \$1 a loaf, and rubber boots absolutely necessary in working a placer gold mine sell at Dawson for \$25 a pair."

"The biggest money lender in Dawson is a Brooklyn man named James P. McCauley. He made a lot of money in Cripple Creek by lending money on first-class securities at the rate of 2 per cent a month and compounding every third day. He happened to have a large wad of money in a Denver bank, and he was looking about for an investment when the news came from Seattle of the returning Klondikers and their golden hoards. Mr. McCauley started immediately for Seattle."

There he assured himself of the genuineness of the reports from Alaska, and when he had drawn his cash he started for Dawson on the first steamer north. He has made a great fortune in the nine months he has been doing business. He got 5 per cent, on all loans, and he classes city lots in Dawson and gold dust as security for his money. I never knew a money lender to have the clench that Mr. McCauley has. Halsey W. Putnam is one of the richest miners in the Klondike. He is a native and was for years a resident of Brooklyn also. He came down to San Francisco in March, and is now on his way back to Dawson for two years more of work. He is worth fully \$250,000. He is about 37. He got to Dawson a week after the first discovery of gold was made. He had about an ounce of gold between himself and starvation then. Of course, he had the cream of the new diggers in which to create his claim. He mined and sold about \$70,000 worth of gold in the first year, or from August, 1886, to August, 1887."

"New Jersey's most notable representative in the Klondike, is George Wetmore, who deals rare and runs the Golden Arctic saloon and gambling palace. He was born in Newark, and he lived there and in New York for thirty years, when he went to Helena, Mont. He has always been a professional gambler, and no doubt he is remembered by hundreds of men in Newark alone in the seventies and in New York from 1880 to 1888. His gambling palace is not so gorgeous as one might infer from the name, but it is a wonderful affair of log walls half the way up and rough-sawed pine boards for the upper walls and roof. The interior area is thirty by forty feet. Mud and moss a foot thick coat the roof for the sake of warmth within the structure. Earth is heaped five feet high above the log walls. The bar and tables are of unpainted pine. The glassware back of George's bar is the most dazzling in all Dawson. It consists of two cheap bar glasses. The whole could be bought anywhere in the States for about \$5. The rent of the establishment is \$100 a week, or sixteen ounces of gold, and the landlord has been lamenting all winter that he had foolishly given a lease for such a beggarly sum. George has made money right along. Some people say he took \$2,000 a day last year and has 1,200 ounces of gold ready to ship to the Mint next summer. You can reckon that gold at about \$16.50 an ounce."

### HOOLEY'S PUSHING WAYS.

Methods and Manner of the Bankrupt Financier.

Ernest Terah Hooley, who has just become bankrupt in London after a series of operations that involved millions of dollars and one characteristic that is considered typical of many men who have acquired such importance through their own efforts. He was always ready to talk of his own experiences as well as his personal habits and inclinations. He has always been ready to supply the London newspapers with all the details of this kind that they cared for. He rarely failed to tell any reporter who interviewed him on such matters that he went to bed at 10 o'clock every night and got to his office by 8 o'clock in the morning. He was fond of repeating this, even when what might be called the yacht and racehorse phase of his career began, and this made the habit a little bit more difficult to understand. "I begin work with my three secretaries every morning," Mr. Hooley used to say, "at 8 o'clock sharp. I find there is something in always being ahead of everybody else, even in such a matter. Ten o'clock is late enough for any man to go to bed if he wants to wake up in the morning feeling fresh and eager for business. I used to work sixteen hours a day, smoking and drinking at the same time. That was impossible. It was too much for me. So I decided to get to bed by 10, and I have succeeded in doing it for years."

### THE DEATH OF HEROES.

How a Man who had Done Brave Deeds Died in Obscurity.

William McMasters, an American soldier who wore a medal of honor awarded him by vote of Congress, and who died lately at Glasgow, Montana, was born in a little village of Western New York. At the breaking out of the Civil War he enlisted in the Union army, and served all through it in the Army of the Potomac. In numberless engagements he fought bravely, winning an honorable reputation as a soldier; but the occasion in which he was to win his medal of honor was yet to come. At the close of the war he enlisted in the regular army, and went to the West to fight the Indians.

In 1876 he was in the detachment under Reno which was operating with Custer at the Little Big Horn. The fighting had been desperate, and the plans all about were swarming with Indians. The sound under Reno suffered intensely for water which could only be obtained from a stream which lay in the range of the Indian fire. To go to this stream was almost certain death. Nevertheless the wounded must have water, and the commander called for four volunteers to go and fetch it.

Four soldiers instantly stepped out of the ranks. One of them was William McMasters, the veteran of the Civil War, and another was a young man named Dan Sullivan, who had enlisted from Illinois. The four men were laden with canteens, and gripping their muskets, they started for the water.

They had gone but a little way into the open when one of them fell, pierced by an Indian bullet, and lay dead on the ground. The other three ran on, with the bullets whistling about them, and succeeded in reaching the stream. They filled their canteens and started back.

The bullets were whistling worse than before, for the Indians had concentrated their fire, and were determined that not one of the soldiers should get back. Another man fell and McMaster and Dan Sullivan kept on alone.

Very soon a bullet struck Sullivan, but he ran just the same. McMaster helped him as well as he could, but he knew that he was sent to bring back water, and not to save a comrade. All four men had practically offered up their lives when they started out.

Sullivan staggered on, mortally wounded

but he brought the water to the command before he fell. McMaster brought his, too, and he was untouched. He had but to resume his place in the ranks after handing over his canteens, without assuaging his own thirst. Sullivan's work was over. He had held himself to his musket, unwilling, though he felt himself to be dying, to leave it to be captured by the victorious Redskins.

Sullivan was cared for by the surgeons, and possessed so large a fund of vitality that he survived to be sent home to Illinois. There he died, and the musket that he held so valiantly was placed in the museum of the historical society at Springfield, where it still remains.

McMasters' bravery was not forgotten. A medal of honor was awarded him by Congress. His service over, he went to work at his trade, which was that of a mason, and passed the remainder of his life peacefully.

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Mr. Hooley told many harmless fictions of this kind about his personal habits, as he was so frequently talking for the newspapers that it was somewhat difficult to have information at times without some exercise of the imagination. When he talked of what he had accomplished in business and his method of doing that, Mr. Hooley was always more interesting. One man heard this secret of his success, which Mr. Hooley told for the benefit of the Englishmen who were looking up to him as the most successful financier of their day:

"Agin, I have always gone in for big things. If you go half way up the ladder, you will find it crowded with competitors. If you go to the top, you practically have the field to yourself. There are plenty of men ready to deal in thousands, but they get frightened when you talk of millions. The average city man of today is an easy going sort of chap. He doesn't make very much and doesn't do much good with what he gets. Young men knock off work at 6, go to the theatre and get to be late and then wonder why they do not get on."

## A FAMILY FAILING.

### The struggle with Heredity.

### The Right Side of the Color Line.

To heredity, to the transmission of traits from sire to son, we owe most of the possibilities of growth and development. If each newly born being started out anew, without the force of heredity the level of life might be expected to be that of the digger Indian or Bushman. Naturally had traits descend like the good. Peculiarities of feature, eccentricities of speech and manner, birth marks, etc., are handed down just as surely as manual dexterity, physical beauty, mathematical ability, and the mental and moral qualities in general. A curious example of this descent of family traits is furnished by Mrs. Maggie Pickett, Canton, Ga., in whose family gray hair was hereditary. She writes:

"Gray hair is hereditary in our family. As long as I can recollect, my mother's hair has been gray. About twelve years ago my hair began to show signs of turning. I resolved to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and after using it only a few times my hair was restored to its natural color. I still use this dressing occasionally, a bottle lasting me quite a while; and though over forty years of age, my hair retains its youthful color and fullness. To all who have faded and gray hair, I would heartily recommend Dr. Ayer's Hair Vigor."—Mrs. MAGGIE PICKETT, Canton, Ga.

There is no shame in gray hair, but there

Making money is more a matter of will and self-sacrifice than of luck or brains. It is, in a sense, a question of morale, though people cannot see it."

One of Mr. Hooley's peculiarities which was not neglected in the interesting information that was distributed about him was his fondness for threepenny pieces. He had left orders with the managers of several of the largest banks in London to secure for him all the mutilated threepenny pieces that came to them. He paid only the face value of the coin and that prevented accumulating too great a number. Although his passion for them was well known, nobody ever heard from him on what it was founded. It had been said that a lucky turn in his fortunes was connected with one of them.

In spite of the fact that Mr. Hooley always got to bed at 10 o'clock, according to his own accounts, he was known as a good liver who could appreciate a dinner quite as well as a man whose mind was not occupied by such absorbing affairs. He was as ready, moreover to transact business at dinner as he was in his own office, in a cab, at the theatre, or anywhere else that he happened to meet a person who was ready to do business with him. Quickness was one of the qualifications that had led to his great success. He would decide at once about a matter over which other men would deliberate for days. He is married, and the catholicity of his tastes may be understood from the fact that buying fast yachts and fast horses did not prevent him from presenting a gold communion service to St. Paul's Cathedral nor did it interfere with the acceptance of it by the cathedral, although it has to be given up under the bankruptcy laws of England because it was bought within a limited time before the failure.

### Swapping Telephones.

The following story comes from the Grand Rapids Press, and has to do with a man and a woman who are employed in different offices in one of the large buildings of that city. Each office has a telephone, but as it happens one is an instrument belonging to the Citizens' Company, the other a bell instrument.

One day the man had occasion to use the Citizens' line, and stepped across the hall to the lady's office.

"Have you a Citizens' phone?" he asked and she replied in the affirmative.

"Well," he ventured, "I'm a citizen. May I use it?"

Why, of course he might use it; but inwardly she was inclined to envy his ability to stand up and assert his citizenship in this way, for some of her womanly propensities were of the "newish" sort. An hour later she balanced accounts with him. "Have you a Bell telephone?" she asked, on stepping into his office. He did not try to deny it.

"Well, I'm a celtic; may I use it?"

### New York Gold.

At the little town of Hadles, in the edge of the Adirondack Mountains and near the upper waters of the Hudson River, a gold-extracting mill has recently been erected, and attempts are being made to obtain gold in paying quantities from soil which is too poor in vegetation to be worth cultivating. The gold is found in fine particles clinging to the grains of sand, and has to be separated by the quicksilver process. In places the layer of gold-bearing sand is twenty-five feet or more in depth. Those who have confidence in the enterprise think that about four dollars to the ton can be realized in working the sand. Two other mills are being constructed near the junction of the Sacondaga and Hudson Rivers, and within the last few months five thousand claims have been filed with the Secretary of State by people who think they have found promising gold fields in the counties of Warren, Saratoga, Fulton, Essex, Washington and Herkimer.

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# A TANGLED WEB.

(CONTINUED.)

## CHAPTER XXII.

"Well, then, after she pulls through—and I tell you it was touch and go—she thinking her brother was dead, you see, why, she accepts the offer of this English lord, and goes off with him and Mercy Fairfax; and a right down good woman she is, too. You ain't no call to be afraid on the girl's account while Mercy Fairfax is there to look after her. And this year lord's a real gent, too."

"Where have they gone?" asked Neville in a low voice, and after a short silence.

"Goodness knows," replied the Wildfall man. "They made for Ballarat, but where they're going to from there I can't say; perhaps Langley—that's our doc—might know. I did hear that this lord was on the wobble—just travelling about; some of 'em gets that fit on 'em, you know. Anyhow, don't you make yourself uncomfortable, mate; the girl's in good hands, and—the truth's the truth, you know—in my opinion she's a darn sight better off than she was in Lorn Hope Camp. I've heard she's a lady, and, if so, why, this ain't the—what d'ye call it?—spear—for her. Make your mind easy, mate; get up your pecker and follow her. That's my advice, though I allow that, as a rule, it ain't worth much."

"It's good enough," said the Doc; "and now you fellows clear out. Come on."

Neville was left alone to think. That Sylvia was alive and safe filled him with a thankfulness unexpressed; but his heart ached all the same, for he had lost her.

He knew that the man was right, and that she was better off, and he tried to be thankful to the Providence which had rescued her from Larrick and raised up such good friends for her; but human nature is human nature, and he did not succeed very well.

But the news of Sylvia's safety did more for him than even Doc's attention and medicine. He got better, slowly at first, and then quickly, for he was young, and had, as the Doc put it, the constitution of a mountain mule.

The men were kind to him in their rough way, and one of his first visitors after his recovery was Mr. Brown. Mary did not come, but she sent him some jelly and some flowers, and a kind message, and I regret to say that Neville was not over and above grateful, for in his sensitive condition, he could not help remembering that that young lady, though unwittingly, had been the cause of the only disagreement between himself and Sylvia.

He got better, and presently appeared in the valley with his tools. His bag of gold was gone, but he scarcely thought of it. What was the use of money to him now that there was no Sylvia to share it? He worked fitfully, apparently quite satisfied if he got enough to provide Meth and himself with food; and for days he would not go near his claim, but wandered about the woods and over the hills, his hands in his pockets, his head on his breast.

Absence, it has been remarked, makes the heart grow fonder, and every day of Sylvia's absence she seemed to grow more dear to him. He often found himself standing staring into vacancy, recalling her beautiful little face, and repeating, with a melancholy smile, some half-witty phrase of hers. If a bird twittered, he was reminded of Styl's laugh—the laugh that used to make him laugh, too, even against his will.

Once he wandered down to Macgregor's and stood at the bar, listening absently to the men, and drinking—drinking steadily, with a grim and gloomy persistence.

But his good angel stepped in and saved him from that danger. He suddenly flung the glass to the floor, and amid an amazed silence walked out.

"The Young 'Un's in a bad way," said Locket, looking round solemnly. "Something wrong here; and he touched his forehead significantly. 'I shouldn't wonder if the knock he got's cranked him a bit.'"

The Doc shook his head and gravely tossed off his whisky.

"Young 'Un's top story is all right, you bet!" he said. "He's fretting after the orphan, that's what's the matter. But don't take any notice, boys; just let him alone and he'll come round."

"We ain't likely to interfere with him," said the Scuffer, dryly. "Leastways, only those of us as is bent on committing suicide. Why, it was only the day before yesterday that one of us happened to make a remark as the Young 'Un didn't like, and his hand was on his shooting-iron in a moment, and those eyes of his just looked thunder and lightning. Oh, no, we sha'n't interfere with him."

They left him alone, but the Doc's promise of an improvement in the solitary man's condition did not seem to be in the way of fulfillment. His work in the claim became still more fitful, and his wanderings more frequent and prolonged, and about a month later Locket burst into Macgregor's with the announcement that the Young 'Un hadn't been home for four days and that Meth had declared she had good reasons for asserting that he had gone for good.

"Gone, eh?" said the Doc, with a sigh. "Well, it's just what I expected. Boy's fill up! Here's luck to the Young 'Un, wherever he is, for he warn't a bad sort, and"—his voice faltered for a moment—"and I don't know as I couldn't have spared any of you better."

It was true. Neville had shaken the dust of Lorn Hope Camp from his shoes at last. But where had he—a penniless man—gone?

The London season was at its height, and the Marlows' mansion in Grosvenor Square was filled with light and music, for Lady Marlow's ball was in full swing.

The great ball room and the ante-rooms were full; couples sat upon the stairs and lounged in the corridors and balconies, for this was one of the principal balls of the year, and everybody wanted to see her or his name in the list of guests which would appear in the morrow's "Morning Post."

There were a couple of dukes, rotund and smiling, a serene highness from across the Channel, ambassadors, celebrities of all kinds—in short, to quote Percy Hale, if the roof had fallen in, half the peacocks of the United Kingdom would have been in mourning.

And this brilliant throng her little ladyship moved, smiling and serene, her bright sharp eyes everywhere at once and overlooking nothing.

England expects every woman to do her duty, and Lady Marlow considered it her duty to collect this crowd of notabilities, give them music and dancing, and a supper which would have made the most epicurean of the Roman emperors envious, and she did her duty well. And doubtless, as she moved among the dazzling groups of distinguished men and beautiful women, she felt that she had her reward, for was not every one saying that here was the most brilliant and successful ball of the season?

In a heaven full of stars it is hard to distinguish the best and brightest; but of all the lovely daughters of Eve congregated in Lady Marlow's rooms that night there was none who excited more admiration and attention than Audrey.

She was, if it be possible, more lovely and bewitching than when we saw her last two years and five months ago, for the fair promise of then had ripened into a beauty which, if not absolutely perfect, was of a kind which charmed all sorts and conditions of men; and perhaps the charm lay in the rare fact that she seemed quite unconscious of it.

She was just as bright and frank and lovable a girl as when she had played with Neville Lynne in the Lynne orchards.

To night she had had a triumph which would have turned the heads of most girls, for, in addition to her usual admiring and devoted court, she had received the unmistakable homage of the prince himself.

He had come in late, and had murmured to Lady Marlow, in that pleasant voice of his, his regret that he should not be able to stay more than ten minutes. For the poor prince had only just returned from laying a foundation stone in one end of the kingdom, and was off by an early train in the morning to open an institute in the other.

But an hour had passed, and he was still in the room, and although he had danced one dance with Audrey, his august initials were down on her programme for another.

Two waltzes in one evening with the prince, whose bow conveys distinction, and whose smile sheds happiness! Surely she should have been proud, elated, and happy.

And yet at times her sweet face grew clouded, and the bright eyes became thoughtful and absent, and a faint, dreamy smile, half sad, half regretful, flickered across her lips.

Half the women in the room were talking of her, speaking of her as "that dear, sweet Audrey, that lovely creature. Don't you think she is really too lovely?" and trying to conceal their envy; and more than half the men were thinking of her.

"The lady with the marble beauty," Percy Hale had one day called her, and the catch phrase was heard spoken in a whisper many times that night.

For surely a girl must have a heart of marble, or none at all, to be able to refuse one eligible proposal after another, to receive devoted adoration from some of the best men of the day, and be incapable of rewarding them all with nothing warmer than a kindly smile and a curt "No, thank you."

The eldest son of one of the dukes then present had offered her his hand and dual coronet, and to the amazement of all her friends, Audrey had declined even this great match.

Lady Marlow had been almost heart-broken at her ward's "obstinacy," but all her entreaties and remonstrances had been in vain.

"To decline the best, the very best offer of the season—of any season. My dear Audrey, forgive me, but you must be mad!"

And Audrey had thrown her arms round her friend's neck, and kissed her murmuring: "I should be mad to accept him, dear."

"Why, the marquis is head over heels in love with you. What more do you, can you want?"

"Not much—only to be in love with him," Audrey had responded, meekly, and Lady Marlow could for once have lost patience and been angry with her; but it was simply impossible to be angry with Audrey while her arms were round your neck and her lovely face lovingly pressed against yours; and so, with a sigh Lady Marlow had surrendered.

"I don't know what you want or what you are waiting for," she said, resignedly. "You have sent that poor Lorrmore away, and you refuse offer after offer—There, don't cry," for she had felt a warm tear fall on her cheek—"for Heaven's sake, don't cry, or Marlow will say that I've been cruel to you, and we shall have a scene. There!" and she soothed the spoiled girl instead of scolding her. "Marry whom you like, or don't marry at all, but for goodness' sake, don't be unhappy. I've done my duty, anyway."

"And I am a wretched, ungrateful girl," Audrey had broken in, half sobbing, half laughing. "You are the best and dearest of mothers, and we should always be happy if it weren't for the tiresome men. Oh, dear! sometimes I wish there were nothing but women in the world. There would be some peace for a poor girl then."

"At any rate there would be peace for one woman," retorted Lady Marlow, smiling, but still vexed, "for all the men you make miserable come to me, poor wretches, and pour out their wails and lamentations in my ears, as if I could help them. Mark my words, Audrey, you will come to a bad end. You will marry the worst man of the lot."

"And be as wretched as I deserve," said Audrey, lightly. "Very well; but I'll wait till the hour of my punishment arrives, and be happy while I can."

The young marquis was there tonight, only wanting word of encouragement to renew his suit; but Audrey kept him at bay as successfully as she kept the others, and remained a mystery and cause of conjecture and wonderment to all around her.

No one knew of that promise which she had given Lord Lorrmore. She had assured him that for two years she would remain Audrey Hope, and she had kept her vow.

But the two years had passed five months ago, and she was free.

In all that time she had received no word from, no news of him. That he was not dead she knew, because news of his death would have reached the world at large; but beyond that she knew nothing. That he had not found Neville was certain, or he would have brought him back and claimed his reward; for she knew that when she had sent him on his quest she had as good as promised to be his wife if he were successful.

She thought of the two men constantly; she was thinking of them in the middle of the present dance as she floated round in the arms of a young attaché to the divine music of the Hungarian Band; and it was this thought which brought the soft, half-pensive smile to her lips and eyes.

The young attaché came down from the seventh heaven of delight as the music ceased, and sighed.

"An awfully short waltz that, Miss Hope," he said.

"Was it?" she thought it was longer than usual," she said, innocently, causing the young fellow to wince and groan inwardly at her hard-heartedness.

"I suppose I dare not ask for another?" he faltered.

Audrey shook her head laughingly. "I haven't one left, and indeed don't mean to dance it I have down."

"Ah, well," he said, with a sigh, "I ought to consider myself very lucky to get one, seeing that the prince is down for two."

"Poor prince!" said Audrey. "How hard he works. I wonder if he would be very much offended if I suggest that he should go home and go to bed, instead of staying and dancing with me, just out of politeness. He must be so tired!"

"If he is like the rest of us, he'd rather never go to bed again than lose his dance," responded the young fellow, ruefully.

"Thank you very much; that is really a very pretty compliment. How clever and quick you diplomatists are! It must be very nice to be able to say just the right thing, however absurd. Sometimes I think I should like to be a great man—just for one day, say. Does it feel very nice?"

"I don't know," he said, smiling, but still ruefully, for he had a suspicion that the beauty he adored was making fun of him. "I'm not a great man, but there's one coming. You might ask him, Miss Hope."

Audrey turned and glanced in the direction in which he was looking, and saw Sir Jordan Lynne. The young fellow had spoken in sober earnest. Sir Jordan Lynne was now a very great man indeed, and his name was rising, one may say very high. Sir Jordan Lynne was in the Cabinet now, and his friends—a young successful man has any number of friends, though most of them hate him—declared that, if he played his cards properly, he must assuredly in time be Prime Minister.

Prime Minister! the first commoner in England! one of the foremost men in the whole world! No wonder Sir Jordan made his way slowly and with difficulty through the crowd, in which so many wanted to shake the large white hand, or exchange a word with the great man who might presently have so many good things to give away.

He had a word and a smile for all, but under his lowered lids his keen eyes were watching Audrey as she made his way to her.

In two years and a half Jordan had not altered in appearance—at any rate, he looked no older. Indeed, some declared that he looked younger. Success is the best elixir that has yet been discovered. His face was still smooth and placid, his eyes as keen, his lips as supple and smiling. If he still looked about him as he walked or drove through the streets, he did so more guardedly than of old, and no one ever so much as guessed that there was a thorn in the great man's bed of roses.

Now, though none of the men who had proposed to Audrey had been more attentive than Jordan, he had not spoken the open word of love to her.

During the two years and five months of Lord Lorrmore's absence, Jordan had been Audrey's constant companion. Wherever she went—at concert, ball, theatre—Jordan seemed always present.

He would snatch an hour from the House, as he had done tonight, to sit beside her in the Marlows' box at the opera, or break an important engagement to exchange a few words with her at some ball or reception.

Have you ever seen a blood-hound at work? He starts upon the trail with one single bay, no more; then he settles down to work, nose to the ground, following the trail with a silent, deadly persistence, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but

keeping steadily on, with his whole attention absorbed in the work in hand, regardless of anything, however exciting, that may be going on around him. He follows the trail step by step, yard by yard, till his prey is fairly run down; then with a bound and a howl of triumph he springs on his victim and— It is extremely disrespectful to compare the great Sir Jordan Lynne to a bloodhound, but it was exactly in this fashion that he hunted Audrey. He kept patiently to the trail, waiting for the supreme moment when, weary and exhausted, his quarry should come within his reach.

Tonight there was a significant flutter of his heart under his calm exterior. The blood-hound was about to spring.

Audrey looked at him with a pensive smile. She did not grow grave and almost shudder at his approach, as she used to do a year or two ago.

Voltaire says that one would get accustomed to the devil if he always presented himself in the garb and with the manners of a gentleman, and Audrey had got accustomed to Jordan Lynne. You see, he was always so kind and attentive and thoughtful; it would have been base ingratitude to coolly receive so constant a friend.

She held out her hand with a smile, and Jordan bent over it with a self-possessed grace that would not have shamed Lord Chesterfield himself.

"I thought there was a great debate on tonight," she said, "and that you could not possibly leave?"

"So they were all polite enough to say," he responded; "but I managed to steal away for half an hour. You see, I naturally wished to witness a friend's triumph."

"Which friend?" she asked innocently.

He smiled, and taking her from the attaché, whom he seemed to dismiss with a smile, he drew her arm through his.

"Why, yours, of course. The prince—I have just been speaking to him—declares that Miss Hope—"

Audrey put her fan to the ear nearest him with a gesture of incredulity, and he stopped and laughed.

"I know. You don't care for all that. That is where you are so wise, Audrey." He called her Audrey now. "The rest of the women would be half delirious with the success you have won tonight. But you—"

He paused, and the pause was more eloquent than anything he could have said. Audrey smiled and sighed slightly.

"How small—how pitifully small one's life seems!" she said, half to herself.

"And yet life is big enough," he said in a low voice; "given work to do, and the ambition to do it. How crowded the rooms are! Surely everybody must be here. May I take you on to one of the balconies?"

## CHAPTER XXIII.

She said neither yes nor no, and taking her silence for consent, he took up a shawl and put it over her shoulders, and they went out.

Audrey leaned over the balcony and looked dreamily at the square beneath. A delicious summer air stirred the leaves of the trees; the lights of the lamps twinkled yellow and garish in the light of the half moon; a line of carriages was drawn up waiting for the departure of the guests, and a small crowd of curious persons stood as near the door as the policeman would allow them, waiting to catch a glimpse of the celebrities as they came out to their carriages.

Jordan stood beside Audrey, but he looked at her instead of the trees—looked at her with a keen, watchful expression in his eyes and an admiring one. He knew that her loveliness had increased during the last two years, and it made her seem more desirable in his sight.

Should he venture to propose to her to-night? He stroked his chin hesitatingly and undecidedly. She had refused so many men. Was it likely that she would accept him, after declining a dual coronet? He decided to feel his way gently, so that if she should grow restive, he might draw back without committing himself.

The individual he was most afraid of was Lord Lorrmore, but Lord Lorrmore had disappeared for two years. He, Jordan, had no certain knowledge why Lorrmore had gone so suddenly, but he concluded that Lorrmore had proposed to Audrey on Lynne Burrows, and that she had refused him.

At any rate, he thought, with a smile, as he stroked his smooth chin, if she still had any smaking fondness for the noble lord, he, Jordan, had something in his pocket to-night which would go far toward curing her of it.

"Oh, what are you thinking, Audrey?" he said; and she started though his voice had been softer even than usual.

Audrey looked down again into the square with a little laugh.

"Oh, I was thinking what a monotonous, unsatisfactory affair life is," she said, dreamily. "As I said just now, it seems so small and selfish."

"And you are the least selfish of women," he murmured.

"I?" She smiled and shook her head. "I know that I am not. At any rate, if I am not the most selfish, I am the most useless. Why, look at the coachman and footman down there; they are of more use in the world than Audrey Hope;" and she sighed.

This let Jordan in. He drew a little nearer to her and leaned one arm on the balcony rail, so that he was bending over her.

"Do you remember what I said to you in the ball room, Audrey?"

"You said all kinds of nonsense, which I have forgotten," she responded, indifferently.

"You thought I was flattering you. Audrey, a man does not flatter the woman he loves—he respects, and I respect you above all other women. You complain of the uselessness, the monotony of your life. If I dared, I could tell you how it might be made useful and more precious even than it is."

She laughed incredulously.

"You are very clever, Sir Jordan, but

there are things which even you can not do."

"I wish that you would give me leave to speak my mind," he murmured. "Audrey you must promise not to be offended with me, to remember that he who speaks is a friend who esteems you more, he thinks and believes that he understands you more clearly. I spoke just now of what one might do with one's life, if one had but the ambition and the will to follow it. Let me speak of myself; I am ambitious—"

"And you have succeeded in gratifying your ambition," she said in a low voice.

She was a girl, and, being a girl, could be flattered by the confidence of so great a man as Sir Jordan Lynne; but she was not very deeply interested as yet.

"No," he said in his soft murmur—"no, not yet; I have only reached the foot of the hill which I mean to climb."

"The foot?" she laughed. "Everybody says you are a long way up."

"Everybody does not know me, or to what I aspire," he said; "but you shall know, if you care to. Listen, Audrey: it is true that I have met with some success, but I count it only as the stepping-stone to higher and greater things. I have become—what shall I say?—of such consequence in the world, and some would say that I am already famous."

She made a gesture of consent.

"But I am not satisfied with what I have achieved; I have a greater prize in view. What will you say, Audrey, if I tell you that I have dared to let my ambition soar as high as—the premiership? Hush! I'll glance round. 'Yes, nothing less will satisfy me; I must be the first—the first. You understand?"

"She smiled gravely.

"Such a word of assurance and encouragement from you, Audrey, almost inspires me with the conviction of success. And think of it! To be the master of England—for that is what it means. Think of it! To hold the destinies of this great England in the hollow of one's hand!"—he extended his great white palm upward— "Is not that worth living for? Consider what one in such a position could be—"

"And what good one could do," said Audrey, thoughtfully.

Jordan changed his tone to one in harmony with hers.

"Yes," he murmured; "and there is so much to be done, is there not? by the poverty and the ignorance all around us. To feel that one had made the world better and happier—is not that a worthy ambition, Audrey? Ah, I see you think so! And I—I venture humbly to think that I may aspire to effect some good. But I can not do it alone. A man wants some one to help him in his good work—a soul attuned to his own, and full of sympathy with his. Working by one's self is like working with one arm crippled. One must have a helpmate, Audrey."

She had been listening, interested, but quite cool and unconcerned, until he reached this point; then she started slightly and glanced at, and then quickly away from him.

Jordan went on, carefully and watchfully.

"Such a helpmate, companion, can not only share one's toil, but lighten and elevate it. Such a helpmate can encourage and cheer one on to loftier heights, to loftier aspirations. With such a one by his side a man could feel that he had not only a wife to love, but a soul thrilling with the same aspirations, the same high aims. Are you listening, Audrey? May I go on? It is of you I am thinking; it is your aid I would win—your love!"

She started and faced him, her cheeks suddenly pale, her eyes wide open with something very like fear in them. She shrank away.

Jordan bent lower, and his voice sunk to a whisper.

"Are you angry with me, Audrey, dear Audrey? Is it possible that you have not seen that I love you—that the dearest hope and ambition of my life is to call you wife?"

"No, no," she breathed; and she put her hand to her throat as if something were choking her, but she still kept her eyes fixed upon his face as if she were fascinated.

"You are angry, frightened," he said, inwardly raging at the mistake he had made in showing his hand too soon. "Heaven forbid that I should anger you, Audrey, or cause you a moment's uneasiness! If I have said too much, if my love—was it a shudder that shook her as his soft voice spoke the sacred word again?"

"—prompted me to open my heart to you all too soon and suddenly, forgive me. I would rather give up the dearest hope of my life than lose that which is almost as sweet to me as your love would be—your friendship." She drew a long breath and leaned her head on her hand, and he came a step nearer.

"I know I am not worthy of you, that there are others—better, greater men—" She put out her hand to stop him. "But it is so; and yet none of them can love, admire, worship you more than I do, and shall ever do. Tonight I have revealed to you the proudest dream of my life; I have distressed, alarmed you. Forget it, Audrey; do not let my avowal come like a shadow between us. I implore you to forget it, or, if you cannot forget, to forgive, and show your forgiveness by letting me remain the humble, devoted—friend."

It was well for him and his hopes of winning her that she could not see the gleam of disappointment and rage which shot from his eyes as he bent his head.

"And now let us talk of something else," he said, cheerfully, as he meant to show her that he felt no resentment at her repulse. "Let me see; there was something

(CONTINUED ON FIFTEENTH PAGE.)

Sunday Reading.

MARY'S AFTERNOON.

'Oh, dear! I do wish I could sometimes do what I like best after school'

'Why, what would you like best to do, Pussy. Surely, you are happy playing with the brothers and little sister'

'Oh, yes, mamma, of course I am. But the other girls have their afternoons all to themselves and I do wish I could play with them.'

'Do they?' said mamma, with a smile. 'Well, we must see what we can do, little girl. You see the afternoon is the only time mamma has for all the errands.'

'It was a bright clear afternoon. There were four or five of her schoolmates at Mabel Wright's, and Mary thought what fun they would have playing in the snow.'

'How adorable your room is, Mabel!' said Kitty Bangs. And, sure enough, it was filled to overflowing with muslin and pink satin bows and silver knick-knacks.

Mary thought regretfully of the bright sunshine outside. She had left the snow fort at home half done; and now they were all working at it—Harold and Katrina and little Phil.

'How adorable your room is, Mabel!' said Kitty Bangs. And, sure enough, it was filled to overflowing with muslin and pink satin bows and silver knick-knacks. Mary had always despised her own big, plain, airy room, where she and Katrina slept in the little cots; but she wished that Mabel's was not so hot and did not smell so of perfumery.

When mamma came out with Phil's dry mittens there were four little figures tumbling and scrambling about the snow fort instead of three.

'Why, Pussy,' she said, as she kissed the rosy face held up to her, 'I thought this was the afternoon you were going to do just what you liked best!'

'Yes, mammy,' whispered Mary. 'That's why I came home.'

THEIR PUNISHMENT.

How Deacon Webb Chastised Three Youthful Transgressors.

'Hurry-up boys!' said Frank Anderson, as he jumped over the fence. 'We can't have fun if you don't hurry.'

It was nearly dark, and the boys were out mischief making.—They lived in the southern part of Missouri near the Missouri river, and to-night they thought just as a joke, they would steal a couple of melons from good old Deacon Webb, and give a few of his turkeys a little bath.

'Hush!' said one of the boys: 'we must not make any noise,' and slowly and stealthily the other two climbed over the fence. But the old deacon had been waiting for them for a long time as they were noted for being the mischief makers for miles around, and Deacon Webb thought he would try and catch them.

'Hey day! so I have got you at last, have I? Now; how do you think I'm going to punish you?' he asked. 'Send us to State's prison for life,' groaned Fred Davis, one of the prisoners. 'No he won't either; he will tell father, and that'll be worse,' exclaimed Sandy Paterson, a little red-headed fellow.

But instead of inflicting either of these terrible punishments, Deacon Webb gave each boy a large, ripe melon, and asked

If your children are well but not robust, they need Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil.

We are constantly in receipt of reports from parents who give their children the emulsion every fall for a month or two. It keeps them well and strong all winter. Your doctor will confirm this.

The oil combined with the hypophosphites is a splendid food tonic.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

them kindly if they would not like to go Sabbath School.

'This is lots better than stealing 'em ain't it?' asked Frank, after they had got away.

'Yes' said Sandy, with his mouth full, 'I'll never steal any more.'

'Nor I won't, either,' said Fred, with emphasis. 'I think he is about the goodest man I ever saw.'

'I tell you what, boys, he has been asking us to go to Sabbath School this long time. I am going next Sabbath, just as sure as my name is Frank Anderson.'

'Well, we'll go too, if you do,' exclaimed the other two boys, in chorus.

So you see, by doing a kind act, the old deacon got three mischief makers to go to Sabbath school.—Texas Baptist and Herald.

BE CONTENT.

It is Always Best to be Content With our Station in Life.

Long, long ago a robin and a butterfly talked over their troubles one day.

'How much nicer it would be to live in a house, as men do!' said the robin.

'There's a black cloud in the sky, and I'm sure its going to rain. I'll have to cuddle up under the leaves, and my feathers will be damp. I fear I'll take cold and lose my voice.'

'I'll have to hide away, too, when it rains,' said the butterfly. 'Would be a great pity if the water washed off my lovely powder, and a big shower might drown me.'

Miss Butterfly was quick-witted, 'Why not go to live in that house now? The window's open.' And she flew in at once. The robin was more cautious. He lighted on the window sill, and peered around. 'I don't see any place for a nest.'

'Pshaw! You don't need a nest in a house,' said his gay little friend. So Master Robin flew in, and perched on the first thing he found, which was a book; but he looked homesick. Miss Butterfly fluttered to a quill pen, and made believe it was a flower.

Pretty soon there were sounds, and robin listened as hard as he could.

'O papa! a child's voice said. 'Look there! Sh-sh! Keep still. You'll scare them! What a beautiful butterfly for your collection! And, papa, mayn't I have the bird in the cage? I'd like a robin with my canary.'

A man's voice answered low, 'Run around outside, then, deary, and close the window softly, so they can't get out.

Master Robin's brains were wide-awake now. He spoke quickly: 'That man's an en-anto—well, I can't say it; but he's crazy on insects, and he'll stick a pin through you, my lady. And that girl thinks she'll put me in a cage! I guess not! Let's fly!'

Out they flew, just as the little maid's hand touched the sash. They heard her cry of disappointment, as they dashed by her.

'O papa! they just went out like a flash; and they're both gone!'

But Master Robin and Miss Butterfly laughed happily to be out again in the free air. The black cloud was gone, and the

warm spring sun was shining on the garden beds of crocus and hyacinth. How beautiful it was out of doors! Living in a house was not to be compared to it.

'Better be content where our Maker meant us to live,' said Miss Butterfly. A wise afterthought of the nighty, tighty little creature!—Sunbeam.

A Boy's Company.

In one of her pleasant chats with mothers and older sisters on ways of making home happier, Mrs. Sangster has this to say about the company a boy keeps—both kinds of company, the flesh and blood sort and the ink and paper sort: 'Do look after your boy's companions. Have an acquaintance with the little fellows he likes to play with, especially with the slightly older boy who is his hero! There is generally a big boy to whom the small boy looks up, a big boy whom the small boy imitates. Look well to your boy's companions. Look, also, to the books and papers he reads. It is not safe to leave a boy's reading to be haphazard, or to his own choice. There are rattlesnakes coiled up in some innocent looking books. There are young men today in prison for life, whose first initiative in crime, whose first impulse to dishonor, came from the printed page. Look to your boy's reading! His love of adventure, his love for the marvellous, his interest in deeds of valor and military exploits, are perfectly legitimate, but they can be gratified by authors who will help him to develop along many lines, and there is every reason to guard against those authors who are simply sensational, with no motive beyond that of excitement and temporary pleasure. Beyond any other agent for good may be the bad book, a comrade whispering ill thoughts and low fancies in the boy's ear. Beyond any other agent for good may be the books of high moral tone, of pure and elevated thoughts, of fine style, lifting the boy to the high levels where the light of heaven dwells. Look out for your boy's reading.'

Let There be Light Thrown on the Subject of Home Dyeing.

There are dyes—the world-famed Diamond Dyes—that crown our labors and home dyeing work with perfect success, and there are imitations and worthless dyes that bring ruin and disaster wherever they are used.

There are dyes—the chemically pure and scientifically prepared Diamond Dyes—that have brought blessings to millions of homes for long years, and there are the vile preparations and mixtures of imitators who, as far as style of package is concerned, get as near the 'Diamond' as they dare go. But what shall be said of the contents—the ingredients—that the women of Canada are asked to dye with? Little more can be added to what has so often appeared in the press of the country. These imitation dyes are simply deceptions; they are adulterated and dangerous preparations, hurtful to the hands of the user, and destroyers of valuable garments and materials.

The manufacture of Diamond Dyes is reduced to a science, and to-day they are the only dyes that dare guarantee their work—that dare proclaim certain victory for every user who will follow the plain directions. Diamond Dyes have a wide-spread popularity; other brands of dyes are hardly known outside of the greedy, long-prospect dealers who sell them to the unsuspecting public. Avoid all imitation package dyes as you would avoid spurious coins.

An English juror once asked the judge, after the verdict was returned, whether the fact that he differed from his 11 brethren justified their knocking him down with a chair.

From Cancer of the Breast.

Many deaths occur every year from cancer of the breast. Our method of treatment is painless, and permanent cures are effected by it. We would like to tell you about some of the marvelous cures we have made. Some of the cures are simply marvelous. P. Stott and Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

How to Detect Chicory.

Coffee which is suspected of containing chicory may be sprinkled on the surface of a glass of water. Coffee floats, while chicory being heavy, sinks, leaving a brown trail through the water. Chicory is soft to the touch and will crumble between the fingers unlike the hard, gritty particles of coffee.

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Cattle need Spring medicine, just as people do. If you want your cattle to be well—to do the work you want—to look sleek and healthy, and fetch a good price if you want to sell them, give them a few doses of DR. HARVEY'S CONDITION POWDERS

No other condition powder gives the results that this old tried remedy does. If you dealer does not sell it, send us the price 25 cts., and we will mail you a full size package as sample.

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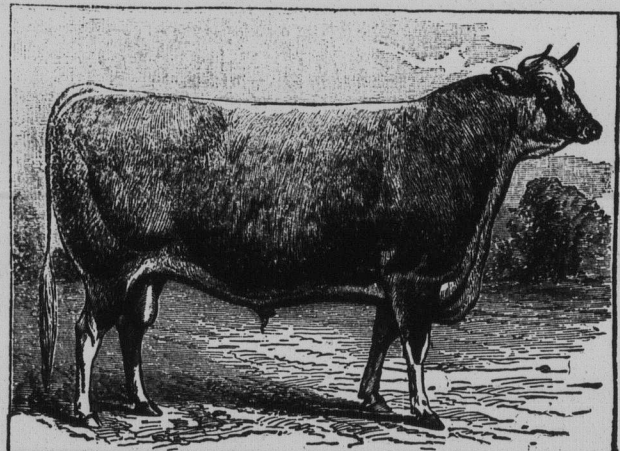
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What For?

One of the most curious branches of a certain London theatrical wig-maker's business is the painting and erasing of black eyes. Just as many hundreds of discolored eyes have been hidden by his art as those made for stage purposes. 'A short time ago,' said the wig-maker to an interviewer, 'a man rushed into my office and said he wanted me to paint him a fine black eye—one that would not be distinguishable from a genuine one. I was surprised and amused. 'Whatever do you want that for?' I asked. 'Well,' he said hesitatingly 'it's like this, you see. Before I left this morning I had a tiff with my wife, and she actually went so far as to strike me in the face. I know she repented it immediately afterwards; but I want to teach her a lesson. So just make me up as good a black eye as possible, please, and when I get home, I will show her what her temper was responsible for.'

The First American Duel.

In the year 1630 occurred the first duel known to have taken place on American soil. The principals, Edward Doty and Edward Lester, were servants of a Mr. Hopkins, one of the New England colonists. The men had quarreled over some trifling matter and had resorted to the field for its settlement. The affair was stopped by the authorities, but not before one had been wounded in the thigh and the other in the hand. There was no law covering such matters, but the governor of the province decided that men should be punished nevertheless. At his orders they were sent to have their heads and feet tied together and lie in that condition twenty four hours without food or drink. They suffered so much, however that they were released at the end of an hour.

Outward Effects the Same.

Two reporters, slightly acquainted with each other, met one day at a luncheon-counter. 'You're not eating anything, Larkins,' remarked one of the two, after they had exchanged a few commonplace remarks. 'No,' replied Larkins. 'I am so worked up over the scoop I got this morning on

the Daily Cyclone fellow, about the bankruptcy of that big firm on Silver Street, that I haven't any appetite. But you are not eating anything, either, Hawkins.'

'No,' gloomily responded Hawkins. 'I'm the fellow you scooped.'

Backache

THE BANE OF MANY A WOMAN'S LIFE.

A Berlin Lady Tells How to Get Rid of It.

Doan's Kidney Pills The Remedy.

Mrs. Eliza Reitz, 33 Wellington St., Berlin, Ont., says, 'For ten years I have been afflicted with kidney and back trouble, suffering greatly from dizziness, nervousness, weak eyesight, loss of sleep, and appetite, and an almost constant tired, weak feeling. In February last I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and received so much benefit from them that I continued their use until I had taken three boxes in all, and was completely cured. They removed every vestige of pain, dizziness and nervousness, and enabled me to go to restful sleep; so that from being a sick woman I am now strong and well again.'

Doan's Kidney Pills are the best remedy in the world for Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Backache, Gravel, Sediment in the Urine, and all Kidney and Bladder Diseases. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or 3 boxes for \$1.25. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

STAINED GLASS Memorials, Interior Decorations. CASTLE & SON, 80 University St., Montreal. Write for catalogue.

### Notches on The Stick

"Um! Relation of your'n." This was the startling comment of a negro mammy, who, having entered our home and surveyed interrogatively the rather familiar and common place lithograph entitled, "Uncle Tom, and Little Eva," had been informed as to its identity. "That's Uncle Tom," remarked the good wife pleasantly; and the negro nonplused her at once by that unthinking kind of a remark which nevertheless contains the substance of profound truth,—"Um! Relation of your'n."

And why not? I have seen many a white face, and many a set of Anglo-Saxon features, I should be much less pleased to own in that common kinship which binds us all. I would be willing to incur the taint,—if you think it such—of African blood, for the sake of relationship with noble souls, and a union with sublime affections. I am no scorner of the race to which I belong, and I hold the humanities dear to me.

I say of a negro, as I say of any man, the superior mind is his standard. I ask concerning the African, as Shakespeare of the Jew,—"Hath not an African eyes? Hath not an African hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a white man is? If you prick us do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not—forgive? Nay, we will extend the argument, and catalogue other points of likeness: Hath not a negro aspiration and ambitions? Hath he not soul and intellect? can he not be a brother? is he not equal to the offices of friendship? Can he not sorrow? Can he not serve his God and do good to his fellow? Why then my neighbor shall you contemn and abuse him? He is that good man, your brother,—"A relation of your'n."

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," early enlisted our tears and wakened some of the most generous, yet painful emotions of our heart. From it we learned to love humanity and human freedom, and to hate tyrants and slavery. We shall not cease to prize its author for her contribution to the world's welfare. Mrs. Stowe's book is one of the dear tomes of our boyhood, and now we re-read it with our children, and mark their sympathies quickening and kindling with our own. And "Dred" comes not far behind it, with its pictures of slave-life in the sunny south; but with the disadvantage that it was the second, and not the first.

And now that the worthy author has passed away, it is fitting that her life should be written; and it has been written by her dear friend of many years Mrs. Annie Fields. It is a book which should be read, and, we doubt not, will be. The writer declares, in her preface: "The cause to which she surrendered herself is not forgotten; one by one the figures of those who bore a part in the great sacrifice begin to shine like bronze after the smelting, and stand, cut in imperishable forms, upon the tablets of memory. Therefore it is fitting that one who led the vanguard—one who was born, nevertheless, to carry no bayonet or gun, but to bear upon her heart the weight of a great love for suffering men—should now herself be known."

And well is the history of her life unfolded. We have delightful glimpses of the personage home of the Beechers, at Litchfield, among the Berkshire hills. A wonderful personage headed that family, and he was sire to a "rare brood of children." A priest, a prophet, a sturdy piece of Pilgrim manhood was he; and in his day

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## Hood's Pills

the church was the moral and intellectual centre of the community. "To my childish eyes," wrote Harriet, "our old meeting house was an awe inspiring thing. To me it seemed fashioned very nearly on the model of Noah's ark and Solomon's temple, as set forth in the pictures in my Scripture Catechism. . . . Its double row of windows, its doors, with great wooden quills over them; its belfry, projecting out at the east end; its steeple and bell—all inspiring as much sense of the sublime in me as Strasburg Cathedral itself. . . . But the glory in the execution of these good old billowy compositions called fuging tunes, where the four parts that compose the choir take up the [song and go racing round one after another, each singing a different set of words, till at length, by some inexplicable magic, they all come together again, and sail smoothly out into a rolling sea of harmony! I remember the wonder with which I used to look from side to side when treble, tenor, counter and bass were thus roaring and foaming, and it verily seemed to me as if the psalm were going to pieces among the breakers, and the delighted astonishment with which I found that each particular verse did emerge whole and uninjured from the storm."

Cowper, in his pathetic verse, recalls the anguish of a sensitive child, early bereaved of his mother, and the kindly sophistry with which the questionings of the "poor dupe of tomorrow, even from a child," were put aside. So the mother in this Litchfield home was early taken—"the gentle, contented, smiling, healthful mother"—much to the perplexity of the younger children, who could not understand whether she had vanished. That she had gone to Heaven, or that she had been laid under ground, were vague and mysterious ideas to them. Little Henry, combining the two statements, hit on a bright idea, and resolved to dig through the ground and reach Heaven; so one morning he was discovered by Sister Catherine digging most industriously. To her inquiry as to his intent he lifted his curly head, and said, with a child's simplicity, "Why, I'm going to Heaven to find ma."

Of her excellent mother Mrs. Stowe declared: "It will be the testimony of all her sons that her image stood between them and the temptations of youth as a sacred shield; that the hope of meeting her in Heaven has sometimes been the last strand which did not part in hours of temptation; and that the remembrance of her holy life and death was a solemn witness of the truth of religion, which repelled every assault of scepticism, and drew back the soul from every wandering to the faith in which she lived and died."

Glimpses we have of the restrained feelings which lie so deep in the bosom of Lyman Beecher. "I am sick," Mrs. Stowe remembers her father to have exclaimed, when in age, "because I cannot reveal the feelings of my heart." Then, on another day, when he had taken up his rusty old fiddle, and thrummed its string, he exclaimed in a tone of dissatisfaction,—"If I could only play what I hear inside of me I'd beat Paganini." So have felt and complained many of the great masters when their power of expression had declined.

We have recalled the manner in which the sudden message of Byron's death affected the youth, Tennyson; and the effect on a certain person who came upon that wild poet's funeral procession headed toward Hucknall. Here we learn that one day, when the news had come, Lyman Beecher said to his wife,—"My dear, Byron is dead;" then, added meditatively, after a moment of silence,—"O, I'm sorry Byron is dead. I did hope he would live to do something for Christ. What a harp he might have swept!" Could Mrs. Stowe then have dreamed of her own future unhappy relation to the memory of Byron? We are told that on the next Sabbath the elder Beecher took Byron for his subject, and for his text the words,—"The name of the just is as a brightness, but the name of the wicked shall rot;" setting forth the immortality of goodness, and the oblivion into which the vicious are doomed eventually to pass, however they have been garnished with the brilliancy of genius.

A beautiful picture of paternal love and pastoral benediction is given us. The father's faithfulness and his pulpit ministrations deeply impressed his child; for when Harriet had reached her fourteenth year she returned to her room, from a sermon on Jesus as the friend of the soul, to dedicate her dawning life to Him. Going into her father's study, she threw herself into his lap, and said,—"Father, I have given myself to Jesus." What more quickly could reach such a heart as his? Looking down sweetly and tenderly into his child's face, the man of God said, while he pressed her to his heart, and his hot tears fell on her head,—Is it so? Then has a new flower blossomed in the Kingdom this day." It seems that some doubts arose in the mind of Sister Catharine, as to the genuineness and durability of her religious impression; for in that day great stress was laid upon what is called "being under conviction," and this slipping too easily into the Christian fold was much to be guarded against. She was therefore put to catechism, and her heart was appalled by such questioning from the pastor at Hartford as this: "Harriet, do you feel that if the universe should be destroyed [awful pause] you would be happy with God alone?" No wonder if the abyss seemed to open, and the skies to darken over her!

Who ever has beheld the person, or even a good portrait, of Isaac McLellan,—now enjoying the distinction of being the oldest living poet in America,—has recognized a man of noble and impressive appearance, yet in an excellent condition of preservation. He was in his earlier day a school-tellow of Longfellow and of Whittier, and is interesting from being a coeval of that school to which they belonged and which has well nigh passed away. It is recorded of him that "he is the oldest surviving member of the Independent Cadets, of Boston, which he joined in 1830. He is still a regular member of the organization. He is a descendant of Isaac Hull, the commander of the constitution in her memorable battle with the English warship, Guerriere, off Boston harbor in the year 1812. The poet is well known to many summer tourists from New York and Brooklyn." Mr. McLellan is to be reckoned among the "poets of Maine," having been born in Portland on the 2nd of April, 1806, and graduated at Bowdoin college in 1826, after having been fitted at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass. For a few years he was a legal practitioner in Boston, subsequently withdrawing into the country, and engaging in agriculture and field sports while at the same time, writing poems usually inspired by his favorite pursuits. He contributed, at an early day, to several American magazines,—among them "Knapp's Boston Magazine," and also to the New York "Literary Gazette," of which William Cullen Bryant was editor. Later he undertook editorial work on the Boston "Daily Patriot," which he conducted with ability. In 1836 appeared a volume of his poems. The writer remembers the school recitation of his familiar lines on "The Death of Napoleon," commencing,—

"Wild was the night; yet a wilder night  
Hung round the soldier's pillow;  
In his boom there was a fierce fight  
Than the fight on the warlike billow."  
He is also the author of a familiar lyric entitled, "Maine," of which we give a couple of stanzas:

Far in the sunset's meadow glory,  
Far in the daybreak's pearly bloom,  
Fringed by ocean's foamy surge,  
Belled in by woods of gloom,  
Stretch thy soft luxuriant borders,  
Smile thy shores, in hill and plain,  
Flower-enamelled, ocean-girdled,  
Green bright shores of Maine.

"Rivers of surpassing beauty  
From thy hemlock woodlands flow,—  
Androscoggin and Penobscot,  
Saco, chilled by northern snow;  
These from many a lowly valley  
Thick by pine-trees shadowed o'er,  
Sparkling from their ice-cold tributaries  
To the surges of thy shore."

Mr. McLellan has, in his time, been a traveller, having made a tour, extending over two years, of Europe. He is known as "the sportsman-poet," and his residence is at Greenport, Long Island. He has recently celebrated his ninety-second birthday.

**KNIVES, FORKS, AND SPOONS**  
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THE  
LARGEST SILVER PLATE MANUFACTURERS  
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**TIRED? OH, NO.**  
This soap  
**SURPRISE**  
greatly lessens the work  
It's pure soap, lathers freely,  
rubbing easy does the work.  
The clothes come out sweet  
and white without injury to the fabrics  
**SURPRISE** is economical, it wears well.



The educational, no less than the literary achievement, of Doctor Theodore H. Rand, the occasion of pleasant comment, and of fitting commemoration. A portrait, painted by J. W. L. Foster, has recently been unveiled at McMaster University,—a portrait it is said, which well expresses not only his lineaments, but his prominent characteristics. "The artist has given that air of intensity, of concealed force of executive ability, we naturally expect to find in such a character when represented in his public capacity." So says the Toronto "Saturday Night," and further: "From Chancellor Rand's past history, his connection with, particularly the eastern provinces, and his influence in educational matters, we naturally look for a telling and decided personality in his portrait. He has designed and inaugurated the educational system of the Maritime Provinces. The school system of Manitoba has been largely modelled after his plans, and the correlation of the three colleges, Woodstock, McMaster and Moulton," has been largely the "fruit of his thought." Dr. Rand will soon be recollecting at his favorite stamping ground, Partridge Island, Parrsboro, Nova Scotia.

The Bryant estate at Cummington, Mass., has recently been purchased by Minna Godwin Goddard, for the sum of \$30,000. The favorite summer home of the great poet, sacred to the memories of his boyhood, will hereafter be kept, with all its belongings,—land, buildings, furniture, bric-a-brac, etc.—in a branch of the poet's own family. For several years past the property has been occupied by the Goddards. The deed was executed by Parke Godwin, acting in his individual capacity by power of the will of Fanny Bryant Godwin.

We congratulate the editor and publisher, Mr. James J. Anslow, and also the people of Windsor, N. S., upon the reappearance of the familiar Hants Journal. We hail it as an assurance and a prophecy of the speedy rehabilitation of our home town recently destroyed by fire. We welcome gladly this excellently edited and printed newspaper, which [we] have missed from our study.

**Windsor.**  
Out of thine ashes phoenix-like arise,  
My fair Acadian town! 'Tis good to know  
That, like the wind-swept flame that laid thee low,  
Aspires thy courage. Thou shalt realize  
The blessing of misfortune; and emprise  
Of hardy spirits toiling over fate  
Shall yet be thine;—yea, goodly thine estate  
In years to be 'neath these auspicious skies.  
Rise, then, triumphant! Hopeful, bid thy spires  
Again point whither thy true hearts ascend;  
Rise, purified and garnished from thy fires.  
And guardian powers thy new-made walls defend.  
Stand, till the years bring thy deserved renown,  
Sheltering thy loyal sons,—my fair Acadian town!

**An Acknowledged Fact.**  
Three years ago there was not a remedy on the market that could prevent corns or cure sweaty, tender, swollen feet. Now thousands of boxes of Foot Elm are being sold, and everyone admits that it is worth its weight in gold. 25c a box; 5 for \$1. P. Stott and Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., or at drug stores.

**How He Died.**  
An Irishman is too nimble to be caught when he doesn't wish to be apprehended. Cardinal Manning delighted to tell the following story as an illustration of the national elusiveness:  
An Irishman, the son of one who had been hanged, having been asked how his father died, thus eluded the admission of the fact:  
"Sure, thin, my father, who was a very reckless man, was jist standin' on a platform haranguing a mob, when a part of the platform suddenly gave way, and he fell through, and thin it was found his neck was broken."

**Sir Henry Bessemer.**  
The recent death of the inventor of the Bessemer steel process has brought out some interesting anecdotes. He was devoted to flowers, and his conservatory was fitted with mirrors so as to produce the effect of endless perspective. To keep the surface of the mirrors clear from moisture he had hot-water pipes arranged; be-

hind them, which kept the glass so warm that it never was obscured by dew. He was color-blind, and avoided the introduction of plants bearing red berries into his conservatory because he confused green and red.

**APPARENTLY A HOPELESS CASE.**  
A Kincaidine Banker who suffered distressingly from indigestion—Apparently a Hopeless Case of Stomach Trouble Until South American Nerve was Used—His Words are: It Cured me Absolutely.

"What this wonderful remedy for all forms of stomach trouble can do is best told in the words of John Boyer, banker, Kincaidine, Ont. 'About a year ago, as a result of heavy work no doubt, I became very much troubled with indigestion; associated with it were those terribly distressing feelings that can hardly be described in any language. I had tried various methods of ridding myself of the trouble, but without success, until I was influenced to use South American Nerve. The result, and I gladly say it for the benefit of others—This remedy cured me, and I never hesitate to recommend it to any person affected with any form of stomach trouble.'


**The Borrower's Way.**  
If you lend a man grass seed, he'll come around later to borrow a lawn mower.

### WEAK, NERVOUS WOMEN

Suffering from palpitation of the heart, dizzy or faint spells, watery blood, etc., can be readily cured.

**A Manitoba Lady Tells About Her Case.**

There is no need whatever for so many women to be the subject of faint spells, heart and nerve weakness, anaemia, or any of those health destroying ailments peculiar to her sex. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills regulate the heart beat and make it strong and full, tone the nerves, enrich the blood, and relieve the pain and weakness from which so many women suffer.



**MILBURN'S  
HEART &  
NERVE  
PILLS**

Mrs. Alexander Setter, of Pigeon Bluff, Man., writes an account of her case as follows: "I have great pleasure in giving my experience of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. For about ten years I was troubled with throbbing and fluttering of the heart. I tried five doctors and several remedies but none of them did me much good. Lately I heard of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and bought two boxes. Before I started using them I could not do my house work and gave myself up to die, as I thought I would never be cured. Now I feel really splendid since taking the pills, do my work, enjoy my meals and feel as if there was something in life worth living for."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, sold by all druggists at 50c. a box or 3 boxes for \$1.25. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

**Laxative Pills cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation and Dyspepsia. Every Pill Perfect. Price 25c.**

**A "ROCKY"** A horse out of condition should be treated with Dr. HARVEY'S CONDITION POWDERS. Nothing like it for purifying the blood, toning up the system, killing worms, glossing the coat, in a word tuning a horse to perfect condition.

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At all dealers, or a full size packet, any color, sent post paid on receipt of price, 10c. HARVEY MEDICINE CO., 424 St. Paul, Montreal.

### Woman and Her Work

"So you are all down with measles at your house, from the servant girl to the baby, and have not a soul to help you but the washerwoman. Good gracious! and to think I did not know about it! What must you have thought of me? The invalids to nurse, the meals to cook, the house to look after, and even the marketing to do, why I don't see how you get it all done. Up half the night, too! Well, I don't wonder I'm sure, and to think of my never hearing about it, how heartless you must have thought me. I'll be up to see you the very first thing tomorrow afternoon. No! no, I assure you it won't be the least trouble in the world, but a pleasure, and I'm coming whether you want me or not. I'm going to cheer you up."

So prattles the woman who intends to be good hearted, and only succeeds in being utterly tactless, and a hopeless bore, as she meets an anxious eyed and flurried friend dashing wildly into a drug shop to have a prescription made up, and who fills up the unavoidable interval of waiting by explaining the many and sufficient reasons why she has not been in to see the first speaker lately. And the woman of no tact is as good as her word. She arrives some morning right after breakfast, when the weary housewife who has lost half her night's rest with her sick children is trying to attend the invalids, pacify the baby, comfort the sick servant, and between these light duties, make the beds, wash the breakfast dishes, keep up the kitchen fire, sweep out the hall and dining room, attend the door, listen to the doctor's instructions and prepare dinner. "Now I have just come to spend the morning with you and stay to lunch," says this unselfish friend taking out her work deliberately, and settling herself ostentatiously in the most comfortable chair in the room, "so you may as well make up your mind to put up with me, I said to Jack at breakfast this morning that what you wanted was a cheerful friend to brighten you up, and take you out of yourself, you looked so wretched when I met you the other day, and if you could not come to see me I would just go to see you, so here I am, and you are not to make a stranger of me at all."

In vain the persecuted object of so much disinterested kindness goes out of the room and sheds bitter almost hysterical tears over her hard fate. In vain she tries to redouble her efforts and do the work of three women; she cannot put common sense into the head of a well meaning idiot, and a mistaken conventionality prevents her from requesting her unwelcome guest to put on her things and go home. So the bore not only remains, but actually feels quite injured because her hostess pays her so little attention, and the second course at luncheon consists of hastily opened preserves, and cake which has evidently been baked for some time. "I really thought Maude showed very little gratitude," she informs "Jack" when they meet at tea, "and after giving up the entire morning, and neglecting my own house just for the purpose of cheating her up, too. One gets so little thanks for trying to help their friends, that it is really enough to make one cynical!"

"So you are really getting ready to move?" says another well intentioned nuisance—"Well I really am sorry to hear it we can't spare you from the neighborhood, and I must come and see you before you go."

"It is very kind of you I am sure" responds the intending mover, "but really I am afraid we scarcely have a place to

receive you. We have dismantled the drawing room and are using it as a packing room because it is so large. Come and see us in our new house when we are settled."

"Indeed I shall make a point of coming before you go," responds the friendly soul and come she does arrayed in her best and accompanied by two friends arrayed with equal gorgeousness who are out with her on a regular calling expedition. That they surprise their hostess in her oldest clothes and a very dilapidated dust cap engaged in washing the parlor windows, and are obliged to steer their way through divers scrubbing pails and articles of household furniture, and finally retire without having found a place to sit down, or on which to deposit their calling cards is merely an incident with them, and perhaps now forgotten, but to their unfortunate it is a very unpleasant episode which she will not soon forget. Why, oh why will not we women exercise a little more judgment and common sense in our dealings with each other, and learn to do as we would be done by, to put ourselves in the places of our neighbours on small matters, and treat them as we would like to be treated ourselves.

A French surgeon has discovered a novel and what is better still, an infallible cure for baldness. It is a thoroughly French method, and has only two drawbacks. One is that it is extremely painful, and the other that it is so expensive as to be practically out of the reach of any but the wealthy classes. The initial step in the process is a good deal like, Dr. Kitchener's celebrated recipe for jugged hare—"First catch your hare." The bald headed one opens the proceedings by looking around for some man who combines the necessary adjuncts of a good head of the desired color, and sufficient poverty to make him willing to part with it for a sufficient consideration. As soon as this part of the operation is satisfactorily concluded, the surgeon steps in and performs his part, which is to scalp both patients neatly and delicately and exchange the scalps. If the surgeon has good luck the graft takes, and the operation is a grand success, but if he has not, it has all to be done over again, at the same large expense. With patience, perseverance, and oash it is bound to succeed in time, but sometimes the process is rather tedious. What a blessed thing it is that women are not very subject to baldness!

If you want to be up to date girls, and bear the hall mark of the smart set never forget yourselves so far as to speak of your "dress." You no longer possess such a garment, it is your "gown" or "outer still, your "rock." It is now argued—and with a good deal of reason that "dress" was always a misnomer, applying as it did equally well to the garments of both men and women, and really indicating not any one article of attire, but the tout ensemble. Therefore, when you speak of a woman's dress you mean her whole outfit, and to use the term in any other sense is to be guilty of bad English, so we must remember, and govern ourselves accordingly.

There really does seem to be something new to record this week in the shape of fashions, and though it is only a small item, it is quite an important one. It consists of a satin coat either matching the costume in color, or made of black, which of course is much more serviceable as it can be worn with any skirt. This coat is quite a small garment, and as close fitting as a bodice, with big lace covered revers. Colored silk either shirred or finely corded is also used for the revers, or they may be of black with corded tucks or shirring of black chiffon. This coat in black satin is especially pretty

with a checked skirt, and a variation of the fashion which will be very acceptable in warm weather is the coat of black taffeta made without any lining. It is to be worn with any kind of skirt, and will take the place of shirt waists with women who are inclined to be stout, and to whom the more severe shirt waist is not becoming. It is a convenient little garment but it has one disadvantage; it must be carefully made and fitted by a first class dressmaker, in order to be a success, so it is not by any means economical.

If you want to be at the very topmost rung of the ladder as far as style is concerned, you must have at least one hat which is worn tied under the chin with broad strings, just as our grandmothers wore theirs. The strings must not be alike either one should be of wide satin ribbon, and the other of chiffon, or one be a long scarf of cream lace and the other of black velvet ribbon. These hats seem to be a sort of survival of the Victorian bonnets of last year, and are really almost the same, only the name is different. They are usually made of big leghorn flats turned up at the back and twisted into a sort of poke shape. Strings are also seen on smaller hats of colored straw and both old and young women wear the large coquetish pokes, which look charming when framing a young face, and with the strings carefully knotted at the left side. A hat with strings always gives an added charm to a round girl's face, and it is supposed to make the wrinkles in an older face less conspicuous.

The parasol of this year is a thing of beauty, it not a joy forever, and as far as variety goes, it is simply beyond description. If you want to keep up with the times and be in fashion you should have three or four at least, but as they are decidedly high priced luxuries this is impossible for a woman of moderate income. The society dame to whom money is no object, except for the pleasure of spending it, has a parasol for each costume, and several odd ones in case of accidents; but the ordinary woman who usually has to be content with a sombre colored sunshade which does duty for all occasions is content to admire these glories from a distance, knowing that one of them would probably swallow up more than the price of her best summer gown, and be very useless to her after she got it.

There are plain parasols of striped silk arranged to form joints at the ribs, or in bayadere effect, and parasols of checked silks and plain colors for morning use. Red and black bayadere stripes are supposed to be the correct thing for boating parasols, and for visiting and carriage use there is nothing too fine. Plain silks trimmed with applique laces and lined with chiffon are very popular, while other very ornamental sunshades are of colored silk covered with very transparent grenadine elaborately frilled with pinked ruffles of the silk which are in turn covered with ruffles of black lace. One fancy which seems to have come back from old times is a parasol of light crepe de chine with silk fringe on the edge. Some of the prettiest parasols are actually tucked just like a fancy waist, and trimmed with lace insertion set on between the groups of tucks. A white silk one trimmed with ruffles of white chiffon edged with pink satin baby ribbon, and lined with pink chiffon is a perfect dream, and another of white silk has encircling lines of black velvet ribbon holding puffs of white chiffon in place is not far behind it. Another novelty in the sunshade line is only decorated on the inside. It is made of white moire silk and quite plain, but the lining is a perfect cascade of daintily embroidered lisse frills. A bayadere striped parasol in black an



### Priestley's "Eudora" Cloth

is softer, richer, still another is literally filled with ruffles of black lace alternating with ruffles of white chiffon.

#### Black Dress Fabric

It will not grow rusty—its dust-shedding qualities are absolute. Matchless in delicacy of texture—unsurpassed in its wearing service. Silk warp. Wrapped on the varnished board, "Priestley" stamped on every fifth yard.

#### The Improved Henrietta

Sold by Dry Goods Dealers Everywhere.

Child or Adult will find instantaneous relief and prompt cure

For Coughs or Colds

in the Celebrated . . .

DR. HARVEY'S

SOUTHERN

RED PINE

Nothing like it to check and cure a cough

Price: only 25 cents per Bottle.

Does not upset the stomach

"THE ESSENCE OF THE VIRGINIA PINE"  
THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., MONTREAL.

Locomotive Search Lights.

The arc light is being tried in locomotive headlights. This constitutes a true searchlight. On one road in the West the current is derived from a dynamo which is actuated by a steam turbine. It is thought that the powerful light may be utilized as a means of signalling from the engine to stations far in advance.

Best Remedy for Corns—Free.

In another column will be found an advt. for Foot Elm, the great remedy for sweaty tender, or tired feet. Hunt it up, and send to us for the remedy. Everyone sending for it this week gets a box of Carple's Corn Cream, free. Stott and Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

Famous Three R's.

The originator of the famous "r" alliteration 'reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic was Sir William Curtis, a lord mayor of London. In 1798 he proposed it as a toast before the board of education.

### One of the Shrewd Women.



She was not poor, neither was she wealthy; she had just a living income, but she was wise and economizing. Last summer she wore a handsome sky blue and white Organdy muslin skirt and blouse. This summer she found skirt and blouse too faded and dingy to wear, but she did what she had often done before: she called to her aid the

#### WONDERFUL DIAMOND DYES

and with a packet of Violet she dyed skirt, blouse and hat feathers a rich heliotrope shade. Cost for new costume and fresh hat feathers only 10 cents.

One packet of any color of the Diamond Dyes will color as many goods as three packets of any of the common and imitation dyes. Get the Diamond Dyes from your dealer and success is assured.

\$250 Costume Complete THE HIGHEST KNOWN VALUE FOR MONEY. Skirt alone \$135

### John Noble Tailor-Made Costumes



SENT PROMPTLY BY PARCEL POST, safely packed to all parts of the Globe direct from The Largest Firm of Costumiers in the World. THREE GOLD MEDALS AWARDED for excellence of Design, Material, Make, and Finish.

THE LADIES of the Dominion of Canada have shown their appreciation of these World Famous Costumes to an extraordinary degree during the past season, and duty, a very great saving effected by dealing direct with John Noble, Ltd., Brook Street Mills, Manchester. Etc. whose goods are made not only to look well, but to yield faithful service.

PATTERNS sent FREE (together with a New Illustrated 64 page Dress and Drapery Catalogue) of the two good durable cloths in which the Costumes are made.

I.—JOHN NOBLE COSTUME CATALOGUE, smooth-surfaced, medium weight.

II.—JOHN NOBLE CHEVIOT SERGE, weighty and weather-resisting.

A FULL DRESS LENGTH of either cloth (6 yds. 3/4) for \$1.80. Postage 6c.

The Costumes are ALSO SUPPLIED in good WHITE, FIGURE or in BURL and RUCK (White, Fawn or Blue), at the same price.

COLOURS of COSTUME COATING and CHEVIOT SERGE are Black, Navy, Brown, Rusty, Myrtle Grey, Moss, Fawn, Purple, and Electric.

THE THREE STOCK SIZES are 34, 36, 38 (the round bust (under arms); skirts being 38, 40 and 42 in. long in front. Any other size CAN BE MADE TO MEASURE, 6c. extra.

LADIES who cannot wait for Patterns may safely order straight away in the certainty of obtaining full satisfaction.

THE BEST WAY to remit is by MONEY ORDER or draft on London Bank.

Bankers: "LONDON AND MIDLAND" BANK, LTD.

Kindly name this newspaper when ordering or writing.



MODEL NO. 1. The "CUBRAGH" COSTUME. Squarely made Bodice, trimmed on facings and cuffs with military braid. Full wide skirt. Price \$2.50 complete. Skirt alone, \$1.50. Postage on complete Costume, 7c. On Skirt alone 6c.

LADIES WHO DESIRES estimated for in any material named in Catalogue.

JOHN NOBLE LTD. Brook Street Mills MANCHESTER ENGLAND

**SIMPLE MINDED ELEPHANTS.**  
One was Terrified by the Sight of a Very Harmless Little Pony.

An English writer of Indian experience declares that the vaunting of the intelligence of the elephant creates a false impression. Like that of the horse, the intelligence of the elephant has curious limitations.

A few months ago the populace of a small town near Madras were frightened out of their wits by a runaway elephant, which broke from its mahout's control and ran through the town, smashing everything that lay in its path. It had been frightened into a state of insane alarm by the pattering of rain-drops on its rider's bridle!

A friend of the same writer once had a singular experience of a somewhat similar sort. When "out in the district" in Burma, he grew tired of riding on his elephant which also carried his servants and baggage, and bought a pony in one of the villages. He was careful to make sure that the pony was not afraid of elephants, but it never occurred to him that the elephant might be afraid of ponies.

Early the next morning he sent his baggage and servants off on the elephant, with orders to halt for lunch at a village ten miles away; and when he had finished some work, he followed on the pony. When a mile or so from the halting-place he saw the elephant hunching along in advance, and trotted on to hurry up the mahout. As he approached, the mahout, a Burman, began to gesticulate. The Englishman and his Burmese servants knew no Burmese, and the Burman knew no tongue but his own. He was much excited.

The Englishman guessed that something was amiss, and breaking into a gallop to see what it might be, was astonished to see the elephant start off at a run. Three times the excited and angry mahout succeeded in stopping the beast after a run of a mile or so, and three times did the Englishman ride up to see what was the matter, only to observe with astonishment that the elephant rushed off each time.

Finally the despairing mahout steered the animal off the road into swampy ground and thus shaking off pursuir, plowed his way back on foot to the halting place, where he found an interpreter to explain that the elephant had been terrified by the approach of the pony.

**Miss Willard's Sweetheart.**

In their youth Bishop C. H. Fowler and Miss Willard were students in the same Methodist college, both being members of the Methodist church. Between them there was a strong affinity, a friendship that eventually ripened into a deep, abiding love. The ring she speaks of in her memoirs as wearing as "an allegiance based on supposition," was the gift of Bishop Fowler. Both had great strength of character and were born leaders of men and women. The similarity of their temperaments was frequently considered by the young people as a bar to matrimony, and it was finally agreed that it would be best for both to choose separate paths in life. The engagement was accordingly broken. In after years they were often brought together in their life work, that of lifting up fallen humanity and leading them to a better way, but the story of the early romance was never told until the death of Miss Willard.

**Three Mile Limit.**

In a sheet published during the Penang Centenary celebration (1886,) an old inhabitant states that Captain Light fixed upon the inland boundary of Province Wellesley (opposite Penang) by the range of a cannon, and then it was further put back another shot from the previous boundary. As far as can be made out from the records, however, Captain Light never acquired any land on the mainland, but Sir George Leith, Bart., the Lieutenant Governor, did in 1800. It is worthy of note in this connection that a possession common to all civilized countries which have a seaboard was originally determined as to its extent by the range of a cannon. This the so-called "Three mile Limit" from low water mark out to sea. "Territorial waters" were considered to be those over which the country in question could exercise efficient control, and at the end of the seventeenth century, when the rule was laid down, three marine miles was taken as the utmost range of the heaviest cannon in use.

**Charles Dickens.**

Sir Arthur Sullivan is quoted as saying of Charles Dickens that he was a most delightful companion. "Apart from his high spirits and engaging manner," the musician adds, "one might give two special reasons for this. On the one hand, he was so unassuming he never obtruded his own work upon you. I have never yielded to any one in my admiration of Dickens' work; but speaking of him as a companion, I can safely say that one would never have known that Dickens was an author from his conversation. I mean that he never discussed himself with you; while, on the other hand, I have often since wondered at the wonderful interest he would apparently take in the conversation of us young-

**SERIOUS DEFECTS**



are to be found in the common laundry soaps on the market. Get

**ECLIPSE SOAP**

and you will have a perfect article.

Send us 25 "Eclipse" wrappers or 6c. in stamps with coupon and we will mail you a popular novel. A coupon in every bar of "Eclipse."

**JOHN TAYLOR & CO.,**  
Manufacturers, Toronto, Ont.

er men. He would treat our feeblest banalities as if they were the choicest witticisms or the ripe meditations of a matured judgment.

**Years of Agony and Suffering.**

**Result of Kidney and Female Complaints.**

**Paine's Celery Compound gives Mrs. Stone a New Life.**

**She Strongly Recommends the Medicine that Banished Her Troubles.**

**Paine's Celery Compound the Only True Cure for Kidney Disease.**

**WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.,**  
GENTLEMEN:—For more than twelve years I was afflicted with kidney, female and stomach troubles, and had been attended by five doctors, and tried medicine after medicine, without any good results. My sufferings were dreadful. I was in such a state that I could not live, and concluded there was no use trying other medicines. However, I was advised to try Paine's Celery Compound. Before I had finished the first bottle I had improved very much, and after the use of a few more bottles I had not been so well for many years, and am now altogether a different person. The use of Paine's Celery Compound also banished my nervousness. I can therefore recommend Paine's Celery Compound to any one suffering from kidney, female and stomach troubles.  
Yours truly,  
MRS. GEORGE STONE,  
Eganville, Ont.

**A Devoted Indian.**

Biron de Malorite, a German who had served in Mexico with Maximilian, told to Sir M. Grant Duff, who records it in his "Diary," the following story of an Indian's devotion to his leader:—General Mejia was a full-blood Indian in the service of Maximilian, and was taken prisoner along with him. Two hours before their execution was to take place General Alatorre came to him and said, "General Mejia, I have been three times your prisoner, and three times you have spared my life. My side-de-camp is at the door with a horse, and you are free to go where you please."  
"And the emperor?" asked Mejia.  
"Will be shot in two hours," answered Alatorre.  
"And you dare to come to me with such a proposition! Leave the room!" rejoined the prisoner. Alatorre did so, and Mejia and the emperor fell together.

**Pretty Cool.**

One day last week a clerk of one of the leading firms complained of his feet burning and aching terribly; a friend recommended him to use Foot Elm, and in two hours' time the clerk stated that his feet felt as if he had them out of the window in the breeze. Foot Elm acts like magic. 24 cents by mail. Stott and Jury, Bowmanville, Ont., or at your druggist's.

**Queer Kinds of Fuel.**

In Southern California in the peach districts, peach stones are not uncommonly used as fuel. They are sold at the canneries by the wagon load. Peach stones burn freely and make a very good fire. On the homeward voyage of vessels in the cocoanut trade cocoanuts are used for fuel,

as they are also while the vessel is lying at her wharf discharging, not sound nuts, but such as are decayed and not salable. The nuts are broken before they are put into the stove. Cocoanuts burn freely and make a good hot fire.

**YOU CAN IF YOU WISH.**

**RESTORE THE SNAP, VIM, ENERGY AND STRENGTH YOU HAVE LOST.**

Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills have been a great boon to my daughter Maggie. Prior to taking them she had been suffering from excessive nervousness for a long time, and her nerves were in a terribly shattered condition. The action of her heart was so weak that it did not have strength to perform its functions, causing violent palpitation and smothering after retiring. Frequently, on account of this suffocating sensation she was afraid to go to bed. Slight exertion exhausted her and caused shortness of breath. Her blood was impoverished and lost vitality, and she had no appetite. She was wasting away and was very hypochondriacal, feeling dejected all the time. Last December she began taking Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills, and she improved at once. Her blood became healthy and strong, and in six weeks her impaired nervous system was restored to its normal healthy condition. Her heart responded to the healthy condition of her blood and nerves and resumed its strong and healthy functions. She now sleeps without any of the dangerous, distressing, smothering and choking spells; her appetite is good, and she has gained in flesh. Healthy color has replaced pallor, and she is now well and strong, thanks to Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills. I thank you, gentlemen, for the remedy that has restored my daughter to health. A. GUNN, Baggage-master, Grand Trunk Railway, Oshawa, Ont. Dr. Ward's Blood and Nerve Pills are sold at 50c. per box, 5 boxes for \$2.00, at druggists, or mailed on receipt of price by THE DR. WARD CO., 71 Victoria St., Toronto. Book of Information free.

**HERBINE BITTERS**  
Cures Sick Headache

**HERBINE BITTERS**  
Purifies the Blood

**HERBINE BITTERS**  
Cures Indigestion

**HERBINE BITTERS**  
The Ladies' Friend

**HERBINE BITTERS**  
Cures Dyspepsia

**HERBINE BITTERS**  
For Biliousness

Large Bottles, Small Doses. Price only 25c. For sale all over Canada. Address all orders to

**52 BOILS**

"Three years ago I was troubled with boils, and tried several remedies recommended by friends, but they were of no avail. I had FIFTY-TWO BOILS in all, and found nothing to give me relief until I tried Burdock Blood Bitters. The first bottle I took made a complete cure and proved so very satisfactory that I have recommended B.B.B. to many of my friends who have used it with good results." A. J. MUSTARD, Hyder, Man.

Any one troubled with Boils, Pimples, Rashes, Ulcers, Sores, or any Chronic or Malignant Skin Disease, who wants a perfect cure, should use only

**BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.**

**AD WRITERS AND THE WAR.**

New Lines of Goods brought out to fit the Prevailing Topic of the Time.

The war has been quite as prominent feature of the advertising columns of newspapers all over the country as of the news pages. It isn't strange, for advertisement writers keep in touch with the predominant news topics of the day, which furnish the best material for the exercise of their ingenuity. When the Klondike was discovered, 'gold,' 'nuggets,' 'rich strikes,' and similar words and phrases headed the advertising columns as well as the news stories, but these are all dropped now for the up-to-date war expressions.

The most common phrases are 'War on prices,' 'Victory over our competitors,' and 'Wanted, ten thousand volunteers—to buy our goods,' the last four words being in small type, of course. 'Manila has fallen, and so have our prices,' is another. About in the same class are these: 'War is not a new experience for us; for forty years we have been fighting the makers and dealers in cheap and worthless goods,' and 'The latest bulletin from the seat of war is absorbing the attention of the people just now, and while you are waiting for the next cast your eyes over these prices.' 'We are not going to war at present,' frankly admits one firm, 'but will remain at the old stand.' 'Bombarding Havana will be an easy matter,' says another, 'but we are putting up batteries in the way of large stock and low prices that make our position impregnable.'

In an up State paper this bid is made by a bank for New York business: 'If the Spanish fleet should bombard New York, valuables in the safe deposit vaults there would be unsafe. Take a box in our vaults now.' 'Remember the Maine!' has been a favorite headline, and 'The Maine question is where to buy the best goods for the least money,' has been much used.

Dewey's victory brought out a new series. This is one: 'Dewey cleaned 'em out. It was such a glorious victory that we would like to name one of our stoves The Dewey, but we have so many good ones, it is hard to choose the most appropriate.' And this is another: 'The Maine has been remembered at Manila, and your Uncle Sam is in a little better mood. Merit always wins. Therefore, the unbounded success of our goods.' One of the simplest but best achievements in this line is this, from an optician: 'Spain will be driven from Cuba without a doubt. From now on you will read every line of war news. Will your eyes stand it? A pair of glasses fitted by us will prevent permanent injury.'—New York Sun.

**ACCORDING TO HIS FOLLY.**

He Took the Advice and Made a Friend of him who Gave it.

No class of scientific workers have to struggle harder with the ignorance of those about them than civil engineers. Every elderly man who has ever worked at amateur road-building thinks he knows more of science than trained engineers, and snorts with scorn at the grading, the underdraining, and all the other scientific arrangements. An engineer said recently that he had found it more profitable, as well as a saving of time, not to combat the interesting 'practical' theories which he sometimes encountered from volunteer superintendents of his work, but to dispose of them on grounds more readily comprehensible than the scientific ones.

'Not long ago,' the engineer said, 'in building a road I had to put a stream underground for some little distance, and in doing so I naturally used the least amount of material by straightening the course of the stream. I had a gang foreman who was much troubled by this.

'Now look here,' he said, 'taint in the natur' o' water to run straight. Did you ever see a stream o' water in natur', big or little, that went straight? Don't water always go crooked if you leave it to itself?'

'Then,' said I, 'do you think we ought to lay down these drain-pipes a little zig-zag, like a crooked rail fence?'

'Jest a leetle that way, to humor the natur' o' the water,' said he.

'Perhaps so,' said I. 'But now see here—there's a difficulty right off about that.'

'What is it?'

'Suppose I crook this length of drain-pipe this way; how do I know that the water to run that way right here? Perhaps this is just the spot where the water wants to run the other way. That would be likely to make trouble, wouldn't it?'

'The foreman scratched his head. 'Wal', said he, 'I do know but 'twould. I hadn't thought o' that!'

'And he concluded that, inasmuch as we could not always tell which way the water wanted to meander, it might after all be best to make our watercourses straight and let the water make the best of them that it could. If I had contradicted the man and laughed at him, I should have made an enemy and an opponent of him.'

**Cold Feet.**

Cause much sickness. You can have them warm and comfortable by using Foot Elm. 25 cents at druggists or sent by mail. Stott & Jury, Bowmanville, Ont.

**SEAL BRAND**  
COFFEE  
CHASE & SANBORN  
MONTREAL

**Chase & Sanborn's**  
**SEAL BRAND**  
**JAVA & MOCHA**  
THE STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE

**D & A**  
**CORSETS**  
FOR EVENING WEAR

**D & A**  
**CORSETS**  
Give Grace, Style and Comfort.

Made throughout of best materials, they give good wear, and while not expensive at first, compare still better with other makes, when their lasting qualities are considered.

Sold by most dry goods dealers.

**TEABERRY** For The  
**TEETH**

Most Popular  
TOILET PREPARATION  
25-CENTS-A-BOX  
LOPEZA-CHEMICAL-C-TORONTO

**CALVERT'S**  
**CARBOLIC**  
**SOAPS**

Are Supplied in various Qualities for all purposes.

Pure, Antiseptic, Emollient.

Ask your dealer to obtain full particulars for you.

F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

**News and Opinions**  
OF  
**National Importance**  
**THE SUN**  
**ALONE**  
**CONTAINS BOTH.**

Daily, by mail, - - - - \$6 a year  
Daily, and Sunday by mail, \$8 a year

**The Sunday Sun**  
is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

Price 5c. a copy. By mail \$2 a year  
Address THE SUN, New York.

(CONTINUED FROM TENTH PAGE.)  
 I had to tell you. My own selfish egotism has driven it out of my head; and he laughed softly. "Oh, yes, I remember; I have some news of our absent friend, Lorrimore."  
 He saw her start and the blood rush to her face, though he pretended to be looking straight into the square.  
 "O! Lord Lorrimore?" she said, rather faintly; and with the utterance of his name came back the scene at Lynne Burrows the day she had sent him from her in quest of the lost Neville.

Her eyes shone eagerly, and her breath came fast; but Jordan, lounging over the balcony, and apparently interested in the people below, affected not to notice her change of manner.  
 "Yes," he said. "It is singular that we have not met here, from him, or at least of him, before, is it not?"

"Yes," she said, trying to speak indifferently, but conscious that her voice was unsteady. "What is it? Is he—I hope he is well?"  
 Jordan laughed softly.  
 "Oh, yes; I should say so—well and happy."

It was her turn now to draw near to him.  
 "What is it you have heard?" she asked.  
 "Well, it's very strange news," he said, inwardly gaging at the interest she displayed—she who had listened to his eloquence unmoved, and at last repellant. "It seems that Lord Lorrimore has fallen in love."  
 "Fallen in love?" she repeated, slowly, the color flying to her face. Her eyes hid themselves under their long lashes, and she turned slightly away from him.

"So that touches you, my cold, proud beauty, does it?" thought Jordan.  
 "Yes," he said, "and in a most romantic fashion. One can scarcely imagine so proud a man as Lord Lorrimore—the Lorrimore peerage goes a tremendous way back, you know—falling in love and marrying an opera-singer."  
 "An opera-singer?" echoed Audrey.  
 "And—he is married?"

"The words dropped from her lips with a strange, cold dullness. Then she laughed.  
 "Lord Lorrimore married? It is news indeed! Where did you hear it? Perhaps it isn't true," she added in the same breath.

"Oh, I think it is true enough. Though, by the way, I don't know that he is actually married, but he may be by this time."  
 "And an opera-singer, you say?" said Audrey, leaning on the balcony so that her face was partly hidden from Jordan.  
 "Yes," he replied, slowly and lightly, as one tells an interesting piece of news; as I said, it is a most romantic story. It appears that during his travels Lorrimore fell in with a young lady who was in training for the operatic stage. There is some hint of a romantic rescue, but I take that to be so much literary garnish to make the story more piquant. The young lady whose name is concealed under the nom de theatre of the Silver Star, is said to be very young, very beautiful, and possessed of a voice which is likely to take the musical world by storm. Lord Lorrimore, it would seem, had fallen in love with the—er—young person, and they are regularly betrothed, and by this time probably married. Fancy an opera singer the Countess of Lorrimore!"

Audrey was trying to realize it, and the effort to do so was made at a cost that made her angry with and ashamed of herself.  
 "What could it matter to her whom Lord Lorrimore married? And yet it seemed, as she stood there listening to Jordan's soft, suave voice, as if it were only yesterday, instead of more than two years ago, that Lord Lorrimore had told her that she was the one woman in the world for him."  
 She felt the tears rising to her eyes, and knew that she was trembling; but she struggled against her emotion and forced a laugh.

"I hope he will be happy," she said.  
 "I dare say she is very beautiful, and feel sure that Lord Lorrimore would not choose anyone who was not good as well. But it may be all false," she broke off.  
 Jordan took a newspaper from the pocket of his dress-coat.  
 "Oh, no; I think we may take it that the good news—for it is good news, don't

you think?—young, beautiful, gitted—we may take it as true. Here is the paragraph—quite a long paragraph—in the Paris "Figaro."

He held out the paper to her with a smile and Audrey, after a moment's hesitation took it.  
 "—I cannot see it," she said. "There is not enough light here."  
 "Let me read it to you," he said; and holding the paper toward the window, he read the paragraph.

While concealing the lady's name under the pseudonym of "Silver Star," the journalist had given Lord Lorrimore's name openly and correctly, had referred to his rank in the peerage, and set forth a short sketch of his life, so there could be no doubt as to his identity.

According to the "Figaro," the Silver Star was destined to blaze upon the world with all the splendor of a new and glorious planet, and the paragraph wound up with respectful and profound congratulations to lordship, who had been so fortunate as to win so loving and charming a lady.

Andrew listened with averted head and downcast eyes, then she put out her hand.  
 "Will you let me have the paper?" she said. "I should like to show it to Lady Marlow."  
 "Certainly," assented Jordan, cheerfully. "I brought it that you might do so. Stay; let me cut out the paragraph."

He cut it out with his pen-knife and handed it to her, and Audrey slipped it into her pocket. So much for modern chivalry, she thought, bitterly. He had vowed that he would go to the end of the world at her behest. She had asked him to find a missing friend, and he had promised to do so, with ardent vows of love for herself. He had not found the friend, had doubtless soon grown weary of searching for him, and, instead, had found a wife.

If Jordan had renewed his suit at that moment he might have won her, for her heart felt sore and her pride wounded, but even if he had thought of doing so, the opportunity fled, the curtains were swept aside, and Lady Marlow appeared.  
 "My dear Audrey," she exclaimed, "where have you been? The prince has been looking for you everywhere. This is his dance."

"Everywhere but here," said Audrey with forced levity. "Very well, I am ready," and with a nod to Jordan, she went off with Lady Marlow.  
 Jordan leaned over the balcony, a malicious smile on his thin lips.  
 "Curse her!" he murmured. "She started and shrunk when I offered myself, as if I had been a leper or a street beggar—I, Jordan Lynne, the future Premier. But I had my revenge, I think, Miss Audrey; and I fancy that now your old lover, the haughty Lorrimore, has transferred his affection to an opera-singer, you may set a fairer value on my devotion. And she was touched by my lofty eloquence; I saw that." He laughed, with a sneer. "Bah! what fools women are—even the best of them."

He smoothed the sneer from his face, resumed his usual mask-like smile, and returned to the ball room. Audrey was dancing with the prince; her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes were glowing brightly.

Jordan heard her name on many lips as he passed through the crowd. She was the belle the most distinguished woman in the room, and he thought as he went down the stairs:  
 "Yes, she shall be my wife!"  
 Now it chanced as he stood upon the top stone step, and the footman bawled for Sir Jordan Lynne's carriage, a young man came slowly along the side of the square. He was a stalwart, handsome young fellow but he looked dreadfully shabby and down in his luck. His face was rather baggard, and his eyes, though they were brave and good-looking enough, were somewhat sad and gloomy. Notwithstanding the mildness of the night, he had turned up the collar of his well-worn coat, and he walked along with his hands in his pockets, and with an absent, preoccupied air.

He was passing along on the square side of the road, apparently fully engrossed with his own thoughts, when "Sir Jordan Lynne's carriage!" fell upon his ears.  
 He started, pulled up short, and then crossed the road and got into the midst of the crowd that was waiting to stare at the departing guests.

Down came Sir Jordan, and at sight of the popular and rising statesman the crowd cheered lustily. Sir Jordan raised his hat and bowed with a bland benevolent smile—his Exeter smile—and the young fellow, flushing deeply, pushed forward as if unconsciously.

But one of the policemen put a hand on his shoulder and bid him "stand back," and the young fellow, after a gesture which looked very much as if he intended to resent the policeman's peremptory interference with the liberty of the subject drew back obediently. But as he did so he laughed slowly and bitterly and looked from Sir Jordan's irreproachable evening dress and bland, "successful" countenance to his own worn and sooty clothes; and the laugh should be a familiar one in our ears, for it was that of Neville Lynne, Sir Jordan's half-brother, the Young 'Un of Lorn Hope Camp.

CHAPTER XXIV.  
 Neville stood for some minutes in the midst of the small crowd, gazing absently at the famous people coming out of the brilliantly lighted house, thinking of his half-brother.

What a contrast their respective conditions presented! Here was Jordan basking in prosperity—evidently one of the great ones of the earth—while he, Neville, was an outcast and a wanderer, with exactly twenty-seven shillings and sixpence half-penny in his pocket.

At last he pushed his way out of the throng, and crossing the road, leaned against the railing of the square, lighted his pipe, and looked on moodily at the procession of carriages; and it may be stated with confidence, that there was scarcely a more unhappy young man in all London.

He was the second son of a wealthy baronet, and at one time the favorite of his father, who had always given him to understand that he would be handsomely provided for. His half-brother had stirred up bad feelings between him and his father and had doubtless secured the whole of the patrimony. Then Neville had left England in search of fortune—had found it and lost it, with the exception of twenty-seven shillings and sixpence.

But the cruellest blow fate had dealt him had been the loss of Sylvia. It's easy to snap one's fingers in the face of misfortune while those we love remain to us. Were Sylvia by his side, Neville could have endured the bullets of unfriendly fate with equanimity; but Sylvia had gone he knew not whither. And it he had known, if during the terrible journey from Lorn Hope to England—a journey performed at a great part on foot, with "hunger stalking by his side"—he had seen her, his pride would scarcely have allowed him to make himself known to her; for he had gathered that she was in the care of wealthy and powerful friends, and he was the last man to thrust himself, penniless and friendless, upon her prosperity.

He smoked his pipe with his hands deep in his pockets, his head sunk upon his chest, almost unconscious of all that was going on around him. Every now and then he heard some great name bawled from the steps, and saw the carriages move forward. He saw the prince drive away, but he heard and saw as if in a dream.

Presently two gentlemen came down the steps arm in arm, and crossing the road to where he stood, waited for their carriage.  
 One was Lord Chesterton, wrapped in his sable overcoat; the other was Percy Hale; and regardless of Neville, whom no doubt they took for a tramp, they went on talking close beside him; and he started to consciousness of their proximity as he heard a name he knew.

"Our sweet Audrey looked more bewitching than ever to-night," said Percy Hale, with a little sigh.  
 The old beau nodded two or three times.  
 "Yes, yes; I don't think I ever saw her look lovelier."  
 "There may have been more beautiful women in the room, but for me and others it would seem"—and he smiled at the poet's plaintive face—"Audrey Hope bore away the palm!"

Neville almost dropped his pipe as this familiar name fell upon his ears.  
 "She is a queen among women!" sighed Percy Hale.  
 "A maiden queen," remarked Lord Chesterton; "and I am not surprised that she declines to become a wedded one. Who is worthy of our peerless Audrey?"

"I know one who considers himself quite worthy," said Percy.  
 "You mean Jordan Lynne?"  
 The young man nodded gloomily.  
 Lord Chesterton took a pinch of snuffs pensively, and shook his head.  
 "Oh, you don't know what Jordan Lynne is capable of," said Percy irritably. "That man would move heaven and earth to gain anything he had set his heart on."  
 "His what?" interpolated Lord Chesterton, with delicate irony.

"He had set what he calls his 'heart' upon," continued Percy. "I hate that man!"  
 "No doubt," said Lord Chesterton, dryly. "I don't think any of you too dearly love the amiable Sir Jordan, and that's only natural. But, after all, my dear, depending lover, beyond the fact that Jordan Lynne happens to be your rival, you don't know anything against him?"

"Anything against him?" responded the young man, slowly and reluctantly. "No, but everybody distrusts him. You never hear his name mentioned without a shrug of the shoulders and a queer look on men's faces. Depend upon it, there's some reason in it. No smoke without fire."  
 The old beau smiled.  
 "My dear Percy, it is human nature, to hate and envy the successful man. You see, he is a standing reproach to those of us who are not successful, for we have to admit that he is a great deal cleverer than us, and therefore our superior. Human nature, my dear Percy, human nature! And you think our divine Audrey will marry him?"

"I think so—we all think so," replied Percy deponently. And it strikes me as deuced hard, though I haven't a chance myself, I know. But though you aren't in the running yourself, you don't like to see the prize carried off by a fellow who—"  
 "Whose only crime, as far as you know, is that he has overtopped you all," finished Lord Chester cynically. But I sympathize

with you my dear young friend, and rather than she should marry Jordan Lynne, I'd—yes, I'd marry her myself."  
 "I would to Heaven you had the alternative!" replied Percy.  
 "Hem! thank you. I am duly grateful but I'm afraid you'd discover that I'd committed numberless crimes, and was even a more hideous monster than the amiable Jordan. Here's my brougham at last. You'd better come down with me to the club."

As the Brougham drove up, the old gentleman turned and saw Neville, who stood near, pale and agitated, and mechanically Lord Chesterton pulled out a shilling and offered it to him.

Neville started declined the coin with a wave of his hand, and strode off.  
 "Dear me!" said Lord Chesterton; "a tramp refuse a shilling! We live in wondrous times Percy! Poor devil! he looked as if he wanted it badly enough too! But there, I'm afraid if I were a tramp, and a man clothed in purple and fine linen offered me a shilling, I should feel more inclined to knock him down and tear some of his festive raiment from his back than accept his miserable charity. Human nature even in a tramp, you see, my dear Percy."

Neville stalked on through the silent streets. Every word he had heard seemed eating into his brain.  
 Audrey, dear little Audrey, his old playmate, marry Jordan! The thought made him feel bad—very bad indeed.

And yet—he pulled up and asked himself the question Lord Chesterton had put to Percy Hale—what did he know against Jordan?

Excepting that he had come between him, Neville, and their father, nothing—absolutely nothing; and yet he felt that Jordan was a bad lot.

You may be convinced that a man is a villain, although you have not seen him rob a church or commit a murder, and that is just how Neville felt as regards Jordan.  
 And to think that sweet, lovable Audrey should be going to marry him!

Neville had been wretched enough before, but he was ten times more wretched, dissatisfied, and upset now.  
 Some men, in his plight, would have summoned up courage and gone straight to Audrey Hope, but the idea did not even present itself to Neville; and, if it had, he would have scouted it at once. What! go and claim friendship with Miss Audrey Hope? Present himself in his seedy clothes, looking like a tramp—he had been taken for one that night—to be pitied and humiliated by offers of assistance? He would have starved to death by choice.

He wandered on till he reached the depressing garret which he had taken for a few shillings a week on arriving in London, two nights ago, and climbing the steep stair, he flung himself on the apology for a bed and buried his face in his hands.

He had been hungry an hour ago, but though he took some bread and cheese from his pocket, he could not eat. The vision of Audrey as Jordan's wife had effectually destroyed his appetite. In another pocket was a newspaper. Your returned wanderer always buys a newspaper, though it cost him a dinner, for he has an uncontrollable hankering to learn what is going on in the old country; and Neville, hoping to get away from his own thoughts, at any rate for a few minutes, opened the paper and tried to read.

And the first thing that caught his eyes was the report of a speech which the Right Honorable Sir Jordan Lynne had made at a meeting of a well-known charity.

It was a beautiful speech, full of the highest morality, with choice quotations from the most sentimental of the poets, and with heart-stirring appeals to the sympathies—and the pockets—of the charitable.

It ought to have softened Neville's heart toward his half-brother and made him proud of being related to so great and good a man; but, strange to say, it produced exactly the opposite effect. You see, he knew Jordan, and as he read the glowing periods and the glowing sentiments, he remembered a thousand little meannesses of which in the old time he had known Jordan to be guilty, and his anger rose at the hypocrisy of the whole business.

He crushed the paper in his hand and flung it from him with an expression of disgust. The face he had seen that night, as the Right Honorable Sir Jordan Lynne had come down the steps to his carriage, had been the same face—mean, treacherous, crafty, for all its smile of amiability and benevolence—that he remembered years ago, and he knew that Jordan had not changed. He was the same Jordan who had by all kinds of lying and meanness come between his younger brother and his father.

Neville paced up and down the barren room until he was exhausted; then he went to bed and dreamed of Jordan, of Audrey, of Sylvia—no dream of his was ever complete without Sylvia's form dancing through it—and lastly, he dreamed of the old home.

And when he awoke from his uneasy, phantom-haunted sleep there sprang into his heart the irresistible longing to go down to Lynne.

His father was dead; he had learned that within a few hours of his return; but he should see the old place once more—visit the spots where he and Audrey had played in the old happy time. He got out his money and counted it, although it wasn't at all necessary to do so, for he knew too well how much, or, rather, how little, he had and decided that he would make the journey on foot and in good.

He ate the bread and cheese for breakfast—cheese is particularly unwholesome to that early meal, but he had lived in Lorn Hope Camp, and had fared on far less sumptuous food—and paying his rent, started on his tramp for Lynne.

As he went through the streets in the early morn he passed some bill-stickers who were pasting a large placard on a

boarding; but Neville bestowed only a casual glance on the bill, and if he had stopped and studied it attentively it would not have conveyed any special significance to him. It was headed: "Royal Italian Opera," and in huge letters announced the all-important fact that Signora Stella would presently appear as Marguerite.

It was glorious weather, and under more favorable circumstances, Neville would have enjoyed his tramp. The country was smiling in all its summer bravery, and to Neville the green hedge-rows, the bright turf, the twitter and trilling of the birds seemed like old friends bidding him welcome back to the old country. He walked during most of the day, living on the simplest food—a loaf of bread and a cup of milk bought at some farm—and sleeping beside a hayrick in the stable of some friendly farmer, for whom he would do half a day's work in acknowledgement of the hospitality.

He was as strong as a horse, and the regular exercise and the frugal fare acted as a tonic to his spirits. But he missed Sylvia just as keenly as he had ever done, and twenty times a day thought wistfully how delightful it would have been to have had her with him to share his delight in the fresh air, the green fields, the singing birds. Then he would accuse himself of selfishness, and remind himself, with a sigh, that no doubt Sylvia was happier with her grand friends than she would be tramping through the country with him.

But the thought of her kept his heart soft, and no child or dog scuttled out of the way of this handsome young tramp with his kindly blue eyes and pleasant but rather sad smile.

He reached the village of Lynne at last, and only they who have paid a visit after long wandering to the beloved spot which spells "Home" can imagine how he felt. Every cottage, every tree was familiar to him—even the village pump, which take it altogether is not a very romantic object, made his heart thrill, and he worked the handle and took a drink for auld lang syne.

He had rather feared that he might be known, but though the simple people stared at him, they did it with the heavy curiosity of country folk, and no one recognized in the stalwart, sunburned man the slip of a youth who had left Lynne years ago.

In this matter his rough, seedy clothes helped him, for the villagers were not likely to identify a passing tramp as Neville Lynne, the favorite son of Sir Greville, the well dressed lad who used to scamper through the lanes on his thorough-bred pony, with a groom in attendance.

Neville kept away from the house until dark, for he knew that he ran greater risk of being recognized there than elsewhere, and he filled up the time by visiting the places where he and Audrey used to play together. He went to the Burrows and sat his dinner on the very spot where Audrey had hidden Lord Lorrimore in search of the lost Neville; he sauntered down to the stream in which he had persuaded her to join him in wading, and every one of the familiar places roused old memories and played upon the heart-strings as the soft summer breeze plays upon an Æolian harp.

But the strange phase in these emotions of his was this: that, somehow or other, he got Sylvia mixed up with Audrey, and at times it absolutely appeared to him as if it had been with Sylvia he had played, and not Audrey. The two girls seemed to share his heart between them, and to reign there like two queens in friendly rivalry.

Toward dusk he climbed the railing of Lynne Park and cautiously approached the house. The old place was as quiet as the grave in the fading light, and, notwithstanding the excellent order in which the grounds were kept, seemed to Neville to have a neglected air. He walked round it, keeping under the shadow of the trees, and presently came to the door high up in the wall from which Jordan had removed the staircase.

He was gazing at this with a dull pain in his heart—for by that door how often had he seen his father enter and emerge—when suddenly he found himself seized from behind.

He swung round and grappled with his assailant, and the two men wrestled together for a minute or so, at the end of which time, Neville, putting into practice the well known "leg trick," threw his opponent on the grass. Not a word had been spoken, and Neville, taking the man for a gamekeeper, was hesitating between offering an explanation of his presence and making off, when the man uttered an exclamation of astonishment, and rising, said:

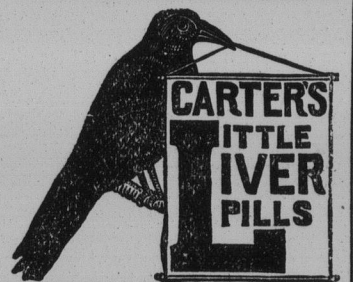
"Good Lord! it's Master Neville!"  
 (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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TWO FOOLS.

"Why, I'd rather marry her myself," said I. Nothing, in truth, was further from my thoughts. Amanda's mother regarded me curiously. "Of course," said she, "if that were the case, it would make a difference."

and going out when I like and coming in when I like. Of course I couldn't do that if I had a wife. It wouldn't be fair." "So," I continued resolutely, "resisting an absurd impulse to kiss her again, though I think you the nicest little woman in the world, dear—she smiled just like the sun coming out—it would be better for you to find some one younger and less crochety."



down on my shoulder, with a happy little sob.—J. A. Flynn in Madame.

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- Brookside, June 2, to the wife of B. C. Blair, a son. Kentville, June 2, to the wife of Jno. Harvie, a son. Truro, June 2, to the wife of Winfield Bradson, a son.

MARRIED.

- Halifax, June 8, by Rev. N. Lemoin, John Wilson to Louise Brown. St. John's, June 8, by Rev. W. Raymond, Frederick Lobb to Jennie Lawton.



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Sherbrooke, May 31, by Rev. J. W. Fowler, Gordon McQuarrie to Eliza Morrison. Baddeck, May 26, by Rev. D. McDonald, Murdoch E. McDonald to Katie E. McDonald.

DIED.

- Halifax, James O'Brien 46. Truro, June 8, Brian Clarke, 2. Roxbury, June 8, Daniel Smith 88. Halifax, June 10, Amelia Monamy.

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